

The Memoirs of

*Bernard Elden Knapp*

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USU Memoirs

After returning from the service I went to Logan in the fall to see about attending USU, (USAC) at the time. We referred to it as the A.C. Probably during our senior year at Ricks we had gone down with Wendell Stricki to their Agathon Days and visited the college and either met with the president or Dean of Ag Rudge Walker. (a native of Rexburg later Dean of Ag at BYU also)

It was a different campus & environment than Ricks of course. We noted that smoking on campus etc. Many Ricks students went there however. After finishing at Ricks. Later when Ricks was a 2 year college the transfers to Logan were very much increased.

I rode to Agathon days with Ray Briggs in a big old Olds he drove. Kevin Johnson, maybe Rex Gardner, and in Frith we picked up Howells. He used to live with a by Hagen Olsen across from Wilford Christensen. Coming back on the old narrow overpass at Pasotello we had a wreck. Some guy ran into the back of Rays truck. It didn't hurt the big sturdy bumper on the Olds but the other guy came out with a bad grill and damaged radiator.

In Sept I went to Logan. Mother and I were down there and we saw some of Sardinie canyon. I guess I went down to Provo for the first time. I saw Lee Mason. I thought maybe I'd room with Lee and attend school at top Y. But later I went back down and Lee's land lord wasn't sure I was coming so didn't hold a room for me. I felt a little bad but I didn't stay. So I came home.

Kevin told that when the announcement was made of the IF temple some of the Shelly freshmen invited the doctor's court of Shelly mostly put this by the land just for a temple -



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Mothers was thrilled with the college in the <sup>Sardinia</sup> Congo.  
So Marie Wright and I went down to USU. We  
actually started school about 2 weeks later.  
We talked to my cousin Ross Lynn Covington and  
he took us to the Delta Phi house. The Delta Phi  
club (retired missionary fraternity) in Logan owned  
a 2-story house less than a block from campus.  
They had room for a couple more people so  
we moved in. It was real convenient. Marie  
had arranged for another <sup>apartment</sup> ~~flat house~~ in an old house.  
So we got together.

We took a class in landscape architecture <sup>arch architecture</sup>.  
The teacher was a sort of weird old anti-mormon guy.  
We were told he built his house on an acreage  
right in the middle of a bunch of trees - cottonwood <sup>wood etc</sup>  
so he had seclusion from the outside world.  
It also had a lab.

We took a course or two in fundamentals of  
teaching and also educational pedagogy and a personal  
health class in biology - we had a class in teaching  
VO-ag from a Dr. Richardson. In fact we went to  
his home. He had known Marie sometime in Salt Lake  
in 4-H. He cordially took us into his home and  
arranged for us to get into his program. He was  
over VO-ag training. He got us into our classes late.  
One prof. Hatch - was a cool cold character. He  
indicated it may be difficult to get thru his  
course <sup>being behind</sup> ~~with~~ a 2 weeks. It was a very boring  
class. We were probably graded down in the class despite  
what ever we did to try to catch up.

We attended the Institute just at the top of the hill.  
Marie knew some guys there that had come down from  
Richie - a big heavy set guy called "Tiny" from  
out in northwest Utah.



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Another "Foss" Session from J-F. He had a new 1955 or 1956 Chevy. I rode to Logan one week end with him. I drove it ~~and~~ ways when he got tired we left early in the a.m. I figured at the time it was the nicest driving car I'd ever driven.

There were quite a few nice guys there. One guy was in charge. We each had turns at dishes - setting breakfast ready & clearing up the dishes. A lady "mom" Tweedy lived in the house and did the cooking. She was real nice. There was a room or two in the basement. A couple on main floor and 4 upstairs with bunk beds.

While these Mavis decided to buy a new car. We went to SLC and to pick out a new Dodge. It was a two-tone green. Push button automatic. The dealer met Mavis in Preston, Idaho where he registered the car in Idaho and didn't have to pay Utah sales tax. The fall term ended and we went home. I decided to attend Richs - Mavis didn't go back to school.

We got a nice letter from Dr. Richardson stating he had arrange to have us student teach winter term one in Box Elder County - (Brigham City) another somewhere else. He was sorry we weren't coming back.

At Richs I enjoyed a nice time attending the ball games. I took basketball coaching from "Rick" Petkinson. A field biology course in spring from Dr. Frost. We went to the Meram Butte and identified birds - osprey - cormorant - blue heron - night heron. I enjoyed that class. We climbed the northern most butte and checked out the wild flowers and the crater.

Prof. Frost was a real top notch teacher. With his unaided eyes he was also quite the bird watcher.



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we used to joke a little about how to migrate typifying a biologist coming about with a catching net. He did specialize in Ornithology, however.

I attended winter and spring quarters. I had been able to use my BT bill at Logan or I think I did. At Ricks of course I had to go on my own. I got a room at a Mrs. Rickie basement. Her house was down one block north of the 4<sup>th</sup> ward chapel and across the corner. It was a red brick. Bob Graham from Rigby was staying there and Zone. A boy Larry from Gooding and a Steve Gardner from Astoria, Oregon. My roommate was Fred Gummow from Burley. He was a returned missionary.

I took some art classes from Oliver Parsons. He had been the Spingville art museum curator before coming to Ricks. I took a sketching class. We sketched a ~~the~~ fisherman in a bathing suit. June Martineau from Ammon.

In the spring I took oil painting. We went out to old houses - churches etc in Rexburg and fields when the snow melted. Once he took us to Teton basin in his stater wagon. One time we climbed down the rock and painted the upper & lower Mesa Falls.

Rosal Niederhausen from IF was in his class. She kept it alive. She was going steady with Zone. They later were married. He worked in the library and was on the track team.

I took a Geomorphology class from Coach Biddulph. I liked it. No textbooks were available so I borrowed a book from Zone.

That spring I went back to the mill. I laid out of school that Fall term. Then in winter I went back to



Logan. The Delta Phi house was filled up so I was referred to a place near the temple. I shared a room with Ralph Merrill from Ucon. His father was La Rue Merrill's brother. Both were lawyers. La Rue married my father's cousin Ida his Uncle Morgan's daughter.

I often rode to school with Tim. He'd attended I F High. He didn't attend church regularly. He was in the ROTC air force cadet unit. He had a new Ford car. I often got a ride to school. In the same basement there was a graduate student in Zoology. Other fellows from nearby basement apartments came there to eat breakfast and supper. Our landlady was a widow. Her husband <sup>Mr. Murray</sup> once was a county agent at Rexburg and he helped Dad get into his Holstein herd. A girl lived upstairs Dieme - she worked at the Logan hospital and helped out with the dishes for Mrs. Murray.

There was a couple of boys in the basement or next door from Paine. One was Rod DeSpain. He studied drafting. A boy Sam from southern Utah helped with the dishes. He seemed a bit effeminate.

At the spring break I was able to get a vacancy in the Delta Phi house. I enjoyed it much better. I was close to school. During this year I met some old friends from Rich. In the Zoology Dept. I met Ferson Anderson. He'd been a student body officer at Rich & was on the track team. Terry Buxton an officer with the Assoc. men students had also lived in Viking Hall. ~~He was in my anatomy class. we did~~ I took an Entomology class with Ferson. I took a Mammalogy class and Evolution from Dr. Eldon Gardner. He had been a school acquaintance of Herb Ford. He was an expert on genetics and the electron-microscope.



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I also took Ornithology. I didn't enjoy classes in labs where microscopes were used. I often got headaches and I got tired of studying chromosomes from fruit fly larvae. I did enjoy mammalogy even though the prof. was real old and a bit muddled - it could have been a much more enjoyable class properly taught. I was enthused enough about the subject however that I got an A. much to the disappointment of a couple of wild life majors in the class. Only 4 students were enrolled. I pulled an A in Ornithology too. Prof. Linford wasn't a very dynamic teacher either a real monotone - back room type.

He was assigned to be my major prof for a M.S. Both these profs got together and motivated me to do a study of the field water shrimp on the lake in Sandrine canyon. It dried up in late summer. Each spring however, it had shrimp again in its waters.

The Entomology course was the most benefited of all - Dr. Davis was not LDS. He blushed terribly one day in telling us about one of his wicked days when he placed a chemical on the water that broke the surface tension on the water and drowned the water striders on the water, or "water skippers".

He also said more stored grain in India was eaten by insects (and maybe rats) than consumed by humans (over 50% was lost in storage).

As a result of this class I later took a special problems course from him and collected insects all of one summer in T P and turned them into him for a grade. When I left to go to the Delta Phi house Mrs. Murray tried to talk me out of it. Spring term she probably wouldn't set a replacement. She had an opening



when I went in with Ralph's permission. It had helped me. But I was much more comfortable at the house. A guy there who had been in the service in Korea & also Germany was in charge of the house. Arnold "Ich" Elsworth. He later became a chaplain. Also a Dick Cook from Enterprise, W. His brother Sam had been at Murray. There were some Sampson kids also. And a Harold Bywater that had about 4 or 5 baptisms the 1st quarter after he came back from his mission.

During the summer in I P I collected insects. We had made several killing jars. You put the poison into the bottom of a bottle and jar with plastic of jars. Mary's kids all helped all summer long. We'd catch bugs in the woods. We'd carry bottles and catch nets. We'd carry cans. The girls, M' Jean & Myrna would have catch bottles. We drove to Red Chance and got a large hummingbird <sup>moth</sup> ~~near~~ <sup>by</sup> the outside light next to the service station restroom door.

We dipped water from the brown pit by the railroad tracks on the Eccles road at the southern end of the flat. We got dragonfly larvae & others. Some were vicious. - we caught salamanders, and the large attached them in the bottle gallon bottle we kept them in. We observed a lot of different things. Worms and grubs were placed in small vials of alcohol with corks.

The University had a small printing press that printed out collecting labels for me, my name - location so they were pre-printed. I inked in date and specifics. I collected cigar boxes and melted paraffin wax in the bottoms 1/4 to 1/2 in deep to place collecting jars in. On the jar was the genus and species name - location & collector. They were tall pins 1 1/2 inches long. For an example you could take a



butterfly out of the killing jar and put a pin thru the thorax into a cardboard or drying board of some kind. Then stretch the wings apart. After a day or so they'd set in that position, then with the main pin you'd put it into the cigar box for display. I arranged them in groups or orders.

Since <sup>the</sup> cabin Chowley South had was now vacant. I used it for my bug collection. It had a convenient porch. It had windows on three sides of the front room and a kitchen table so it was bright. It also had a cabinet.

One morning I went over after I'd prepared a bunch of specimens. It was tedious working with some of the very small specimens. This morning I went in - the pins were still there but no insects. Some ~~a little~~ tell-tale specks of parts, a leg or antennae etc left laying. I couldn't imagine what had happened. Finally I determined a mouse had gotten up on the cabinet or table and devoured them. So from then on I made sure no chairs were left near the drying table and I started keeping cigar box lids closed.

I got some 4-11 insect books from Dr. Frost. He helped me with some collecting ideas. Later on I gave him some specimens I had in duplicate. I don't know how many specimens I turned in to Dr. Davis for my 2 or 3 credit hour special problems course but there was quite a few. It was interesting to see some of the different ~~in~~ insects. Some wood worms you could hear working in a log (dug) if it was very quiet or still. We used to take those big gut worms and hold them between a thumb and finger and put a red pine needle between their pinches. They could clip it into in one pinch. Also



they could bite of a toothpick or even a match stick (not in a single bite however)

After turning the collection in Dr. Davis was impressed mostly with a small moth with colored wings that I got off the Tomis Creek meadow from Segoe lilies, and other certain tulip shaped flowers. Also one particular colored beetle could always be found in certain flowers on the flat.

Along our skid trails we occasionally found a very unusual insect, a tiger beetle. It was a camouflaged one. If one put it in a jar with other insects it would latch on to them even many times its own size - maybe it was an ant lion. It had a long neck and one of a few that could turn its head. They were hard to catch. They were very wary, they'd fly a ways and land again on a skid trail. The click beetle was interesting to all of us as they flipped over from their backs.

That fall I went back to school. I got into the Delta Phi house. Some of the guys that had been there other years were gone. A guy named Livingston was in charge. He didn't want any non-retained missionaries to live there, although 3 or 4 previous young men left there to go on missions.

Russ Withen from Rexburg was there. He was studying in agronomy. Faxon was there. One day he said that his sister had sent more missionaries into the field than his bishop. Once Richard Cook was studying in the front room after the ~~table~~ dishes had been cleared away. He was singing to himself the words of a popular song - "I'm going to sit right down and write myself a letter." I almost said "Dear Queen" - I didn't. It would have brought



the house down if I had, but in zoology there was a boy from the Ozarks, Phil Dalton. Some kids knew him from our Ricks College Club. He was going to school on the GI bill. He was real likeable. He got interested in a Mormon girl finally and was baptized. One of my roommates was Dene Carson from Blackfoot. Another boy that came down from Ricks was older than most of the rest of us. He was real good. They both ~~arrived~~ after school was out, I went all hunting with them one week and ~~about~~ Soda Springs.

This guy was in the Army reserves, it really bugged him to see their chaplain - Ross Covington drinking a coke. Ross was made a bishop of one of those college wards about the time I left.

Milton Romell was my bishop at the time and I filled out papers for a mission. I went to a stake conference in the Logan tabernacle and in the afternoon session Bro. (Pres. S. Dilworth) Young was the speaker. They had a standing roll call of priesthood holders - no servants were present. He wasn't very happy. He was in the First Council of Seventy.

I went to SLC by appointment one morning where in the church office building I was sent to Pres. Bruce R. McConkie's office. He interviewed me for a mission. He asked if I had a preference of missions. I had been in Germany but didn't really speak the language. I suppose I gave no choice actually.

One evening after supper Russ & Dick and I went to USU student union bldg to ~~play~~ <sup>shoot</sup> a couple of games of pool in the game room. While we were there some of the other guys came visiting in



to tell me I had a long distance phone call and to call such & such an operator. We all suspected it was from home and would be my call. We finished our game. Instead of going to the library I went back down. I called the operator. Mom was on the phone.

She said "Hang onto your hat," then she read Southern Far East - Hong Kong.

Well Dick Cook told me that Rev. Heaton was about my age and what a great guy he was. Several others commented on the mission. Before I left they all pitched in and gave me a gift - a book or something.

Then I had a letter telling me what to take etc. So I finished the quarter.

I used to ride home on week ends with Russ & Carol Thomson (Ting's sister). We'd listen to Matt Dillon on the radio part of the trip down. They were later married. Russ was a striking character. Very witty. On his MS thesis foreward he put a politician is an animal that can sit on the top rail of a fence and <sup>still</sup> keep both ears to the ground.

They got me a blind date a couple of times with a Parker girl. I wasn't really interested. She worked in a beauty shop in Logan with my cousin Lora Joseph Hall's daughter. She invited me to attend an employee Christmas party one time there.

There were three girls at USA from Ricks that I really liked. They were just fun girls. Mooneyen Rigby was a gal with loads of personality. She had probably didn't have a social touch



in her head.

At Ricks I learned from Coast Biddlypt that the guys from Nevada, Iala had yellow teeth not because they were breaking the mold of wisdom but because the natural well water there had about 10 parts/million of natural fluoride. My never needed cavities filled, there was a town in Texas with similar water and results. But in Teton basin it was different and the people there had lots of tooth problems. And moon years a tall slender blonde was cute - but when she smiled you could see all the gold + silver caps + showings.

Her roommate + buddy was Sherill Anderson from Rupert - Burley. They belonged to our Ricks Club and one other gal from Washington state - Newman Hatch was dating her and getting pretty serious. Atkinson was her name. Real petite and pretty, a little blond. She had a red headed roomie McConkie.

All my friends there was Russ + Carol Richard Cook and the Parker girl.

I bought a VW bug that fall. I can't remember who had one first but someone had one and I got converted to it. I enjoyed it. On my trip to SCC I got over 30 miles per gallon. It never ~~cost~~ <sup>held</sup> over 10 gals to fill it. It seemed so amazingly stable on the winter roads between Cache valley and home it was great fun to drive. There weren't many around then and it was a novelty. Mrs. Tweedie liked it.



Trip to Evanston to see Warren & Beth for the 1st time.

During the time I was in the service Warren re-married. He got into square dancing while living the year around in Island Park. Then he got out a set of 5 inch house logs and Dad and I went to Ashton on two different Saturdays and helped him put a building up to the square. He put <sup>it</sup> on track in on a lot which he purchased with of Aunt Finnie's a couple of blocks. He built it garage size as a single room, with the the idea that in the future a house could be placed on the front of the property. Everyone was glad to see him get moved out of I.P. especially mother. Warren stopped smoking on several occasions but often had something come up that tempted him to begin again. Loneliness likely was a factor in just keeping Warren discouraged.

The girls had both gone to I.F. and spent some time there with their mother. Sharon came to I.P. and was with her Dad in a tent one winter. Someone once said they admired her for trying to keep the tent clean and things picked up in it. Warren lived in a cabin on tent frame behind Ponds one time. Sharon attended school in I.P. at Macks. The school was a log building near the old Church in the Pines. <sup>The</sup> summer when Al & Lois were there we once went to Macks on a Sunday when George Albert Smith were there and attended and spoke. Part of the crowd sat on the outside of the



building and listened. It was warm weather and the windows were all open. Later we saw him at the store at Macks Linn. It was interesting to see him. He dressed in a sort of scout uniform while vacationing in the area for a few days.

So Sharon got to know the kids at school of course. Barry & David, and Steve also were there in the same school, maybe in Jean White Women lived in the cabin next to Whaley's at Robin's Roost. Sharon got married to Jay Nield. He was a well built kid. Blondish curly hair. She was only about 13 maybe near 14 and Jay a few years older. The Justice of the Peace in I-P Village (now incorporated) married them. I was invited to be a witness.

They lived in I-F. He worked in cement finishing and eventually had his own company. He was related to a family by the name of Rhoades that I had known <sup>over</sup> the years at Emerson. They were a poor outfit too. During grade school the kids came to primary. The parents probably both never came. Maybe the mother on some special occasions. She was Jay's mother's sister.

They had several children within a very few years. Karen was the eldest. A boy once carried the Post Register to the folks place. It seems Karen had a problem in some sort of an accident hurt a hand or something - maybe lost a finger. Then later one of the boys was killed. Then after a divorce - Jay remarried and kept the



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children. At one time he lived in a little pretty rock house across from the folks in built by a Rock Mason named Duffy. He lived there several years before selling it to Jay. Jay also acquired an old basement house next to it.

Now back to Warren. He lived in the garage. We helped him in 2 Sat. to put it up to the square. Al may have helped also. That winter Aunt Fannie took Steve under her wing and gave him piano lessons at her home. She took in one or two boys from I.P. as boarders. They slept upstairs and she furnished meals. I.P. only had school thru the 8<sup>th</sup> grade. One kid was a Kennedy - son of a building contractor at I.P. lodge.

So Warren got into square dancing and went to lots of places around the country. He took a school teacher from the Hugginsville school to a dance in I.P. one time. Glenna Jones commented to Mary what a cute little gal she was.

While I was in the service Warren met a girl who was into square dancing from Parker, Beth Davidson. Then they were married. Gene Jones closed out the <sup>tie</sup> operation in I.P. and went back to Evanston.

The Forest Service said his roads into the timber were too dangerous and that someone would get killed on one of them.

It probably boiled down to some official higher up in the Forest Dept. siding over them made that decision. The alternative



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no doubt was to build better roads. An expense making the entire operation unproductive, unprofitable. Maybe tie contracts were getting more scarce also. They did return to IP and clean up the operation there later on however. One spring for a short time. They moved out the cutter cabins from the hill and all their equipment and <sup>to</sup> burned down the mill that Charlie had built. Some of it had begun to sag anyway.

One time I took some pictures of Dad & mother at that set, with Dad at the sawyer's box, there was a log sitting on the carriage.

After I came home from the Army I went to IP and in the fall to USA. One weekend probably in Nov. I drove over to see Warren. I drove up Logan Canyon in my Mercury. It had overdrive, as I made the last climb out of the canyon to the summit the roadie barked quite a bit. I had pulled it down all it would take in high gear. I shifted to second and that did it. It immediately spun out on the super. So I got the chains out of the trunk - put them on and drove over the top. Not over 75-100 yds maybe. I didn't need chains after that. But the roads thru Randolph were really slick and icy. Between Bear Lake & Randolph a bob cat crossed the road in front of me in an area where there were lots of rocks on both sides of the highway.

They were expecting me. This was the first car I'd owned with a radio. The Logan station I was



able to pick up. A popular song which I really liked was played that day, "Suddenly there's a valley" etc etc.

Will Stone was in 9<sup>th</sup> or 10<sup>th</sup> grade. He may have been taking band. He seemed to like school. Natalie was very small, maybe a few weeks or months old. Beth was a gracious host.

Warren had a lot of sinus trouble. He was sawing for Gene. They were cutting fir. Warren was glad when they left Evanston. It was a cold place. In the intermountain area the weather news often listed it as one of the coldest temp. <sup>having</sup> Warren believed that too.

He and Steve went hunting deer and maybe sage hens. I suppose Warren was able to spend more time with Steve than ever before. Steve had his own room. Warren & Beth were married in the I F temple.

I drove back to Logan likely on a Sunday afternoon on a slick road. I may have gone over on a Sat. morning - more than likely. Warren had a really cold job sawing there. The mill was on the edge of town and with decked logs they sawed all winter long.

1956 One of the boys at the house said his bishop took him aside and said you find a nice girl and marry her and learn to love her. He also told of Pres. McKay visiting his mission South Africa - an old black lady member met him and shook his hand. After that she held out her hand and said - "This old black hand shook the hand of a prophet"

One of the fellows had known Lee Mason, my army buddie in Frankfurt in the mission field in southern Calif.



USA

a guy, Nyle Mathews, from a little town near Bear Lake was a real character. Some of his family raised purebred sheep. His roommate Dale Christensen studied horticulture. Nyle was husky - Dale was tiny. He used to also call Dale a little ~~and~~ cotton picker.

I had my VW, a little blue one, a 1956-7 model. I could pass cars between Breston and Pocatello when the roads were icy and feel in good control. The American cars had to drive slower to keep from fish tailing on the ice.

During the time I finished school after receiving my call and actually leaving I visited Warren Beth & Steve in Parker. Warren bought an old 2 story house east I guess from the Parker school & church & store on the same road Beth's folks lived in. We on occasion had been to the folks place on special occasions. Beth was very concerned about having the folks come for birthdays & holidays. She and her mother put on some good feeds. Beth was excellent cook.

One time I took the folks up in my VW. We must have stayed overnight. Steve and I went out and drove all around Parker. We drove on some back roads toward the sand dunes. We'd see one of those big white hares on the road and I'd pour it on. We ran over several. They'd try to run ahead of the VW. They'd start trying to jump from one truck to the other when we got real close. Then we'd hear a thud. We'd slide to a stop and run back and pick up a bunny. Sometimes it would be kicking and jumping like a chicken with its head cut off. That was real fun. I think I got one while the



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folks were in the car.

~~One winter I went to I.P. to keep the boys  
strange snow off the buildings,~~

I got ready to go on my mission. Aunt  
Elsie knew a young returned missionary (a lady)  
from Ucon that had been to Taiwan. So I  
met her. I'd seen her at Ricks. Leta Clegg.  
She apparently had some emotional problems there  
(food and everything being so different that she  
had to be sent home. - Later she finished out her  
mission in California).

So she told me a few things about H.K. I  
had known Elder Larry Browning. He came to Ricks  
from Sugar City. He was an excellent ping pong player.  
Once the Tabernacle choir sailed to England (probably  
for the dedication of the London temple. He'd gone on  
the tour - He won a ping-pong tournament aboard the  
ship. In '56 - he got his call to H.K. He was elated.  
I couldn't see why he was so happy. Well it's some-  
place else to go and see - he told me. I once dated  
his younger sister. She worked as a secretary for  
the forest service in St. Anthony office. She was  
quite cute but I guess knew it.

So I visited Henry's folks - they had me take shoes  
and an overcoat and a year's supply of vitamin etc etc.  
The letter from Pres. Heaton suggested I bring the book by  
James E. Talmage - Jesus, the Christ. Garments ample pairs and  
that suit etc could be bought there in H.K.

An elder Jack Alney from Blackfoot looked me up -  
He & his wife had a son there also and they were  
excited to see someone who was going over. I was  
flying over. He'd gone by steamship. We went to SAC  
and mother stayed at Aunt Lella's place - during the week.  
I left the VW with Al to sell it for me. Finally

Larry was in the 2nd group of elders to go to H.K.



it did get sold.

I arrived in H.K. with my Edixa 35 mm camera. When I discovered how H.K. had so many good buys I stopped it home to May's.

At ~~the~~ my farewell I had Norman Reece speak. I also had Wendell Stucki. I talked too (much & long) Denny Snowball was there. I requested Steve Knapp sing "I walked today where Jesus walked." The folks spoke. Madeline Guffin from Annie sang a solo also. We sang several other favorite songs of mine. Bp. Rommel spoke & between the time I'd received my call and left Ben Allen was made Bishop. So he made some remarks also. Bp. Rommel didn't have much time to speak.

Quite a few relatives came. They opened up the doors to the culture hall and set out chairs.

At the mission home I arranged to meet Mother at lunch time in the cafeteria for the church office building. I was also able to get permission to leave a couple of times. Once Terry Buxton picked me up and took me to his apartment where his wife had fixed an elk steak dinner for us. <sup>Terry was in med school at CUPE - he went on to</sup>

Another time Joseph Walters picked me up <sup>on the</sup> he had a little daughter in the car. She cried as he drove in traffic. She was frightened of all the cars. Joseph had taken dival anatomy from Ruy Walters and had a job as a mechanic. He lived in Murray - He once had a missionary congregation in Arizona that went on 2-3 day vacations. His wife would ride down to meet him. He'd be gone a few days - He'd go home in the car with Chris & her guy that Joe didn't really know who he was. The guy was a hard working missionary in between these visits from his wife. She come not more often perhaps than 6 months. Dad come down when I was set apart by S. Dilworth Yang. <sup>He invited Dad to stand with him</sup>

The woman and her sister