



MY LIFE

The personal history of
Carl Lenzi Moss, Jr.

FOREWORD

Since returning to Southern Utah from the Midwest in 1996, I have renewed my association with former classmates and friends. A few of us have met regularly to enjoy lunch and give presentations about our lives – careers, interests, and especially families. I had occasion to share my family and experiences. The comments following my presentation were that, "It sounds like you have had a good life and many interesting experiences, and that you have a great family." I have to agree that I have had just that.

I love and appreciate my family and am proud of the good people they have become. I am pleased with their accomplishments and the skills and talents they have developed and the service they give to the Church and the communities in which they live. They are great parents. I love my grandchildren and I am proud of each one of them. I consider my family and the goodness of their lives as my greatest accomplishment.

Appreciation is extended to family members for the contributions they have made to my personal history. A special thank you to my daughter, Julie Hamilton, for spearheading the project and her many hours collecting needed materials. I'm very appreciative of Teague Bengtzen who so generously printed my history.

With love and best wishes,

Dad

Cedar City, Utah
December 2005

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I was born in St. George, Washington County, Utah, on 13 February 1934, the only son and fourth child of Carl Lenzi Moss and Annis Blair. My Dad was 33 years old when I was born, he having been born on 16 October 1900. My Mother was 26 years old when I was born, she having been born on 16 March 1907. I was named after my father.

Each of the children was born in St. George, where we spent our early years. Loa was born 23 May 1924. She married Marden Brown on 8 September 1942 in St. George. They have four children: Marden Walter Brown, Judy Ann Brown Richards, Richard Sherwin Brown, and Betty Jane Brown Leavitt.

My sister Rea was born 19 November 1925 and died 27 November 1925.

Betty Lou was born 24 June 1927. She married Oscar Frederick Gramlick 25 April 1946 in Reno, Nevada. They have three children: Michael Frederick Gramlick, Gregory Louis Gramlick, and Catherine Ann Gramlick Luna Simpkins. Betty Lou died 1 January 1954, less than one month following Cathy's birth. Betty is buried in a Los Angeles Cemetery. Michael, her eldest son, died 27 July 1969 while serving in Vietnam. Mike is buried in Cedaredge, Colorado.

Four years after I was born, Mom gave birth to Ila Jane on 20 February 1938. She was married at 19 years of age to Charles Dale Willis on 19 July 1957, in the Mesa Arizona Temple. They have three children: Charles Dale Willis, Jr., Allen Russell Willis, and Jane Ann Willis Peppler. Ila died as an inpatient in the local hospital on 26 November 1999, in Chandler, Arizona. Carol and I attended the viewing at the mortuary and her funeral the next day at the Chandler Stake Center. I was invited by the family to dedicate her grave (a copy of the dedicatory prayer is attached). She is buried in the Chandler Cemetery.

The effects of the Great Depression of 1929 were still being felt at the time of my birth. I had assumed for many years that I was born in the old McGregor Hospital in St. George. I learned more recently that I was born at home - the Tom Shamp place - about 400 South and 100 West. Eventually, my parents were able to acquire a home of their own at 31 West 200 South.

Archie D. Wallis owned two city lots; he sold one of them to Dad. Dad purchased the old bandstand which was located close to the Recreation Hall, and near the St. George Tabernacle. Dad dug a basement and poured a foundation on which to build the home. My childhood was spent in this home, which is now owned by Marden and Loa Moss Brown.

One of the few recollections I have of my mother was when I was a preschooler. I attended Relief Society with her in the old South Ward Building. The building still stands; however, it has been remodeled several times. It is between First and Second South on Main Street in St. George. We would enter on the east side of the building. There was a foyer and a stairway on each side that would take you upstairs into the main chapel. You would go downstairs to a lower level for the classrooms. I recall standing at the front door and holding it open for the sisters to either come in or to leave the

building. Some of them would actually give me a penny. I thought that was pretty neat duty, to have a penny or two for penny candies.

Dad frequently raised various animals such as pigs, lambs, and chickens. He also owned a milk cow which provided the family with milk and cream. The fresh milk was placed in the refrigerator in a large pan. I liked to scoop some cream from the pan onto a large slice of homemade bread, sprinkle sugar on it and eat it. One year he had some geese. I apparently irritated them enough that one of them pecked me hard enough to make me bawl very loud.

In our home we seemed to have good food to eat, especially during the holidays. Pineapple seemed to be ubiquitous at that time and I hated it. Mom always tried to disguise the flavor whenever she included it in salads or entrées, but I was rarely fooled by her deception. My liking for pineapple finally came as an adult.

One of the highlights of my childhood was getting up one wintry morning and looking out of the window and seeing very deep snow. The snow made the telephone or electric wires appear to be two inches in diameter. My recollection is that it was at least 8 – 10 inches deep. The only markings in the snow were the footprints of our neighbor, Ed Miles, who walked through the snow to get to his shoe shop located on Main Street.

I was always taller than my friends. They liked to tease me that it was due to the afternoon naps I had to take. My best friends in those growing-up years were Jim Pendleton who lived on the corner and Sheldon Snow who lived across the street from Jim. Sheldon was a year older than I, and Jim was two years older. They were the boys in the neighborhood who were nearest my age. We used to go to movies together. We played along the ditch banks in front of our homes. One of our favorite activities included a hike two miles south of town to the Virgin River. We liked to run up and down the river bed in our birthday suits. There was only a small stream of water except during flood stage, when the river would go on a rampage. We were cautioned to watch out for quicksand, which I now think came from someone trying to frighten us. To keep us safe from falling into a pool of quicksand and suffocating, we used a bamboo pole long enough for all three of us to take hold of while running through the water. We thought that if we fell into quicksand, we could use this pole as an aid in getting out.

Dad owned a .22 caliber pistol that had a hexagonal barrel. When he thought that I was old enough, (about six years old) he gave it to me. Having the pistol in my possession only elevated Mom's concerns. During a visit by Dad's younger brother, Gilbert, I was persuaded to trade it to him in exchange for a Lone Ranger outfit. It included two cap pistols with holsters, silver bullets, and a mask. I thought I was pretty cool at the time. Since then I have wondered whatever happened to the pistol with the hexagonal barrel.

When Dad was putting a new roof on the house, I climbed the ladder and came up behind him to look over his shoulder. He did not realize that I was there. When he swung the hammer back to pound a nail, he caught the claws of the hammer in my forehead, just above the bridge of my nose. It knocked me out. Later Dad said, "It's a good thing you got hit in the head. Anywhere else may have hurt you."

Aunt Trelma Moss, Uncle Bill's wife, reported not long before her passing in 1982, that my Mom had had a miscarriage between Betty's birth and mine. It occurred while the family was living at the Brooks' place. Mom reportedly hemorrhaged badly following the miscarriage; my sister, Loa, recalls seeing the foot of Mom's bed elevated supposedly for that reason. Had the child progressed to full term, Mom would have given birth to a fifth daughter. It was due to the hemorrhaging that Mom was counseled by Dr. Wilford J. Reichman not to have any more children. Mom apparently expressed to Aunt Trelma, in confidence, that she would have another child, and that it would be a boy. Mom received her patriarchal blessing thirteen months before my birth; this excerpt states: "And thou shalt be blest with the blessings of Sarah of old." She believed that this confirmed her previous feeling that she would indeed have a son. Mom experienced various problems related to her health. Some time prior to my birth, she had an episode of partial blindness. During a stake quarterly conference, Dad asked the visiting general authority, Elder Melvin J. Ballard of the Quorum of the Twelve, to give her a blessing and to heal her blindness. She was administered to by him. She was promised that she would recover her sight, which she did, but she was not promised a long life. My parents were active members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They served as stake missionaries, and as ordinance workers in the St. George Temple. Mom gained a testimony of temple work, and was convinced that she was blessed from having served in the temple.

Probably the most traumatic segment of my early childhood centered on the untimely death of my mother. She died 11 April 1942 at LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah. It was said that her death was due to a brain abscess. I had reached my eighth birthday, and Ila Jane her fourth birthday, just two months earlier. Our nation was at war in both the Atlantic and Pacific theaters. We, as kids, feared being invaded by the Japanese. There was a certain amount of fear and dislike for both the Germans and the Japanese. I did not know anyone of Japanese descent, but there was one woman who was a native of Germany. Her name was Irene Exener Everett, wife of E. Ellis Everett. Irene and her family were members of our ward. We didn't have access to current news like we have today. Most of our news came in the form of a newspaper or by going to the movies. One of the preview items prior to the start of the movie would be an update on the news. It was called the "News Reel." The News Reel would typically contain film clips from either the war in Europe or the Islands of the Pacific, or both. Eventually we heard a lot about James H. (Jimmy) Doolittle: "On April 18, 1942, in the early stages of World War II, Doolittle led his celebrated bombing attack on Tokyo, for which he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor and promoted to the rank of brigadier general." © 1993-2003 Microsoft Corporation. All rights reserved. The news of the war engendered anxiety, if not fear among us. World War II, in addition to Mom's death, made it a very difficult time for me.

About a year after my Mother's death, Dad married again. Dad met Viola Ibsen Lundin while working for the Church, repainting some of its buildings. I recently obtained a photo from Viola's daughter Ann Lundin Winterton. The photo includes Dad, Viola, and three other painters; it was taken with them standing near the exterior of the Recreation Hall. Viola and her children joined the Church in Fremont, Nebraska, and later moved to St. George. She was divorced. The record shows that they were married in the St. George Temple, on 17 March 1943. Viola and Dad made an agreement to bring only the two youngest children from their previous marriages into this marriage. My sister Loa was already married and had her own apartment in St. George (her husband, Marden, was a soldier in WWII); she agreed to let Betty live with her until Betty graduated from high school. On the other hand

Viola decided to bring ALL of her children with her. Her children in descending order were: Lawrence, Louis, Harry, Fred and Ann.

The eldest son, Lawrence, went off to the Second World War. I remember Lawrence as a kind, sensitive man. Both Louis and Harry were contentious. It was they who fought with Dad. Dad was certainly not an athletic person - nor was he a trained fighter - but that was the environment in the home. I was fearful for his welfare. I wonder, in retrospect, if the contentious environment was orchestrated by Viola. He did at some point separate himself from us when he accepted a job in Henderson, Nevada. He was hired as a painter in a defense plant that produced titanium which was used in the manufacture of airplane parts.

Ila Jane got the worst of the deal; she was only five years old when Dad and Viola married. I recall that she was disciplined by Viola who used the bristle side of a hair brush on Ila's backside. I became fearful about what would happen if Dad died, or if he had to leave us and go off to war. I do not know when the following event took place. One afternoon after school Richard Hafen and I went to my house for some reason. We walked into the living room and it was obvious that something was happening. Richard recalls me saying, "It looks like someone is going somewhere." Viola's comment to us was, "Yes, we're moving out." Dad returned from Henderson that Friday, and so ended the "Lundin years." The marriage lasted about 2.5 years and ended in divorce (date is unknown). About this time (1945) I wrote in my Trail Blazer's Trekker guide book: "Age 11, Height 5'2", and Weight 92 ½ pounds." I think there were a lot of other poor people among us, as well as some who were affluent.

When my sister Loa and her husband, Marden Brown, were reunited following the close of World War II, Dad elected to sell our home to them. Dad had wanted for some time to build a home for us out on his farm, so he would have room to raise cash crops and some livestock. We continued to live with the Browns until the farm house was ready for occupancy. Following the war there was a lot of new construction taking place. Dad was busy and Marden decided to learn the painting trade from him. The training program was supported by the GI Bill.

Dad owned 160 acres of land that he had purchased from his Dad, David Amison Moss. Grandpa David did not want it anymore; all he was doing was paying taxes on it. The farm was located between St. George and Santa Clara, north of the highway directly up the wash toward Snow's Canyon. The house was almost completed when we moved in; the outside walls were just being stuccoed. After school during the fall of 1946 (I was twelve and Ila Jane was eight), we went directly to Loa's home. I was to attend Mutual and Dad and Ila were to wait for me. On our way to the farm that evening, we rounded the black hill and saw the sky all aflame. Dad felt it was either the haystack or our home. By the time we arrived at the site, the roof and the four walls had all fallen in upon the foundation. All that we had remaining that evening was what we were wearing.

The fire episode turned out to be a blessing in disguise. The families in our ward were invited to donate clothing for our benefit. The event was held at the chapel and several families chose to participate. Vera Perkins did not reside in our ward but she elected to contribute clothing, which Loa was able to alter to make wearing apparel for Ila Jane. Following this out-pouring of relief, Dad and Vera began to date. On 29 March 1947, Dad and Vera were married in the St. George Temple. I had

just turned 13 years of age. Vera brought much good into our family relationship. Overnight she became a mother for the first time, to one teenager and one pre-teen, (Ila Jane was just nine years of age.) Vera was suddenly placed in the position of being a wife and a mother, along with working full-time, and managing a home. There was the potential for conflict in the family, but she became a positive influence in many ways.

Vera was born 8 July 1902 in St. Thomas, Nevada, to Ute Voris Perkins and Lovina Ellen Whitney. Lake Mead was created behind Hoover Dam; the lake eventually covered her hometown of St. Thomas. Her family lived in Moapa, Nevada, and they had a ranch at Warm Springs, northwest of Glendale Junction. She came to St. George to teach first grade for her brother-in-law, Vernon Worthen, who was the principal of our elementary school. It is unclear when she relocated to St. George. I was in first grade in 1940-41; she was not at the school that year. I know that she was there in 1945-46, when I was in the fifth grade. She came with her Hopi friend, Jim Kawanwatewa, to visit the combined fifth grade classes. It apparently was not required then for a teacher to have a bachelor's degree. Vera obtained her degree after her marriage to Dad and before they moved to Mesa, Arizona, in 1953. She attended summer school at Northern Arizona Teachers College in Flagstaff and at Branch Agricultural College in Cedar City. I believe that her degree was from Utah State University in Logan.

Dad and Vera's first home was a rock house on the corner of Seventh South and Main Street. They purchased it from the Rouse family. A large, spacious garage came with the property, indoor bathroom plumbing did not. The rock house was small - three bedrooms, a bath, kitchen-dining area, and a living room. Seventh South was the last street on Main Street; it was not an affluent part of town.

Vera was always well dressed. When we helped move her things, I remember moving about thirty pairs of shoes, along with other things. She wanted us to dress well and she provided us with good clothes, which was a welcome change for me. I worked as a painter with Dad and Marden, and Dad's paint crew. I earned money and was able to buy some of my own clothes. I was at last able to wear genuine Levi Strauss jeans rather than the J. C. Penney brand.

We owned two full city lots between Main Street and 100 West along Seventh South. We lived on the lot with the home, corral, and garage. We had space for horses and a cow to roam and to graze. We were also able to accommodate a pig pen and a corral for the cow and calf. For our meat Dad would routinely butcher a pig and sometimes a steer. We usually would also have one or more venison in the locker. We had the meat processed and stored in a cold storage locker at the local Skagg's Grocery store.

As a kid I wanted to learn to milk the cow. Dad was concerned that I wouldn't do it right and would dry up the cow. By the time I was sixteen, I lost interest in milking cows and turned my attention to driving my car, dating girls, and playing basketball. My first car was a 1941 Hudson, four-door sedan. We joked that it had a tail light that pumped oil. I would drive into the service station and say, "Fill up the crankcase and check the gas." In other words it burned a lot of oil, so much so that I would go to McCord's station and get them to give me used oil. In the garage next to the rock house, we kept our milk separator. One of my chores each evening was to crank the separator. Dad would milk the cow

twice a day. We kept the morning milking for our use. I would process the second milking through the separator. The cream was separated and kept for us. The skimmed milk was fed to the new-born calf. Afterward I would disassemble the separator and wash its component parts. It required a goodly amount of work.

I attended the St. George schools from first grade through junior college. We attended the elementary school for grades one through six. Dad gave me a dollar pocket watch and I learned how to tell time. I was proud to be called on while in the first grade, to go out in the main hallway to see what time it was, and then come back and report to our teacher, Miss Lemon. We had no clocks in the class room, nor did Miss Lemon wear a watch. Miss Larsen taught me in second grade. Mrs. Bradford was my third grade teacher and we were all afraid of her. I do not recall the name of my fourth grade teacher. My fifth grade teacher was Ferdinand Karl Stucki. Not only was his name unique to us, but also his teaching methods. He carried a piece of lath which was worn smooth with use. Whenever we got caught breaking the rules, we felt the "wrath of Ferd's lath." One day my friend George Mark Wells came to school with a new crew cut. Before the day was over, I managed to put my chewing gum in his hair. We scuffled and I caught the wrath of Mr. Stucki. Mark came to school the next day with a nick of hair missing.

Israel Nielsen was my sixth grade teacher. We spent much of the year practicing cursive writing. I did not know that word then; we just called it penmanship or longhand. I learned to write clearly and it started in his class. Mr. Nielsen lived in Washington, Utah. He owned a swimming pool located near his home, and it was open to the public. It was a fun place to go. When the St. George Municipal Pool opened, he closed his pool.

In those early years I didn't do a whole lot of fighting. The one episode I recall occurred while in elementary school. We had a very large playground on the south and west sides of the building. I had a friend whose name was William Ashmore. William had moved to St. George from New Mexico. His father worked for the Atomic Energy Commission. We were out on the playground and one of the big kids who was a year older than we, named Keith Empey, began picking on William. I stepped in and Keith and I exchanged blows. That was as close as I ever came to having a fight at school.

I began the seventh grade at Woodward Junior High School. It was a four year school. I learned to recognize and partially overcome one of my problems: stuttering. I don't remember when I first started stuttering. I recall being embarrassed and not having confidence to stand up and speak up. Dad told me that he stuttered as a boy. He was encouraged to add some cadence to his speech. The thing that I didn't know about in those days was that if I exhaled before starting to speak, it may have helped. Just the process of expelling some air to open up the airway, allows one to speak without sucking in and going through the struggle of trying to speak, and not being able to do so. Some of this struggle was overcome because of a speech class, and participating in drama productions.

I took speech and drama from Beth Schmutz. She liked me and had confidence in me. I learned that if I was well prepared and knew the material I was not as likely to stutter. I learned to recite in her class without being made to feel nervous. She asked me to play some of the "dad-type" roles in the school plays. During basketball season, she would send me home during speech class in her car, an Olds 88, to rest up for the game, and then come back early to rehearse my part for the upcoming play. Dad

installed a basketball court for me. I was able to practice and practice and practice. This really helped to me qualify for a position on the basketball team. Because of my success in junior high, I gained acceptance and made the team in high school.

The Woodward Junior High School dates back to about 1900. My parents and siblings attended school there. I had a variety of other classes, including industrial arts. The class consisted of working with wood, and with silver and stone. I made a ring. We had to grind and shape the stone to fit into the ring base, and then polish the finished product. I don't know whatever happened to it. I made several items out of wood. The one I remember best was a gun cabinet. It must have stood about five feet tall. It had a door on it. I made a plan and then implemented it. I sized the lumber and cut it to fit it together with either glue or nails or both. Once the cabinet was complete, I chose to paint it. My teacher in these courses was Owen Pendleton.

My best subject at Woodward was English, not that it was my easiest subject, but it was one I could understand. It was a good experience and it was where I got my best grades – even A's. My teacher was Beth Syphus; she was very helpful and patient, and also quite demanding. My friend DeVoe Heaton and I took the class together. It was in ninth grade where we learned to diagram sentences, parts of speech, conjugation of verbs and so forth. The most challenging subject for me was math. Our teacher for both ninth grade algebra and tenth grade geometry was H. Val Hafen.

The music teacher at Woodward Jr. High School was Stan Schmutz. He taught band and chorus; I was involved in both. I played the clarinet for a couple of years. I was part of the band until I got old enough to play basketball. I still participated in chorus. Mr. Schmutz's favorite disciplinary response was to throw a piece of chalk or an eraser at the offender. We learned that he could be quite accurate from the front of the classroom. I think he must have been a bombardier during the Second World War.

I wanted to learn to play the piano, so Dad and Mother purchased a spinet piano and I began taking lessons. My first teacher was Norma Souder, the girls' physical education instructor at Woodward. Her piano was located in her office, which was inside the girl's locker room. After school when the locker room was vacated, I would meet her there for my lesson. I took a lot of razzing about going into the "girl's locker-room," mainly from Henry Atkin, the custodian. I studied with her for awhile and then Ila Jane and I took lessons from Aunt Olive Moss, who lived in Santa Clara. We would ride the school bus to Santa Clara after school for our lesson. Dad or Mother would then come and pick us up after work. I learned to play hymns from the old Primary Song Book. I also learned a few other pieces. I stopped taking lessons and no longer practiced when I started playing basketball and dating. When I arrived in the mission field, at my second field of labor, I wished that I had continued to practice. The branch needed someone to play for congregational singing.

While at Woodward, DeVoe and I enrolled in Seminary. He had older brothers who had all filled missions for the Church. He was anxious to serve and through him I became interested. I really did not know what was expected of a missionary, but I thought I wanted to go. We thought that if we attended Seminary it would help us prepare for missionary service. The seminary building was located across the street from the main Dixie College building. We had to walk about one block, through the playground, to get to the Seminary building. During the ninth and tenth grades, we completed courses

in both Old and New Testament. We took the course on the Doctrine and Covenants and Church History our third year. It was not required that we take The Book of Mormon course; only three years of Seminary were needed to graduate. I could have chosen to enroll in the course for extra credit. It was not until I reached the mission field that I recognized my error in judgment. Our instructors were Gladys and Preston Corbett, assisted by Chet Gilgen.

My favorite part of seminary was probably the Old Testament. The only audio visual form of instruction was LP records. Sister Corbett would bring in a special record player, one that would accommodate a very large record. Each record could have easily been 18" in diameter. The stories were beautiful and so well done. They put you right in the setting itself. You could visualize what was taking place, what had transpired. I enjoyed the course and thought it was very good. It was probably the closest thing that I had had to a spiritual experience. I think it contributed to my success as a missionary.

Toward the end of the ninth grade an election was held for student body officers. Candidates were nominated for student body president, among other offices, and a campaign was initiated prior to the election. I was nominated to run for student body president. The election was held and my second cousin, Sheree Miles (Gubler), was elected student body president. The losing candidate was named the senior class president, which was actually the tenth grade. In our graduation exercises, I had the responsibility of delivering the welcome address. We were required to prepare and practice. It was my first time using flash cards. I memorized my presentation and delivered it without stuttering.

Welcome Address

Honorable members of the board, Principal Frei, fellow classmates, parents and friends:

We are happy for this important occasion. It affords us the opportunity to thank you, who are our community members, our businessmen and our devoted parents, for your fine interest, your helpful contributions, and your loving guidance through our years at Woodward. We thank you and we salute you, for without these we could not have reached this milestone.

We welcome you here tonight and we hope that through this program you will gather, in some measure, our appreciation for your interests in us.

Our theme tonight is Conservation. Not just conservation of natural resources, but of learning, our liberties, and of our lives. We appreciate that it has been through conservation and the proper use of our physical and spiritual values that we enjoy tonight the great achievements of time; and that only through the continuations of a wise program of saving our resources can our culture be preserved.

We hope that you enjoy this program that we are about to present. Preparing it has been both a worry and a pleasure. The program will now proceed as outlined on your program.

After graduating from Woodward Junior High School, we entered the eleventh grade at Dixie High School. The High School and the College occupied the same buildings and utilized the same faculty. We were considered to be a single institution. In the eleventh grade at Dixie we were known as "freshmen." The students in the second year of college were known as "seniors."

In high school I took the usual variety of classes. American History was taught by Lee Hafen. Lee was a former basketball coach and he liked to reminisce about his coaching career. I'm not sure how much we learned, but we had a good time. One of his distant relatives was Richard Hafen, or the "Blue Duck" as we knew him. He managed to give Lee a hard time. One morning Lee looked at him and looked at him and finally asked, "Well, what do you have on your ears?" He came back to check - he was wearing paper ear covers labeled "B.S. protectors." We got a big laugh out of it; Lee probably did not.

I took English from Linna Paxman in High School and from Ross Esplin in College. Linna was a very good teacher. One of my other classes was "Typing 101" from Nadine Ashby. This choice proved to be one of my better decisions; I learned the keyboard and was able to type with some degree of accuracy. It proved to be a blessing to me in the mission field, and at the university.

I participated in athletics during High School, both football and basketball. I played basketball for two different coaches: Garth Belliston in the eleventh grade and Walt Brooks in the twelfth. I joined the football team in the eleventh grade but quit before the season began. Keith Empey, my old arch rival, put a cross-body block on me and I decided that football was too rough and too painful. The next year my perception changed and I played for the entire season.

We graduated from Seminary in May 1951. Each graduating class was rewarded with a trip to Salt Lake City to tour the Church historical sites and to see the big city. We traveled in private cars and stayed at the Newhouse Hotel. The highlight of the trip was our invitation to visit the Church Office Building, and to meet President David O. McKay. He greeted us cordially and met with us briefly in one of the conference rooms.

The return trip was uneventful until we approached St. George at almost nightfall. Bob Moss had arranged for us to use his Dad's car. I was driving during the last lap back to St. George. We were somewhere between Harrisburg Junction and Washington City when I passed another car. It was dark and this car sped up behind us and began flashing his car's headlights from low beam to high beam. I stopped the car and pulled over on the right side the highway (old US 91). The driver got out of his car; I rolled down my window and he came up and began to berate me for almost running him off the road. He gave me the impression that he had some authority to carrying on in this manner. I asked him if he was a police officer and he replied that he was with the Utah Highway Patrol. I asked, "Where is your patrol car or your uniform or your badge?" He stated that he was on leave because of an injury. His personal appearance did not really match his response. He was wearing a lumberjack type shirt open at the neck. He had a plaster cast that covered at least part of his chest and rose up to his neck and chin. It was necessary for him to hold his head erect. In addition, he had several days' growth of whiskers which, all in all, made him appear just a bit scary to a group of kids (two boys and four girls).

I left him standing in his tracks as I drove off toward St. George. We were almost at the last turn in the road before entering town when he passed us. As he did so he swerved his car in front of ours forcing us to stop. This time as he approached us he did so with pistol in hand. He said to me, "Come on, you are going with me." I complied and got into his car, which was a Hudson like my first car. He kept the gun pointed at me as he proceeded to drive toward town. He continued to speak and to berate me

saying that he would make an example of me to the authorities. As he spoke, I could smell some type of liquor. We had not gone far when he pulled over saying that he was giving me a break and would let me go. In the meantime, Bob drove the car on over to the first house on the north side of the street (now St. George Boulevard). I think it was one of the girls who called the sheriff.

Almost immediately after I got out of his car, I could see and hear the patrol car coming with its red spotlight and siren whining. Sheriff Antoine Prince told me to get into the car; he headed west in the direction the other car went. In response to my answers to his questions, he said that there was no injured highway patrolman operating in this area. He continued to drive to the Westside of town where he turned the car around. By the time we returned to the center of town, we found the perpetrator stopped at a gas station on the corner of Main Street and St. George Boulevard. The man had LaMar McQuaid, an upper classman, backed up to the gas pump at gun point filling his car's gas tank. Sheriff Prince jumped out of his car with gun drawn, and the man surrendered. He was jailed in the city jail. To my knowledge none of our parents filed any charges against the man. He was fined \$250.00 for impersonating an officer and released. The event was reported in the Washington County News and a copy is attached. It was kept alive for some weeks by the Blue Duck; he would not let it die. Either one or the other of us, who was held at gunpoint, was pressured by him to repeat and repeat again the incident.

During my senior year in high school I enrolled in Spanish, taught by Walt "Tarzan" Brooks. My favorite part of the class was holding hands with Carol Hatch. In fact that was my primary achievement in the class. I think we dated a couple of times that year. Carol and I were also paired up in the yearbook photo for our debate class, taught by Juanita Brooks. Juanita was the mother of Willa Nita; I don't think she tolerated any hand-holding in her class. My debate partner in class was LaNell "Thubin" Lund.

Following graduation from Dixie High School, I anticipated attending the University of Utah. I had applied to enter the University of Utah and to enroll in the Air Force ROTC. I had previously gone there for testing; I passed and was accepted. My friend, DeVoe Heaton, applied to the Naval ROTC, and he was accepted. Upon his graduation from Vernal High School, he enrolled at the University of Utah and joined the Naval ROTC. We lost track of each other for about three years.

Immediately following graduation from Dixie High School, the Blue Duck and I departed for Southern California. We had previously arranged with Betty and Oscar Gramlick to spend the summer with them, while working construction. We departed from St. George in the early evening and by driving all night we crossed the hot desert without having our radiator boil over. We were driving my 1947 Ford four-door sedan. I was driving as we began to enter the San Bernardino area. I had learned to take the truck route to miss heavy traffic - it was about 5 A.M. and there was no traffic. We departed US Highway 91 and turned to go west on Highland Avenue. I was looking for Etiwanda Avenue. Just as I said, "There it is," we were hit on the driver's side by another car. Blue Duck was thrown out of the car; when the car came to a halt it had jumped the parkway wall landing on its nose with the tail-end leaning against a palm tree. We were transported to the Kaiser-Fontana Hospital in Fontana, California. Blue Duck was treated and released. I was admitted with broken collar bones, a shattered knuckle - right hand, and crushed vertebrae. I spent the summer convalescing at Betty's home, unable

to work. Blue Duck rode home to St. George with Dad following the accident, and then came back after my release from the hospital. He was able to work.

I returned from California without a car and without any summer earnings. My attending the University of Utah was not an option, so I enrolled at Dixie College. It proved to be a good experience for me. My friends were still there and I knew the teachers. I lived at home with my parents that first year. When my parents moved to Mesa, Arizona, in 1953, I remained in St. George and lived with Loa and Mard to attend the second year of college. I took math both years from E. Ellis Everett, including college algebra, trigonometry, analytical geometry the first year, and calculus the second year. By the time I finished the first quarter of calculus, I decided that engineering was not for me. I went ahead and completed the required coursework for an Associate Degree in Science.

In addition to A Cappella Choir, I took private voice lessons from Bill Purdy. My classmate, Pal Miles, was my accompanist. I sang a solo a couple of different times in school assemblies. On one occasion I sang, *Without a Song*. I was recognized in the school paper as, "Congratulations to Carl Moss for singing without a song." I liked that number and derived a certain amount of satisfaction from singing it. My voice was not strong and my range was limited, but Pal would transpose the number to the appropriate key as needed. I participated in some student government activities in Dixie College. I was president of the Associated Men Students. I was also a member of the "X Club," which was a service club on campus. It was an honor to be elected to the club. I was granted a \$25.00 scholarship by the club that paid my tuition for one quarter. Some of my best friends were also "X Club" members.

Because of the car accident, and that the litigation was still going on, I did not play basketball in college. I did, however, play basketball with a town team. The lawyer, who took my case, was a personal friend of Aunt Ruey Blair (Uncle Mont's wife). He stated that, inasmuch he was suing for some degree of permanent disability; he did not want me to be recognized in the *Tribune's* sports page as having scored a given number of points. The litigation included a degree of disability in the lumbar spine (crushed vertebrae), and injury to the right hand (broken knuckle). The other driver's insurance company did not settle our claim until I was in the mission field, about two and a half years after the accident.

When I lost my "wheels" I had to depend upon others for transportation. My experience with the car wreck was somewhat sobering. I came back to Dixie College with more commitment toward academics. I got into science and math. I took physical science courses from Maurice Jarvis [M. J.] Miles and the biological science from Don Cameron. I enjoyed both disciplines but I decided on physical science. M. J. seemed to like me and he saw something in me that I didn't know was there. I took chemistry classes from him in high school and in my freshman year in college, (he resigned his position at the end of the year). My courses included general principles of inorganic chemistry, qualitative analysis, and quantitative analysis. We determined which elements were in a rock; we next determined how much of the element was present. Most often we found iron; we also found traces of silver. I received a lot of encouragement from Mr. Miles. He made the subject fun and there are at least a hundred stories to tell about him. Mr. Miles had a contract with the Atomic Energy Commission to measure the fallout from the atomic testing that was being done in Southern Nevada. Early one morning he took us on a field trip to the west side of Utah Hill, to await the detonation of the

bomb at Frenchman's Flat, Nevada. We arrived and were in place, part way up the mountain, at the time of detonation. We saw the western sky light up; it was very bright. We waited for the sound waves to hit us. He calculated our distance from the blast as approximately 80 miles.

I joined the Utah National Guard and had to go to Salt Lake City for induction. In the meantime, the Heatons had moved to Salt Lake City and I contacted DeVoe. I learned that he was enrolled at the University of Utah on a Navy scholarship. I returned to Dixie College and was active in the National Guard. I had previously begun the process for missionary service. What a surprise it was to meet DeVoe in the Mission Home (now called the MTC). Our goal from our years in Seminary was about to be realized. He went to the Texas-Louisiana Mission and I went to the North Central States Mission.

I was ordained an Elder by my father 28 February 1954. I was living in the St. George Second Ward and he was living in Arizona. He came up and ordained me an elder. I received a call to serve in the North Central States Mission on 30 April 1954. The letter was signed by Stephen L. Richards and J. Rueben Clark Jr. of the First Presidency. I received my license to serve, license number 4619, which was issued 9 June 1954. It was signed by David O. McKay, Stephen L. Richards, and J. Rueben Clark, Jr. On that same day I was set apart as a missionary by Elder Spencer W. Kimball of the Quorum of the Twelve.

I received a letter dated 11 May 1954 from President G. Eugene England. He was writing to congratulate me on being called to serve as a missionary in his mission. Included in the letter was a list of 16 passages of scriptures to memorize, and to have an understanding of how to use them. On 28 May 1954, I obtained my recommend to go to the temple to receive my endowment. I went the next day on May 29. Following the endowment I was invited by President Harold Snow to join a wedding party in sealing room number five (just off from the celestial room) for the marriage of Ann Lundin and Bert Winterton. Ann at one point in time had been my step-sister. I have no idea whether her mother and family were present or not – I don't recall. The temple president invited me to be there and it was a revelation to me to see that ordinance performed, just prior to departing for the mission home.

I entered the mission home in Salt Lake 4 June 1954, and by the 11th of June I arrived in Minneapolis. Interestingly enough, I was met at the railroad terminal by a couple of missionaries. I later learned that one was a counselor to the mission president, which was common then, and he had a companion assigned to him. We didn't have the structure that is present today of zones and so forth; we had districts only. The mission president would take an experienced, seasoned brother from the area as one of his counselors, and a missionary as his other counselor. They transported me back to the mission home at 2219 Pillsbury Avenue. I was greeted and assigned a bedroom. I was invited to freshen up. I had a bath and it was not until mid-October that I actually dried off! I'd never experienced the discomfort of high humidity that is common in the Midwest. I had an interview with President England and was given my assignment. My first companion was Elder Keith Perkins from Mesa, Arizona. (It was interesting to get a Perkins as my first companion.) The mission president seemed to know something about me. I learned later that his son, G. Eugene, Jr., and his wife who were in my same missionary group, had given President England a report on me.

I loaded up my belongings and went with Elder Perkins to the apartment in the southeast section of Minneapolis. My street address and so forth is contained in my missionary journal. We were not far from the Mississippi River near Lake Street. We were involved in working that southeastern portion of that city. We spent almost all of our time tracting. We were tracting with the Godhead lesson, which was the first lesson in the lesson plan. We spent almost all of our time giving the first or perhaps the second discussion. We had very little opportunity to share the Restoration, or the *Book of Mormon* lessons. The lessons following the *Book of Mormon* were the First Principles and the Plan of Salvation. Elder Perkins was a very good teacher. He was quite patient with me. He was very faithful in getting up each day for study class. We were studying and reading together and memorizing a scripture a day. We then tried to find a way to go out and apply it and use it. Those three months that I was with him were very valuable.

We were in a very heavy Lutheran and Catholic section of town. The Lutherans had a very large church, with probably five thousand people in the congregation. The pastor's name was Graf. He was on the national committee to get the movie, "Martin Luther," into theatres across the country. They experienced a real stumbling block in Salt Lake City, because of the Catholic Bishop. They pushed and pushed and he finally said, "Well, if President McKay of the Mormon Church will authorize it, then so will I." He may have assumed that President McKay would not approve it. Pastor Graf related that he flew from Minneapolis to Salt Lake City where he was met by a young man who was also an attorney. He chauffeured the pastor around the city and served as his personal envoy. He took him to a concert in the Tabernacle to hear the Mormon Tabernacle Choir sing. This man and his guide were the only two in the audience.

Pastor Graf was pretty exuberant about that, but the thing that really got his attention, was that they had a private showing of the film for President McKay and other General Authorities. They came out of the showing approving it wholeheartedly. Therefore, the movie was accepted into Salt Lake City and this was a feather in the cap of the pastor. He was also impressed with President McKay, and he told us so. As a result, when we knocked on the door of the church, he not only invited us in, but took us on a tour through his church. It was a positive experience, the only one I encountered with any sectarian minister.

In September 1954, I received a letter from President England telling me that I was being transferred from Minneapolis to Brainerd, Minnesota. Brainerd is a town north of the Twin Cities, maybe a three or four hour drive. I was met at the bus depot by an Elder Rasmussen. He and I were together for only a brief time. Elder Rasmussen was also the Branch President of the Crosby-Ironton Minnesota Branch. It was about this time that I wished that I had continued with the piano lessons. I got there and there was no one in the Branch who was able or willing to play the piano for Sunday services. We spent our time, only about two weeks, visiting members and very little proselytizing. It was a beautiful area, just magnificent. I was still a bit homesick and missed the mountains much more than I was willing to admit. We had no car so we hitch-hiked to visit a member who lived about 30 miles north of town. She had a beautiful resort on a lake. Not only did they have sleeping accommodations that catered to the public, they also had a general store. This was my first experience seeing pure maple syrup, being extracted and processed locally, from their huge maple tree orchard.

I was finally getting my bags unpacked when I received a telephone call telling me that I was to be transferred to the Lake Head District in Ontario, Canada. I was to go directly from Brainerd to Duluth by bus. There I was to meet my new companion who had just arrived from the mission home in Salt Lake City. His name was Elder Wester Scow Potter. We spent the night in Duluth, in the home of one of the members. The next morning we caught the bus to Fort William / Port Arthur, [now known as Thunder Bay.] During the bus ride up the north shore of Lake Superior, we were unable to sit together - there were few available seats. My companion sat toward the front of the bus and I was seated in the rear. We hadn't been on the road very long until he came back to get me; he told me that he had a sectarian minister sitting next to him, and that he needed some help. I could explain some things. The brother got into the book of Luke where the Savior speaks of marriage: "And Jesus answering said unto them, The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage: But they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage." He was suggesting that our covenant of eternal marriage was false. Well, we didn't get anywhere. It was typical of most conversations I had with ministers. It was more of an argument than a discussion. He didn't win and we didn't win; we finally arrived at Ft. William / Port Arthur and were met by the elders.

The supervising elder, Elder Robert Bingham, was given the option of how best to assign us. He chose to take Elder Potter and to send me to Atikokan, Ontario with Elder Donald Haws. Elder Haws and I went to Atikokan to re-open the area. It had been closed for some time. We stayed with the branch president and his large family while we looked for an apartment. The apartment was upstairs over a store. We rented the apartment and moved in with our belongings. It was a bit frustrating for me to be assigned to Elder Haws. He was a good man but he preferred hunting and fishing and visiting members over tracting and teaching investigators. We were together for a few weeks when I learned that Elder Potter was being assigned to me. He came to Atikokan and we continued to struggle. Elder Potter was a very sincere and humble elder, but he just couldn't get the bed off of his back in the morning. I had to do double duty.

About that time we had moved from that apartment complex into a boarding house owned by Mr. and Mrs. Shortland, an older couple who were from Nova Scotia. They had moved to Atikokan to work in the iron mines and they had several renters. I think there were three other men besides Elder Potter and me. We were in very close quarters with non-members. Not only were they apprehensive toward the Church, but they were somewhat antagonistic because we were Yankees or Americans. So it was an interesting experience to say the least. It was very cold; one night in January 1955 it reached 52 degrees below zero. By the time it warmed up to 40 below, we were ready to go to work. The circumstances were difficult due to the weather, our heavy storm coats, our long-handled underwear, our hats, and our ear muffs - all of which were necessary to survive. And survive we did; in March I received another transfer from Canada back to the United States and on to South Dakota. I was directed to attend a district conference in Ft. Francis, Ontario where President England would be present. The only mode of transportation from Atikokan to Ft. Francis was by train; there was no highway.

Following the conference, I traveled with President and Sister England in their car to the mission home. We reached the Twin Cities by way of International Falls. I stayed the night in Minneapolis and caught a bus to Huron the next day. It was a long bus ride; I traveled alone without the benefit of

having a companion. I was met at the depot in Huron by Elders Blau and Turek. Elder Vince Turek was just leaving the area. He attended Dixie College and was a member of the basketball team, while I was still in high school. It was a bit like old home week to be able to visit briefly with Vince. I then proceeded to get to know Elder Vardell Blau.

I spent the remainder of my mission serving in South Dakota - eight months in Huron and six months in Pierre. Huron had missionaries serving there for many years; convert baptisms had been rare. An approach we were given to reach some leaders in the community was to volunteer for service in a Boy Scout troop. My predecessor in Huron, along with Elder Robert D. Echols, Jr. (our supervisor in Pierre), were very active in Scouting. I learned that we were expected to continue to work with a troop which was affiliated with the local Congregational Church. It appeared that there were two contacts already established: The Scout Executive and the Troop Scoutmaster. Soon after my arrival in Huron, I found myself attending Scout camp once again, this time at Camp Iyatoka. I departed for camp with my new companion, Elder Robert N. Nessen, on 21 June 1955, which happened to be his first day in the mission field. The camp lasted four days and was quite successful considering that neither Elder Nessen nor I were Scouters.

Don Acker, the Scout Master, arrived at camp on the fourth day. I gave him a report on the troop's accomplishments. Following the campfire ceremony, we broke camp and returned to Huron. Don was an executive with Amoco Oil Company. We got to know him quite well. He was very respectful and I think that we were impressive young men to him. In essence, he offered me a position if I wanted to come back to the Midwest. He said, "Go home and get a degree. I don't care what it's in and I'll put you to work." In mid-August we assisted with the Scout Canoe Derby which was held on the St. James River. Our whole time was spent moving camp to the next camping point, grocery shopping, and preparing meals at the lunch stop and for dinner in the evening. I am unaware of any positive result from our involvement in Scouting. In performing the service, we were only following the directions of our file leaders, from the mission president on down.

In addition to seeking out community leaders to teach, President England set a goal for us bring in families into the Church, instead of just single sisters. We worked and worked and worked with very little success. We finally did teach an older woman, a spinster named Gertrude Null. She lived alone in a very large home, her family home. She was a professional woman who taught music and piano lessons. We taught her the gospel, and she joined the Church. We taught some of her friends, but nothing came of that effort.

During my tour of duty in Huron [summer 1955], Dad, Mother & Ila Jane came to visit. We introduced them to Sister Null, to her friends, and to members of the Branch, including Robert and Carmen Dahlgren. Bob was president of the Huron Branch. The folks enjoyed fellowshiping with the investigators and members of the branch. They were with us for about one week. They decided that they wanted to go see the Black Hills of South Dakota and they wanted us to go along with them. My companion, Elder Nessen, and I agreed. I called Elder Thurgood, our supervising elder, to ask for his permission to make the trip. I wasn't able to reach him by telephone, so I sent him a telegram. I explained the circumstances; I stated that if I didn't hear back from him I would assume that it was OK to go. I didn't hear back from him, and so we went. We left early Monday morning and returned late

Tuesday night, just the type of trip my Dad preferred: Travel much and see little! We did see the most important site, Mount Rushmore.

My family departed to return home and our lives returned to normal. I reported to Elder Thurgood that we had a good time in the Black Hills. He included in his report to President England our account of traveling to the Black Hills of South Dakota. Well, President England was very upset and let it be known that even he did not have permission to go outside the mission and neither did anyone under his supervision. Elder Nessen and I had an enjoyable couple days of vacation; I felt bad that Elder Thurgood was chastised over the incident.

In December 1955, Elder Blair Thurgood was released to return home. President England remembered that I had had experience painting buildings. As a result I was called as the supervising elder and transferred to Pierre, South Dakota. Part of my responsibility was to oversee the painting of the Pierre, South Dakota, chapel. It was a new construction and it was located very close to our apartment. We lived in a basement apartment that was near the state capitol building; just to the north of our apartment was the chapel site. I was responsible for the missionaries in the district; I was also to utilize the help of several of the local brethren, most of whom were farmers with large wheat farms. In the winter time they didn't have much to do, so they were available to help with the painting. As soon as the chapel was ready to be painted, they were available to help. The woodwork had to be filled with wood filler and sanded down prior to applying the varnish. We did as much of the trim as we could before it was installed around the doors. It was quite a job; I hadn't had an experience quite like it before.

When all of the painting was done and the furnishings installed, the building was ready for the district conference scheduled for May 1956. Elder S. Dilworth Young was our visiting General Authority. He and President England also toured the mission. This was my first exposure to Elder Young. He met with all of the missionaries in the South Dakota District on Monday afternoon, 28 May 1956, in the new chapel. My recollection is that he was not a warm person; he was terse in response to questions, which made us wish we had not even bothered to ask. My journal entry for that day simply states: "Had a wonderful meeting this afternoon. The counsel we received was great and inspiring."

I had previously applied to President England for an early release in order to get into summer school at the University of Utah. When I returned to our apartment in Pierre on Tuesday evening, May 29, 1956, my honorable release had arrived in the mail, effective May 30th. A fellow student from Dixie College processed my application and arranged to have me pre-registered for the summer session. I was ready to depart for Salt Lake City at 4:15 A.M. (CST) on Thursday, May 31st. I was pleased that my mission was now completed; I felt prepared and anxious to get on with the next phase of my life. From my initial experience in Minneapolis during the summer of 1954, I felt that if I ever had an opportunity to do so, I would choose to raise my family in the mission field. I was very impressed with several young men in Minneapolis, some of whom were about my age. They seemed to me to have gained a much greater understanding of the gospel than I had, even though I had been raised in a center stake of Zion, close to the temple, and with a long pedigree in the Church. I attributed the difference to the fact that they were out where they had to have a reason for the belief that was in them.

My 1951 Ford two-door sedan was loaded with all of my belongings. I had purchased the vehicle at the time I was appointed supervising elder. The Church didn't provide cars in those days but they did

provide the insurance coverage. As I departed Pierre, I traveled south and as I crossed the Missouri River, I picked up my hat and threw it out of the window into the river. I continued on through Ft. Pierre, and on to Martin, South Dakota, arriving at 6:00 a.m. At Gordon, Nebraska, I picked up US Highway 20. After breakfast I followed it to Lusk, Wyoming, and then on to Casper. From Casper I went south to Rawlins where I turned to go west to Rock Springs and Evanston. At this point I said, "What a glorious sight to see the Rockies." I think I missed the mountains more than all else. I arrived in Salt Lake City at 7:00 P.M. (MST) --- just 15 hours non-stop from Pierre, South Dakota.

On Friday, 1 June 1956, I went to the University of Utah campus to find the College of Pharmacy. I met with the Dean of the College of Pharmacy, L. David Hiner. He facilitated my transition into summer school and into ROTC. He contacted Colonel Plapp, professor of Military Science and Tactics, to arrange for my initial interviews. I was accepted and he waived my freshman year in the program because of my prior experience in the Utah National Guard. I felt ready to move forward with the assurance that I would be able to graduate from both programs in three years. I could do so without having to be involved with selective service or with the draft. The transition also included meeting my parents in Salt Lake City and spending a little time with them. Dad would have preferred to have me attend the University of Arizona and be closer to them.

Part of that transition was also a trip to Mesa, Arizona. My grandmother, Jane Lenzi McAllister Moss, rode down with me to visit my parents in Mesa. The only pertinent thing that sticks in my mind about that trip was that just as we got past Flagstaff and down into Oak Creek Canyon, she asked me to stop the car and administer to her. Perhaps the turning, twisting, and rapid drop in elevation, had adversely affected her. I hadn't had much experience anointing the sick and no experience in doing both the anointing and sealing. She had her own vial of consecrated oil; she always carried it with her. This was a common thing for this dear old sister, to ask for such a blessing. I don't know how long we were in Mesa, nor do I remember which month it was. It may have been the transition period between the mission field and summer school actually getting started. My parents lived in the Alma Ward in Mesa. The bishop was a Bishop Davis, and he had an available daughter. My parents were very interested in trying to get me lined up with her. I apparently would have none of it.

I went to St. George by invitation to attend the Stake Quarterly Conference that was held in the St. George Tabernacle. The visiting authority was Elder Joseph Fielding Smith. I was invited by the stake presidency to report my mission, which I did very briefly. While in St. George I met Carol Hatch somewhere on that block around Dixie Drug. We visited and she agreed to go on a date with me. We went to Veyo Pool to swim. On a following date we traveled to Zion National Park, stopped for a few photos and we had lunch at the Lodge.

It was recommended by the Pharmacy School faculty that I get back into studying science during the summer school session. I took qualitative analysis (Chemistry 51), which was a course I had previously taken at Dixie College. It was tough for me to get back into science, not only because of the chemistry, but also because of the math required to perform the calculations. The class I took at Dixie was during Spring Quarter 1953; the refresher course was summer term 1956. It was necessary for me to enroll in a couple of classes to fulfill my humanities requirement. I chose to take music appreciation and literature appreciation. Reid Nibley, the pianist for the Utah Symphony, taught my music class; I don't recall who taught literature.

My summer was devoted to school and work. I was directed by the College of Pharmacy personnel to apply for a position at Glendale Pharmacy on 13th West and 13th South in Salt Lake City. I went to work for Albert Carlisle MacKay. He was a graduate of the University of Utah, College of Pharmacy and was then serving as a stake mission president. When I introduced myself and mentioned that I was a returned missionary, he welcomed me with open arms and gave me a key to the store. All of a sudden I found myself filling prescriptions and operating the store, without having had a single course in pharmacy.

After my mission, my first Church calling was in the Capitol Hill Ward in Salt Lake City to teach a Sunday school class for a group of teenagers. I also worked in YMMIA. I had no idea how difficult it was to maintain order in the classroom. I could only think of how we acted at that age in the St. George South Ward. We drove away teacher after teacher until we got Jay Huntsman, who was a probation officer. He exhibited skills that brought some decorum to our class.

While I was in summer school I rented a room and took one or two meals in the home of Dan & Eva Heaton, on 500 East and 200 South. They were DeVoe's parents. DeVoe returned from his mission about the same time that I did. DeVoe was soon to be drafted into the military so he activated his position in the Naval Reserve and subsequently went on active duty. His dad was serving as bishop of the ward and we attended there. I met several young men who were also students at the University. They invited me to share the big home they rented up near campus on 9th East. I remember two of their names: Bob Murray from Roosevelt, Utah, and Kirby Orme from some place in Idaho. It was about this same time that Carol Hatch came to Salt Lake City and gave me a call. We renewed our acquaintanceship one more time.

As the summer term ended I went back to St. George and Carol and I continued to date. She planned to re-enroll at BYU so I agreed to help her move her belongings to Provo, where she would live with her best friend, Willa Nita Brooks. With Carol now in Provo, I began making frequent trips to see her. As the frequency of those trips continued to increase, we decided to marry and the date we chose was 26 October 1956. Inasmuch as I was already endowed, Carol chose to receive her endowment a few days prior to the wedding. On our wedding day I picked her up at her sister Marina's home in Bountiful and we traveled together to the Salt Lake Temple. It was Friday and we were married by Elder ElRay L. Christiansen, who was a general authority, and who was also serving as the President of the Salt Lake Temple. A wedding luncheon was given by Carol's parents following the ceremony.

After a brief honeymoon, Carol returned to work and I returned to the University on Monday morning. Our first apartment was on 8th Avenue for \$80 a month, which was too expensive. We moved into an apartment on 3rd Avenue which was only \$35 a month. It was an upstairs apartment and we had to share the bathroom at the end of the hall; it wasn't that desirable. We weren't there very long.

We went to Mesa, Arizona, to spend the summer with my parents. Carol was pregnant, and on 30 August 1957 Anne was born. About that same time, I had surgery on my leg. I had developed a varicose ulcer on my left leg. The surgical procedure was supposed to resolve the problem; it did not have the desired effect on the ulcer. I got back to work as soon as I could to help Dad in his painting business.

With Anne only days old, we departed Mesa with much more than we took with us. Our apartment on Gray Avenue was number three for us. We were near the State Capitol Building and not far from our ward meeting house. On the other hand, I had a lengthy bus ride up to campus. Our apartment was at ground-level; we had noisy neighbors who lived above us. The interesting thing about the apartment is that the bedroom consisted of a sun-porch that had been enclosed. It was located on the rear of the home, and on the north side. It was not insulated, which meant that it was cold sleeping. The bathroom was on the east side of that room, and it was even colder yet. Seating one's self on the commode early on a winter morning was a chilling experience. While living at 21 Gray Ave, we were visited by a book salesman; an older man who was very smooth and quite charming. He convinced us of the value of his product and we purchased a set of Encyclopedia Americana, which came with a set of Popular Science books and Children's books. We didn't do a whole lot with the encyclopedia, but we used the children's books a lot over the years. We were active in the Capitol Hill Ward. My calling was to teach an early teen (13-14 years old?) Sunday school class. I had at least one youth representing the families of each member of the bishopric. That was the most challenging assignment I had had to date. By the time I was released, I could have quit the Church and felt good about it. My grades for the fall quarter were among the best I earned at the U. - conclusion: My marriage to Carol was positive and most beneficial.

We spent the summer of 1958 in St. George with Grandpa and Grandma Hatch. Carol went to work in the telephone office where she had worked for several years. I went to work with Marden Brown with whom I had worked for a number of years. I worked for him in the daytime and then for Van Orden Bateman in his pharmacy in the evenings and weekends. When we returned from St. George to Salt Lake City for the fall quarter, we moved into our fourth apartment located about 900 East and 300 South. It was within walking distance to campus. We had a basement apartment. The building was owned by an older woman who had been widowed and her son and his wife lived on the main floor of the home. He was quite an actor. He starred in "Man's Search for Happiness," the Church video. We stayed in that apartment for some months and then there was an apartment that opened up on "G" Street. It was a one level duplex; our next door neighbors were DeVaughn and Arlene Bell. Arlene is Carol's older sister. They had a baby daughter, Melanie; we had a baby daughter, Anne. It was a very good situation.

By this time I had changed jobs. At Glendale Pharmacy I earned \$1.00 an hour with no benefits and a load of responsibility. I learned that Grand Central Drug was hiring students for \$1.97 an hour plus some medical benefits along with overtime pay on holidays. I interviewed with Wayne Borg, the chief pharmacist for the chain, and I was hired for their store on 700 East and 2100 South. While we were living on G street Kevin was born and I had another surgical procedure on my left leg. The ulcer had never healed and was now much worse than before the initial surgery. I was operated on by a surgeon named Russell M. Nelson, whom I had met while on my mission in Minneapolis. He had returned to Salt Lake City and was practicing vascular / cardio vascular surgery. He operated on me to reduce the amount of blood pooling in that left leg and closed off some of the perforators, as he called it. That was to eventually help me clear up the varicose ulcer. At Grand Central we were required to belong to the union - the Meat Cutters Union. My membership gave me insurance coverage for the surgery, hospital, and surgeon.

We were still living on "G" Street when I graduated from the University of Utah. I took and passed the Utah State Board of Pharmacy exam and received my license to practice as a Registered Pharmacist. I worked for Grand Central Drug full-time, and part-time at a Bountiful, Utah, pharmacy. We were trying to earn and save enough money to meet our expenses, and our move to Minneapolis. I was accepted into the graduate school at the University of Minnesota, to pursue an advanced degree in pharmaceutical chemistry. As a result I was nominated and admitted into Rho Chi, the national honorary society for pharmacy. Dean Hiner and Dr. Robert Peterson knew the faculty at Minnesota. Dr. Peterson had taken his doctorate there some years earlier. My motivation in going there was to leave Utah and to return to the Midwest and to eventually get out of working in a drug store. I was certain I would not be free of the varicose ulcer as long as I was on my feet behind the counter. I didn't realize it then, but we made the move on faith and without having made adequate preparation. I assumed that we would find an apartment, that I would get registered to practice pharmacy in Minnesota, and that I would complete the course work.

We departed Salt Lake City driving a 1953 Ford sedan, pulling a two wheel U-Haul trailer. We decided to go by way of Yellowstone National Park. On our way to the West Entrance we passed the remains of an earthquake which had occurred very recently. We stopped to see Carol's Aunt and Uncle in Powell, Wyoming. Her uncle suggested an alternate route to follow to the Black Hills of South Dakota on our way to Minneapolis. Anne was two years old and Kevin was about ten months old. They did well until we stopped at a motel in Spearfish, South Dakota. The bathroom had only a shower, no bathtub. They got in the shower with me, one at a time. I am not sure which one cried the loudest - I think it may have been Anne.

We arrived in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in mid-September 1959 and we moved into a home in Robbinsdale (a northwest suburb of Minneapolis). We contacted the Golden Valley Branch President about possible housing; he told us of this place and we rented it sight unseen. It served our needs quite well. We were well accepted in the branch and we felt needed. As a result I became active once again in the Church. While at the University of Utah, I permitted myself to become inactive. I was working weekends, paying tithing was difficult, and I was not asked to serve in any ward other than in the Capitol Hill Ward. I was called to teach Gospel Doctrine in the Golden Valley Branch; I continued doing so until we moved to Eau Claire, Wisconsin. About this time, Anne was diagnosed with a congenital hernia. She was operated on in the morning and was sitting up in her hospital bed playing and wanting to go home by afternoon.

We struggled financially at Minnesota. My teaching assistantship paid \$238.00 a month. Out of that we had to pay rent, buy food, pay tuition, buy books, etc. The Minnesota Board of Pharmacy refused initially to issue me a pharmacist's license. Near the end of the fall quarter it became clear to me that I needed full time employment.

While in the mission field I met a brother who was the Mission Sunday School President. I had occasion to travel part of the mission with him. He was a representative of Burroughs-Wellcome, and also a pharmacist. I saw pharmaceutical sales as something that might be of interest. I interviewed with various pharmaceutical manufacturers, beginning with Eli Lilly. While in graduate school, I interviewed with several companies that came on campus to interview Ph.D. candidates. I was most impressed with the director of quality control at Merck Sharp & Dohme. I decided to investigate them.

I called the region office and was interviewed by three managers at the same time: Bill Stebbins, Ray Reiten, and John Traw. There was no opening at that time. I registered for the winter quarter and began attending classes when MSD called me. I was interviewed again and then Bill and John came to our home to meet Carol. After meeting with her, I was offered the position of professional service representative, effective 1 February 1960. It is interesting to note that to meet the MSD training schedule I had to fly out of Minneapolis on 31 January, which was the day before I was actually hired.

I flew from Minneapolis via Milwaukee and Cleveland before arriving in Philadelphia. Each time the plane took off or landed I thought it would be my last. I had never flown commercially and was scared when I saw sparks coming from the starboard engine. We went to the Ben Franklin Hotel in downtown Philadelphia and began training that next morning at the Merck Sharp & Dohme facility, which was still in downtown Philadelphia at the corner of Broad and Wallace Streets. My class consisted of twelve representatives. There were two of us who were registered pharmacists. There were others who had had previous experience as sales representatives. It was an interesting conglomerate. My trainer was Bill Raitt.

I was apprehensive being fresh out of school. We had no money. We had to sell our car. It left Carol without any transportation while I was in training and while I was on territory. At the time, I felt that I had no other option. Had I been more assertive, I would have gone to Bill Stebbins and asked him for an advance to cover my expenses during basic training. Anyway, I was apprehensive about it all. Upon the successful completion of a three week training course in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, I was to be assigned to the Eau Claire, Wisconsin, territory. The territory consisted of several counties in West-Central Wisconsin.

Carol and I traveled to Eau Claire in a new company car; it was great! We selected a new apartment that was unfurnished - it did not even have a stove or refrigerator. We purchased used appliances from Northern States Power Co. and furniture from Montgomery Wards. It was our first major purchase on credit, through a finance company (we did not know any better). We moved into our apartment in March 1960. The apartment was actually a duplex located at 2506 Henry Avenue, out on the southeast side of Eau Claire. Across the lane from us was a meadow backed up by a forest preserve. It was quite common to see deer there in the early morning or in the evening.

I was well trained technically, but felt that I was lacking in social skills and communicative skills. I was still somewhat hampered with stammering and stuttering in challenging situations. When I began on territory, John Traw was with me. We began calling on doctors in small towns east of Eau Claire. They included towns such as: Cadott, Boyd, Black River Falls, Whitehall, and Osseo. My travel plan required that I be away from home three days and two nights each week. I gave my first sales presentation in the second town, which must have been Boyd, Wisconsin. It was a very scary, shaky experience. Once I got past that first "detail," it seemed OK for the remainder of the trip.

Our activity in the Church continued, mine in particular; Carol was always active. We were in Eau Claire for about eight months when the Minnesota Stake was created. The Eau Claire Branch was transferred from the Northern States Mission and into the Minnesota Stake. During the conference in which this action took place, I was invited to meet with the new stake presidency. They issued the call for me to serve as the Branch President of the Eau Claire Branch. I was twenty-six years old; the

branch was loaded with inactive members, the meeting house was a nightmare, and Carol and the children were in Las Vegas for Thanksgiving. I had to name counselors. I was encouraged to consider Elgart Schroeder and Edwin Hinckley. I selected them along with a clerk whose name escapes me. I was set apart by Elder LeGrand Richards of the Quorum of the Twelve, assisted by Elder Sterling W. Sill, an assistant to the Twelve.

West Central Wisconsin is beautiful and we felt accepted and needed in Eau Claire. My sales territory with Merck included part of seventeen counties. It was necessary for me to be away from home three days and two nights each week. Our Branch membership was widely scattered; home teaching / visiting teaching was a challenge. Carol was a real trooper: she was stuck at home; she had no means of transportation; she was pregnant nine of our nineteen months in Eau Claire. She slipped and fell while mopping the chapel's basement floor and nearly miscarried. Julie was born 27 March 1961, just one year after our move to Eau Claire.

After about one year on territory, I attended a sales meeting where it was announced that we were having a territory realignment. I didn't know what that meant until I saw the map of West Central Wisconsin. My territory was affected quite drastically by the boundary modifications. I lost the northern portion which included parts of several counties and these principal towns: Barron, St. Croix Falls, Frederic, Shell Lake, Hayward, Spooner and Ladysmith. The geography assigned as a replacement included seven counties in South Eastern Minnesota: Wabasha, Goodhue, Dodge, Mower, Fillmore, Houston, and Winona. These counties surrounded Olmsted County which includes Rochester and the Mayo Clinic - covered at that time by Bill Hodap.

I was serving as President of the Eau Claire Branch. We had a new baby daughter - Julie who was born at Lutheran Hospital in Eau Claire. I was disturbed by the fact that I had no say in the matter, nor did I have any advance warning. The realignment required more travel and meant I was away from home even more than I had been previously. It was not long before I became disgruntled with the new territory. Merck had put me through a realignment that I didn't understand or think was necessary. I reapplied to graduate school at the University of Minnesota.

As a result I resigned my position with Merck to accept an appointment once again at the University of Minnesota, College of Pharmacy. I was invited to continue working for Merck on a downtown Minneapolis territory for another six weeks, which enabled us to retain the leased car for that period. I purchased an old car from the missionaries in Eau Claire which proved to be a curse in our having to drive an old clunker that was not too dependable. It was also depressing to be seen in such a beat up vehicle. I had no trouble with it at school; it was going to church that was the challenge. Besides, with limited parking on campus, I rode a bicycle back and forth to school. The decision to return to school obviously necessitated a move back to the Twin Cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul. We moved from Eau Claire to St. Paul in mid-October 1961, into a small two story house with a basement, owned by Mr. Sample. He welcomed us as renters. I wondered later if I had taken a step backward, but it seemed like the right thing to do at the time.

My position at the University was full-time - 40 hours a week. My monthly salary was about identical to my base pay at Merck. The big difference was that I no longer had a bonus, or an expense account, or a leased car. I was hired as a laboratory assistant with responsibility of maintaining an inventory

and of keeping the labs stocked with chemicals and reagents. I also assisted students during the laboratory phase of their training. I was able, however, to resume my coursework toward an advanced degree. I went back on the treadmill: Full-time work and a part-time student at the university, and evening and weekend work at Treacy Pharmacy in St. Paul. The store was owned by an older couple who had had graduate students working for them for years. I was not licensed in Minnesota. I was simply working on my Utah license. I attempted to reciprocate my license; my hours as a pharmacy intern were questioned by the Board. My request was finally approved by the Minnesota State Board Pharmacy in mid-1962.

During the winter of 1962 Julie became quite ill. She was less than a year old. I tried at first to treat her symptoms of vomiting and diarrhea with drugstore remedies, but she only got worse. I finally called Cheryl Heaton Krivit whose husband was a pediatrician at University Hospital. By the time we got her in to be seen, she required hospitalization to treat her dehydration. She was diagnosed with gastroenteritis of viral origin. I felt we were blessed to be in a medical Mecca at that important time of need. In the mean time we had to purchase a more reliable vehicle. I was referred, by one of my co-workers at the University, to a dealership in Wisconsin where I purchased a 1957 Nash Rambler, four-door sedan. It was newer than the "old clunker" and far more dependable.

By the start of the spring quarter I began to doubt seriously that I would ever be able to obtain my academic goal; it would take another ten years at least. Just the thought of completing the pharmaceutical chemistry curriculum, including the required math, a foreign language, a research project and a thesis, along with a minor in organic chemistry, was more than I could face. My desire to even continue had dwindled; I no longer had the commitment to push myself day after day. In addition, I was putting Carol and the three children through very trying times. I remained at the University for about eight months in total.

I struggled with the idea of going back to selling drugs. I was still basically offended by being thought of as a salesman. At the time I left MSD, Bill Stebbins told me that if I wanted to return to just let him know. In about May 1962, I called Bill and told him I wanted to rejoin MSD somewhere in the West. He contacted his counterparts in Denver and Los Angeles. They expressed an interest in me. About that time an older representative in Tucson died while on a family vacation. I was re-hired to fill that vacancy.

Tucson was part of the Los Angeles sales area. The Manager who hired me was Jack Smith; he was a good friend of Bill Stebbins and Jack hired me "sight unseen". Jack stipulated that I had to move myself to Tucson and be ready to work the territory on August 1st. He was suspicious that my real reason for being rehired was to get my moving expenses paid by Merck. Carol agreed to go to Phoenix by train. She had all three children: Anne, Kevin, and Julie on the train in a coach car. It was a difficult trip for them, but they were troopers and survived. At the Phoenix depot they were greeted by Grandpa and Grandma Moss. I rented a U-Haul trailer big enough for our belongings and yet suitable to be towed by our Nash Rambler. I had to reinforce the suspension because the trailer was loaded so heavy that the front wheels of the car would not touch the ground. I departed the Twin Cities in July 1962 following a southerly route through Iowa, Kansas, Oklahoma, and New Mexico. Dad agreed to meet me, with his pick-up truck, on the Eastside of the mountain range in Clovis, New Mexico. Our

plan was to transfer the trailer to his truck and have him pull it to their home in Mesa, Arizona. Dad and Mother seemed pleased to have us close by once again.

After being reunited as a family in Mesa, we departed in the Rambler along with the trailer. We headed straight for Tucson. Before we arrived our car's engine began to make some strange sounds. It did not stop and we did not stop either. Our first objective was to find a place to live. Soon after our arrival we met an older man who was a real estate agent. He showed us a home in the Flowing Wells district that we could afford. He made arrangements for us to rent an apartment while our home loan was being approved. It was an adobe hacienda and cost us \$9,000. He also referred us to an automobile mechanic to repair the Rambler's engine (a burned out bearing). We were blessed at every turn.

I got back into sales and it proved to be a challenge for me – new people, new setting, and new circumstances. Jack Smith, the manager who hired me, obviously did not consult with my supervisor. He wanted, very much, to hire one of his buddies from the Midwest. My manager's name was Robert H. Waddle. I, therefore, felt accepted by some of my new co-workers and rejected by others. For example, Joe Powell was supportive. He was a pharmacist and he made me feel like I had untapped potential. My partner in Tucson was Dick Stygar. Dick was a salesman with prior sales experience at McKesson-Robbins. He was an unpolished gem, of Polish descent, from the Southside of Chicago. He was openly helpful and the transition soon worked itself out. My assigned territory included the Northern half of Tucson and the counties south and east of the City. Some of the Arizona towns I called on were: Nogales, Sierra Vista, Bisbee, Douglas, Safford, and Morenci. I also covered Lordsburg, New Mexico. Carol and the children traveled to Nogales with me on one occasion while I made calls. We had lunch at a restaurant. As we pulled away from the curb, Anne and Kevin spotted a Mexican fellow walking along. They leaned out of the car's window and shouted in unison, "Hey, Pancho, where is your sombrero?" and then they laughed and laughed. Such behavior would not be termed politically correct today.

We were immediately put to work in our Tucson Ward; Carol served in the Primary and for me it was the YMMIA. During our fifteen month stay in Tucson, I served as both the ward and the stake superintendent of the YMMIA. We attended the June Conference in the Salt Lake Tabernacle and left the children in Las Vegas with Grandpa and Grandma Hatch.

Not long after our arrival in Tucson, Jack Smith retired and Henry Glassner replaced him as Los Angeles District Manager. I was to learn some months later that my time at the University of Minnesota had not gone un-noticed. Hank declared that, "Everyone he had ever known who attended Minnesota was a top notch person." I would most likely never have been noticed or promoted without the Minnesota experience. I worked the Tucson territory for about 15 months before being transferred to the Phoenix Metropolitan area. This meant that my travel was to be minimized; I would now be home almost every night. This was a first for me since initially joining Merck.

We were informed of the upcoming transfer in November 1963, to be effective 1 January 1964. I was to manage a newly created hospital territory - in anticipation of the planned medical school for the University of Arizona. We promptly put our home in Tucson up for sale. About the same time we found a new home in Tempe. Our home sold right away and we moved to Tempe in December. We

learned that we were members of the Tempe Fourth Ward in the Maricopa Stake. We traveled to a chapel in Mesa - not far from where Dad and Vera lived. In February the Tempe Stake was created from the Maricopa Stake. With the creation of the Stake came changes in the Ward leadership. Doyle Randall was called as the new Bishop; I was called to serve as the Elder's Quorum President. The person who called me and set me apart was G. Homer Durham, a member of the Stake High Council. He was also President of Arizona State University. In April 1965 I was released as Elders Quorum President and sustained as a counselor in the bishopric. I served with Bishop Doyle Randall and with Martin Kempton.

We moved ourselves into a new home in a Knoell subdivision in Tempe, Arizona. I covered the hospitals in the metropolitan area that ran from the Williams Air Force hospital in Chandler, Arizona, to Luke Air Force Base Hospital, on the west side of Phoenix. My primary assignment included the teaching hospitals in Phoenix: Good Samaritan, St. Joseph, and Maricopa County. The major segment of time was spent in Phoenix.

I was home each night so I enrolled for night classes at Arizona State University. My plan was to pursue a degree in business management (M.B.A.). My plan was cut short after only one term due to my call to serve in the ward bishopric. It was while we were living in Tempe that Melissa was born at Good Samaritan Hospital. She was only a few months old when she became very ill and was hospitalized in Mesa. I invited Bishop Randall to assist me in administering to her just before taking her to the hospital. Our physician, Talmage Shill a member of our ward, expressed appreciation for the blessing that Melissa received; he was successful in getting an IV started in a very dehydrated baby.

We lived in Tempe for a little over two years. In the Fall of 1965 I was interviewed for a District Manager (new title) position in Chicago, Illinois, in the North Central Region. The decision-making process included Carol and I traveling to Chicago to meet with Joe Head, the regional manager. While there we did some house hunting; we looked into the areas that we liked and settled on Naperville. We accepted the position and we moved our family to Naperville in February of 1966.

The move from Tempe, Arizona, to Naperville, Illinois, was our first time using a moving van. It was the middle of winter. We had a very scary, slick ride going across Wyoming heading toward Illinois. (Interstate 80 was only completed in segments.) At one point in Wyoming I thought that all four tires were flat. I stopped the car and got out and learned that we were riding on ice. We arrived in Naperville and learned that the moving van had already arrived and was ready to unload our belongings into our rented home on Glenoban Drive.

I was introduced to members of my new District. I had previously met all of the other managers at a Field Management Meeting in December 1963, in Scottsdale, Arizona. Their names were: Joe Head, Hank Faircloth, John Traw, Willard Witte, Paul Schager, and Jim Brundage. My District included the southern half of Cook County, Illinois, and eight counties in Northern Indiana. They were: Lake, Porter, LaPorte, St. Joseph, Starke, Pulaski, Marshall, and Miami. I had eight representatives in Cook County (Chicago and suburbs): Ron Sone, Bill Kitterman, Paul Granholm, Ray Schoenwolf, Jerry Wolken, Phil Grigiski, Van Smith, and Bob Bloom. In Indiana there were four: Howie Dowell, Tom Pote, Al Volk, and John Pease. It was a tough go!

Once again, I was required to travel away overnight, about 20% of the time. I was brand new as a district manager and there was one representative that was not liked by my boss, Joe Head. Joe called me in and said, "Now, are you going to fire Bloom or am I going to do it?" During my first or second visit with this man (Bob Bloom), I had to bring him into the office and fire him. Joe Head's management style was very autocratic and quite dictatorial. It resulted in much stress among representatives and managers alike. Joe Head retired 30 September 1971.

Jack Reig was appointed to replace Joe Head on 1 October 1971. Jack had been in my basic training class for newly appointed district managers. He was a Philadelphia boy and was well wired; he knew a lot of the right people. I sensed that Jack was going to be a "shaker and mover." I knew that I would have about three years to get promoted, while under Jack's tenure in Chicago. Some of the representatives in Chicago who had an impact for good on my career, and in my life, include: John Pease, Ron Sone, and Santo LaCorte.

Our years in Naperville were trying years; they were also years of personal growth. I believe that Carol and I each had experiences there that we probably would never have had if we would have remained in Utah. Our family also grew from four to seven during the Naperville years. Daniel, Jennifer, and Catherine were born there.

Our residence was on the western perimeter of Naperville which placed us in the Fox Valley Ward. The Ward was small in numbers and we did not have our own building. The Chicago South Stake Center was being built. In the meantime Fox Valley Ward Sunday services were held at the Allen Elementary School in Aurora, Illinois. Since Carol was the Ward Relief Society President, Relief Society was held in our home. We were very active in the Church while in Naperville. Following her service as Relief Society President, she served for many years as the Spiritual Living teacher. I served as an Explorer Scout advisor (Priest age young men), and eventually in the bishopric, serving as second counselor, then first counselor, and then as Bishop. My tenure as Bishop lasted from September 1968 to June 1974. Jack Rieg's son was Kevin's age. I invited them to join our Scout troop's canoe trip down the Fox River. I told Jack we would meet at the Stake House. He asked, "Where is the steak house?" They came along and enjoyed seeing me capsize the canoe Kevin and I shared. As Jack and Jack rounded the bend in the river, there I was surfacing near our canoe - most embarrassing!

We lived in three different homes during our Naperville years. The first two homes were located in Longwood Manor off of Highway 59: The first address was 5 South 453 Glenoban Drive, and the second was 204 West Argyle Lane. The third home was located at 413 Berry Drive.

In February 1974 I spoke with Jack Reig about my chances for a transfer out of Chicago. I had always hoped to leave by way of promotion. It was now apparent that I was going to be a career District Manager at Merck. I explained that I didn't want to spend the rest of my career in Chicago. The most likely prospect was a district in Maine where the manager would retire later in the year. In April, Jack was advised that a district would soon be available in Des Moines, Iowa. My application was accepted by George Buck Adrian, region manager in Kansas City, Kansas. Carol and I went house hunting in Iowa, including Ames, Des Moines, and West Des Moines. We were delighted to find a lovely new brick home (1140 Maplenol Drive) just one block from the high school and a few blocks from the ward

meeting house. It had a nice large lot and with four bedrooms and a large family room, it met our needs and expectations. We hosted many church socials, and fed many missionaries, as well as friends and school associates.

Our relocation to Iowa was considered a "lateral move," which meant that we had to move ourselves once again. Bob Fisher, who served as my executive secretary in the Ward, drove the U-Haul truck with our furniture and appliances. We followed in our car; Claudia Fisher followed in theirs. It was a brand new home, and that was nice for a change. I especially enjoyed the change – getting out of the inner city of Chicago. Carol liked very much leaving Naperville; it took the children about 36 hours to adjust to the move. It was a challenge, however, for the older youth who were in high school to adapt to the move. The area assigned to me was less populated and more spread out over portions of Iowa and Missouri. My travel time and number of nights away from home were greatly increased, and was to be expected. What was not expected was the caliber of salesmen I inherited. I moved from a position of strength in Illinois to one of weakness in Iowa. One by one I corrected the circumstance through termination, early retirement, and realignment of district boundaries. When I retired at the end of 17 years in Iowa, the district was strong, with capable and dedicated personnel.

It was while we were living in Iowa that Joe was born. Many things happened there – the children all grew up and left for college, missions and marriage. It was a wonderful, good time. We had our challenges, but all-in-all it was a good time. We were active in the Church. Carol served as a ward and stake Relief Society president. I served as a Young Men's president, on the High Council, in the Stake Presidency during the period from 1974 to 1983. On 18 December 1983 I was ordained a Patriarch, after having been sustained to serve as one of three Patriarchs, in the Des Moines Iowa Stake. Carol had already served for some time in the Family History Center as one of the trainers. I was eventually called as the Director of the Family History Center.

On 19 March 1990 I began taking piano lessons; I accompanied Cate in taking lessons from Polly Messick, who lived in Urbandale, Iowa. My last lesson was on 6 April 1991. I began having serious problems with my left hand. It must have been the early stages of axonopathy, which plagues me now. I suspect I must have also been experiencing muscle-wasting in the left hand. I gave up the lessons because of the handicap as well as my impending retirement from Merck.

I was to spend the remainder of my career in Iowa. The men in my district were: Roy Wilkinson, Hugh Wurmle, Bill McTaggart, John Meister, Dave Williams, Frank Urzedowski, Dan Taylor, Kent Ryerson, George Delashmit, and Sam Dick.

The adjustment to a new district and to a new group of managers was a challenge. George Buck Adrian was the Region Manager. The District Managers were: Brawley Vaughn, George Alexander, John Reinsel, Doug Archer, J. R. Richardson, and Bob Wilson. I thought at the time it would be a good move. The man that I replaced, Jerry Jackson, became a senior vice president at Merck (a corporate officer). Some of the representatives I inherited in Iowa who had an impact for good on my career, and in my life included: Jack Sheridan, Dave Williams, Kent Ryerson, and Dan Taylor. There were several new hires that developed into capable representatives: Jeanne Henning, Jim Seitz, Wally Green, Dave Jansen, Rhonda Saylor, and Jeff Jenkins.

The most bizarre experience with a newly hired person occurred on 16 March 1981. A bit of background first - I hired two women who were recent graduates from Drake University School of Pharmacy. They were part of our 1980 sales force expansion. One of the women, Sharon Griffiths, was to become part of my district - the other one went into Mike Plymale's district. They completed basic training together as part of the large group of new trainees. The scene went like this: Sharon was assigned to work the forenoon with an experienced representative in Des Moines and then to meet me at 1:00 P.M., at my office, for territory orientation. She did not show - I waited and waited for her to appear. At about 6:00 that evening, I received a phone call from a registered pharmacist friend named Chuck Graciano. He called at the request of Sharon's husband to inform me that Sharon had been found dead at her home, due to an overdose of barbiturates: Seconal + Tuinal. (Tuinal is a combination of two barbiturates: secobarbital and amobarbital). I was told that Sharon had suffered with leukemia for years and was tired of the pain. We were never informed that she had a problem. We were initially told that her body was to be donated to science; we learned later that it had been cremated. Several years afterward I was contacted by the police department from Clive, Iowa, (Sharon's home was in Clive) who were re-investigating the case. I related what I recalled about the incident. I referred the officer to Merck's personnel department for further information.

I worked for a variety of managers - male, female, and minority. The last regional manager I had was a black man, named Gary Griffith. My final work performance review went well. I did all of the work in preparing it - all of the analysis along with the written draft. Gary read through it and approved it, with only a few minor changes. I was concerned with our product mix; the cardiovascular product group was no longer the premier group in the division. New product introductions were now being assigned to other sales groups. Our flag-ship product, Vasotec, continued to lose market share, not just for us but for the Division as well. This trend only forecasted a future shortfall in bonus earnings, with a subsequent decline in my five-year total compensation average, which would depress my retirement benefit. Having to deal with on-going health concerns in addition to potential deficits in compensation, I began to consider once again taking early retirement. A spiritual experience I had while in the Dallas, Texas, Temple, served to confirm the decision to retire and to move with expediency in getting it done. I notified my boss of my decision, and on 1 May 1991, I concluded my career with Merck Sharp & Dohme.

I reciprocated my Utah pharmacist's license to Iowa in November 1977. Upon retirement I brought my continuing education requirement up-to-date and obtained a renewal of my license for 1991-1993. I went back into retail pharmacy. Everything had changed which included having all aspects computerized. Third-party pay had virtually replaced "cash for services rendered." Initially, it was a nightmare for me working with insurance companies and also with the Title 19 (welfare) patients. I also had to purchase malpractice insurance for the first time.

In June 1992 I ended up in Iowa Methodist Medical Center because I hit a blood vessel while injecting myself with Vitamin B₁₂. It kept me in the hospital, with a very big leg, for about ten days. When I returned to work at PharMed, Steve informed me that he had replaced me, and that he would call me in on an "as-needed basis." I went job hunting and found a position with Dahl's pharmacy. I worked for them from August 1992 until November 1994. I worked on a rotation basis among their nine stores in the Des Moines metropolitan area. I was assigned finally to their new store on E. P. True Way and 50th

Street in West Des Moines. It was very convenient to our home; I didn't have very far to drive and it was a beautiful new facility. In November 1994, I decided that it was time to move on.

I looked in the newspaper and there was an advertisement for part-time pharmacists at a mail-order pharmacy in town, which had been called America's Pharmacy. That name changed to SysteMed. I was hired and began work in December 1994. On 13 February 1996 the manager of the pharmacy said they were having some cut backs and that I would only be needed on an "as-needed basis," which really meant that that wasn't going to happen at all because of the cut backs. It just so happened that we had been contacted by the Social Security Department. A woman came to our home and prepared the necessary forms to enroll us as new recipients of Social Security benefits. My career with Merck had come to an end five years earlier. Now my career in retail and mail-order pharmacy in Iowa had come to an end as well. I didn't work again until we moved to Cedar City. We were then in the process of selling the home and getting ourselves ready to relocate to Utah.

We moved ourselves to Utah. I updated my license here. I had to go through the testing process to obtain a narcotics license, which was new. We never used to have to do that. It was a test and a \$90 fee. I passed it and got certified to practice. I went to work for Lin's Pharmacy. In the interim we also became ordinance workers in the St. George Temple. In the end it became just too much time on my feet. I developed plantar fasciitis in my right foot.

My career was now officially over in March of 1997. I was unable to work the twelve to thirteen hour days that Lin's Pharmacy required. It's been an interesting ride. It's been a means for providing for family. It's been an opportunity to rub shoulders with a lot of talented, interesting people - most of whom were very good people. There were some that I would not like to cross paths with again, but they were for the most part very, very good people at Merck, and it was a good experience. The people I worked with during the post-Merck years were good as well.

Joe graduated from Valley High School in May 1996 (all eight children graduated from VHS), and we moved to Cedar City, Utah, in June. Kevin came and helped us pack our belongings (we could not have done it without him), to be loaded on to a moving van.

We loaded much of our personal items into our two cars: A 1991 Ford Crown Victoria, and a 1993 Olds Cierra. We embarked for Cedar City on June 17th and arrived on June 20th, just in time to close the purchase of our town-home. Since coming here, we have been involved at both the ward and stake levels. When we first moved into the ward, Carol started teaching Spiritual Living and I taught Gospel Doctrine. We started serving as ordinance workers in the St. George Temple in August 1996. In 1997 we sent Joe into the mission field to Birmingham, England. In 1998 I resumed service as a stake patriarch, in the Canyon View Stake.