

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LULA MARY BLUNCK WILCOX

I was born in Rexburg, Idaho on June 11, 1916. My mother was Hedwig (Hattie) Staub. My father was Hans Henry Christian Blunck. Mother gave birth to me at Aunt Minnie's and Uncle Joe Johanson's home, as my parents and five brothers lived on the dry farm twelve miles away. I think that I was Mother's first baby born with a doctor. The first five and all boys were born on the farm with the help of a midwife. The December after I was born my father bought the rock house on about first East and third South from a Mr. Whitaker. After that we spent the winters in Rexburg and every summer on the dry farm. I started the first grade at Adam's School when I six years old. At twelve years I went to Washington school for Jr. High, seventh and eighth grade. It was quite a distance to walk to the other side of town. We had to carry a lunch or run all the way home and back. If we didn't eat fast and run fast we were late for one o'clock class. The next four years of high school was the same way. Madison High School was the same distance. I always liked school. I was an above average student.

My first sister Viola May was born when I was six. I remember the doctor coming to the house to see my Mother. I knew nothing about a baby coming. They made me play outside. When the doctor left, I had a baby sister, which I thought the doctor brought in the black bag he was carrying.

I was baptized on my 8th birthday in Moody Creek by my father. The family walked down the trail from the house on the farm. I don't remember much except the cold cold water and we had a picnic after. The next day was Sunday and I was confirmed by George Dilley in Herbert Branch. How well I remember the one room chapel with the pulpit up front. There were no benches, just some common chairs. The classes were divided by pulling curtains across the room.

Sometime when I was about eight years old, we moved to a bigger house. It was the white frame house on the hill, which my father rented for \$25.00 a month. Shortly after that my sister Erma Geneve was born on July 7th. Then my youngest sister Lavina Ruth was born two years later on Aug. 15th. Mother was not in too good health and I had much responsibility for being so young to help care for the three little girls.

Mother saw to it that I learned to cook and sew. I helped make the layettes for the two youngest babies. My first stitching was hemming diapers and then embroidering on little gowns, petticoats and dresses. The sent me to the farm one or two summers to do the cooking for my father and brothers and sometimes there were hired hands. I didn't know much about cooking, but I soon learned. My first pie was a disaster. I threw it away before my brothers saw it for I knew they would ridicule me. It was the beginning of the depression and the menu was always potatoes and gravy, vegetables we grew in the garden, and no fresh meat. We had milk only when the cow came in fresh. We had some canned meat, salmon and sardines. I learned how to make bread, biscuits and pancakes after some messes, because I didn't have any recipes. As we were growing up we ate lots of potatoes and bread because that is what the farm produced, wheat to sell and trade for flour and potatoes to feed the family.

Back to my school days: My Junior High teachers were some of the best. Mrs. Tanner was our next door neighbor and a widow with three little boys to raise. She taught me English, which I learned and liked because she was very strict. Mr. Thomas was the principle and taught History and Arithmetic and I wasn't very good at either one. I couldn't remember historical dates and didn't realize how important mathamatics was going to be in my life. It seems that everything I have done since then has had arithmetic involved. Of course these were years when boys were distracting me. For two years of Jr. High - every Wednesday after school we, Latter Day Saint boys and girls, went to Religion class. It was taught by Mrs. Barnes. Everyone was scared to death of her because she was also the truancy officer in town. She was old, had piercing eyes and always wore black. Graduation from this class was a party in the second ward church. Jr.High Graduation was in the tabernacle. I started Madison High School when I was fourteen. This was really big stuff, with all the new things to learn and students coming in on the buses from places like Salem, Thornton, Archer, Hibbard and so many new friends to get acquainted with. I also signed up for Seminary. I graduated from seminary at the end of my Junior year in the Stake Tabernacle. My teachers were Leone Strong and Lester Peterson.

There were always plenty of High School activities to go to, football games and basketball. I was in the Pepper Club cheer leaders. There were no sports for girls to participate in. Freshman P.E. consisted of two days a week, one hour class of varied exercise in the gym. The teacher was also the librarian. She called the roll and gave us instructions and went back to the library. We were on our own. We tried to make some baskets and play volley ball, and have fun. The other school classes were pretty tough. Florence Peterson was a tough English teacher. I took Algebra and geometry from Robert Kerr. I don't remember much of it. General Science was very interesting. I learned to type from Miss Kotter and office practice from Mr. Davenport. Miss Kindred introduced me to Home Economics with a half year of cooking and the other half of sewing. I liked sewing the best. My cooking up to this point was without recipes, so I learned how to read recipes and measure ingredients. I had some very good school friends. When we couldn't get all our classes together we were crushed. I belonged to the Glee Club, which was a singing class. Mr. Fawson was the music teacher. We sang in the opera every year. In the Freshman year we had contests with other schools and we went to Salt Lake in one of the school buses and sang at Kingsbury Hall. It was a memorable experience and so far from home. I got to stay two nights in the Beehive house. My boy friends in High School were not serious or steady. We had good times. ~~Dates were mostly~~ the Friday night dances at the Playmore hall and we got in on a student pass. The boys didn't have cars and not much money, maybe an occasional special movie. We did an awful lot of walking.

I always went to Sunday School, Primary, Mutual and Sacrament meetings. I was Primary Secretary at about fifteen yrs. In 1935 I was first attendant to the queen of the Gold and Green Ball. I borrowed a pretty dress from Edna Brown. When I was a Senior, I had a boy friend going to Ricks College. I liked him and we had a good time going to school parties and dances. We danced our way through my senior year going to college, high school and church dances. We went to church together every Sunday. Our friendship carried into my first semester at Ricks College, when he came back to school after working the summer on his family ranch. I graduated from Madison High School in Rexburg in May 1934 with little fanfare.

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I really was sad about leaving that place, my friends and teachers. I was looking forward to attending Ricks College. Money was scarce. There would be tuition to pay, books to buy and clothes. Where oh where was I going to get all this? All the money I ever had was what I earned baby sitting and cleaning peoples houses at little wages. All through High school I worked for Drennens. They owned the Romance Theater and worked every night and I took care of little Billy and cleaned their house every Sat. One summer when I was about thirteen I worked every day at Widsteens home--cleaning, washing and ironing, and cooking for 50¢ a day. From the time I was about 8 or 9 I tended children for Deans, Lewis's, Cavens, Tanners, Taylors, and many families I can't think of their names. I had a close girl friend and we worked together. If I had two jobs I called her to take one of them and she did the same for me. We were busy all the time and took whatever they wanted to pay us and glad to get a quarter and even as little as a dime. I always saved my money to buy my clothes and things I needed. Time never weighed heavy on my hands. I never once said "there is nothing to do." With all the work I did at home and tending my little sisters, I always had time for other jobs plus sew my own clothes and some for the girls.

The summer after high school I had a few weeks of illness. My legs were swollen and red blotches. The Dr. didn't say what it was, and I was emotionally upset. I took some rest and spent the summer helping Mother as she wasn't very well. We had a big garden and did a lot of canning. I did some sewing for the girls and myself. In the fall of 1934 I managed to get registered at Ricks College. Rulon was called on a million to Germany. Rulon and I were always quite close. We double dated occasionally, and always had fun together. He went to Ricks the year before and played football and went with the team to play in Honolulu. I don't remember who won. He was also on the basketball team. So Rulon left for Germany and I started school with enthusiasm, but it soon came to a halt. I couldn't pay the tuition. Mother's health was bad, so I quite and helped at home and I had a part time job at the Mart soda fountain and variety store. I enjoyed that job, but I quite and worked at King's variety store where I could work more days.

I started going with a boy from Parker that was going to Ricks. We became engaged in the spring. About that same time Mother became very sick and went to the Idaho Falls hospital and had a major operation (historectomy). She didn't do well, was only home one day when she passed away. I thought the end of the world had come. I became very depressed. I gave my diamond ring back. I decided he wasn't for me. I worked hard all summer keeping house, did a lot of canning and took care of 8 yr. LaVina, 10 yr. Erma and 12yr. Viola. One day in August I had a phone call and Dean Wilcox, a boy I hardly knew, asked for a date that night. We went to a movie and then to eat. It was a fun evening. He was serious on the first date. I just laughed when he said he was going to marry me some day. He was there every evening for two weeks, and then left Rexburg to go back to school in Lehi. I was quite lonely after he left and realized the impact he was making on my life. After getting the girls started in school I decided I must not stay home, so I applied for work at the telephone Co. I went to work the next day. I worked four hours in the Commercial office where people payed their bills and four hours in the evening on the switchboard. I liked the job very much. It made me feel important and proud that I was learning a good job. At Christmas time Dean and his mother came to Rexburg to spend the holidays with his sister Julia and family. We spent most of my time off from work together and he was getting more serious than ever about marrying me some day. After he went home he wrote me every day. Somewhere about this time my brother Bill married and brought Ruth with him to live at home for awhile. In March Dean wanted me to come to Lehi for a visit. I took a day or two off work. Ruth helped me get ready and she let me wear her coat. I took the train from Rexburg to Salt Lake and Dean was there to meet me. Sure had a good time in Lehi. His folks were sure hospitable. I met all the relatives and Dean's friends at school. The visit was much too short and I had to return to Rexburg and work. Dean graduated in May, 1936 and arrived in Rexburg by bus the following Monday. We had a good summer. We both had jobs and spent all the time we could together. I also had to keep house and keep tab on the girls. By August we had decided to get married on Sept. 29th and we worked toward that date.

Beginning on page 7 of Dean's history, from the time we were married it will be OUR HISTORY.

Since the children married and left us, I have done a few things I didn't think I had time for before. I have pursued a few hobbies, such as oil painting and have sold a few. I have made a few ceramic pieces. I recently took up crocheting and macrame. I have always loved plants and flowers indoors and outdoors.

We are semi-retired and sure enjoying life. Our health is good and hope and pray it remains so for a few more years. We built a home and have landscaped it and do the gardening. We go to church more now that we have the time. Dean has been ordained a High Priest. He does Home Teaching and I do Relief Society Visiting Teaching. Just last evening, June 9, 1981 we were called to the Stake Pres. Office. He wanted to know how we felt about going on a mission. This was sure a surprise, as we both have said it was something we didn't think we wanted to do. He said to let him know when we feel like we can go. So we are thinking we will in the next year or so when we don't have our part time job with Inn Management, and have our house in order.

Tomorrow is June 11 and I will be sixty five years old and have enjoyed every year of it. To celebrate, Dean and I are going fishing.

Submitted with love and respect,

Lula Mary Blunck Wilcox

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May, 1981

I, Dean Wanlass Wilcox was born on a bright spring morning, April 20, 1917 in Lehi, Utah. I will try to compile a short history of myself and Lula, my wife of almost forty five years and of my three fine children, as near as I can remember up to this time.

My father was Alphonso Leuteles Wilcox. My mother was Eliza Jane Wanlass Wilcox. They were both of good sturdy pioneer stock. My grandparents on both sides were some of the first people to settle in Lehi, Utah. My father and grandfather Wilcox were carpenters and cabinet makers. Grandfather Wanlass was a farmer and livestock rancher. My father was one of five brothers and four sisters. My mother was one of two sisters and seven brothers. There were no "black sheep" among any of my uncles and aunts. They have all left this world to be remembered as being doctors, professors, builders, farmers, and exceptionally good mothers and homemakers.

My one sister, Julia Jane Wilcox Anderson was twenty four years older than me, and our birthdays were on the same day April 20. My brother, Francis was the first baby born in Utah County in the Twentieth Century, Jan. 4, 1900. My brother Donald Earl Wilcox, was born July 31, 1906. They were all three so much older than I was that I grew up almost like an only child, (spoiled). Julia graduated from BYU Academy and taught school in Central and Joseph, Utah. They were one room schools. She married Emery Anderson who was born in Emery, Utah. After marriage she spent the rest of her life in Rexburg, Idaho. Francis served a mission in the Southern States for four years. He attended Utah State College in Logan, majoring in Economics of Agriculture and graduated with the highest scholastic honors from that university up to that time. He served with the Dept. of Agriculture in Washington D.C. during the years of World War Two. He served in the Military Reserve during World War One. During the late forties he worked as manager of California Pecan Association and also worked for the California Citrus Association, then in the fifties he was with Sunkist Corp. and for the last fifteen years before his retirement was Vice Pres. and General Manager of Sunkist Corp. He died in 1974 of a heart attack. Don attended Lehi schools. He spent several years as a drummer in Miceys Melodians, which was one of the top dance bands in Utah and Idaho during the era of the big bands. In his later years he established

Wilcox Frozen Food Co. in San Francisco. It is still operated under that name by his daughter and her husband. He purchased a good portion of the stock in Pleasant Grove Canning Co., as his business was supplying frozen vegetables to steam ships. He died in San Francisco May 31, 1953. Julia died April 23, 1977.

Now I will get to my life, as well as I can remember it. I lived and grew up at 500 N. 5th W. Lehi, Utah, where I spent my single life and some of my married life, as Lu and I moved from Idaho back to Lehi and spent some years in the old family home which we purchased from the family. I had a very good and happy childhood and through my teens working with my father and helping in the carpenter business and around home we always had livestock, cows, pigs, chickens, etc. Father always had one of the nicest gardens in Lehi and Mother had a reputation of the best and cleanest homemade butter with her name on the wrapper. Many were the times I would take four or five lbs. of her freshly made butter to Larsons Market and trade for Mother's one or two weeks supply of things needed from the store. Fishing was always good on Utah Lake and the Jordan River. We had many good times at that sport. We could always catch all the nice trout we wanted in American Fork Canyon and the streams in Alpine. The Pheasant hunting was some of the best just west of our house across the D & R G tracks. I killed my first pheasant rooster when I was about eight or nine with my new single shot 22 rifle. (out of season) I was real proud, but got the devil when I brought it home. A lot of things were handled differently in the twenties, such as a death in the family. My Grandfather Wanlass lived with us for several years and how well I remember walking home from school one afternoon and as I passed by a couple of our neighbors down the street were talking over the fence. I heard them talking about Grandfather and something about dying. When I arrived home there was a big black ribbon with a big bow fastened to the front door. Then as a kid of seven or eight I realized what had happened. It was a real shock to me and that black ribbon stayed on the front door for several days until after the funeral. I haven't liked black ribbons since. I attended twelve years of schools in Lehi and I think they were the best. I was baptised when I was eight and spent those early years in the Lehi Second Ward. That chapel is still in use and located south west corner across from Wines Park.

We had a fine big old tabernacle that was rock and light brick with a high bell tower. It was later torn down and replaced by the new Lehi Stake Center. At that time we belonged to the Alpine Stake which included Cedar Valley, Lehi, American Fork, Highland, Alpine, Manila, Pleasant Grove and Lindon. I attended seminary in a new building across from the High School. I graduated from seminary in 1936. My teenage years as I remember were happy years even though times were bad for most everyone. The depression seemed to last forever. It even carried into the first years of my married life. We always had enough to eat, and was always warm and comfortable. There was always fifteen cents for the Saturday afternoon movie and sometimes a nickel for a candy bar to go with it. Jobs were scarce for men, but a boy could find work if he was ambitious. For several years I cleaned chicken coups most of the day on Saturdays for Mr. Zimmerman and received thirty five cents. In the spring we could thin beets crawling on hands and knees all day for about ninety cents or a dollar a day. You could work in the hay all summer, piling-loading- and stacking with a pitch fork (hard work). Then in the fall after a good frost the sugar beets were plowed out of the ground and had to be piled and topped with a big knife with a hook on the end of it, then were loaded into beet wagons and hauled to the beet dump on the rail road. It was usually cold frosty work as they would leave them in the ground as long as possible. Sometimes they were half ice and frozen mud and seemed like they weighed about thirty pounds. One of the highlights and pleasures at this time for both men and boys was getting the heavily loaded beet wagons out of the muddy fields and onto the road. There were no tractors or trucks at that time for farm work. Horses was the main source of power. There were always lots of mighty fine big teams to do the work, They usually put four head on each wagon to get them onto the hard road and sometimes it took six. There was always betting , wagering and discussion as to whose team was the strongest. Uncle Azor Wanlass always had one of the biggest and finest teams in the state of Utah. He took care of them and trained them just like they do show and race horses today. He raised Purcheons. They were sorrel in color with flaxon mane and tail. At the state fairs all over the U.S. they had horse pulling contests. I remember he took the Utah heavy weight champion three years in a row. They were kind and gentle to be around and handle, but so big.

I enjoyed my high school years very much. I guess my best classes were math, history, shop and agriculture and athletics. I played guard on the football team. I threw the shot put and ran the 440 and the mile. I played the base in the band, and when I was a freshman, six of us formed a little dance band. We played for church doings and most of the school activities. The money wasn't much but it sure helped out during my high school years. I spent my two summers between first and second years and second and third years in Declo, Idaho staying with my brother Don and his wife. He had a garage and was a Chrysler Plymouth dealer. They were good summers for me with lots to learn and do. I washed and helped service Jack Simplots Chrysler every Saturday when he was only a small operator there in Declo. He was always a good tipper. Now he is one of the biggest producers of potatoe products and fertilizers in the United States.

I shot my first deer in Manti Canyon when I was sixteen. Hunting was always good during the thirties, probably no more deer than there is today, but far less hunters. We had some good camping trips during the deer hunt each year with my father, uncles, and cousins. I guess I should mention that I always liked dogs and had some good ones. My best was an Irish Setter that my father bought for me on one of our trips to Rexburg. His name was Turk and I don't think there has ever been a better pheasant dog and a working harness dog. I had him from about the time I was eight till I was a junior in high school. We never did have any trouble getting our limit of pheasants (or more) which was five roosters each day and sometimes he would bring one or two each day to us from out of an irrigation ditch or a willow patch that was too thick to tramp through. All winter he would work on a sleigh and enjoyed it as much as us kids did. I could go all over town and back as fast as he could run. Sometimes when I was small Mother and I would go to Rexburg during the Christmas Holidays. We always went on the train which was great fun. In 1928 Mother inherited some money from an uncle. With some of it the folks purchased a new chevrolet sedan. During the summer after school was out the three of us went to California. We visited with Fathers two brothers and two sisters who lived in the Long Beach and Santa Barbara area. I got to swim in the ocean and did a lot of things that were new to me. It was sure a two weeks to remember. It took us three days to drive from Lehi to Los Angeles and as I remember we had three flats on the

new car on the way. The highways were gravel and rough. The second night was spent in Las Vegas in a (tourist court) which consisted of small cabins. Las Vegas wasn't any bigger than Lehi is today and had all dirt streets.

When I was six years old I came down with scarlet fever. I remember I was very sick for a long time and was in bed for over three months. I guess I about died. I missed so much school I had to go to the First grade the second year. There are many more pages I could write about my early years, but I guess I will now get on with the story.

In the spring of 1935 I had saved a little money and bought me a Harley Davidson motor cycle that was about ten years old. It was in pretty good condition for it's age. I learned to ride it pretty good and it was a lot of fun. When school was out Mother and I packed my suitcase and I strapped it on the back and headed for Rexburg one morning very early. Julia and Emery were building a new house that summer and I worked for him most of the summer. When I headed back home in the fall I got as far as Shelley, Idaho and knocked a piston through the engine on my motor cycle. I pushed it about two miles into town into a garage. It would have taken several days and money to get it fixed, so I sold it to the garage man and got on the bus and went home.

Oh ! I almost forgot, some time around the first of August that summer I met a girl. I had had my eyes on her for several weeks and finally got nerve enough to call her on the phone Sunday afternoon and introduce myself and ask her if she would go to church that night with me. I guess she had noticed me too because she accepted. It turned out we went to a movie instead and then out for a sandwich and drink afterward. When I took her home I kissed her good night and told her I was going to marry her some day. She laughed and said, "that's what you think." We were together from that day on as much as possible (practically every night). There was never any other girl in the world for me, and never would be. It was just like it was planned in heaven as it should be, and forty five years later I still feel the same way. She is rated a 10 plus. There will never be another for me.

When I returned to Lehi there was hardly a day passed that there wasn't an exchange of letters. We didn't have money for phone calls. I enjoyed my senior year in high school, playing football, running in track and I came out second best in the district at the shot put at the end of the school year in Provo. Lu came to Lehi to visit me

for a day or two. She went to school with me all one day. So she got to know all of my class that I had talked about all winter in my letters and my friends met the girl I had been telling them about. School came to a happy ending that spring. I graduated from Seminary and gave the opening prayer in the exercise. I was on the honor roll and gave a ten minute talk on Math. and Science at the High School Graduation Exercise. Ernest Allred was the Valadictorian. The next Monday after school closed I got on the bus and went to Rexburg. I stayed with my sister. Times were tough and lots of men were out of work, but it seemed like if you were willing and would work hard there was something to do. I worked in the hay, beets and potatoes. About the middle of June they advertised that they were hiring about 200 men to go to Island Park to clear timber and brush where the Island Park Reservoir would be. They had been building the dam for over a year. I got into the long line of applicants at the Court House and was hired. Emery and Julia and Lu took me up there the following Sunday. They assigned us to six men to a tent and we had to do our own cooking as a group and furnish our own food. I was issued a big double edged ax and went to work Monday morning. We worked ten hours a day with a half hour for lunch. It turned out to be a regular slave driven job. There was one foreman for every eight or ten men. It only paid 35¢ per hour. If you even laid your ax down to get a drink of water more than once or twice an hour they brought a pink slip and there was some one to take that man's place. After about three weeks I talked to some one who had come up from Rexburg to visit one of the workers. They said they heard the Thompson Plumbing and Heating was looking for a good young man to serve an apprenticeship in that business. I hurried right over to Macks Inn after I got off work and called them and also Emery and asked him if he would go and talk to them for me. The next weekend they came up and got me. I went to work for Thompsons the next Monday and was tickled to death to get such an opportunity. I started at \$12.50 per week, 9 hrs. per day, six days a week. After about six months I decided I liked the sheetmetal and heating business better than plumbing and completed my four year apprenticeship in that field. About all I could see in the plumbing end was threading and cutting pipe by hand and digging sewer trenches that had to be 8 and 12 ft. deep, with a shovel. There wasn't such a thing as a back hoe in 1936

By September I was making \$17.50 per week. Lu was getting $33\frac{1}{3}\%$ an hr. at the telephone Co. I would have liked to go to college and probably could have made it some way even though the economy was very bad. I was also very much in love and Lula's life at home wasn't the best with her mother gone. Her mother passed away the spring before I met her. Her father was chasing a widow with a family so we decided we would set a date and get married. We talked to my mother and father and Julia and Emery and set the date for Sept. 29th. Julia and family took us to Lehi in Emery's Oldamobile. We spent two days getting a license in Provo, and was ordained an Elder by Bishop Goodwin, and got a temple recommend. We all went to the temple the morning of the 29th, my Mother and Father, and Julia. We were married that morning. Dad let me have his car for a couple of days. We spent our honeymoon (one night) at the Grand Hotel on South State in Salt Lake. It is still there. The next night Mother and Dad had a reception for us in the Second Ward. My band that I had played with for three years furnished the music for the dance. Two days later we went back to Rexburg. We rented a two room basement apartment and both went back to work. We had spent all our money so had to start getting our groceries on credit at Stewart Masons Market. When we got paid on Saturday night, we would go in to pay our bill. Every time we paid our bill they would always scoop up a big sack of loose candy and put it in our grocery bag. Our weeks bill would only be about five or six dollars. How different times were then than today. By the way, they also had free delivery. We would call on the phone and they would put up your order in a box and bring it out. Shanks pony was our mode of transportation, so the service was pretty handy when you lived a mile from town. That first year we had an enjoyable Fall and Winter, and when summer came Emery and Julia and family would take us fishing and picnicking on Sunday once in a while and when we didn't do that we had Sunday dinner at their house. Lu's brother Ken and I went fishing once in awhile. We also had some good times at Leo and Irene's place in Menan. I will say this at this time that I have never received welfare, food stamps or unemployment comp., and have never been out of work. I am sure that if a person is willing, and will give an honest days work and a little bit more for a days pay, there is no need to ever go without. By always treating others as you would like to be treated and following all of the Ten Commandments one can usually reach most of the goals you seek after.

In the spring of 1937 I purchased a 1931 Ford Victoria two door sedan. I bought it from Ralph Thompson, where I worked. It had a leather trunk and rack on the back, wire chrome wheels, two spare tires set into each front fender, air horns that played a tune and a cloth hard top. It was the sharpest car in town. Ralph had won the car in a drawing at a big resort in Portland, Oregon. He was about eight years older than me and when he was my age he was in Portland serving an apprenticeship in a sheetmetal shop there. He had one \$1.00 ticket in a fifty gal. drum of tickets. Lu and I really enjoyed it for several years.

On our First Wedding Anniversary we were blessed with the most beautiful little baby girl in the whole world. At least that is what Lu and I and Mother, Julia, Julius kids, Aunt Ruth, Viola, Erma, and Lavina thought. She was born at home, back when Dr. Rich used to make house calls and delivered babies at home. Aunt Ruth, being a nurse was sure a big help. I remember one day Viola was washing diapers in the landlady's washing machine and got her long hair in the wringer. She screamed and got it turned off. I guess it sure did hurt and scare her to death. The girls and Julia and girls were sure good to help with the new baby. We named her Lu Dean. She was such a joy and still is to this day. Lu went back to work for the phone company when Lu Dean was about six months old. She worked night shift so she was her baby in the day and my little buddy at night. Mother and Father came for a visit during the summer of 1938 and we took them to Yellowstone Park by way of Teton Pass and Jackson, Wyo. in our little Ford. It was their first trip. We moved three times in the next four years, bettering ourselves a little each time. I made a four wheel trailer like a wagon to pull behind my Ford. We would haul logs from Island Park country for wood to burn in the winter. There were men that had big circular saws. They would bring it to your place and saw up your wood to stove length. They were powered by a pulley on the rear wheel of their car.

In the summer of 1941 I read in the Idaho Falls Post newspaper that the Idaho Falls Sheetmetal Works needed three sheetmetal workers. It paid .50¢ per hr. I applied as soon as we could get down there and got a job with them as a journeyman sheetmetal worker. The shop was located just across the river from where the Temple stands today.

Bill Lortz, a german, was the owner and employed about twenty men. He was a wonderful mechanic and layout artist, having served an apprenticeship as a young man in Germany for twelve years with no pay, just his food and lodging. I enjoyed working under him and recieved another year of the best learning and methods of the sheetmetal trade possible . When I left him and moved to Utah I was qualified as one of the best layout mechanics in the sheetmetal trade. Thinking back and as a side note here. In 1937 when I received my first Social Security card # 519-01-4376 (I still carry the original in my wallet) this was shortly after the law was enacted, we would sit around during lunch time on a construction job and the discussion by all was that we hoped and wished that some day we could get to the point where we would be making enough money each year to have to pay income tax. We could only name a dozen or so people in Rexburg that were in that pay bracket.

I am getting a little ahead of myself. On April 9, 1941 Lu and I became the proud parents of a baby BOY. He was born at Aunt Ruth's home, the house where Ken and Mary live now. I was the TOP assistant to Dr. M.F. Rigby and Nurse Ruth Blunck during the delivery. It was a great experience.

I will tell one more interesting story. One Idaho's coldest winters was in 1941 and 1942. We went to a New Years eve dance at Riverside Gardens with another couple. I think it was Leo and Irene. After the dance the chevrolet was hard to start and the heater never got warm all the way home to Idaho Falls. We didn't know what was the matter except we knew the night was cold. When we got home our baby sitter and the two kids were cold and the coal furnace was going full blast. The next morning they announced on the radio that it was 42 below zero and would be cold for several days. Lu kept the electric oven on in the kitchen to help keep the family warm. I walked about two miles to work and the snow squeaked under my feet. We got the trucks out of the shop and went to work at the sugar factory where we were installing large round air ducts. When it came quitting time we couldn't get any of our three pickup trucks started. Mr. Lortz came and got us in a truck that had been kept in the shop all day. That was the last day of work for four days and the whole city was at a stand still. At the end of those five days the temperature had never been above 40 below zero.

Around the first of Dec. 1941 my brother Don called me from Fresno, Calif. where he lived at the time. He said he had a friend that was looking for a couple to operate a ranch he had purchased in the Santa Cruz mountains, about 20 miles from the resort city of Santa Cruz on the coast. Don said it looked like a good opportunity for us with a good future, as Mr. Butler was a very wealthy man. He owned a big fruit and nut packing plant in Los Angeles. I talked to Butler on the phone. He said he would pay our expenses for a week to come for an interview and look at the place. I arranged to get a week off. We called Julia in Rexburg and asked if she would like LuDean for a week. Emery was busy and couldn't come get her and we had to be in Fresno the next day. Lu Dean was happy to go to Julia's so we asked her what she thought about a bus ride. She thought that was great (four years old). Julia would be at the bus station to meet her. We went to the bus station in Idaho Falls and talked to them. They were happy to have her, in fact the driver was tickled to death. He said she could sit right across from him and he would watch her every minute. It was a great experience for her and she talked of it for a long time after. We took Bob with us (9 months old). We spent the first night in Fresno then on to L.A. We drove to Long Beach and stayed with Uncle Roy Wilcox's home. The next day Aunt Gorina kept Bob and we went with Mr. Butler to Santa Cruz where we met Don, and the four of us went to the ranch. It was a beautiful place with lots of trees, grass and vegetation and streams with trout in them. It was an old place that was a Spanish Grant at one time. No one had lived there for a few years. There were lots of good old buildings and corrals and an old home, big and in good condition and possibly 150 years old. There was a smaller three bedroom house not quite so old that would be for us to live in. Mr. Butler seemed to be very pleased with us Mormon kids, and we were certainly happy with what he offered us. He offered a good monthly salary with everything furnished including utilities and food. It looked like paradise to us. We would have two or three years to get the place like he wanted with plenty of money to work with. We were anxious to get back to Idaho and get moved. We left L.A. early in the morning of Dec. 7 for Idaho and were so happy and excited. Later in the day we heard on the radio about Pearl Harbot had just been bombed. We stayed in Barstow that night and the man who ran the motel had a shot gun and two rifles standing in the corner and had been out to buy, it looked like two cases of amo.

He was sure the Japs would be to his place in a few days. when we got back to Idaho Falls we were really shock and didn't know what to do. We talked to Mr. Butler. He said we had better postpone our plans on the ranch for the time being, but we could come to L.A. and work at his plant if I wanted to. In a very short time the coast of Calif. didn't look very inviting and people were moving away from the coast instead of to it. Everything was blacked out each night and nothing moved after dark, so we decided to stay where we were. We kept in touch with Mr. Butler for several years and he send us boxes of dried fruits and nuts each christmas until he passed away about ten years later. I kept working at the sheetmetal shop part of that winter. In Jan. 1942 I got cut to part time due to the war. Sheetmetal became alocated and by Feb. unless you had defence work or contracts for military equipment you just didn't get much material to work with. We contacted my Father and decided to move in with with him as he was getting old and alone. As a family, my two brothers, my sister Julia and Father we decided that he would deed the home over to me and that Lu and I would look after him the rest of his life including any hospital bills, ets. We packed up and left Idaho. Leo used his truck and helped move us and I pulled a trailer behind my car. It seemed very good to me to get back home and have some security and future to start to build on. We were having a tough time getting along financially and the war wasn't making things seem any brighter for anyone. With the two children I was deferred from being drafted at this time. A short time after arriving in Lehi I got a job in a wheetmetal shop located a half block west of the Temple grounds on So. Temple. Darrel Landon, who I worked with in Idaho Falls and his family followed me to Utah due to lack of work. He lived in Salt Lake and we both worked in the same shop. Gas was rationed and everyone got ration stamps according to their needs. I had three women ride with me to Sale Lake each day which paid my expenses and gave me enough gas to get along. We worked there about a year. Mr. Gunthher who owned a small sheetmetal shop in Lehi had an accident while installing some duct work in the high cieling of the Pleasant Grove Canning Co. It gave way with him and he fell into some machinery and was killed. Orville, his son who was teaching school, quite school and took over the business. He could see that the business could prosper if he could get government contracts of any kind and there was material available for any

kind of government work. He was four years older than me but we had grown up together and were good friends. He came to Darrel and me and asked us if we would like to contract the labor on installing the heating and rain gutter, etc. in two large tracts of homes (about 400 homes) that were being built in American Fork to provide housing for the Geneva Steel workers. The mill was nearing completion. We told him we would if he got the contract. It proved to be a very good thing for us. They were all oil furnaces and the houses were about all alike. The average time for this type of installation was about four days for two men to completely install and put into service. We contracted the labor on 400 furnaces for 80 man hours each. After the first week we had a system worked out where we would assemble about ten furnaces in the basement of ten houses, then go to the shop and make ten sets of ductwork to complete each one, then to the job and finish up ten homes, then start over on another group of ten. We got to where we were completing each house in a little over a day and a half or 24 man hours. We made some very good money that year. After that contract was finished Orville couldn't stand us making more money than he did per job so he hired us full time at hourly wages and that became my place of employment for the next fifteen years. I was shop foreman and service manager for him and when I left he had a large new shop in American Fork and employed about fifteen men. He made a million and I made good wages. During that fifteen year period lots of good things and a few bad happened to Lu and me. Looking back there was probably some things I would have done differently but all in all it was great and we matured and found a place for each of us in community and church activities. In July 13, 1945 our second SON was born. We felt that the Lord had blessed us with everything two people could ask for, a great family, a good job and a comfortable place to live. We always had a good car and new pickup truck, good saddle horses to ride, cows, sheep, pigs, chickens and cats and dogs. My Father always helped with the care of the livestock and gardening. It was great for the children to have a Grandfather to do things with like going fishing and many activities and working together. Lu was Pres. of the Young Ladies MIA for two years and I was in the Young Mens Superintendency at the same time. I belonged to the Lehi Riding Club, one of the top drill team possies in the state then. We rode in all the holiday parades in Salt Lake, Ogden, Provo, and other town celebrations. We put on a FAST RIDING act in all the rodeos including the

July 24th Rodeo in Salt Lake. Many the time Lu and the kids would have Old Steamer, (my big white quarter horse) standing on the front lawn all freshly bathed and ready to go when I would get home from work. He was a beautiful horse and gentle to be around. He would stand and let them suds him all over and then squirt the hose on him to rinse him off, but he was all horse and ready to go when a man got on his back. He and I always carried the American Flag in the parades and in the rodeos and he knew he was supposed to show off and was very proud at these times.

I have gotten ahead of myself again and I will go back to tell of my Mother's passing away. She went into the Lehi Hospital for a goiter operation and died while in the hospital. Her heart was not strong enough to withstand the operation. She died March 22, 1940. She was a wonderful woman. Her death left a void in all of our lives.

We always enjoyed going to the mountains with our children and friends. We had many good times with members of the Riding Club, especially George and Eva Carson, camping out week ends and taking long rides. We have ridden our horses almost to the top of Mt. Timpanogos (all except the last 500 ft.) many times. The deer hunt each fall was always one of the highlites with our horses and camping gear. Sometimes Grandpa would go with us. Lu was a good marksman and has killed three deer. She still enjoys going deer hunting as much as I do even though she doesn't carry her 30-30 anymore. In 1952 we leased some Forest Service land and built a summer home in Tibble Fork in ~~American Fork Canyon~~. We did most of the work ourselves and it turned out to be a very nice place in a beautiful setting. We all enjoyed it very much. We let many of our frier use it. It was used for several honeymoons and many small gatherings and hunting parties. A SHORT BEAR STORY: One evening we had a party at the summer home for all of the employees where I worked. After dinner was over and everyone was sitting around the fireplace telling stories and visiting, one of the young men and myself slipped outside and got the big bear skin from his car. He had killed it the year before during deer season. The skin was tanned with the head on and the big mouth open. He slipped it over his back and we went outside the window where the couch was. The skin completely covered him. He scratched on the window with the large claws. When about four women turned and looked they about fainted. Then we came in the house and showed it off.

The joke was so good we went to several other cabins doing the same thing, creating a lot of fun for us but frightening people. At one place they were playing bridge and the table tipped over and cards flew in all directions. After we were back to our place R. Gardner, who had the house next to ours, just arrived in his car. His wife had gone into their cabin and was building a fire and lighting lamps as we didn't have electricity yet. He had gone back to his car and was down on the drivers side hooking some wires to the radio that ran from a speaker in the house. It was about ten o'clock and very dark. I got on my hands and knees and put the bear skin over me. I krept up to him and sniffed at his left leg that was stretched out from the car to the ground. I bumped his leg again with the big nose. He looked around and thought to himself, "that couldn't be a bear". He told us later that he looked around again and he knew dam well it was a bear and could just see his whole leg gone. He never uttered a sound, just slumped over on the seat and fainted. When he came to, we were all very scared and realized he could have had a heart attack and died. There was no end to the kidding he recieved for fainting over a bear skin. Someshow everyone in American Fork knew about it.

During these years our love for each other and our fine family grew stronger. We were always close and there were a lot of happy good times together. We decided that we would like to build a new home some day. We found a very nice lot on a hill that was a two acre peach orchard in Manila, about half way between Pleasant Grove and American Fork Canyon. It had a very nice view of the valley and Utah Lake. Until we put a house on it we could pick peaches every year and were they ever good peaches.

My Father passed away May 17, 1953 in the American Fork Hospital of a bad heart and old age. We knew this day would eventually come but never knew just how much we would miss him.

Lu Dean graduated from Lehi High School in May 1955 and started school in the fall at BYU School of Nursing. She lived on campus only twelve miles from home. That same September the LDS Church started the program of families fostering Lamanite childre in their homes. Irvin Lupe came from the Zuni Reservation to live with us and go to school in Lehi. He was eight years old and had just been baptized. Our son Kenneth was nine and they were good pals. It was a good experience for our family for a year.

In 1956 we sold the property in Lehi and started a new home in Manila. We lived in a small rented trailer during that summer we were building. Lu Dean worked in Yellowstone Park that summer and came back to BYU in the fall. We built a very nice two level home and enjoyed it very much until May 1959. I could see I was getting older each year and could see no future for me. I Couldn't live on promises from Orville Gunther any longer. I had a steady job with pretty good pay but no security when I couldn't work that hard any longer. We had looked at Motels to buy for several years, but never had enough money to put a deal together. I resigned from Gunthers and we sold our home. We had a pretty good equity in it. We moved into a rental house in Pleasant Grove. Glen Canyon Dam and the bridge across the Colorado River was being completed and we looked at some property on the Utah side at Waweep and took a lease on it to start a motel. Uncle Stan Wanlass told us he would like to have something in Utah but would never leave New York where he was a medical Dr. and had a good practice. He used to stay with Lu and me whenever he came to Utah for a visit. He came for a visit that summer and went with us to look at the property. He liked it and thought as we did that it would have a good future when Lake Powell filled up. Lu and I had about twenty thousand and he matched it and we formed a Corp. under the name Lake Shore Lodge, Inc. He wanted to be a silent partner and to go ahead with our plans and get it built. and he would match anything we had to borrow. We made several trips arranging construction and materials, etc. We went to Glen Canyon the day they completed the high bridge across the river. Utah and Arizona Governors were there for the ribbon cutting celebration. After we returned home in a day or two we had a phone call from New York. Uncle Stan had a heart attack and died on the golf course. It was a big shock to us as we were such good friends. Awhile later his wife Camilla wrote and said she would go along with the deal but would not put any more money into it and would feel better if there was some way she could get out of it. We dissolved the Corp. and gave her most of her money back that hadn't been spent for expenses. We were very dissapointed and it was a big let down for us. The spring of 1959 Bob graduated from Pleasant Grove High School with honors. We were very proud of him. A few days later Lu Dean graduated from BYU. and we were proud again. She was now a Registered Nurse with a Bachelor's Degree. Her Fiancee was also

proud of her. On the 23rd of June 1959 Lu Dean and Melvin Harris were married in the Manti Temple. Mel was a returned missionary and very much in love. We had a big reception for them that night in the Manila Ward Recreation Hall. Bob was also dating Mel's sister Louise, but he was away on National Guard training at Fort Ord, California, and did not attend the wedding. After Bob returned from National Guard and had a quater at BYU he and Louise were married in the Salt Lake Temple on April 15, 1960. Now we had a Daughter-in-law and a Son in law that are brother and sister. We think the world of both of them.

The first of January 1960 we invested ten thousand dollars in partnership with a man as equity in the Capitol Motel on 17th S. State St. In Salt Lake. and moved there to manage it. This was a new experience for us. The previous manager was supposed to stay with us for two weeks to show us the ropes. The second day he said he was leaving and that we didn't need him any more. We learned the hard way, and on our own, how to rent rooms, how to operate a PBX switchboard, how to use a cash register, how to process credit cards, how to instruct maids and keep their time, and many more things. We didn't even know where the power, water, or gas controls were, and didn't know the first thing about the swimming pool, BUT WE LEARNED. In less than a year we discovered that the major stock holder was being careless and perhaps dishonest with our money and also other investors money, so we wanted our money back as was agreed in the original contract if we were not satisfied. When he couldn't produce it we took a note and withdrew. We later found the note was worthless. Again we learned the hard way. We should have hired an attorney. We then got a job managing a new motel in Boise, Idaho and moved there. We managed it for six months and we bought the Holiday Motel, twenty six units across from the State Fairgrounds in Boise. We upgraded it, added two more rooms, and Lu, Ken, and I worked very hard and enjoyed it very much. I guess we used poor judgment and spent too much money. We could see that we were getting in too deep and had better get out before we got into trouble with our payments. We sold it to some people from Salt Lake, taking the Meredith Apartments (old, four story) on First Ave. in Salt Lake plus a small equity in a very large new home in Bennion. We moved into and enjoyed the big home and the neighborhood and not having to answer to guests every minute of the day. After a

month or so of rest and relaxation I studied and passed the test for a Real Estate license and got a job with Sugarhouse Realty. Lu Couldn't stand being idle and inactive and away from people so she went to work at the Salt Lake Telephone Co. in the Plan Dept. We couldn't afford to keep the big home and bought a very nice lot on 5th east and 4200 South and had a duplex built on it. It was very lovely colonial style with two bedrooms, fireplace, and a full basement in each unit. We planned on spending the rest of our days there. Kenneth helped a great deal with the landscaping, fencing, etc. and it turned out to be a showplace and still is today. On our first Christmas there we had a small blue spruce in a five gal. container for our Christmas tree and then planted it outside after Christmas. Today it is there in the front yard and is about twenty feet tall. We could have spent the rest of our life there and been happy, "BUT" we were approached one day by Dennis Johnson and Alma Erekson. We had never met them before, but they told us they were in the process of buying the Big Chief Best Western Motel in Battle Mountain, Nevada. Their Motel Real Estate Broker told them that we were the best Motel Manager team that he knew. We drove to Battle Mountain the next weekend and looked the place over. It was a very nice property on a busy highway. We didn't talk to anyone out there just looked and drove back to Elko and stayed overnight. We checked the two men out and found they were reliable and were ⁱⁿ CPA business. We told Mr. Johnson that we would help them if indeed they did buy the motel. At this time Ken was in the National Guard in Salt Lake and was called to go for his six month basic training at Ford Ord for three months and then on to Camp Belvoir in Va. near Wash.DC. We had almost forgotten about going to Battle Mountain as they were about three months completing the purchase of the Big Chief. On a Friday morning around the first of June, we got a call from Mr. Johnson and he wanted to know if we could be out there the following Monday. I could leave the real estate office without any notice as we were working independantly. Lu had to give two weeks notice on her termination. So I loaded the car with my clothes, tools, etc. and left Sunday afternoon. I took over Monday A.M. without much help. Mr. and Mrs. Black and their son had been working full time. This left me without two desk clerks and some maids. I worked the desk from eleven P.M. to 7 A.M. each night, did the book work and banking, repairs, etc. during the day, cleaned

and serviced the pool each morning at four o'clock and tried to catch a few min. sleep in the afternoon. This went on for two weeks until Lu arrived in her Volkswagen. About the third week we got some front office help hired and managed to go back to Salt Lake and move our furniture, etc. You have heard about people who send their son off to war and move away while he is gone so he can't find them when he returned. Well, that isn't what we did because we were sure glad when he came home. We had missed him so much and he would be so much help to us in the motel the same as he had been in the other places in the past. The four years in Battle Mountain were some of the most trying in our lives. Glen Black, the former owner, did everything within his power every day for four years to make our life miserable. I could fill several pages telling the nasty things he did. He bragged to local people how he was going to run us off and take the property back because of poor management after he got the big down payment. He had Johnson and Erekson in tears many times and cost them several thousand dollars in Atty. fees to finally get him off their back. The local people were on our side and backed us in every way. They all knew what a tyrant he had been since he came to town. I think that having very strong hard working and determined parents and grandparents gave us the strength and determination to not give up. Through our prayers, tears and mad determination we stuck it out. We had a week or so each year to get away and enjoy ourselves. We went fishing on the Oregon coast for salmon. Ken and I bought a boat and had some good fishing trips on the lakes around Battle Mountain. (By the way, we are sure glad he found us when he got back from the service.) We have had some good times together and love him very much. We joke a lot about moving while he was away. Each year in October we had a very wonderful week in Las Vegas at the Best Western Convention. Best Hotels, all the best shows each night, the best of food and all expenses paid. These were times we will never forget. Kenneth went right to work for Duval Corp. when he got back from the service. He worked in the maintenance dept. when they first opened and is now the head carpenter. He makes a good living. He was always a big help to us in the motel. He helped with maintenance, painting, pool service and yard work and never asked to be paid. He has always been generous, and was always bringing sacks of groceries home to help out.

During the four years at the Big Chief we had some very good job offers from some other motel corporations in California and Nevada, but each time we decided to stay with Johnson and Erekson because they had been very good and fair with us. We turned the offers down even though some were much better pay and nicer locations especially in Northern California. In 1970 they bought the Ramada Inn in Kingman, Arizona. They asked us to move there and manage it. It was a beautiful place. It had 78 units almost new. part of them were being built when we moved there. It is one of the best locations and has an adjacent smaller 46 unit older motel included in the purchase. It has a big restaurant and a Standard Oil service station in the complex. On the property was a nice brick home for us to live in . It was a challenge for us, as it got us into a large property with complete front office coverage 24 hrs a day, an assistant Mgr, Housekeeper, two full time maintenance men. Up to now in our Motel career Lu and I had held and worked all of these titles at the same time, so we looked forward to the move. In June they hired new management for the Big Chief. We trained them for a few days. Ken bought a trailer in Duval's Trailer Park and stayed in Battle Mountain, working for Duval Corp. We hated to move away from him. We three depended upon each other for so much. We got a big U-Haul truck and moved. The night before we left the Duval people and some of our friends had a big party for us at the Owl. They included Lambs, Shiels, Watsons, Duff's, Butch and Carmen, and many others. When the dinner was over we all went to Arlo Shiels house for the rest of the party. They gave us a barbeque grill for a going away gift. When we got to Kingman Paul Miller , the son of the builder and owner of Ramada had been managing. When we took over he went in as Mgr. of La Posada Restaurant next door. He and his wife were a nice young couple, but he couldn't stop thinking that his father was still the owner. After a few months of some bad times with him, we became the best of friends. Duval has a Copper mine in Kingman too. The management people from Tucson, especially the two pilots that brought them to Battle Mountain, kidded me when they heard we were going to Kingman. They all knew Ginger, the assistant Mgr. I could never figure what it was about. I found out very soon after we got there. They had all stayed at Ramada. Most of the guests were Com'l men with Ford Motor Co. Proving Grounds, and engineers from Dearborn, Mich. Engineers and geologists from the big mines in the area, also the Maintenance people on the six Transcontinental oil and gas

(20)

lines near Kingman. Ginger and three or four girls including some of our employees were furnishing the Com'l men with their night life and partying. We soon phased her out, and our business improved and got better. Even three or four years later men would come in and ask Lu if she was Ginger. They said, "I was told to ask for Ginger".

We enjoyed our six years at the Ramada Inn. We went to church when we could and enjoyed the people in the ward. Kingman is a good town 3,500 ft. elevation and very little winter and mild warm summers. It is 100 miles from Las Vegas, 165 from Phoenix, 28 miles to the Colorado River, good fishing and boating year around. We enjoyed the association of the Ramada Inn Corp. Very good conventions each fall and several area meetings in Calif. and Arizona during the year. This gave us some good trips and a chance to make good friends with Ramada Executives and Mgrs. all over the West and some in the east. Even today we can go anywhere and have friends at Best Western and Ramada Inns. In 1975 at the convention, in one of the main meetings, Wm. Isabel, Pres. presented me with a very nice bronze plaque for being one of four people recognized for outstanding contribution to the lodging industry. At the same time they emphasized hospitality and used Lu and me as examples of our treatment of guests. The executives had all stayed with us on their way to Las Vegas two days before and I'm sure they observed us closely. While in Kingman it was nice having brother Rulon and Ruth living in Boulder City, Nev. We were able to visit once in awhile. Ken brought his girl friend to visit and meet us, and on Oct. 12, 1974 they were married in the Logan Temple. We took a trip to Battle Mountain for their reception. Her name is Ada Johnson Burton and now it is Mrs. Kenneth Wilcox.

In June 1976 the Corp. purchased the Town House Best Western in Little Rock, Ark. All of us had been looking for another motel to buy. We had looked in Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico. There are many for sale, but they all have problems, either financial, location or not close to the new Interstate Freeways. We had some money from profit sharing we also borrowed a good amount. We finally found this motel in Little Rock, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yrs. old. best of locations on Interstate 40. It has it's own restaurant just off the lobby. We were very happy to get something we could call our own even if we

only held a minor portion of the stock. It would give us a good retirement. This was quite a move for us, 1600 miles straight east of Kingman. Ken came from Battle Mountain to help us pack the U-Haul truck and bid us goodby. When we pulled away from the Ramada Inn, I was driving the big U-Haul truck and Lu was driving our Motor Home. Ken followed us as far as Flagstaff then turned north to go home by way of Utah. I guess we all had a good cry after having breakfast together when we said goodby and Ken headed north and we in separate vehicles headed east. It took us three days to make the trip. We stopped each night in roadside parks and spent a good evening and night together. We kept wondering if we were doing the right thing moving so far from Utah and our families. We wondered if we would ever get back. It made us think about our pioneer ancestors and how they must have felt when they left their homes and came west. No one will ever know the feelings we had after crossing the Continental Divide and stopping and looking back three or four hours later and could see no sign of the rocky mountains and nothing but wide open flat country as far as the eye could see. We wondered when we would see the Rocky Mtns. again. We arrived the afternoon of the 3rd day. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson drive our Cadillac to Little Rock three or four days later. What a new experience for us, a different type of people 30-35 employees, one half black. It was our first experience operating a restaurant along with the motel. We had previously attended the Ramada School on Restaurant Mgmt. and did know the fundamentals of figuring food costs, food preparation, the duties of cooks, waitresses, dish washers and bus boys, and had studied food preparation equipment. I had spent 30 days at Arcata Ramada Inn in Calif. when the company bought that place. It had a large restaurant and lounge. After the young new manager felt he could handle it alone, I left and went back to Kingman. But this was our first experience having full responsibility of a restaurant but we did it and did a good job. One of our big problems was coping with the undependable attitude of the people especially the blacks. They would use any excuse not to show up for work. There are a lot of good people but this is their big problem. There wasn't many mornings that I wasn't awake wondering if we were going to have a cook (they were good cooks) to open the restaurant. I could write a volume on our experiences at the Town House Best Western. We had steel bars on our apartment windows which was just off the lobby. When we finally retired between 11:30 and 1:00 A.M. our doors were bolted from inside. I slept with a loaded gun by my bed.

We had four armed robberies in three years, but we took it in stride. We made a few very good friends while there. We had a group of business men that came in the restaurant every morning for their coffee break and at noon for lunch. If I wasn't right there to greet them and sit with them they would ask the waitress loud enough for everyone to hear, "Where's Brigham this morning". All in jest of course. Most of the people in that area are staunch Southern Baptists and very sincere in their religion. Our Church in Little Rock had only two wards for a city the size of Salt Lake. The Stake covered all of the state of Ark. We went to North Little Rock Ward, located in Jacksonville, nine miles from the motel. It included the Jacksonville air base and was about the size of Hill A.B. a big majority of our ward was from the air base, and many were from Utah. There were about 80 missionaries in the area and soon as they knew we were from Utah we had lots of company on Mondays (their day off missionary work). They always knew they could get a free lunch and they treated us almost like their mother and father. We still hear from some of them once in a while even after several years. We couldn't attend church as often as we would have liked to because most of our employees taking Sunday off and we had to work. We did our best by befriending the missionaries and lining up leads for them. Little Rock is the heart of a very beautiful wooded area with enough rainfall that no one has to water their lawns or gardens. Arkansas is also the center of the rice and cotton production in the U.S. There are lots of small lakes and big swamps with snapping turtles especially in the spring. Little ones the size of a quarter to large ones the size of a dinner plate. There are many large frogs which are on the menu in all the fine seafood restaurants. Frog legs as large as chicken legs and just as delicious. Hot Springs, Ark. is only fifty miles away. It is where the health spas are and one of the finest and biggest race tracks in the country. It's horse racing season lasts for 50 days. They handle between one to three million each day in betting. We liked Arkansas and I am sure if we had moved there thirty years ago with our family we never would have left. In Oct. 1977 we attended one of our most memorable conventions. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson flew to Little Rock and the four of us drove to New Orleans. It was a good chance to see some of the deep southland. After the convention they flew back to Utah and Lu and I spent three or four days going back to L.R. We came up the east side of the Mississippi River on the old Highways and

and really had a wonderful inspiring and educational trip. We visited several old plantation homes and saw where the civil war took place. It was a trip I would recommend to everyone. The convention was held at the new Hilton right on the riverfront. Our room was on the 16th floor and we could watch the river traffic from our bed. It is a mighty stream of water just before it enters the Atlantic ocean. One of the major social events was a Mardi Gras at the Superdome, the largest in the world. The roof covers about seven acres with no support except at the perimeter. Everything about it is big, for example they fed three thousand of us in one sitting in the center of the arena. I'm sure it would take more than one kitchen. The famous trumpet player Al Hirt entertained also the King Sisters, and there was a Mardi Gras parade all around the arena. One afternoon the whole group of three thousand boarded the big stern wheeler, The Mississippi Queen, five decks. We went up the river about twenty miles, turned around and went past New Orleans out to the mouth of the river about 15 miles and back until about two in the morning. We were being wined and dined and entertained all the time. A Dixieland band for dancing on each deck. It was a great experience.

We saved all of the net income for the first two years and in January 1978 we had enough money to build another two story wing of 20 rooms with a utility room on each level. We contracted it out for 145,000 minus furniture and carpeting, which came to about 23,000 more. We had them completed and ready for use by April. I handled and supervised the complete project furnishings and all. No one from the Salt Lake office saw them until they were ready to rent. They were very pleased when they did see it. The project included a new parking lot with 20,000 dollars worth of concrete and large enough to park about 27 diesel trucks. This really helps to make it a profitable business.

Lu turned sixty two in June 1978 and signed up for Social Security. We were both getting real tired of such long hours seven days a week. We were concerned about our health, so we decided to retire and move back to Utah even though I wouldn't draw SS until the next April. We had purchased a half acre lot in Glenwood which we hadn't seen yet. Mel and LuDean found it for us and said we would like it so we trusted them and bought it over the telephone. I told Mel to have a cinder block storage bldg on it.

The building could be turned into a garage later if we wanted to. Now we would use it to store our furniture and things in until we got a home built. We didn't want to move twice. Shortly after the first of August after hiring and training new managers we loaded a U-Haul truck again and headed back to Utah. Again I drove the truck and Lu followed me in the Cad. We had a good trip and went over the Continental Divide again on Interstate 70. We spent a couple of weeks then flu back to Little Rock and stayed another week telling our friends goodby and packing and stocking the motor home. We planned a trip up thru Missouri and the Dakotas and Wyoming and thru Yellowstone Park and spent a few days in Rexburg. This all took about a month. It was a very nice trip except I was sick part of the time. We spent another month after arriving in Utah living in the motor home. Went to Battle Mountain and spent a week visiting Ken and Ada. I worked on some house plans and finally put together what we wanted from several books of plans. We contracted to have our house built by Blain Breinholt with the understanding I could work where I could and get paid. I would have liked to have done more myself and not contract it, but we were anxious to get into a home after not having one for so many years. We lived in a small furnished basement apartment for six months until we could get into our house. We have enjoyed the past two years getting our place like we want it. People tell me this spring that we have the nicest, most well kept yard and home in Glenwood. Lu and I are very proud of what we have accomplished in two years on a bare piece of alfalfa field.

About two months after we came back to Utah the company had a dinner party for us and presented us with a nice desk set all inscribed. They made us feel proud after each of their little speeches of appreciation of our accomplishments. Then Mr. Johnson presented us with a small contract putting us on a retainer for as long as we would like to keep active in the company. We would get paid each month with a small amount from each of the five motels which are a separate corporation, and we would be expected to go when called as trouble shooters and to hire or fire management at any of the properties train and operate during the transition period. They got to us and we signed it. It has been nice to stay somewhat active and I thrive on the challenges that this job in the motel business presents. We sometimes have several months in a row with nothing to do for the company, except it seems I am on the phone a lot of the time helping solve problems by phone.

We are enjoying our retirement very much and hope that our health lasts for a lot of years. I think one of the nicest and most pleasant things is the being away from so many people, and the lack of disturbance, and the quiet of the night. We enjoy spending time with our three children and their families, which we haven't had much chance to do for the last twenty years. We both enjoy it so much but try not to be a nuisance and get in the way of their activities. I will tell all of you to please give us as much of your time as possible and let us do things together whenever we can. We like it. We enjoy spending more time with church now and going to the temple often. We like to travel and intend to plan a nice trip each year. We went to Hawaii last fall for two weeks, had a great time. As yet we haven't made our plans where to go this year. As long as we stay on a retainer and consultant for Inn Management Inc. we will probably have two or three business trips lasting anywhere from a week to a month each year. They could be to Arcata Eureka, Calif- Battle Mountain, Nevada- Kingman, Arizona-Little Rock, Arkansas-or Memphis, Tenn.

We are very proud of LuDean and Mal, Bob and Louise, Ken and Ada, and their families. We enjoy being with all of them and feel we have missed a lot by being away from them so much and not being able to watch the kids grow and not being able to participate in some of their activities. We intend to make it up now. If Mother and I didn't accomplish anything else in this life our achievement of three happily married children with good families would be sufficient. We want you all to know how happy and proud we are of your sincere participation in the Church and your achievements in the business world.

We purchased our hunting and fishing licenses today. We enjoy our little 4wheel drive pickup and our motor home. We still like to fish and hunt. Getting back near to nature has always been one of our greatest pleasures. The only thing that has changed is that Grandma doesn't carry her 30-30 any more during the deer hunting season. She is still just as good a fisherman and hunter as she ever was. We hope and pray we can still have as much fun and enjoyment doing things together twenty years from now. I believe our secret to staying young is to enjoy life and people wherever you are or what you are doing, and to enjoy the things you did when you werethirty years younger, and keep your sense of humor. Always benefit and grow from all your past experiences, both the good and the bad. and try to help younger people benefit from them too.

CONCLUSION

Perhaps someday I shall write another history in the form of a story, starting with my father when he was about six years old. Grandfather Wilcox and family and eleven other families from Lehi were called on a mission to go to St John and Camp Verdi, Arizona for four years, traveling in covered wagons. They just closed their homes, their farms and businesses and left when they were called. Do you suppose any of us would sacrifice as they did? This could be a very exciting Western story all by itself. They had to protect their families from the Apache indians and the local residences who resented the invasion of their domain. Perhaps our experiences from the time we met in 1935 and throughout our life would make an interesting story. Our motel career alone could be some exciting reading along with it's day to day activities, good and bad. We have had as our guests famous celebrities, honeymooners, church get togethers, family reunions, friends and relations to mention the good. We have had suicides, shootings, family fights, drunks, rapes, drug episodes, car thefts, armed holdups and robberies to mention the bad.

We have hunted and fished in Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, Calif, Nevada, Arizona and Arkansas and most of all Utah. We have enjoyed the big rivers and beautiful lakes and streams. The Mississippi, Arkansas, Columbia, Snake, Salzon and Colorado Rivers each hold their special attraction and beauty. Memories of boating and fishing off the coast of Oregon and Northern Calif. are times we will never forget. I have chased wild horses in the mountains of Western Utah. The feeling of a good strong fast saddle horse beneath you and camping out in the open away from civilization gave us a taste of life our Grandfathers enjoyed as work and pleasure. All of these experiences would make a good short true story.

This has been a very good time to live from 1917 until now and perhaps we wouldn't change any of it. We both feel we have lived in the greatest time of all. We have seen the Automobile, airplanes, radio, television, the Buck Rogers comic books come true, (The books we read when we were teenagers) and many other methods of communication and transportation, etc. come to be part of our everyday life. It has been a marvelous exciting time to live.

P.S. I am going to start a daily ledger beginning now.

This has been a very pleasant week looking back while writing this.

LuDean Wilcox Harris

I was born on Sept. 29, 1937, in the basement apartment where my parents called home with Aunt Ruth Blunck in attendance. The first of three children for my parents, Dean Wanlass Wilcox and Lula Mary Blunck Wilcox. My name, a combination of Mother's and Dad's names, was picked out well in advance of my birth I've been told. September 29th was already a special day for my parents as I was born on their 1st wedding anniversary.

The 1st four years of my life were spent in Rexburg, and I have some happy memories of family and experiences there. My brother, Robert joined the family when I was about 4 years, and shortly after that we moved to Idaho Falls. We were there only a short time, when we made another move to Lehi, Utah. This is where I spent my growing up years.

We lived in my Father's old family home with Grandpa Wilcox. The times must have been very hard for my family, although I was too young at the time to understand. I do remember how happy my parents were when Dad was finally able to get a job in Salt Lake City. My father was a sheet-metal worker. He always made sure that his workmanship was the finest. We stayed on living with Grandpa Wilcox as his health gradually went down hill, and mother patiently took care of him.

My Grandpa has an old 1928 Chevy which he always kept in good running condition. I remember trips in that old car out to Pelican Point on the shores of Utah Lake to go cat fishing. Once in awhile we would stay and have a fish fry in the evening.

We did a lot of fun activities together as a family. Dad built a camper shell to fit over our pick-up. In that truck we took trips to Bryce Canyon, Zion's Canyon, and etc. and had some good times. About the time that I was in 9th grade, my parents were able to obtain some property in American Fork Canyon, and worked hard to build a summer cabin there. From then on most of our spare time and vacation time was spent there. It was a lovely secluded spot where we had some very special times.

I began taking piano lessons when in the 5th grade from Eva Carson and continued on most of the years in was in school. Though I don't play much more that for my own enjoyment, this has helped me learn to appreciate and enjoy music.

After graduating from high school, I attended BYU School of Nursing and finally obtained my long dreamed of R.N. degree along with a B.S. degree.

While home from school one week-end, I had a double date with my brother Bob, his girl friend, and her brother, who had recently returned home from a mission. We continued to date one another, and then after I had finished school and he had completed his National Guard training, George Melvin Harris and I were married on June 23, 1959, in the Manti Temple.

Mel went to school after we were married and studied electronics. He then worked at Hercules in the static testing area, and then with under-water testing of sonar devices.

We've been blessed as a family with five lovely children:

LuAnn was born in Dec. 28, 1960

Linda was born on Aug. 31, 1963

Lynette was born on Aug. 29, 1964

Benjamin Dean was born on Oct. 29, 1966

Richard Melvin was born on June 17, 1970

Although we had a little new home in Salt Lake City, we decided that we would like to raise our family in a smaller community. So in 1965, we bought a little farm in Venice near Richfield, Utah. We feel that we made a good decision. We raise Columbia and Suffolk sheep on our farm. It is a family enterprise, so we have learned to work and play together.

I've been able to use my nursing profession through the past 22 years. When I was first married I worked for Dr. T. M. Thomson in his

office. Later after we moved to Venice, I worked part-time at the Richfield Hospital. Five years ago I went into public health nursing and have been nursing supervision for our six-county area for the past 4 years.

Both Mel and I have enjoyed our little ward here in Venice. Mel is a counselor in the bishopric and I am teaching MIA Maids.

My Mother and Dad are now living about five miles away from us, and it is great having them home.

June, 1981

George Melvin Harris

I was born on May 19, 1934, the third son of John George and Melva Warnick Harris in the farm have located in the small community of Manila, North of Pleasant Grove. The family was later blessed with three daughters. In my early years, I remember trips to American Fork Canyon, herding the dairy cows, and picking raspberries. I also remember my family losing part of their family farm as a result of the depression as did most of the neighbors.

I attended school and seminary in American Fork and graduated from American Fork High School. I was active in Church sports and scouting, and enjoyed our camping trip in American Fork Canyon and in the High Uintahs. I was also active in 4-H and FFA activities with dairy cows. I especially enjoyed participating in the livestock shows and the State Fair.

I was called on an LDS mission in June, 1955, and served in the West-Central States. I had many great experiences while working in Montana, Wyoming, and in South Dakota with the Sioux Indians.

I met LuDean and her family when I returned home in 1957. Our first date was a double with brother Bob and my sister Louise. Both Louise and I did marry into the Wilcox family. With Lu Dean in nursing school, we had a few dates on week-ends before I left for 6 months of National Guard training in Fort Ord California and in Fort Leonardwood, Missouri.

We were married on June 23, 1959, in the Manti Temple and made our first home in Pleasant Grove, Utah. During that first year, I worked as a feed miller, attended a trade school studying electronics, and served in the Elders' Quorum presidency of our ward.

Our 1st daughter, LuAnn was born Dec. 28, 1960. I had completed my electronics course, and began working at Hercules. I worked in the area where static testing of the Minuteman and Polaris missiles were conducted. I also worked at the University of Utah heating plant, and then later with

underwater testing of somar devices for nuclear submarines.

While working in Salt Lake City, we bought a house in Hunter. We enjoyed making it a home. Our family was growing also. Linda was born in Aug. 31, 1963, and then Lynette Aug. 29, 1964. Our 3 little girls and I had awery close relationship. I always said that they would rather go with me than kiss me goodby.

It was about this time that we decided to buy a farm and move to venice. This brought lots of hard work, but we've enjoyed it and have grown from it. The farm ground needed building up. Our home and farm buildings needed improvements and we got started raising pure bred sheep.

On October 29, 1966 our first son, Ben was born and his sisters were soon teaching him about farm life. Our second son, Richard was born June 17, 1970.

I worked for nine years for a neighboring rancher in the cattle feed lot business, building and operating their feed mill. We added to the farm and the sheep herd and were finally able to spend full time in our own business.

As the children became old enough they became involved in 4-H with sheep and lamb projects and I have been able to work with them and their friends as their leader. We have participated in Jr. Livestock shows and they have filled the mantel with trophies.

Our family has always been active in church activities. I have been a counselor in the Bishopric for the past five years. Previous to this I was a scout master for six years. I was able to see most members of our troop rec ve their Eagle Scout badge. I was proud to receive The Second Miler Service Award. I also served as Ward Clerk for ten years.

George Melvin Harris

June 1981

FROM THEN UNTIL NOW

My name is LuAnn Harris and here is my story:

It was a cold winter day on December 28, 1960, when my parents received a late Christmas gift, me, just in time to be a tax deduction.

I was born in American Fork, Utah, to G. Melvin and LuDean W. Harris. Our first home was in Pleasant Grove. I don't remember much about living in that basement apartment, but I was told that that is the place where I learned to walk.

In November of 1961, we moved into a new house in Hunter in the Salt Lake Valley. It was while I lived in Hunter that I had my first boy friend. We did all of the fun things that very young lovers do- like going fishing at Deer Creek Reservoir, and going to Grandpa's farm to ride the horse.

When I was three years old, I got my first baby sister. I thought it was just great--I even offered to sleep in the closet so that she could sleep in my bed. I guess I didn't realize that babies need to sleep in cribs. It was just a year later when my second little sister arrived. Now I had two little girls to play with and boss around whenever I wanted.

In the spring of 1965, we sold our car, bought a truck, and moved to the farm in Venice. The house we moved into had definitely been on the earth for centuries, but we soon made it our home.

At first my dad decided to raise cows, but after a year or so, he decided that sheep might be the best bet. I always liked to go help my dad with the sheep and the rest of the farm work, like weeding the beets and driving the tractor.

I began my education at Richfield. Not long after that my sisters and I welcomed into the family a real live dark-haired, blue-eyed, big tease of a little brother--what would a farm be without a boy?

Being involved in the 4-H clubs when I was younger kept me busy and was always exciting. Cooking, sewing, and raising lambs to show in the different fairs were my favorite projects. I was awarded many red and blue ribbons for my projects, and I also received a couple of trophies for my sheep. Going to

4-H camp used to be one of the highlights of my summer vacation. We would get very little sleep, have lots of water fights, and come home looking like dirty-faced orphans, but we loved every minute of it. When I came home from 4-H camp one summer, there was a big surprise waiting for me. I had another baby brother at the hospital. Now our family was complete.

I attended the one and only great Richfield High School. I was a member of the Wildcat band and went on many tours with the group. I graduated in the spring of 1979. I couldn't believe my high school days were over.

During the first part of the summer of 1979, 95 kids from my Senior Class who had graduated from the L.D.S. Seminary took a tour of Church History sites across the United States. We slept at K.O.A. Campgrounds in tents for two weeks, except for three nights. We learned how to sleep on buses, get along with people, and love everybody and anybody.

I finished out the summer by working at the Richfield Taco Time. I was a waitress there. I had opportunities to manage the facility on several different occasions.

In the fall of 1979, I moved away from small-town Venice and came to the big city of Provo to attend Utah Technical College. I have now completed my Secretarial training, and survived another year with crazy roommates. But, I wouldn't trade any of my experiences for anything. They have all helped me to grow and become a better person.

June 1981

Linda Harris

My name is Linda Harris. I am seventeen years old. I was born in Salt Lake City in 1963. When I was a year old our family moved to Southern Utah to a little town called Venice.

I am graduating from Richfield High School May 29, which is tomorrow. On May 30th at 4:30 in the morning I am leaving to go on a Church History Tour. I will go back East and visit some of the famous historical sites. I will be gone for three weeks. When I return I will be working for Dr. Hendrickson, a local dentist, to save money for college.

I am going to attend Utah State at Logan and I will be leaving in late September.

Some things that I plan to study are Elementary Education and Child Development.

Linda Harris

June 1981

Lynette Harris

I am now sixteen years old. I was born August 29, 1964 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Then our family moved to the great town of Venice. I like helping my Dad with the sheep. I enjoy joking around with people. I will be a Senior in High School. I like all kinds of sports. I also love playing Powder Puff football, and motor cycle riding. After high school I hope to go to school to study Animal Science, because I love animals and have a great interest in animals and have learned a lot from my Dad about animals. I am on our County's 4-H Animal Judging team. I'm planning to go to school at Logan, Utah.

I am a Young Women's Camp Leader and am looking forward to our camp outing this summer. I will also be a leader at 4-H camp.

Lynette Harris

June 1981

Ben Harris

I was born in Richfield, Utah on October 29, 1966. I am fourteen years old and will be in the 9th grade. I likd sheep and dogs and horses. I am a Teacher in the Aaronic Priesthood. I like to show our sheep and go to rodeos and horse races. I enjoy motor cycles, fishing, hiking in the outdoors and most all school sports. I am working on my Eagle Scouting award. When I finish high school, I hope to go on a mission, go to college and maybe become an agricultural teacher.

June 1981

Richard Harris

My name is Richard Harris. I was born June 17, 1970 in Richfield, Utah. I was blessed in the Venice Ward by my father, Melvin Harris. When I got older, my big brother liked to tease me, so I would yell for my Dad and Ben would get in trouble. I like to play with my friends and go for trips with my family.

I was baptized a member of the church when I was eight years old. When I was eight I was also old enough to be in the 4-H sheep Club and show our sheep. I have won some red, and white, and blue, and purple ribbons and some trophies.

Now I am at the age of ten and helpful with the chores, I am looking forward to the sheep shows this summer in Ferron and Longmont, Colorado, and at our County Fair.

When I grow up I want to be a veterinarian and would like to go to college in Fort Collins, Colorado. I also want to go on a mission.

Richard Harris

THE ROBERT E. WILCOX FAMILY

June 13, 1981

Robert Earl Wilcox was born in Rexburg, Idaho on April 9, 1941. His wife, Louise Marie Harris, was born in American Fork, Utah on November 15, 1939.

Bob was the second child of Dean W. Wilcox and Lula M. Blunck. He grew up in Lehi, Utah until he was fifteen years old and at that time the family moved to the area north of Pleasant Grove, Utah, known as Manila. During the early years of his life he had many experiences that were a preparation for future life. He started earning money when just 5 or 6 years old by selling night crawlers to fishermen on their way to Utah Lake. He worked for neighboring farmers and when 13 was custodian for the Lehi Hospital. He was caretaker of Wines Park in Lehi for two summers. He was always active in music and was a trumpet player school bands. He graduated from Pleasant Grove High School in 1959 and was recognized as the outstanding male graduate.

Louise was the fifth child of J. George Harris and Melva V. Warnick. She grew up in Manila and attended school in American Fork. She learned early to enjoy work out of doors as she enjoyed working with her father on the farm. She learned to drive the tractor, milk one old gentle cow while her father milked the rest, and to enjoy the quiet times on the bank of the irrigation ditch. At American Fork High School, where she graduated in 1958, she was active in drama and pep club. Following high school she immediately enrolled at LDS Business College where she graduated the following year.

Bob and Louise met in Sunday school when Bob moved to Manila in 1956. By 1957 they were dating regularly and were engaged in August of 1959 when Bob was home on leave from active duty in the Army National Guard. They were married April 14, 1960, and made their first home on Main Street in American Fork.

Bob attended school at BYU while the both worked and he graduated with a major in mathematics in August of 1963. This event was overshadowed by the arrival of their first child, Lorraine, on July 29, 1963.

Soon after graduation from college they moved to Los Angeles for four years where Bob began work as an actuarial student. They returned to Utah in 1967 where they lived in Granger for a short time and then in American Fork while they built their home in Alpine. They moved to Alpine on Thanksgiving of 1969 and have put down deep roots since that time.

Robert, II was born while they were in California, on January 26, 1965. Both Robert and Lorraine have attended school in Alpine and American Fork. Lorraine graduated from American Fork High School last month and will be attending Utah State University next year. She also plans to be married on the thirtieth of this month to Douglas Mayne of American Fork.

Robert is an active boy loving to ride bicycles, motorcycles and most sports. He is an eagle scout and active in his church assignments.

On March 12, 1981, a baby daughter, Rebecca, was born to the family and is bringing great joy and happiness to all.

June, 1981

I am Kenneth D. Wilcox. I was born on July 13, 1945 in the Lehi Hospital Lehi, Utah to Dean Wanlass Wilcox and Lula Blunck Wilcox. I lived in Lehi until about 1956. While in Lehi I went to Elementary school. I enjoyed the times we spent in American Fork Canyon and at our summer home in Tibble Fork. In 1955 a Zuni Indian boy, Irvin Lupe, stayed with us. We were about the same age. In 1957 we moved to Manila, just north of Pleasant Grove, Utah. Dad built a new home where we lived until about 1960. He sold it and we moved for a few months down into Pleasant Grove. I helped Dad install some furnaces in Cedar Fort and Lehi. Then the three of us, the Folks and I moved to Salt Lake and ran the Capitol Motel for a year. There I attended school at Lincoln Jr. High and some at South High School which was big then and it looks a lot bigger now. After a year there we moved to Boise, Idaho. We were at the Sunliner Motel for awhile and then the Folks bought the Holiday Motel. We were there four years. Dad and I bought a 1953 little yellow jeep. Every time it rained in the Boise flat land south of Boise, I used to take it out there and drive through some long muddy places trying out the 4-wheel drive jeep. It was interesting there to see some T.V. Stars like Pat Brady, Martin Milner of Route 66 and Fats Domino and his band, and the Ice Capades star skaters and many other famous people. It was about 1964 we moved back to Salt Lake out on the west side which is now Bennion area. Then Dad built a duplex over on 5th E. 4216 So. I planted some trees there which are big big trees now, about sixteen years later.

While living in Salt Lake I joined the Utah National Guard in 1965. I was in the 115th Engineer Unit in Murray, Utah. I went to two Summer Camps before I went to Ft. Ord, California. While I was at Ft. Ord my home address got changed again. Instead of Salt Lake City, Utah it was a little spot out here in the middle of the Nevada desert called Battle Mountain. After I was through at Ft. Ord, I spent about a week in Battle Mountain with the Folks. After that I finished my tour of duty back east at Ft. Belvoir, Virginia, of which I enjoyed quite a lot, it seemed like every weekend I spent seeing things in Washington D.C. I got to know the Nation's Capitol quite well. After I finished at Ft. Belvoir, I came back to

2

Battle Mountain, Nevada and got a job Nov. 16, 1966 at Duval Copper Corp., which is now mining gold. I am in my 15th year at Duval, with about the last eight years or more primarily doing carpenter work at the mine. When I first started at Duval I still lived with my folks at the Big Chief Motel and helped them there too. About 1970 the Folks moved to Kingman, Arizona to the Ramada Inn. I stayed in Fight'n Hill (nickname), Nevada. I bought me a 12'x 60' mobile home and lived in the Duval Trailer Park. I lived there about five years. In that time I fixed a nice yard around my trailer, and fixed it inside better so it was bigger to accomodate a pool table. While the Folks were still in Battle Mountain, I had a 15 ft. aluminum boat with a 33 HP. Johnson motor. I and Dad went on quite a few fishing trips and caught some nice fish.

In about 1974 I got to know Ada better and after the Gold & Green Ball that year we started dating and seeing quite a bit of each other. On Oct. 1974 we were married in the Logan Temple. We immediately bought our first home located at 248 W. 3rd St. in Battle Mountain. We lived there until 1979. We sold that home and bought a 24'x48' mobile home and put it on a acre lot at Lemiere Estates in Battle Mountain, where we are at the present time.

On August 6, 1975 we had our first child, Belinda Joy Wilcox. At the present time we are expecting our second child.

I go to church all the time here in Battle Mtn. where I've held positions such as YMIA Secretary, 2nd Counselor in the Sunday School, Teacher in the Sunday School, and at present I am the Membership Clerk in the Battle Mountain Ward.

This brings this account pretty well up to date. There may be some things that I can't recall at this time, that I will add at a later date.

Kenneth D. Wilcox

June 10, 198

Life Story of Ada Joy Johnson Wilcox

On December 12, 1944, I made my entrance into this world. I was very tiny-- about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -3 pounds. I was kept at the hospital for some time until I was strong and big enough to go home. I was born in Kanab, Kane County, Utah. My parents were Emily Wilkinson and Warren Glenn Johnson. Mother was born around Kane Beds ~~I believe and Dad was born in Wyoming~~, but was raised in Southern Utah.

My Mother was ill when I was tiny and became worse as time went on. Dad did all he could for her, but she eventually had to be hospitalized in Provo, Utah, where she died while I was yet a young child. I was the last born of six children, three of whom are not living. I have two sisters alive, one in the Glenwood, Utah area and one in Reno, Nevada. Knowing that we girls needed the helping hand of a mother in our lives, Dad eventually re-married. Before he did I remember being cared for by several different Aunts and Uncles. First in Kanab, then in Salt Lake City, and some in Henderson, Nevada. Those were very much unsettled years and filled with a lot of trials for my father. He had done sawmill work, farming, and some mining. He finally obtained employment around here in Battle Mountain, Nevada, where he moved his family and we have been here ever since, except for a year back at Kanab. We moved here to Battle Mtn. in 1952, right after school let out in the spring. The lady Dad married second is Mary Ann Robinson Meeks. She was also born in Southern Utah. She had two girls, Anna Lee and Colleen, and two boys, Dot and Heber, all older than us. They are all fine people and we are all quite close. Then he and Mom had a daughter, Glenda Ann. Life wasn't easy for us out here in Battle Mtn. We were always short of funds and everything was always budgeted out very strictly. Most of our clothes were "hand-me-downs", but Mom did the best she could, and made a little go a long way. School was mostly the essentials, but as the town grew the schools improved. I always stayed home. There was really no place to go and not much to do. I had few friends, and seemed always to be alone in my early grade school years. I always helped around the house. All of us girls had plenty of chores to keep us busy.

Except for the 4th grade, I've attended school here since I was in the second grade. I graduated from High School here in Battle Mountain in 1963 when I was eighteen years old. I then married a local boy. It didn't take long for me to realize things were wrong, but felt I needed to give it a fair trial, so I remained married for eight and a half years. Annette and Jack were born to me during that time. Because of various problems and conditions, I fell away spiritually for a short time--about a year--after my marriage ended in 1972.

During my period of despair, I re-married, only to have that end 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ months later. After that I remained single until Ken and I were married Oct. 12 1974 in the Logan Temple. Though we were acquainted with each other through the church here, it was from my employment at Duval mine that I became more aware of him as a person, and at a Ward Gold and Green Ball we became better acquainted. I'm sure that the Lord had a hand in our getting together, because it just seemed to work out that way.

I have always been active in the church here. I was baptized when I was nine and a half years old in Winnemucca, Nevada. There was no one my age or near it that was a member that I could associate with. I was friendly with everyone, but I didn't have a close friend. I was called to serve in many different positions in the church here. Some of which are: Sunday School Secretary and teacher, Primary Counselor and Teacher and President, Relief Society Counselor and Teacher, Seminary Teacher, Music Director for about eighteen years and Choir Director. I've always enjoyed my callings. I'm sure if it wasn't for them, I would have strayed more easily. Even though I had married out of the temple originally, I never the less did not escape the consequences of that decision. Though I did all I could, there was no way to preserve that union. Finally I was able to put my life in order. I'm thankful for my family and friends that did help me through that period of confusion and despair. Though my testimony was severely tried, I was blessed and have a stronger one now than I ever before had.

During my school years, my greatest achievements were in the fields of English, art, and music. I played a clarinet in the school band for 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ years and was solo clarinetist for 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ years.

(3)

In community affairs, I've been a member of E.P.W. for awhile, served in the Cub Scouts, and served in the County organization of Stop E.R.A. for about three years. I've had the opportunity of singing solos publicly for funerals, for the Rainbows, and graduation and at Church, and Baccalaureate.

For employment experience, I've worked as a clerical worked for Hartford Ins. Co. for a year. I was in charge of computer rejects on all automobile policies. My office was in San Francisco. I've worked as a checkout girl in a grocery store. I've I've worked as a cashier and waitress at our local restaurant. I've worked at babysitting and housekeeping, janitor for our phone company and at Duval mine. I've been Northern Nevada area supervisor for sales in toys, Avon sales, Amway and Provita sales. The later is food storage and herbs. I've done field personnel survey for National Statistics for Response Analysis of New Jersey for Nevada and surrounding area. Have worked taking bids on our new church--the company was Bowers Construction out of Salt Lake. I have also been a nurse's aid at our local hospital. These have all been over a period of the last eighteen years. I've enjoyed the jobs I've had and have gained much experience and training and knowledge. Many of these jobs were chosen because I could work them around my family, especially for the sake of my little children. I really felt they came first and have always tried to arrange my work so that I could be with them as much as possible.

Ken and I have been blessed with a lovely girl and we are currently expecting another child which is due very soon. This will actually be our third child as we lost a new born girl about four years ago. Our little Belinda Joy will be six in August.

We have an acre of property of property and live in a small double wide mobile home. It is compact but adequate. We are in the midst of trying to landscape. It is a challenge--the soil is poor and alkaline and we have a lot of wind with no wind break, but we are bound to endure and be successful.

We are not without trial, but trials make us stronger. We are grateful for each other and our children. We have Annette 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ years old and Jack a little over ten years and Belinda five and three fourths years old, all living with me and Ken.

(4)

If things work out, we want to be an eternal family some day--having Annette and Jack sealed to us.

This brings me up to date on a brief account of my life at this time.

Ada Joy Wilcox

June , 1981

My name is Belinda Joy Wilcox. I was born August 6, 1975 here in Battle Mountain, Nevada at the local hospital. I weighed 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and about 21" long. My parents are Ada Joy Johnson and Kenneth D. Wilcox. I was blessed by my dad when I was tiny. I will be 6 years old this coming August. I start in kindergarten this fall. I am an outpatient at Primary Children's Hospital because I have a mild affliction of cerebral palsy. It affects my right side. I wear a leg brace on my right leg. I have light brown hair with golden highlights. I love to read and color. I love to play house with my friends. I go to Primary and Sacrament meeting regularly and enjoy my new teacher. I have good manners and take my dishes to the sink after I eat and say "please and thank you". I have pet rabbits, cats, and a dog named Nibbles, and he sometimes does too !! So we have to keep him penned up. I have plenty of books and crayons to keep me busy. I can write my name pretty good. My Daddy works at Duval mine and my Mommy takes care of us here at home. We will soon have a new little baby and I'm very excited about that. I love to go on trips with Mom and Dad. We went to Arkansas when Grandma and Grandpa Wilcox lived there. It was a long trip. Before that, we went to Yellowstone National Park. I don't remember a lot about that. It was fun to travel. I have had some sickness but most of my life has been pretty healthy. Mom and Dad are grateful for that.

I don't know of anything more now, so I will add to this when I get bigger.

Belinda Joy Wilcox

June 1981

My name is Annette Burton and I live in Battle Mountain, Nevada. At this time I am fifteen and a half years old. Kenneth and Ada Wilcox are my parents, and Jack and Belinda are my brother and sister.

To start with, I was born in in Elko, Nevada on November 16, 1965. I have lived in Battle Mountain all my life so far.

When I was about three years old I had my tonsils taken out. I was sick quite a lot when I was younger.

At six or seven years old, my Mother and Dad got a divorce. My Mother re-married. I went through a lot of trials at this time. I was still too young to understand some things though.

I remember one bad experience when I was eight years old. I had appendicitis. I was really sick and almost died. About this time, my Mother got another divorce and she, my brother and I lived alone for a few years. Then she married Ken.

I think that my funnest school years will be my High School. So far, I have enjoyed it. I am active in sports such as Colleyball and track. I am also in Band and have played the clarinet for six years. I really enjoy it.

For about the past two to three months I was living with my real dad, but about a week ago or so, I have moved back home because I felt that this is where I should be. I think that this is the hardest time I have ever gone through was deciding whether to stay with my dad or my Mom. I'm sure that I will never have to go through that again. It was really hard for me.

I write this account as I leave for Youth Conference at BYU in Provo, Utah. This brings me up to date at this time.

Annette Burton

June, 1981

My name is Jack Andrew Burton Jr. I will be eleven in September. I have lived in Battle Mountain, Nevada all of my life.

I am in the sixth grade. I was born September 5, 1970 in Battle Mountain, Nevada. My parents are seperated. My Mom is married to Kenneth D. Wilcox. My dad is Jack Andrew Burton. He owns the Sage Gift Shoppe in Battle Mountain, Nevada. Ken works at Duval.

I have enjoyed many sports. One of them is track and field events. In the fifth grade we had a track meet. I joined the 880 run, mile run, and 440 relay. I placed second in the 440 relay, placed third in the 880 run, and fourth in the one mile run. I also like baseball and football, basketball, field hockey, and I also like ice hockey. When we played basketball, I was on Mr. Fishers team. We won four out of five. Then we went on to the championship and of course we won that 24 to 23. What a close game.

I have almost been an A student in school. I also have a paper route too. Then sometimes, I work at my dad's store for extra money.

When I was about six years old I went to Yellowstone Park with Mom and Ken., and saw Old Faithful Guyser.

I have been to California too. When I was in California I went to Sea World, Marine Land, LaBraha Tar Pits, Magic Mountain, Disneyland, Lagoona Beach, Hoolwood and China Town, and other places. I have been in Colorado, Oklahoma, Texas, Mexico, Arkansas, Arizona, Idaho, Utah, Whoming and many more.

Four months ago I got a broken arm. When I was three years old I got my tonsils taken out.

This is all I can think of right now.

Jack Burton