

Farron Cutler history as written while he and mom were travelling the world. He kept a journal of the trips that he took and periodically would revert to giving a personal history. I am transcribing the personal history portion of that journal.

## From trip to Orient beginning Sunday September 21, 1980

This is the beginning of a trip to the South Pacific islands and the Orient. More about the trip as we go along.

The family has been after me to write my history and I thought this would be an ideal time to get some things down that I may have omitted in other short histories I have previously written. Many years ago, I wrote or started an autobiography and have added to it from time to time. Just a few months ago at the urging of the group leadership of the high priests quorum of the East Millcreek 8<sup>th</sup> Ward, Mount Olympus Stake, I wrote a short history also.

This account may be somewhat a repetition of both these histories as I do not have them with me for reference.

Probably the best way to approach this history of myself is to give some of my feelings about my life rather than dates and places which are in the other accounts.

I am not sure I can even get these in chronological order.

### Childhood

The first 13 years of my life were both happy & sad. At 13 both of my parents died. My father in September and my mother in November. I guess this is the reason so many things are still quite vivid in my memory. I had one sister who was four years my junior and in talking to her she says she remembers very little of these years. She was only eight at the time of our parent death. Estelle is her name. It is not Estelle Cutler Eldredge.

... (he diverts to talk about his trip)

Back to my story. We had a large home. I had a room all my own and in the summer, we slept out on a large screened in area on the back of the house and on the second story. This was a fun time as sleeping here was a pleasant experience.

Our home was probably one of the first to be heated by a furnace. As I got older it was my job to keep it filled with coal. We ordered and used large lumps which lasted longer than small pieces. Many nights and it always seemed to be it occurred on the coldest of winter nights, the coal would burn out and the furnace would have to be relit in the morning. Dad must have many nights gone down and refilled the burner. We never had one but later a feeder was invented which fed from a feeder box slack coal (very small coal, almost like dust) into the furnace box.

Another thing I remember was the arrangement dad built for the ice man to fill the ice box. In those days we did not have electric or gas refrigerators. The men would come around to the homes with the ice and chip off for each home the amount the people needed to fill their box. The ice was put in the top and the food was kept in the lower part of the container. The men would come right in the kitchen or on

the porch and fill the box. My dad put the ice box or refrigerator next to the kitchen wall and made a hole in the wall and in the back of the refrigerator he then had a wooden platform made with wooden steps up to it and the men could then fill the box from outside, not having to come in the house.

### Current Personal Information

... (he states this) Incidentally I am now 69 years old, weigh 150 lbs. and am 5 foot 7 inches tall.

### Parent relationship

Back to my story. My dad had a car and loved to take us for a ride each Sunday. I don't ever remember him taking me to church or going with me. The roads were not very good and on one ride we hit a bump so suddenly, even though we never went very fast, that my mother who was riding in the back seat flew up and hit her head so hard on the car roof it almost knocked her out.

It is strange the impression young people get and remember. My Aunt Zola whom we went to live with after our parent died, told me my father was very sever with me and punished me a great deal. I don't remember this, except in one instance when he made me sit on the stairs leading to my room and watching him, mom, and Estelle (my sister) eat their supper. Then I was sent on to bed without my supper.

I thought he was good to me for he bought me a bicycle before many of my friends had one. I guess he was conservative because even though it was a new bike, it was much too big for me, and I had quite a time in learning to ride it. He also bought me a catcher's mitt and it too was too large. He did spend some time playing catch with me, which I really enjoyed.

We always had a good Christmas and each year this was a wonderful time for the whole family.

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### Father's Business

My dad was in the clothing business with his father and brothers. I don't remember too much about it except the retail story was at 36 South Main in Salt Lake City Utah. Th wholesale outlet was in the building to the rear. I am not sure just what they sold, but the retail store sold men's clothing.

About five years before his death, he decided to go out on his own and started an automobile dealership. Due to his deteriorating health mainly, he was not able to cope with all the problems and lost a lot of money and gave it up.

### Father's Illness

He suffered severely with cancer of the stomach for over a year and died when I was 13 in September 1924.

### Mother Relationship

I don't know why I can't remember my mother very well. I know most of the time she did not feel well. She had a bad heart and had to be very careful in her activities. We had one of the few telephones, but I do remember some of her sisters also had one and mother spent a good deal of time talking to them and my sister Estelle & I used to sit in the dining room where the phone was and listen to her.

The summer prior to my father's death, the whole family and my mother's sister Aunt June – (Julia Bagley Hills) went by train to Long Beach for a month. Because of my folks poor health, I had to spend my days finding something to do alone. I did not have a very good time and being to young did not get anything but bored. If I had been older, I am sure I would have spent more time with my mother and father getting to know them better.

### Changes in his lifetime

Just got through talking to a young man who with his new bride are on a six month's tour. We talked about my writing. He suggested something I should insert in my history.

Radio, automobiles (T.V.) Television and airplanes ... all these things have come about during my lifetime of 69 years. Automobiles were around just a few years before I was born but were just beginning to come into their own as I remembered them. As I mentioned previously, the roads were awful. I remember reading in one of my father's brief accounts that they could no longer get out to the farm in Cottonwood as the roads were too muddy. We then lived at 264 South 10<sup>th</sup> East and the farm was on Highland Drive and about 50<sup>th</sup> South. Now we have many good roads out there and the Cottonwood area is also the center of population of the Salt Lake Valley.

I remember the first radio broadcast I heard. Our neighbor across the street had what we called a crystal set. A crystal or stone was used in some way I don't understand and a wire was touched to the stone and if in the right spot the broadcast could be heard but only faintly and on ear phones only.

My folks never had a T.V. radio or even rode in an airplane. Railroad were doing well and used to fly over the tracks at about 60 miles per hour. Much faster than any car could go. We did have indoor plumbing, central heat, as I have mentioned, though not very good and we had fireplaces in the tining room, dad's den, the front or living room and their bedroom upstairs.

Airplanes as I first remember them were one propeller, single seat and were used mostly for barnstorming and mail carrying. I remember one of the mail planes crashed in the mountains near us and we still have a letter which dad saved, delivered later to him from that crash.

Television came in when we had our first two boys and we got s set when we moved into the old family home which we had bough from Aunt Zola. (More about that as I get to that part of my story.)

So, I have seen many changes in my lifetime. Someone has said it could have something to do with the light of the gospel or the light of Christ being restored to Joseph Smith in the 1800's. If it is not true, it is certainly a strange coincidence, that so much has happened in so short a time. As a boy when I got interested in religion, I used to wonder how Christ could be seen and hear by all peoples when he comes to earth again. I shouldn't have any reason to doubt how it can be done now with even man's radio and T.V. How much easier it will be for God and Christ with their all-knowing wisdom and power.

### Father's Funeral

Getting back to my story – after we returned from California, Estelle and \* went back to school but my father got worse and Uncle Afred (my father's brother) came and got us out of school and told us our father had passed away. I remember the funeral in our home, for my father did not want anything to do with the Church and they respected his wishes by having the service in our home, which was a large one and could accommodate the people.

## Church Experience

(One other account which I think is quite important in my life: I was going to school and associating with a lot of Mormon boys. There were hardly any other kind in my neighborhood. I went to Sunday School, religion classes and primary and had fun with the other children. All of my friends were being made deacons and were passing the sacrament, but I was being passed by. I couldn't understand why so went in and asked the Bishop. He said I had not been baptized and would need to be before I could be ordained and made a deacon. I said I was willing, but he said I had to get my parents' consent. He suggested I talk to my mother first as he knew my father was quite set against the Church. So I did and he suggested. Later from others in the family heard this was one of the worst quarrels my parents ever had. My mother finally prevailed, and I was baptized and made a deacon.)

## Mother's Funeral

I don't know why but I can't remember much between my father's death and that of my mother who died in the same year in November. I guess I was just too upset over his death. I can't even remember where the funeral was held. I really feel awfully bad about this.

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## Transition to Cottonwood

Upon the death of our parents, there was quite a rift between my mother's family, the Bagleys, and my dad's the Cutlers. (I was told later.) My aunt Elizabeth, dad's sister, had four boys and offered to take me but not Estelle. Most of them agreed that we should not be separated and finally my mother's youngest sister Zola and her husband Courtenay Haris, who did not have any children agreed to take us. My Uncle Frank, my mother's brother, had been asked to be our guardian by my folks in their wills. So it turned out to be a strange arrangement living in one household with my guardian in another.

I was a very shy and withdrawn boy, and this experience did not help. We were enrolled in the Holladay school on 48<sup>th</sup> South near Holladay. Stell seemed to adjust o.k., but the kids started to call me "the orphan kid" and make fun of me and I just couldn't take it. I made so much fuss that Aunt Zola talked to her brother Rene & sister-in-law Amanda and as I had a cousin Ted going to the Oakwood school, they had me transferred to that school & Stell also as she did not then want to go to Holladay School alone. This worked out fine and I finished the seventh and eight grade there. It was such a small school that each teacher taught two grades. One grade given an assignment or study period while the teacher taught the other grade. The school was located on Highland Drive about 5800 South, right next to the Cottonwood Ward house. The street between was called Fardown Avenue and it was far down in those days.

## Cottonwood Home

We lived in a large two-story brick home built by my grandfather Bagley & inherited by Aunt Zola. I was also on Highland Drive just south of 48<sup>th</sup> South. Later about 1930, the county bought some of the Brinton property and ran the road straight through from 48<sup>th</sup> South to where the road turned to run south. Old man Cahoon who lived on the corner wanted and almost succeeded in having the old road name Cahoon Circle. The rest of us objected and the name of Highland Circle was agreed to by all of us.

## Exposure to Religion

I mentioned Stell & I were not subjected to much religion in our home and even with Aunt Zola and Uncle Court we got no religious training. Also, to show how backward I was, I had eaten several times at Aunt Amanda's (?) and they always returned thanks at their meals. One time when I was there she said the next time I came I could say the blessing. I have never been back since. Even in front of relatives I couldn't do such a thing. My timidity also kept me from becoming an Eagle scout. When I arrived in the country all of my friends had by then learned to swim and I had never been with my family swimming and was terribly afraid of the water. As a result, I would always find some excuse to not go swimming. To be an Eagle one had to swim and pass a life saving merit badge which I could not do. Even to this day I don't like swimming. However, as my boys came along, I took them swimming and encouraged them to not be like their dad in this way. So they all three have their Eagle award.

## Schools

Anyway, I finished out the seventh and eighth grades at Oakwood and then went back to the Bryant Junior High in Salt Lake for my ninth-grade year. While there I actively participated in sports and in the spring for the city-wide track meet for junior high students I won second place in the 50 yard dash and second in a relay team. I went there at the encouragement of some of my city friends. I then went on to East High School but had to go to an extra semester as my credits from Oakwood were not all accepted and some eighth-grade subjects were not given so I could not complete them.

As I look back on those years, I realize I made a mistake. All of the fellows and girls I associated within the Church which also became my social (peer) group were going to Granite High School., So I had one group at school, rather small, and the other a much more fun group at church functions. I didn't accomplish much during these school years academically or sports wise. I did take R.O.T.C. which helped when I got to the University of Utah and enrolled in further R.O.T.C classes.

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## Personal Accomplishments

I have been doing a lot of reading since we got here and have just finished a biography of Florence Nightingale. What a drive this woman had. As someone has said anyone can do anything if they want to bad enough. I guess the opposite has been my problem. I have not wanted to succeed in business, politics, or other aspects of my life to the extent that I would put forth that extra effort needed. I have many times excused myself on the premise of my being too much of an introvert. It was a good excuse but now that I look back over 69+ years, I am not so sure it is enough of an excuse. However, the fact that we are here on this trip which is costing over \$6000.00 indicates at least to me that financially I am not a complete failure. One place so far, I do not think we (Leola and I) have failed and that is with our family. Based on standards which we have accepted (&taught our boys) by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, all three are fine men and are brining up their families in the way of the Lord (as we see it.) No success can compensate for failure in the home – a quote from Pres. David O McKay – I hope will partly apply to us for as yet we have not failed in our home. Now that the boys have their own homes, I do not feel relieved of our responsibility for continued teaching and our prayers in their behalf.

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## University

Back to my history. After my high school days, I attended two years at the U of U. Was pledged and initiated into the Sigma Pi Fraternity. As I look back on that year, it is good I had a change in plans in my life for all the fraternity (social ones like this) life seemed to consist of was goofing off; card playing, drinking, smoking and parties. Sorry to say I tried a little of each.

During the summer between my sophomore and junior year, many of my friends had been called on missions and yet no one had approached me. So, I went to the Bishop. I thought it might be that they thought I was not worthy. I had not done as much as some of the fellows who had gone, so I personally did not really think this was the reason. It wasn't for Bishop Marc Austin told me he did not think my family would want me to go. My Uncle Frank smoked a pipe and had nothing to do with the Church and neither did Aunt Zola or Uncle Court. Anyway, I told the Bishop I would inquire. Uncle Frank said at the present there would be enough from the estate to keep me if I wanted to go. In due time a call came and it was for the British Isles. I was a little unhappy as I had wanted to go to a county where I could learn another language. He explained to me that since most of my ancestors were British, this was the place I should go. So away I went. For reference as to the first part of my mission, I still have my diaries. Later on I kept a typewritten account which was stolen on my way home. I came with one of my missionary companions and his folks. They met us in New York.

## Mission

My mission was not too successful as far as converts were concerned. Not many of the missionaries in those days (1932-1935) were converting the people. We were lucky to keep the members we had as the places we met in were all rented halls. Some even above "pubs."

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I spent the first year of my mission in London, several months in Wales and the last part in Derby & Nottingham where I was the district president.

## Post-Mission

After my mission I attended the University of Nottingham before coming home.

I guess I should go back again to tell of some of my other experiences.

After I had been out on my mission for several months, I wrote to Uncle Frank and suggested that he reduce the monthly checks he was sending me as I was getting more than any of my companions and I felt guilty about it.

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Some day I guess I will get back to writing my life history. (For my information so I will know where to start, I completed through part of my mission)

## Trip to South States USA – April 1982

### Prostate Surgery

Before resuming my life history and so I will be sure and get it in my account, I want to record my recent operation. This is the second time I have been in the hospital.

Recently I have been having trouble when I go to the toilet. My urine flow has been getting slower and I could not completely eliminate all the water. I decided to go see the doctor and talk to him about my problem and about a couple of other things. I did not want a complete physical exam. But I think Leola and Dr. Green tricked me and I wound up having a complete exam.

When the exam was completed the doctor's comment was "it is disgusting." I said, "what do you mean?" He said, "you are so healthy it is disgusting." However, I did have this prostate problem, so Dr. Green sent me to see a specialist a urologist Dr. George Middleton. (I found out later he was on his mission in Scotland when our son Ronald was there.)

After several tests and exams, we made an appointment to have a TVRP operation. I was told I would go in on Wednesday and be home on Sunday. Just a minor thing. It did not turn out to be so simple. I had a spinal so was awake while the doctor did the operation. All went well for a couple of days although I was losing a lot of blood. Then instead of the blood flowing thru the tubes it began to clot and this with the loss of blood I passed out and had to have intravenous feed and three pints of blood. When the tube was taken out, I still could not urinate and so they had to put the tube in for a third time. All in all, I had to stay an extra day. Everything is fine now. They did find a small cancerous cut (one of of 100) so I will need to be examined twice a year for the rest of my life.

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I still don't think I am going to do much about my biography as it is next to impossible to write and concentrate while on the bus and here at night, I am too tired and also the day has not left me with a good feeling. I only hope it gets better.

(End of the journal for this trip)

## Trip to China – 1984

### More mission

I am not sure where I finished writing about my mission. I think I will begin with my transfer to Wales. I kept my diary all the time I was on my mission but from the time I left London and returned home, it was stolen when I was in Washington with one of my mission companions on our way home. His name was Barton and His folks met us in New York and I accompanied them home in their car. I don't remember much now about the trip home, except when we got to Denver they had relatives there and stayed a couple of days. As Denver in many ways is like Salt Lake, I got quite homesick and could hardly wait to get home.

But back to my mission. After being in London for over a year, I was transferred to Merther Tydfil in Wales. As it was right in the middle of the depression, it was a very unpleasant experience. The people were living mostly on the "dole" and those few who were working or had small sops had very little. It would seem that with poverty also came dirt and discouragement. As a result, we had very poor success in our missionary work. I was there for about six months with no results. The Welch people did have love for music and especially singing and this kept our saints especially from complete discouragement.

I too was discouraged and as I was still a junior companion wrote the mission president asking if he could tell me what plans he had for me in the future.

In less than a month I received a letter of transfer to the Nottingham District and was appointed the District President there. Quite a promotion for which I was truly grateful.

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The district office was in Derby and took in the town of Nottingham and the area round about these towns. I can't, so many years later remember too much of importance except I presided over a couple of District Conferences at which President Douglas and the mission staff attended and which we advertised extensively but were only attended by our own small band of saints.

O yes, I did remember one funeral service I presided over and being new at that type of service did not arrange it too well. I felt somewhat chagrined at the way it went off. We had the congregation sing a couple of songs and one of the missionaries that knew the family spoke. My error was in having the congregation singing. Our few members sang but a goodly number of people attended both as friends of the family and I think curiosity brought others. They, of course, did not participate and the songs fell flat, both as to rendition and effect.

When I was released from my mission, it was in November and my companion said it would be nice if I could stay on until spring and go home with him and his parents. I have previously told of our trip home.

### Post-mission

I contacted the personnel at the University of Nottingham and found a new quarter would commence after Christmas and finish when the Bartons would meet us in New York.

I got permission from the mission office to stay on, which they later regretted as they said they could have use me as a missionary until spring.

Anyway, I attended the university. Quite different from the U of U in that we were not given definite assignments and only one test at the end of the quarter. I did get a certificate showing I had completed the quarter satisfactorily. I had one more experience in that those of us from other countries were invited to attend the local Rotary Club and tell a little about ourselves. I guess this and the attendance at the University allowed me to do more missionary work than any of my two years previous. I am sure I could have got some more favorable responses except we were meeting in such poor halls. I was ashamed to invite these more intellectual and better off financially people to meet with us.

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### Home from mission

When I finally got home from my mission, I was pleasantly surprised to see how beautiful the American girls were.

From this period to the present, I am not sure I can keep the account in proper chronological order.

I finished my education at the University of Utah getting a B.A. degree and a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. commission in the Field Artillery. The degree was in Banking and Finance. I did much better after returning as I knew I had to and needed to and so did not goof off as much as before.



## His cars

Since I don't have my other account, this be a repeat. But a word about my cars. The first one was a 1927 two-door Chevrolet which I kept until 1929. I had all kinds of problems including a steering problem where the steering would break, and I could not drive. It happened twice. The last time was in the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon.

After this last break I approached Uncle Frank about getting a new car and as I had saved some money working for Uncle Court he agreed, and I bought a new 1929 Ford Roadster for \$575.00. This car I drove until I went on my mission and Estelle drove it while I was gone.

About a year after I got home Uncle Frank distributed to Estelle and me our inheritance and I use some of this to buy a Dodge two door. During the next forty years we had Buicks, Mercurys, Volkswagens, Dodges and a Studebaker. To show how prominent a part cars are in our society, let me give an example.

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When Leola and I were married in 1937, we were the only ones in her family with a car. Now 43 years later with all the children and grandchildren from her family we tried to count the cars and could not come up with a number.

When we were first married and for many years, we only had one car. A couple of times each week I would take the bus to work and leave the car for Leola.

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Later on, we bought a used Studebaker and used it to go to work, taking some others north with me. This was after the war. From then on, we had two cars.

## Trip to Egypt and Israel - 1987

I think on this trip I will do only as I have done on the other trips. I will only give my impressions and only occasionally a description of the places. In addition, I will try and get on with my life history.

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## Personal Status (1987)

Notice my writing is not getting any better with age. I am now 75 years old, and Leola and I are planning on 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding anniversary on April 7<sup>th</sup> this year (1987).

Before we left on this trip, I went thru my financial account books that I have kept since we got married and made a list of the trips we have taken. I have kept an account of only two trips as I am planning to do on this one. The others I will try and give a short account at this time. That is overseas trips with one exception, I will account for later.

## Trip to Europe with Ken

The first one occurred when our second son, Kenneth, complete his mission in England.

I was working at the Federal Reserve Bank and had three weeks' vacation. Ken and Leola wanted to see Italy, Germany, and that part of Europe and to see this and on up to Sweden and back would take 5 weeks, so Leola in September 1964 took off on her own and met Ken in London. She can tell about this trip in her journal when she writes it.

I left Salt Lake two weeks later. Flew to New York, an all-night flight to London – getting there on a Sunday morning and flying on to Stockholm, Sweden (This was an interesting flight Copenhagen, Denmark) in that on Sunday mornings the flights out of London had to go at only <> flight speed to avoid excessive noise. To fly at what seemed only like floating was very interesting in that we see all of the beautiful green English countryside.

Leola, Ken, Henry and June Johnson met me at the airport, and we all went to a lovely restaurant to eat. I had jet lag so back I slept all the way to the restaurant and could hardly keep awake waiting for the food.

After seeing the sights here, we drove on to Stockholm where the Johnsons were working as missionaries.

Many things I can't remember at this late date, but one or two experiences still remain.

Leola and Ken had purchased for Ron (our oldest son, more about him later) a Volkswagen car in Brussels, Belgium and we used this car as our transportation after we left the Johnsons.

### East Germany Experience

We crossed by boat from Sweden to Germany and found out immediately that we were in East German or that part of Germany occupied by the Communist Russians. At the border, after the ship had docked and we had our car, we proceeded to go thru customs, etc. to gain permission to enter. First of all, they took our passports thru a window thru which we could only see their hands and hear their voices. We could not speak German or Russian and they said they could not understand English. Thru a young man who was also trying to gain entrance we found out we had to pay to enter. So, finally after paying and getting our passports stamped, we proceeded on our way.

The signs we were told to follow said "Transit Berlin" and these were not found very often. Luckily, we had filled our gasoline tank to the top but later in the day as we were not yet to Berlin, we tried to find a place to buy gas and stopped several times but could not find anyone who could understand us. At one point I got out and pointed to the gas tank and convinced the man of our predicament. He pointed us down a road and said let us know it was not too far to get gas.

About a couple of miles further we found a station, but our troubles were not over. The money we had was obtained on the boat and was West German money and they needed East German money. One man who knew a little English convinced the station operator he could accept our money and so we were once again on our way.

Sometime later we came to the entrance to Berlin. Since we were in East Germany and the part of Berlin we wanted to see was in West Berlin, we had to pass to get permission to proceed. They asked about the money we had, and I showed them the money we had purchased on the boat and they wanted to see my receipt. I did not have one so the soldier said he would have to consult with his superior as we were not supposed to have this kind of money. After a long time, or so it seemed, to us, he came back

with his superior and said if we would donate the money to the Red Cross we could proceed. Again, I got the money out, only about \$5.00 and said I was more than happy to give it (We could see ourselves as one of those who were detained and never heard from again by our family and friends.) As I went to put the currency in the container the senior officer said this is not East German money, but West German and we could go on and keep our money. The first soldier had misread the money. A scary hour or so for me. Not soon to be forgotten.

### Other trip challenges

This was not to be the end of our troubles. When we got inside Berlin and tried to get a place to stay for the night, we found they were having a convention of some sort and all the hotels were full. We finally thru an agency in the railroad station we were referred to a private home that had a room we could have.

We spent a couple of days here and had a short trip thru Check Point Charlie into East Berlin. The wall dividing the city had within the last few years been built and one could only get into East Berlin thru the one of these check points, the most common being Check Point Charlie.

Again, this was not the end of our problems. We took the autobahn through East Germany on our way to Holland. At the border we were again stopped and again had to pay. Leola got a little mad and told them we had already paid. Both Ken and I told her to be quiet for we did not was a fuss and be held over for any reason. We paid the money and were more than happy to be greeted by the Dutch. I guess they knew how we felt for they were more than cordial and welcoming us to their country.

As I think back over this experience, we were more than a little stupid but now it is past it was quite an experience. I think few others of our friends have had one like it.

The rest of our experience on the continent was uneventful except for our entrance to Paris where there the people were quite rude and unwilling to help us. We were lost in trying to find out hotel but no one we asked were the least bit interested in helping. (Quite contrary to an experience in The Hague in Holland where we again had quite a time in finding our hotel and some young fellow on a motor bike said he would show us if we would follow him. This we did and no problem.

In another town (Brussels, I think) we could not find a place to stay but a fellow in one of the hotels said if I would wait, he thought he could find us a place. When he had a break, he called someone and then motioned to me that he had found a place and if we would wait someone would soon be there and show us where to go. In about 15 minutes he again motioned to me and introduce me to a young man (who could not speak English) but said if we would follow him in our car, he would take us to our lodging for the night.

This we did and found out it was a close relative who had agreed to provide us a room and breakfast the next morning.

A lovely clean place and in the morning a delightful breakfast except they must have heard we liked bacon with our eggs which they had prepared but not cooked. Incidentally, we ate in their dining area but we did not see anyone. We ate, left our money and they had given us a map showing how we could get out of town and on our way. After visiting Paris (my wring is worse as the place has hit some turbulence)

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Nothing more I can remember of this except when we got to the boat to cross the channel to England and could read the writing, we all said we would never get lost again as now we can talk to and understand eh people.

Stayed about a week in Great Britain where we went to Scotland and visited one of Ron's landladies. (Ken had to return home and did not accompany them on their trip to Scotland – Bruce) Even though she was quite poor she insisted on giving Leola a small hand-cut crystal vinegar container.

### Trip home from Europe

On our flight home we encountered such a strong head wind that the plan was getting short on fuel, and we had to stop in Boston. The stop delayed us just long enough that when we arrived in New York we missed our flight and had to wait in the airport for four hours. There was hardly anyone around, so we just tried to sleep on hard wood benches. We left at 11:0 pm. And it was called the "Milk Run." We stopped in Chicago, St. Louis, and Denver, which took us too long to get home.

### Hawaii Trip

Our next trip was with Leola's brother Avard Booth to Hawaii. Can't remember anything special except just being in beautiful Hawaii in the winter of 1970. (Note from Bruce – I left on my mission in October of 1969 – they went to Hawaii soon after I left. Maybe it was the empty nester trip. – Bruce)

### South America trip to get Bruce

Our next trip was to South America to bring out youngest son Bruce home from his mission in 1971. This trip still has many memories even though it has been seventeen years since we went on the trip.

On the trip to South America we flew to Los Angeles, then to Panama and on to Buenos Aires. Then by car to Montevideo where we met Bruce. (They flew to Montevideo. They did not drive – Bruce)

Leola's suitcase did not arrive with the other luggage and as there was nothing, we could do about it over the weekend, Leola had to borrow the mission president's wife's clothes so she could go to Church as all she had was the slacks she had worn down. On Monday we went back to the airport, and I spotted the suitcase in one of the rooms. There not being much luggage around. Upon enquiring, we found they were about ready to send it back and it had come in Friday, the same day we had arrived and as no one had claimed it, they thought it had been again sent to the wrong place.

The following Sunday we went with Bruce to one of the outlying branches where he had labored. I nice ride on a fairly good bus.

After our visit we went to get on the bus to go back to Montevideo, but when it came there was no room for us. We enquired around and found a room in a small hotel with the lavatory facilities in the courtyard around which were the guest rooms. We all had to use these central facilities.

The room we had was more like a prison cell with three bunk beds and only one small window way up near the ceiling.

Later Leola told me she and Bruce had a good laugh at my expense while I was out to the bathroom. They both new of my claustrophobia or fear of closed in dark places.

I got through the night but only because I could see a small ray of light.

## Rio

After leaving Uruguay and Argentina we went to Paraguay and then on to Rio de Janeiro. Here we contacted Warran Anderson's home. He was a young man, son of Orlando and Agnes Anderson of Cottonwood. He was out of town, but his wife really showed us the city. She spent a whole day with us.

An interesting thing happened here. We were running out of clean clothes and Leola asked her if they had a laundromat close by and she said yes. It we would bring out dirty clothes and leave them while she took us sightseeing, she would have her main take care of them for us. We assumed she would take them to the laundromat, so we left them.

When returning the clothes were all washed and ironed and when we asked to reimburse her for the cost, we then found out the girl had washed and ironed them in the home while we were out. No such a thing as a laundromat in Rio.

## Peru

After leaving Rio, it was a night flight to Lima Peru. I got to thinking about where we were going and I thought to myself "What am I getting us into?" I had all kinds of strange ideas as to the place and people we were going to be with.

As is usual the things one worries about the most never turn out as expected. Lima was a delightful city. We were met at the airport and taken to our hotel, a fairly nice one although it was in the process of being remodeled which leads to an interesting experience.

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The next morning, we were taken from the hotel to the airport where we were put on a two-engine prop jet for our flight to Cusco. To get into the airport we had to fly up over the Andes Mountains and then down and around in a circle to get down to the airport. It was a little scary in that the airport and town was located in a small valley and did not have much air space for getting in and out.

From Cusco we took an all-day ride on a train to and From Machu Pichu. From the train station we were taken by a small bus up to the ruins on a small winding road. A beautiful spot when we finally got there. Off in the distance all the time we were there were dark storm clouds and we thought for sure they would come our way and really drench us. But as we learned later, these clouds so often cover the mountains but not too often come over to the area of the ruins.

On the way back in the train a rockslide had covered the tracks and we had to wait while the crew got their shovels and picks and cleared the tracks. We were getting quite anxious as we anticipated our time of arrival we would be too late for our airplane to Lima.

When we did get to the airport and upon checking in, we found our tickets were on a jet and not on the prop jet so of course we took the jet.

When we got to the Lima airport our man was there to meet us and when he saw us get off the jet he was quite upset and asked us how come we came on it and not on the prop jet. Bruce explained why and he was really upset. We found out later that he was pocketing the difference by having us ride the

prop jet was costing him less. Always someone out to cheat the tourist. This time Bruce was too smart for him.

One other experience in this same town.

When we got up the next morning we were on our own and just needed to get a cab to take us to the airport. We tried to call the desk to get some help with our luggage but could not reach anyone so got the elevator and when we got to the lobby several fellows were there to take our bags. We said, "no thanks, we will take them out the rest of the way ourselves."

As we got to the cab, Bruce heard our driver say he would charge us extra and he would bring them back the overcharge. He thought we could not understand Spanish. So, on the way to the airport we watched the meter very close and knew what the charge was going to be. When we got all the baggage unloaded, the driver said that would be so much, which was a lot more than the meter showed. It was then Bruce spoke to him in Spanish and he tried to tell Bruce it was because we had an extra number of bags. We still insisted it was too much and he said he would call the police. It was then that Bruce told him he had heard him say he would get the "tip" by overcharging. Bruce said go ahead and call the police and I will tell them what you said. He was then quick to take the meter amount and leave. (This happened in Rio – not Lima – Bruce)

### Igauzu Falls and on to home

I can't remember in what order we went but I think next, we went to Iguazu Falls. (We went to Iguazu Falls before we went to Sao Paulo and Rio – Bruce.) They are bigger than Niagara in that there are more of them, but maybe not so high. We had raincoats and went on a walkway right up to and under the falls. To get there we went along walkways that were almost overgrown with tropical foliage. They say to keep ahead of the growth they must constantly keep their people trimming back the growth.

From here we flew to Panama (We flew from Lima to Panama not from Iguazu Falls – Bruce). I went shopping with Bruce and bought him a stereo outfit. He had been told by some of his missionary companions that here was the best and cheapest place to buy stereo equipment (Incidentally, when we got home, we found we could have purchased it in Salt Lake almost as cheap.)

From Panama we flew to Mexico City. I was sick the first night and Bruce and Leola went out shopping without me.

On Sunday the next day we went to the opera house for an outstanding all-round program – dance and singing and orchestra.

We attended a bull fight in the area. The poor bulls do not have a chance. I did not like this.

Our final event was going for a ride on the river and visiting all the gardens and then ladies especially who were selling flowers from their boats. A very lovely trip.

Home via Los Angeles.

I am sure I would have written more and been more descriptive if I had written this account when it happened. But anyway, this was a very fine trip and I guess we are going back to South America this fall. Leola has been after Avard to take a trip to South America, and he has one planned in September.

## Hawaii/Caribbean

During the next few years, we went to Hawaii again and to the Caribbean. Everybody goes to these two places so will not comment much about them. Except to say that our first trip to the Caribbean was the best. We have been there three times. The first trip was on the best ship. The food was out of this world and the accommodations were very good.

We have been to Hawaii 5 times. Four of the five times with Avar and once when we took Ron, Ken Bruce and their wives Carole, Lois, and Kathie. This time was the best. We rented a station wagon which accommodated us and our baggage. We went to Kawaii, Maui, Hawaii, and Oahu. Just a very delightful time. We were there over Thanksgiving

One trip we had the Alva Greens with us, and they liked it so well they returned and bought a condo on the island of Kuai.

Incidentally, the reason I am writing again is that I am here on Lake Powell at Bullfrog marina. His company owns a houseboat which it tied to a buoy here in the harbor. As there is not much activity, we decided to move it. It costs a lot for gas to take it anywhere it is so large. It is about 70 feet. There is a large room with bed and a bathroom. Steven and Diane (now Nan) are coming down so I will probably sleep downstairs with the boys. We have Mike and Rob, two of their friends and a young fellow whose father built the boat here to handle the working of the boat. Robert has been called to go to the Korean Mission and is going in the mission training center on the 8<sup>th</sup> of April. Ken has brought him here for his last outing before his mission. He and Mike really like to water ski, and this is one of the best places for it.

## South Pacific Tour

To get back to our trips, we went to the South Pacific in 1978 with a tour conducted by the Beehive tours. Our friends, Stan and Helen Rees and Grant and Ida Leonard were on this trip with us.

I remember the flight down there the most vividly. It started at night, and we flew in the dark until we got to New Zealand. It was difficult to tell how long we were in the air for we went thru several time zones and the dateline, so we skipped a day or in other words set ourselves a day ahead. Actually, we were in the flight about

## Missing section

(missing section here – I haven't written anything about his apartments and building his small home – Bruce)

## 1987 Second trip to South America

I believe that last I recorded was our apartments and then our building our small frame home in Cottonwood.

## 4850 Highland Circle

I believe the last I recorded was on our apartments and then out building our small home in Cottonwood. We lived there from 1938 to 1952. Some things I like about this home, but we were constantly fighting flooding in the spring. We would get our garden planted and when the peas, carrots, beets, etc. would get up the Cottonwood Creek would overflow in the field across Highland Circle and

then the surface ground would become so saturated and as our place was lower than the flooded field, we would have our basement and our garden fill with water. It was a pain in the neck.

When Aunt Zola, who had move to Los Angeles, decided to sell the old Bagley home further south on Highland Circle, we made her an offer, and she took it.

### 4920 Highland Circle (Bagley home)

The problems and fun began. For we decided to remodel it as it was in pretty bad shape. The first thing I did was see what was needed on the ground floor. The old home originally had rooms on the main floor – a large hall and a stairway by thy front door that went to a second floor where there were three rooms. One large one that my sister Estelle had as hers when we first moved in with Aunt Zola and Uncle Court. A fair-sized room that Uncle Court's mother had and a small room I used in the winter. In the summer, the hall had two large Friench doors that I would open and sleep by them in a single bed.

Anyway, when I first started to explore the possibilities of what we had to do to fix up the place, I started to pull up the carpet in the downstairs hall and as there was no basement, I was not sure just what I would find. And a surprise it was in store for me. The floor was firm and solid, but it was solid because the gophers had filled in between the floor joists with dirt, so naturally they were solid. Of course, the flooring and joists were rotted out. We contacted our friend Frank Sharp who was in the building trade, and he suggested or said the only thing would do was to pull up all the flooring and joists and remove the dirt. This we did and dug down about two or three feet. Enough for a crawl space when the floor was replaced. Ron and Ken ages, 9 and 7, did a good part of the digging and hauling. When frank and his crew had almost completed the floor replacement, he got another job and left us.

We felt he had not been fair with us, but luckily one of the men in the area that we knew, Mel Going, was waiting for materials on another job and agreed to come to our rescue. As the work progressed, we began to appreciate them more and more. We were so ignorant of what was entailed in the remodeling and went into it so blindly it is a miracle we evert got it finished. I used to go over each night and tear down what was necessary, and Leola would go over the next day and help to decide what should be done. We tore out windows and doors, put in a hot water heating system. Installed two new bathrooms and bough new fixtures for the original toilet and basin in the back. Remodeled and refurbished he kitchen. In general, went the whole place upstairs and down and had a find living home for many years (until 1964 when we moved to Parkview Drive).

Then the Cottonwood Mall was built, which we tried to our neighbors to stop, and Sid Harmon who built the Mall came over and wanted to buy our property and Aunt Zola's property, that she had not sold to us. (Mom and dad purchased three acres and Aunt Zola retained the 10 acres to the west. - Bruce)

During this time the LDS Church needed a sight for a new building they wanted to build and as I was then the bishop, negotiated the deal and she sold them the two acres they needed. Originally she had about 12 acres. I had bought three with the house.

A fellow by the name of Eschler heard that we might want to sell so he came and made us an offer. I got him and Horman into a bidding war against each other. Finally, Eschler asked who he was bidding against and when I told him, he said he could not compete with Sid. By that time, I thought we had a good deal and sold my portion of the ground and house for \$65,000 (\$110,000 total including Aunt Zola's portion – Bruce) . After all these years I find he stole it from me. But I sold the little house for <>



with an acre of ground worth between \$100,000 and \$200,000. Well, we win a few and we lose a few. In the long run we have come out ok.

After we sold the old home, we bought an acre of ground and a home in the cove for \$30,000 and 17 years later we sold it for \$180,000.

We then bought a home which we are now living in (on Hazel Arlene Circle) for \$95,000 and put about \$15,000 in it. (It was in this home that he died – Bruce)

Incidentally, to help finance that old home, Estelle and I had inherited a 10-acre piece of ground in what is now Cottonwood Acres. We sold this for \$20,000. My have being \$10,000. This ground was again in today's prices sold too cheap. But when I think I bought the original for \$500, I guess we did not come out too badly.

### Finances

In looking over our life financially, we at the present have sufficient for our needs and have had ample to go on many tips and have new cars whenever we wanted. Most of our investments have turned out ok. Recently our son Ken has been helping me to acquire some second mortgages. One of which I made a good profit and I bought it at a discount, and they paid it off early. One other the fellow was paying right on time each month but then the U.S. Steel plant in Orem shut down due to labor problems and he has been out of work for over a year and finally took out bankruptcy. Luckily all he owed at that time was \$1000 principal. I entered the claim in the court and suppose we will get some back.

### Jobs

During all this time I worked for a couple of insurance companies trying to sell insurance but due to my retiring nature, I did not succeed very well.

I worked for Paris Beauty Supply but lost this job as I had been deferred from active military duty and the local manager was my same age and as long as I was there, I felt he might be drafted, so they let me go. (this doesn't make a lot of sense – Bruce)

I got a job at Schuback (or Standard Optical) but did not like it nor could see a future, I began looking for another job.

I found one at the Federal Reserve Bank, Salt Lake City Branch. I thought it would only be for a short time as they were hiring extra help due to the Savings Bond activity and the World War II Drive. Rather than a short time I worked there for 32 years and retired a year early. The computer work was just getting started and as I had only about a year to go to retirement and my job was being phased out, they gave me and some others the options of leaving early. They paid me my full salary for a year, and I got into Social Security about three months before my 65<sup>th</sup> birthday.

My retirement has been very enjoyable for me but in some ways, it has been a real strain on Leola. I have tried not to interfere with her daily running of the house, but the fact that I am around all the time has caused some problems.

At first Ron had me working for him with an account, but the fellow moved to Arizona.

Avard, Leola's brother, as executive secretary for the Utah Mechanical Contractors has several bank accounts which he was having trouble reconciling each month, so of late I have been doing reconciling for him.

In about 1940 Henry Moyle got me involved with the Green Ditch Water Company and I have been the secretary treasurer ever since. He was the President at the time and when he got called to the Quorum of the Twelve of the LDS Church and later to the First Presidency, he had to resign. We called James E. Faust to the Board and then as President. He also was called to the Quorum of the Twelve and resigned. Jack Miller is now our President. Our original board consisted of Henry Moyle, Richard Badger, Albert Quist, Harry Stevenson, and me.

The Board is not Farron and Ron Cutler, Jack Miller, Ervan Graham and Wallace Meadows.

This has been a most pleasant and enjoyable experience thru the years. Have me many find and successful people who have enriched my life.

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I did not get a chance to do much about my personal history. I hope sometime this winter I can get more done on it.

Personal - 1987

I am not getting any younger. I guess I am just plain old but hate to admit it. Every morning on one of the TV shows they congratulate people who are 100 years of age and older. So, I guess at 76 I am, I don't know what. In an article in the paper last week, they were talking about senior citizen and listed them as recently retired 60-70. 71-71 as old and 76 and up as old-old.

They say you are not older than you fell. Except for some arthritis and a problem with my left knee, I feel quite good.

Leola is the one who is having problems. Both physical and mental. Just yesterday she again wen to the doctor and he said her blood pressure was up and gave her some new medicine to calm her down. Hope it helps.

Well, so much for now. Dated 11/18/1987

(Dad made comments about how Leola did not enjoy this trip to South America. She was sick a lot and was complaining a lot. I could sense that he was getting discouraged with her illnesses and the negativity. This was their last trip together. Mom outlived him by ten years.

This was their last trip together and his last entry – Dad passed away of a massive heart attack on March 4, 1988

Mom went on another trip or two with Avard and her sisters, but none of them were happy events for her. - Bruce)

