
My Life As I Remember It To Date

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Written expressly for my son, Marriner Krumm Norr, at his request

Fessie and I were anxiously waiting in a New York hotel for the docking of the Queen Mary with our son Marriner aboard, who was returning after nearly three years from South Africa where he had been a Mormon missionary. The ship was two or three days late due to bad weather, but now had about reached port and was due the following morning. This was in March 1950.

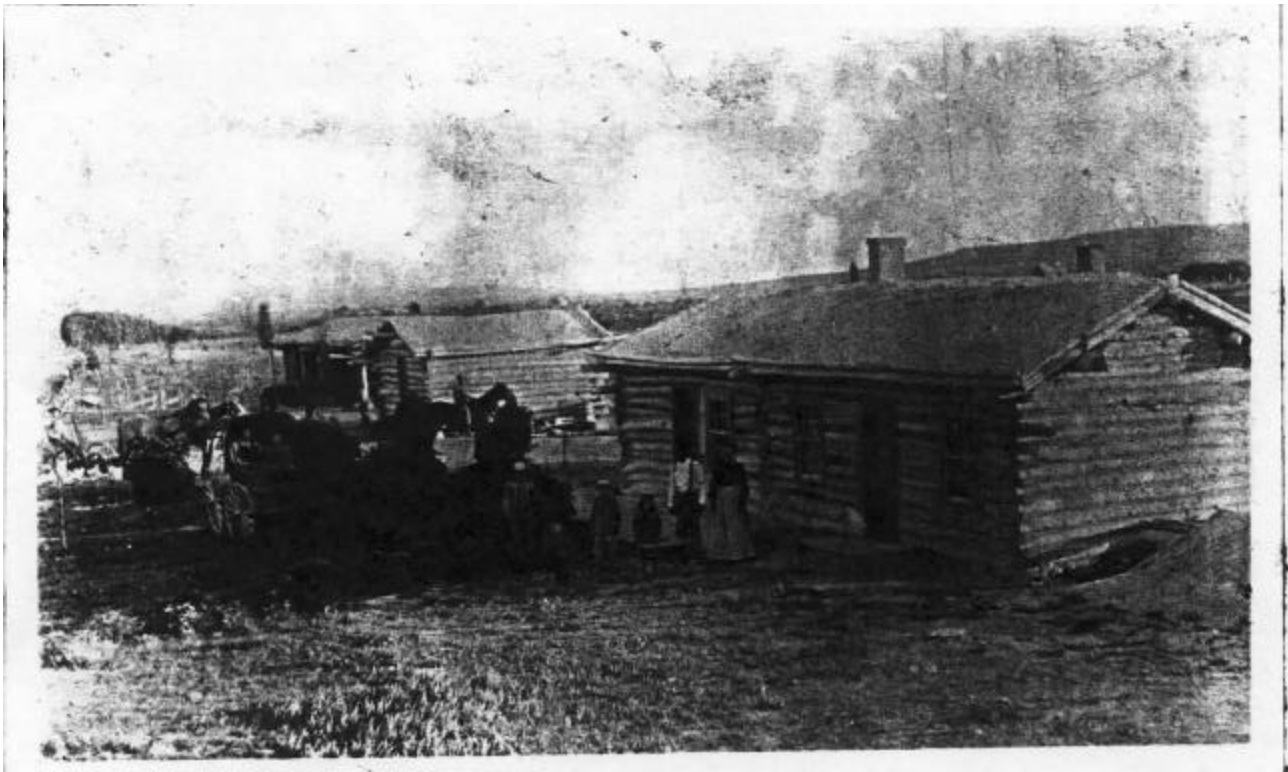
We couldn't wait—so we phoned him from the hotel room the ship, which is commonplace now but would have been considered almost unachievable at the time the events of this autobiography began.

Marriner had left South Africa about Christmas, traveled up the East African Coast, had seen Victoria Falls, the Pyramids, many other interesting points; and had spent some days in England and Germany collecting genealogical data. But a few days after his arrival home, the three of us packed up our bags and coat hangers and took a trip West by automobile, making over four months of almost continuous travel and sightseeing for Marriner. I hope, some say, to be able to afford that kind of travel and sightseeing myself.

As a side trip from Logan, Utah, Marriner and I spent a day driving west over the now paved but once dusty or muddy roads of my boyhood, where as we approached each of the numerous spots and views so dear to my memory my eyes did their part to encourage the lump in my throat. But I was so happy to be passing beyond Blue Creek valley where my brother Francis was still running the dry farm and where I stopped to gather sagebrush leaves that never smelled so sweet. We went on to Curlew Valley where my Dad and Mother had settled nearly three-quarters of a century before and which I had not seen, I think since 1906. The prosperous and progressive town of Snowville, Utah, where all the children down to Francis were born, now proudly boasted on its entrance sign a population of 150.

But our goal that day was Stone, Idaho, a town three miles northward where the family had moved under the homestead laws as I recall. I wanted so much to see the old log house where Hazel and I were born, and the meadow across which Rover once came scampering home with a broken foot when the Cottam boys shot at him. Of course I didn't expect the old open-front shed to still be there in front of which, as my very earliest recollection, Hazel and I were dragging hoes in the dust making play roads to Grandma's place and elsewhere on my third birthday. Nor the woodpile or chopping log with its chips of wood and cedar bark just where the slope began down to the creek.

In fact we couldn't find Grandma's hut next to the corner house over toward Aunt Lucy's. No Aunt Lucy's and no Uncle Charlie's any more. All our aunts and uncles seemed to have long since disappeared. Of course I couldn't remember just where our old home was located so I finally spotted a farmer who turned out to be my cousin Harvey Harris. He directed us to old home, now owned by a stranger. We saw the logs but not the house--the very same logs that once housed the poor but upright Olef James and Mary Jane Harris Norr and family, in two sturdy rooms and a frame lean to as I remember it. Now those same logs had been rearranged and built into a shed some fifty feet away. Now they were covered with a real roof in place of the dirt roof of former years. The picture below shows the entire family except Roy and was taken about 1902. I do not remember the little wagon, nor the middle building but I remember the cellar at the end of the house. It is possible there were three rooms in the log portion of the house but I only recall two. And it may be that the apparent addition on the far end was what I referred to above as the frame lean to; however, I believe the lean to was on the back and there seems to be a back chimney in the picture.



The children needed education in good schools, so when I was about four (3?) years old my parents left Stone, Idaho, and moved to another two-room log house at 429 N. 5th East St, Logan, Utah. I can recall very clearly riding in a buggy with mother and at least one sister, following Ed in the wagon when he ran off the Little Dugway entering Cache Valley. Mother often spoke afterward of how Ed hurriedly cleared himself of the mishap, rushed out where she could see him and hollered back that he was not hurt. I don't know where Daddy and the others were at that time.

Our house soon had a weatherboard facing and looked like a frame house. It wasn't long either before we had another room added on, in which was a dining room table that held the full family when extended, that is when the folding bed was made up and the double couch was pushed in. There was also the Cole's hot-blast round stove that often puffed, the washstand and big white pitcher and bowl with the brown looking glass and comb shelf. That's the room also where we had the table of geraniums and potted plants next to the south window, and where we had our Christmas tree the year Hazel and I got those little rocking chairs. So we grew bigger and the house had to get bigger. We couldn't go in the parlor, with the nice carpet and the good furniture, except on special occasions, and besides there seldom was a fire in the front room stove. So they built another room on the northwest which we called the kitchen, but which had a carpet covering half the room, in the winters, with plenty of nice straw underneath, a new iron folding bed where sometimes only two of us slept, a kitchen range with a hot water reservoir and an oven twice as big as the one in our present apartment. Marriner, you just can't imagine how much we used to eat at times, particularly Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's dinners-stewed chicken and 3 or 4 dumplings or baked chicken and stuffing, or duck or turkey, fresh vegetables from the pit, lots of gravy, milk, pie and of course fruit cake with current juice AND plumb pudding drowning in thick sauce. I can never forget the times I had to get up and walk around the table or around the house or lay down on the carpet before I could finish.

Of Course Adversity takes care of such things. If the room began to get cold in those days we didn't just turn on the radiator. My job was to keep the coalscuttle full and the coal bin was away down by the chicken coop maybe or 200 feet away, snow or no snow. It didn't seem strange at all then, but when we finally sold

that house and moved into our newly built one next door, the new neighbor immediately built a coal bin just outside the back door, and also installed a bathroom and did away with our adored outhouse, which had been just tile other side of the raspberry patch and not far from the pigpen. From the day we moved into our new house I have been converted against outside plumbing.

But getting in the coal was only a little job to what came later. Why, when I was a boy...

When we arrived in Logan my hair was in curls and I'll bet I was cute. I was used to them apparently, having grown up that way, because I do not remember objecting to curls nor do I remember any of the other children making fun of me. But how I hated that white shirt with the big collar that was worn outside my jacket!

However, the curls gave way to big manhood on my fifth birthday, in accordance with parental plans. I remember Daddy (no doubt) doing the deed out under the strawberry apple tree. Mother must have held out until late afternoon as I remember standing on the shady side of the tree trying to keep the sun out of my eyes. That was July 27, 1903. Mother still had those curls when I was married but I do not know what happened to them after Daddy died.

I guess I still had the curls when I did first, and nearly the last, public singing. It must have been before July when we moved from Stone, Idaho, because Mother told me later I was three years old. I sang, "This little pig went to market" in the 5th Ward meeting house--not on the stage, but beginning as I was going up the three steps to the stand. By the time I got to the spot where I was supposed to start I was all through, they often told me later. All I remember about it is it was the right hand isle and steps and I was counting my left fingers.

One time I was in a play. I was the Bee that drove Cinderella's magic carriage and had to say, "Buzz, Buzz". If Pic Egbert or certain others should see me today they would still call me "Bonnie Bee". Either in that play, or some other Primary or Sunday school program, Mother sat away in the back so I would be sure to speak loud enough for all to hear me. I must have thought she was hiding because when I located her, I called out right in the middle of the program, "I see you, mamma"

When I was 14 years old I was asked to give the opening prayer, it must have been, at a Stake conference in the Logan Tabernacle. President Joseph F. Smith was there and when I had finished he put his arm around me and I felt a most wonderful happiness. It may have been the closing prayer, but I seem to remember he mentioned in his talk the boy who had prayed and that is why I remember I was 14 years old at the time, the same age as the Prophet was at the time of the first vision.

My other lifetime public performances have been without notable or outstanding merit, and consisted of Church parts, a glee club of Utahans, a lodge play or two. Certainly my last singing in public did not take place in a blaze of glory: I sang a duet, "Dear old mother of mine" with Walt Monson in the Washington Auditorium where we used to hold L.D.S. meetings. I was to sing the melody and Walt the tenor, but he got a cold on Saturday so we tried switching parts. Nothing to it, both times we tried it, practicing. But I couldn't really sing that high. I knew it afterwards, but I didn't know it until I tried the first high note that Sunday. I missed, at least almost. Shake! Quiver! Cold sweat! I clutched Walt's arm; my knees most near gave way. They actually bumped together in a continuous involuntary beating. I almost pulled Walt down; he told me afterward he hardly had strength to hold me up and sing loud enough to drown me out too. At the end of the first verse I whispered, "let's quit now" But he paid no attention. Ever since then, when they ask me to sing, I pay no attention.

Oh, yes, I played the violin a few times in various church programs, but was never good at it or satisfied with my performances, although I took lessons from Prof. Fogelberg for several years beginning when I was about 12, and a few lessons from Prof. Spicker. While I would have been very happy to develop into a professional violinist, for personal enjoyment and friendly entertainment, music never appealed to me as being the key to riches and I was always sure beyond a doubt that someday I would unquestionably be rich. So I looked for other roads to riches and it was a long time before I conceded inwardly that security and peace are sufficient. Security may now be slowly approaching but peace, which includes peace at home, is still as elusive as elusive as it is yet hoped for.

In September 1905, I started to grade school in the basement of the 5th Ward annex. It was not until I was in the 3rd or 4th grade that the new Whittier School was completed. I think I spent the 8th grade at the Benson School where I was during the only earthquake I ever heard of locally, and I didn't even feel it. After leaving the Whittier our group had to attend the Woodruff about 1-½ miles from home, and we walked home for lunch usually. That was the longest October in history. It had thirty-one l-o-n-g days. We moved later to the Lowell School nearer home, being its first students, and there we enjoyed the new experimental school methods--we had a carpentry shop.

In 1913, I entered Brigham Young College in Logan and attended three years during which time I learned quite a bit about a lot of things including bookkeeping, typewriting, girls, and spring clean-up days—three of us didn't show up to help the other students clean up the grounds, and the next day they threw us into the canal. However, the following year I helped throw the coach in. We carried him about a block horizontally, face down, and I had his left arm. He never forgave us. We had chapel exercises, twice a week or so, remembered mostly for the time Prof. Hickman gave the opening prayer. He thanked the Lord for everything he could think of including the favored position we had as a people and as a nation over other peoples and nations of the world, and why we should appreciate it and keep God's commandments and love our fellowmen, and so forth. Just before he got through, the gong rang; the hour was up, so he said, "Amen."

The next May the whole student body climbed Mt. Baldy east of Logan. All but the sissies made it although it took the full day to go up and back. From the top we could see (Great Salt Lake. I don't recall just how many other I climbed Mt. Baldy, but we used to roam all over that section.

Instead of my fourth year and graduation at B.Y. C., I enrolled in 1916 at Utah State Agricultural College where I could have learned something except my schooling took a recess when I heard Marriner S. Eccles, the local millionaire, had a job for me. Wasn't I smart? Wasn't I dumb? I started at \$60 a month. He offered me \$75 when he heard I had a civil service appointment in Washington and raised it to \$100 when he heard I was going. But adventure was in my system! On my way to Washington I stayed overnight in Ogden, the biggest city I had ever been in, at the biggest hotel I had ever seen. A year later to the day, September 22, 1918, when I returned after working in the Treasury Department, I could not even find that hotel--I found one by the same name but it was only a little, tiny building (like it was before) and I could hardly find it.

I returned in order to join the army as we were in the First World War. Was assigned first to a training camp at Utah A. C. in Logan where Capt. Moyle (now Apostle) was stationed. I was trying to juggle a squad through some kind of movement, got confused right in front of him and said, "Shucks, how d'ya do that thing?"He was fair but firm.

A few days later, when all men were on parade ground, the command was, "All who wish to go to Infantry Officers Training Camp step one pace forward." I didn't, but later when I heard more about it I sneaked up a step quick-like. That afternoon we were on our way to Waco, Texas, where instead of becoming 60-day

wonders, they let us, out in about 50 days because the war was over. I was in Company K, 2nd Battalion, at Camp McArthur. 20 years later I met a man in Washington, D.C., whom I didn't get to know in the army in that short term, who when Camp McArthur was mentioned related how he had been in the very same company and we did business together for several years. (Grigeby).

My college days ended after a year at George Washington University during which I studied architecture. The next year I was accepted for enrollment at Columbia but I cancelled without going up there, having decided to get married. Sure, I could get married and go to school too, back at George Washington. Ten years later I took a year of elementary chemistry in night school at Central High. And besides, a lot of people make good without college degrees.

From about the time I started grade school my part of the family work included taking care of the chickens, weeding and watering the gardens, and driving the cows to and from the pasture daily from spring until fall. Very shortly thereafter it included milking the cows, usually two. of course I had to get my two hours daily practice on the violin worked in there somewhere. Looking back I often belatedly pity the family who had to listen during one of those hours which generally was usually from six to seven on the winter mornings. They were ordinarily all home at that season, except Roy who had left the fold some years before and never came back.

There were many miscellaneous jobs to keep me busy, such as delivering a quart of milk to each of several neighbors, one being the Jardine family whose son later became U.S. Secretary of Agriculture. I am reminded here that one afternoon I did baby-sitting (long before the expression was coined, I suppose) tending to Flora Amusson who is now the wife of the present Secretary of Agriculture, (Apostle) Ezra T. Benson. For milk, Mother charged 5¢ a quart or 15¢ a gallon when she could have charged 5¢ straight. I delivered wagonloads of asters to the local undertaker whenever he needed them for which she was offered \$1 a hundred but thought that was too much and only accepted 90¢. I pulled many a little wagonload of red and black raspberries and tomatoes to the store a mile away, on all of which Mother paid a full tithing. I was glad when Mr. Skanky finally put up a grocery store across the street, which ended the frequent runs to the old one three and a half long blocks away for minor items that I thought they didn't need anyway.

Dad and my brothers would spend mostly all of the farming season at Blue Creek where he had an 800-acre dry farm brought from railroad lands at \$2.50 an acre, so I was left in Logan to take care of the jobs at home. The farm was divided with each brother getting a share except me--I was to get an education. I remember one year they sold the wheat at the inflationary price of 73¢ a bushel. But poor old Daddy had so many children to support and Mr. Felm Flemming had to have his regular interest on the mortgage which eventually got up to \$3000 or maybe more, at 10%, there was not much left when Daddy died. In later years Francis has made real good money on the same farm, with wheat prices so high.

Up on the 'bench' east of Logan cemetery Daddy rented some land and grew a kind of sugar cane and some hay. I remember how scared I used to be riding down that dugway (where Marriner and I saw LeRoy Bohrer on our trip) when I was probably six years old and perched away up on top of a hayrack load of hay. But Daddy was a good driver and the horses strong. It was lots of fun except going down the dugway.

Then he bought twenty acres, which we called the 'Field', about one and a quarter miles northwest from our house. That is where I drove the cows to the pasture. We also raised the winter's hay but hauled most of it to the barn, always taking the tenth load to the tithing yard. Fine alfalfa was worth \$5.50 a ton, which is somewhat less than the \$52 a ton I had to pay two years ago in Remington, VA. The hay was cut with a horse mower, raked into windrows with a dump rake, piled by hand and loaded with a pitchfork, much different than the raking, baling and often automatic loading of today. And of course it had to be unloaded by hand. Many a gallon of common, ordinary sweat went into the horse and cow feed of those days.

Later we raised sugar beets. They were thinned by hand with a sawed-off hoe, using the left hand to pick out the doubles--a backbreaking job if there ever was one. But you soon get used to that, and go out working for extra money. The standard contract price was 10¢ a row a block long, which is 1/8 mile, or \$6 an acre.

Eventually Daddy gave me a plot for my own sugar beets but I don't remember what I made. I was becoming a man by then, and needed independence! I was 13 or 14 years old.

That same season I contracted with another "big beet grower", father of three girls and no boys, to thin his field of about 10 acres. I hired six or eight boys at 5¢ a row and I was boss with no work to do other than inspect their work. One day I cleared a little over \$10 and was I proud. So were the parents. One of those boys was Sam Cowley who later, with the F.B.I., accounted for Baby Face Nelson the No.1 criminal, and was himself also killed.

My final farm work at Blue Creek was for the whole month of August at a wage of \$30 a month and keep. I was so glad when that month was over that I refused to wait until the 3rd for a ride home but set out on foot September 1, 1913, and walked the entire 54 miles to Logan. It took sixteen hours plus two days to limber up. I refused a ride when half way home because by then I thought I might as well keep going and have something to remember. I sat down once in the afternoon and could hardly get up again so was afraid to try it after that. It was dark and I was hungry when I finally pushed in the back door at home in again.

I shall never forget the feeling of relief when finally I 'graduated' out of the cow-milking stage. It was sudden, therefore more pronounced. It had been twice a day, seven days a week, for all my blood and adolescent years, games, picnics, or school. notwithstanding. And sometimes I must have smelled like a cow at the high school dances. Now, by mutual agreement with Daddy, it was over! I was sure I'd never milk another cow as long as I lived.

So three decades later my partner and I bought a farm in Virginia with 26 cows. What a wonderful odor now surrounded those cud-chewing creatures, permeated the inside of empty milk cans and rose invisibly but in nostalgic serenity from the yard of well rotted manure.

Farm work is different now: Tenant farmer to do the milking and heavy work, milking machines, sterilization with steam made by an oil burner, electric lights in the barns, tractor for power, modern methods. Many times I thought of the old days and how my Dad had to labor and toil to do what was now so easy. I believe I appreciate this and other things, like an automobile, much more intensely than the next generation can even understand because I've known what it was like when the advancements of the present day were unavailable.

We kept the farm two years. Paid \$37,000 and sold for \$45,000 less commission but just came out even because I had bought additional machinery and the changes in the herd had made it more valuable. Now I really miss the country life but two or three days a week away from the office was a little too much.

In 1917, I was appointed under civil service to the Customs Bureau, Treasury Department in Washington, D.C., transferred to the Supervising Architect's Office, left to join the army and upon returning I went to the Bookkeeping and Warrants Division where I made almost half as much salary as I paid in income tax last year. While employed there I married Fessie Emilie Krumm of Topeka, Kansas, with \$150 cash assets. We rode to Baltimore on the interurban, which is a cross between a street car and a railroad car used extensively those days but seldom seen now, and were married by a Mormon missionary at his room on North Avenue. The wedding announcements had said June 10, 1921, but we were married on the 9th.

We moved to apartment 43 at the Plymouth on 11th Street which I had rented after buying the furniture but we didn't like our dark living room so we sold the furniture for \$50 profit and after a short period in a rooming house next door and another one at 1307-3rd St. N.W. (now a colored section) we obtained an apartment (508) at the Monmouth Hotel on G Street and bought a lot of furniture from The Hub on monthly payments. But we couldn't quite stand the expenses so we rented it furnished to four girls for six months at \$110 a month (we paid \$55 vacant) and moved to another room on 17th Street near the Absecon Apartment where we then took our furniture and where we were living when Marriner was born, February 13, 1924. (This also is now a colored section.)

Later we bought a little frame house at 3737 37th St., Mt. Rainier, Md., and in 1926 bought and moved to 4235 Jenifer St., N.W., where Marriner grew up.

While at the Treasury Department I worked in the evenings at a duplicating shop, and later quit to become part owner in one like it. Being homesick, it was not long before I sold my interest and went back to Utah where I later got a job with a construction outfit in the wilds of Nevada. It took several days to learn my job in the Ogden office, and when the day came to buy sleeping and other personal supplies for the all-summer stay so far from civilization, I got awful lonesome for Washington, so returned there and went back to the Treasury. But I didn't like the regularity of paydays in government service, always the same amount known in advance, so I quit. It was shortly after we were married that I bought the Capital letter Service for, as I recall, \$300 down and 14 months to pay the balance.

Almost immediately I was fortunate to be low bidder on a job of listing all licensed oleomargarine retail dealers in the United States. I bid 93¢ a page for 25 copies against the next bid of 96¢. It amounted to many thousands of pages each year for five or six years and the price eventually went to over a dollar, but could have been done profitably at 75¢. We therefore lived comfortably, for kids, until the Depression of 1929 wiped out my \$3700 stock market account just before the next ten years of lean pickings. My \$95 a month for house trusts took a big portion of the \$1800 I made during the year. Roosevelt closed the banks right after inauguration, so I didn't eat expensive desserts.

In 1928 the Capital letter Service was located in an old building near 14th and K Streets where the Ambassador Hotel now stands. I had a lease with several months to go when they decided to build the hotel, and wanted me to move. They paid the printer in the basement \$1500 but only offered me \$200. I asked for \$1000 but they refused and said my lease was no good, so I got a lawyer and settled for \$7500.

At the end of the next ten years I combined with a small printing establishment and we settled at 1221 New York Avenue where some time later my partner bought me out and I looked around. I bought the snack shop in the bowling alleys at Colonial Village in October 1942, and by the next July the loss of bowling business due to gas rationing and shortage of pin boys disgusted the owner, so I offered to buy the establishment. Feeling certain I would soon go broke (as was admitted privately to at least two persons who told me), the owner agreed to sell for \$5000 down and \$200 a month with a ridiculous rent of \$500 for the two floors required, per month, until the end of the war, then \$666.67 a month, with a five year lease and a fifteen year renewal option. But I had only about \$1000 in cash. So I borrowed \$2000 from a bank with the Jenifer Street house equity as security, over Fessie's strenuous objections, and sold some of my printing business notes at a discount. Still not enough, I had to take a partner with \$1200 for 20% interest in the new venture. He managed the bowling alleys.

By October we were in the black, but the following January my partner was drafted and from then until the end of the bowling season the few hours sleep I got was all the spare time I could look forward to. It later developed my partner had spent personally considerable league prize money entrusted to our keeping, which

I had to make good, and which gave cause to force him out but which required paying cash for his equity right while I was very hard pressed, with bad summer business at hand. So July 1st I took my long time friend, Walter Waddington as a partner and with his \$5000 investment we have since done well enough.

When the troops came home from Europe and Japan the owner said we had to begin paying the advanced rental. We didn't like his approach so went to court and the judge said, 'If you are asking me to rule that the war is over, I must find for the defendants.' A year or so after winning the case, we voluntarily paid the increased rental, although the war was not declared officially over until a number of years later.

The second time we were in court was when a man sued us for \$1000 damages because he ran in to our plate glass front doors, not seeing they were there, and broke his nose. He lost, but we put a horizontal stripe across the doors to prevent a recurrence.

Things come in three's, they say, including court cases. The new owner of the building got the idea we had to make all the repairs on our two floors both inside and outside, and upon our refusal entered suit against us to regain possession for breach of contract. With over ten years of the lease to go and the possibility that we could lose, we compromised the day previous to the trial and agreed to keep our part of the building in repair and they reduced the rent to take care of part of the anticipated costs. I hope there will be no more legal disagreements.

Another business venture, which has not yet proved itself, is the manufacture of laminated bowling pins. About five years ago three of us formed the Mapledge Corporation to build pins under a pending patent, later issued. We invested \$8000 each but by the time we had sponsored the necessary sanction by the duckpin group and the American Bowling Congress, and had learned to overcome technical difficulties, our money was almost gone. We then went to the maple forests of northern Maine, raised another hundred thousand by sale of stock in a substituted corporation, borrowed seventy-five thousand from the R.F.C., built a factory and began operations late in 1951. Countless unforeseen difficulties have arisen ever since and at this moment my stock could drop to zero or go up eventually to several times its original cost although this is not very likely.

Having thus come to the conclusion that due to causes beyond my control I can never expect to be very rich in worldly wealth like I used to dream, there are only three things that seem to offer happiness: Retrospection of the happy and interesting events of the past, peace and pleasant associations with people now, and a hopeful spiritual outlook.

Of the second point, I write only to complete a record and without malice. I have many friends and no known enemies. I have always attempted to stay clear of unnecessary debt. I am married to a good woman, pleasant to look at particularly item her eyes sparkle, with high ideals and an unsurpassed faith in the Hereafter as taught by the Church, as also have I. The only sad feature of our marriage is that our personalities too often clash. For many years I was dissatisfied and talked of divorce, on two occasions leaving home for a year or so. But we are both fundamentally good and want our marriage to last, although we often still forget the important things of life, and quarrel. I believe that we can yet learn common sense and thus master a great problem, resulting in greater strength than had we had no such problem. We have a wonderful son, which should increase our reason to hope for an eternal family association.

But the discord has had its effect. Our son, now 29, has unfortunately seen so much of it that he would enter the marriage state only with trepidation. My only suggestion to him in this matter is that he has probably seen the worst, and I wish for him a more peaceful union.

My home uncertainty has in several cases caused me to pass up valuable opportunities in a business way because I always hesitated to become involved where I could not immediately pull out. What little cash I could save was always liquid, and it was not until I decided to engage in my present business that I gave up those lurking ideas of disappearing entirely and starting again under a new name. My saddest recollection since was when Fessie knowingly took a trip over our 25th wedding anniversary for which I had long made big plans. So I went to New York with a defeatist attitude, but I wired her 25 American Beauty roses. However, I had to ask her later to learn if she received them. On the other hand, we have enjoyed many periods of happiness and hope for a brighter future.

Retrospection, the first point, affords me many pleasant moments and hours. Aside from remembering much of what has here been written, there are of course, numerous incidents that often come to mind. I remember many things my Daddy told me, his loving advice and guidance, his tireless efforts to raise his family to be honest, good and not afraid to work. How well I see again the times we traveled by wagon from Logan to Blue Creek, on my summer get-aways, sleeping together under the wagon on the two-day trips, and eating mighty good bacon and eggs cocked over a camp fire the next morning.

One time I went with him with a load of derrick poles and we camped at the Bear River Bridge. Next morning the horses balked and we had to borrow a team from a neighboring farm. As soon as we got the load to the top of the hill, our team was as willing as ever. That night we reached Blue Creek one-room farmhouse and I felt so much like a stranger (a couple of harvest hands were there with Alvin) that they had to tell me before I would sit down. That was in July 1907 and I was nine years old. The next morning (my birthday) Daddy set out to round up the horses and as I followed him on foot I screamed to him that a badger was after me. I just made the house in time, and when he reached the door the badger turned out to be the farm dog that I hadn't recognized when he jumped out of the sagebrush. The closest house was one mile south.

When I was about 15 years old Daddy bought me an Indian pony which I named Dolly. She was tame enough but nervous and was always thin. She could outrun anything, including the automobiles of the time, I do believe. Thereafter I rode Dolly when driving the cows to the pasture. I obtained an old saddle but usually rode bareback. Several other bays had ponies and we had many canyon trips, played Back-Out by the cliffs and through the river, and ran many races. One morning Daddy sent me with a calf to summer pastures some ten miles distant. I had the calf on a long rope and I tied the lead end around the saddle horn. While walking Dolly lazily beside a barbed wire fence, she accidentally scratched a barb, jumped excitedly and the tightening rope pulled her into the fence. She got all cut up and so did I, with scars still remaining, but we limped home and both pulled through. A few months later I was riding bareback alone in the foothills beside another barbed wire fence, and nervous Dolly squeezing through the brush jumped in the fence again. This time the broken top wire got under her front leg and every jump meant several more cutting barbs. Poor little Dolly bled to death on the spot and I had to walk home carrying the bloody shirt with which I had tried to save her life. I cried.

Daddy died in an automobile accident in 1926, a high priest, a worthy father of ten children, a poor man but out of debt, and his birthday November 10th is always a special day to me.

If all the wives and mothers could be like my Mother was, what a happy world this would be. She too worked hard all her life, bore eight children and raised ten. I don't remember even one single time when she so much as spoke cross to Daddy nor when either of them used profanity. She struggled through years, too many years, before finally enjoying the comfort of a modern home that had been dreamed of and planned as far back as I can remember--'When we get our new house.'

Mother taught in the Primary and sometimes was in the presidency. She did quite a bit of genealogical work

and went to the Temple whenever she could. She taught my sisters to be industrious and capable homemakers and if they are not now they have forgotten. In those days, besides meals and housecleaning, there were such obsolete tasks as churning butter, bread making, washing and ironing everything (whoever heard of a laundry in our town), making practically all their clothes except winter coats, and mending things we would now discard. In spare time they all crocheted and did Battenberg work and knitted tablecloths and bedspreads. Then on the side, Mother raised asters by the thousands, saving the outstanding blooms for next year's seeds, and raised berries and tomatoes to sell to the store, which we all helped to pick usually in the morning before milking time. She also inspired Hazel and me to win first prize with our children's garden the only year I recall a contest.

Or lasting benefit was her reply once when I thought I was a comparative weakling and apt to be sickly all my life, this presumably because I wanted some extra attention and sympathy. She said, "Oh fiddlesticks, you're as healthy as any boy in the world." My attitude changed at once; I quit babying myself and never have since. It has saved me many a worry about little disorders that a doctor can't cure quicker than Nature itself anyway, yet has never caused me to discount the doctor's importance in doubtful cases and for occasional check-ups.

Mother died in 1926, from the complications of overwork, childbearing and lack of modern treatment, while visiting Ed at his homestead in southern Utah. She is buried side by side with Daddy in the plot where Alvira has now also been laid to rest, and in the plot or at least the cemetery where I hope my mortal remains will some day find that long-sought peace and quite so elusive here.

Now who is next in my fond memories in point of time? My baby boy? There are so many things to remember--how I used to straddle over him lying on the floor, grasp his feet and swing him to a standing position above my head even before he could walk; that gorgeous little fur-trimmed pink coat that Fessie made for him; his constipation; his painful ear trouble when in the hospital he repeatedly pleaded, "Please call the doctor up and tell him not to come." Instead of piggy-back we called it 'Goodie guh' and 'Dody dody' from infancy until he got too big to carry. He liked 'nasturnums' and my stories about the fantastic experiences of 'Mr. Kalteroffsneck'.

The nicest words I ever heard came about this way: While Fessie was at her club one night when Marriner was about three years old, I took him to a movie during the latter part of which he went to sleep on my lap. In leaving I carried him into the drug store, stood him on a stool with his head resting drowsily on my shoulder and his arms around my neck. As I was drinking a soda I said to him, 'I love my baby boy.' He didn't say anything or move. Minutes later, after I had carried him outside and started toward the car, he gave me a little squeeze and said, 'I love my daddy, too.'

The third point, which is my hopeful spiritual outlook, is the result of all the years of my life, beginning with the teachings of religious parents and continuing through the Primary and Religion Class, the Sunday School and Mutual and the various quorums of the Priesthood. Never have I disbelieved the restoration at the gospel or its teachings. Never have I doubted although when the weakest I may have wondered, but in recent years my faith has increased to a point of positive testimony.

Being away from my home ward during the age when boys are usually called on missions, I was never called and therefore missed a great experience and development as well as the opportunity to spread the gospel message. However, I did serve two years recently as a Stake missionary, calling on local investigators, which was thoroughly enjoyed and I hope did some good. So after acting as secretary at the deacons quorum and I think also in the presidency of the teachers or priests quorum in Logan, I came to Washington where there was almost no Church organization. We first attended a little country Sunday school supervised by a couple of missionaries at Capitol Heights, which later dwindled away. Senator Reed Smoot held meetings each

second Sunday evening, as I recall, in his home at Calvert and Connecticut Avenue. Later as the number grew we met in a hall in the 1700 block of Eye Street where I was for a short time assistant superintendent of the Sunday school, then in the Washington Auditorium until Washington Chapel at 16th and Columbia Road was built. Later, when the group had grown to two or three thousand, a Stake with wards was organized, ours being first Chevy Chase and now we are living in the Arlington Ward.

It is doubtful if there are more than two or three people in Washington, D.C., today who were here when I first moved in back there in September 1917. The only one I know of is Mrs. Wilford Johannessen. "Our" group for some years after we were married included Matthew Cowley (now Apostle) and Elva, Murray and Emily Stewart (daughter of President George Albert Smith), Art and Mildred McGregor, Parley and Margaret? Eccles, Tom and Theo Rees, sometimes Ed and Laura Broussard, and many others later.

It was several years before I was ordained an Elder and there was no quorum here, which, together with certain discords, resulted in very little activity in the Church on my part for quite a number of years. During this time I joined the Masonic order, served in each place and station without skipping, and became Master of Stansbury Lodge #24 for 1938. While the Church discourages membership in secret orders because there is plenty for our membership to do in our own organizations and for other reasons, nevertheless the Masonic order teaches some beautiful lessons and does an uplifting work for those not otherwise taught. One such thought so nicely worded in the Masonic funeral service (public) which often comes to mind is: 'It is passing strange, notwithstanding the daily mementoes of mortality that cross our path, notwithstanding the funeral bell so often tolls in our ears and the mournful processions go about our streets, that we would not more seriously consider our approaching fate. We go on from design to design, add hope to hope and lay out plans for the employment of many years, until we are suddenly alarmed at the approach of the messenger of Death at a moment when we least expect him.

I am one of the few who have witnessed both ceremonies, and I do not believe that the Temple ritual was in any way copied from the Masonic. My private conjecture suggests that IF lessons were taught in Solomon's Temple by ceremonies similar to those conducted in our present Temples, then when Solomon's Temple was destroyed and the ritual no longer possible that good men attempted to preserve all they could and handed it down from generation to generation so faithfully that it has retained so much of the original it still is in a measure similar to the restored Temple ceremony.

I made many good friends and acquaintances in the Masonic order and learned to further appreciate and practice brotherly love, but I can say it is dwarfed when compared with the magnitude of the glorious lessons and inner thrills received in the Temple. I wish more men could receive first the one and then the other in the order I did, and thus more adequately appreciate them both.

During our stay in Utah, Fessie and I were sealed in the Logan Temple on Luella's birthday April 4, 1950, and Marriner was sealed to us. We had a wonderful reunion with the full Norr family except Francis' wife Irene, then drove to California and home via Texas and New Orleans.

It was in 1948 that the ward bishop and the stake president visited me and presented a challenge by asking me to become president of the Elders quorum. I took the assignment and set about to re-order my conduct. It was an enjoyable but rather strenuous two years because of the difficulty in getting the men to stay after Sunday School against their wives convenience. The present arrangement is ever so much more successful--meeting at 9 A.M. for an hour, with thirty minutes leeway to pick up the families before Sunday School when unable to obtain group transportation.

During those two years I also arranged all the verses of the Book of Mormon by subjects, pasting them on sheets, which were later, bound in book form. I learned much about it and came to love the Book of

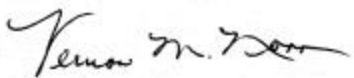
Mormon more than I had ever anticipated. It was then for the first time that I could conscientiously say, 'I know the gospel is true'. This testimony, based on belief so undoubted and faith so acceptably sure as to amount to knowledge, resulted from both reason and emotion. I held the Book of Mormon in my hand--somebody had written it. It was either written by the Nephites as declared therein or by someone like Joseph Smith. Study and contemplation convinced me beyond question that it was a true history written centuries ago as it declares. Therefore it must have been translated from old, adequately preserved writings. Where is the original? Had Joseph Smith accidentally discovered the plates in the hill, he would have attempted to sell them to the government, to a museum or collector, or simply for their metal value. The find would have been widely publicized especially if partial success were achieved in translating which was entirely possible; therefore their present location would be known.

This satisfies me that the Prophet did not accidentally find the plates. It necessarily follows that he was divinely directed to them, because we have the Book of Mormon as tangible evidence. Inasmuch as an angel CAN appear now as in ancient days if Cod so wills, then to divinely direct Joseph Smith and an angel necessarily had to either speak or appear and therefore actually did so. Therefore, convinced the heavens were again opened to a prophet, I am happily willing to believe what that prophet says and accept his testimony. This faith is further increased as I learn and observe that every point taught by Joseph Smith is harmonious, adds up to a Plan of Salvation unannounced before his time though searched for by all great Protestants since Luther, which Plan coincides with the Bible throughout including all of the teachings of Jesus and the understandable prophecies, and brings to light the meaning of many otherwise unexplainable passages. Many by himself could not propound such complex doctrine which withstands unmolested the attacks of clever and vicious critics over the years. There is only one explanation: It had to be revealed directly from heaven.

Following release as a Stake missionary I was made second councilor in the Arlington Ward Sunday School. My present study efforts are devoted to demonstrating that all scripture, regardless of when written, is harmonious with all other scripture when correctly translated. If the Plan of Salvation was instituted before the world was made, then certainly it has not been changed since, so all scripture must be based on the same identical Plan.

Therefore the Plan taught by the restored church if true, can be proved also by the Bible so far as the Bible refers to any unit of the Plan and if there is no error in translation involved. The study is proving enlightening to a very satisfying degree. It has required a complete re-reading of the Bible.

So now you have the story of "my life as I remember it to date." I can only add that of course I have left out those parts of my story detrimental to myself. Quoting from a current magazine: "Anybody who doesn't think what is past can be changed has never written an autobiography."



(It appeared certain till the end that this writing would end on page 13. It was completed, however, on Friday the 13th.)