

Elvie Renshaw's
1968 Diary



Mary Tibbets and Elvie Renshaw on April 7, 1968.

Cast of Characters in Elvie's 1968 Diary

Elvie Renshaw: married to **Louis Renshaw**, **Donna Renshaw:** their daughter.

Rex Marsh married to **Donna Renshaw Marsh** and children, **Janet Eileen**, **Elvie Joan**, **Mary Elaine**, **John Louis**, and **Donna Kathleen**. Janet married to **David Shattuck** children **Mark**, **Rick**, **Douglas** and **Donna**. **Joan** married to **Miller Gardner**, children **Lorri Annette**, **Sherman**, **Janet** and **Marshall**. **Mary** married to **Jonathan Tibbets** with daughter **Julie** and son **Gregory**.

Lorene: a sister living in Los Angeles, California; married to **Charles Clayton** who died in 1952; children, **Raymond** and **Mary**. Mary married **Vernon Jorgensen** with son **Lynn**. Raymond married to **Miriam Jensen** with daughter **Carol**.

Sue: a sister living in Burbank, California; married to **Al Hoglund** who died in 1948. Their children are **Elaine**, **Bette**, and **Shirley**. **Ernie Vandergrift** married to **Elaine Hoglund**. **Ray Haddock** married to **Bette Hoglund**. **Shirley** married to **Ken Bird**.

Annie: a sister living in Los Angeles, California; married to **Bill Andersen**. Their children are **Beverly**, **Glen**, and **Dale**. **Glen** married to **Irene**. **Dale** married to **Annie**.

Owen James Bailey: a brother living in Salt Lake City, Utah; married to **Lydia Hoglund** (Al's sister). Their children are **Mildred**, **Bobbie**, **Billie**, and **Jimmy**.

Violet: a sister living in Cedar City, Utah; married to **Otto Fife**; daughters **Dolores** and **Yvonne**. **Dolores** is married to **Bevan Jones** with son **Ronny** and daughter **Nadine** and son **Paul**. **Yvonne** married to **Don Woodlief** with children **Donna**, **Bruce**, and **Graydon**.

The Marsh family: parents **John** and **Florence**, children **Lewis**, **Rex**, **Florence** and **Ruth**.

January 1, Monday

Welcome New Year, 1968. This starts my 40th diary book. It was a lovely sunny day for Pasadena's Tournament of Roses Parade. We expected Ron Renshaw Jones and his friends, and Lewie Marsh and his family to come and park in our yard, while they went on the boulevard to watch the parade but they didn't come. (I earned from Violet, that is was Ron Jones that called to ask if he could park in our yard. I thought it was Ron Renshaw. He said, "Aunt Elvie this is your nephew Ron.") I hope Ron didn't get lost in the traffic. Lewis knows his way here okay. Bette Haddock brought her son Ricky and a girlfriend and little Susan; Lou let them take two stepladders to the line of parade. I watched it on TV. Edgecombs invited us to see it on their colored TV, which was nice of them, but I have this cold so I stayed home. There was enough room for Bette's little VW car in front of our house on the street. Lou put his car in front early this morning so the company could come in our driveway, but they didn't come. Linda Jean Strother was the lovely queen for this 79th Annual

Tournament of Roses Parade. Senator Everett M. Dirksen was the Grand Marshal riding with Pasadena Mayor Boyd Welin and other officials and wives and families (President H.W. Bragg and etcetera). Our Haddocks returned after the parade about noontime, happy, but tired. Two hours is a long time to stand on a ladder or the sidewalk. They said it was beautiful. Bette helped Lou and me make tuna fish sandwiches for our hungry kids; it was fun having them here with us. We ate potato chips, sandwiches, stuffed dates, tapioca cream pudding, and chocolates. I played Donna's recorded tape so they could hear about our Children's Christmas and Mary's baby boy. Bette enjoyed hearing it but the kids were anxious to get back to Burbank, me thinks. The first day of our New Year is gone. P.S. I talked to Florence Marsh tonight via phone. Lewie and Florence took her to see the Rose Parade this morning. She enjoyed it very much. They had a good place near Highland Park. The floats were all magnificent; Lakewood's entry won the Sweepstakes Award. P.S. The USC Trojans won the Rose Bowl game 14 to 3 over the Hoosiers, Indiana boys.

January 2, Tuesday

Today is cloudy and cold; it rained in the night. I'm glad yesterday

was a beautiful warm day for the Rose Parade. Lou went to town this morning to have his hair cut. I feel some better, but not normal yet. I surely have a struggle to overcome a cold, darn it. Annie phoned to tell me that Violet phoned her this morning; she and Otto are at Dolores's; they're coming to



*Linda Strother and her court at the Rose Bowl.
Each wearing Jackie Kennedy style hats and hairdos.*



These are the brown kid leather gloves that Kathy bought with the money the Renshaws sent for Christmas.

see us tomorrow about noontime and then to Andersens' to stay overnight. They are only staying a few days in California. Otto must get back to his mail route. I think they arrived in California on Sunday. We'll be happy to see them again. I steam cooked some shoulder of lamb this morning; it smells good. Today's mail brought a thank you letter from Kathy for our Christmas money gift. She got long kid gloves and a bag to match. Of course, Donna paid most of it. Kathy drew a picture of them and believe me, her sketches are much better than this. Kathy is artistic (not Grama). The gloves are long, not short like my sketch was. The bag and gloves are brown. She was going with her friend George to see a play in San Francisco on Friday night and wear her new gloves and bag. I hope it is a happy evening. She said she had a fun Christmas, lots of nice gifts. Mary's little thank you note said she had fun spending the \$10.00 we sent for the new baby, Gregory. She bought him a darling little blue sailor suit with a cap to go with it. There was \$3.00 left over so she bought some yellow sleepers there were on sale for Julie. I'm glad the doctor told Mary he is perfectly normal. Isn't it sad to mess up a brand new book like this is with my writing and sketches? Sad indeed! Oh well, I hope you can read it okay, I can.

January 3, Wednesday

Oh such a pretty day today. I'm so glad my head cold has cleared up. Otto and Violet drove up to our house about noon. They both looked good. Violet was pretty in her lovely red coat and silver hair. We played Donna's tape so they could hear her happy family news about Christmas, the new grandson, and etcetera. I baked four TV dinners for us (Swanson). [Maybe in 1968 TV dinners were new enough to be special? ☺] I only had three turkey, so I baked one chicken dinner; Otto had the chicken dinner. Violet brought one of her delicious banana nut bread loafs and a pint of applesauce she made from the apples from their trees, it was so good, we enjoyed



Melvin and Margaret Renshaw

some for dinner. Melv and Margaret Renshaw came just as we'd finished lunch, about 1:45. They wouldn't let me fix anything for them to eat; not hungry they said. We had a nice time talking and catching up on each other's news, families, and etcetera. Fife left for Highland Park. Melv and Margaret said they'd like to see the Andersens and Lorene again, so we all went. Lou drove our car and took the lead. Otto and Violet followed us in their car. They didn't know how to get to Lorene's. We were there first; Lorene was glad to see us. She was writing a letter to grandson Lynn J. We had a nice visit with Annie and Bill next. We waited to see Beverly when she got home from work about 4:45. Violet and Otto stayed overnight with Andersens. We came home and I fixed a dinner for the four of us. I had the loin lamb chops already cooked, so I just warmed them up and made some nice brown gravy to put over the cooked rice. We had creamed mixed vegetables and jelled fruit salad and creamed tapioca pudding. It was so nice to have Melv and Margaret here with us. After dinner we let them hear Donna's tape recording; it was such a good way to let them hear about Donna and family from Donna's own voice. Daddy and I enjoy it every time we play it. We visited with Margaret and Melv until almost midnight. I slept with Lou and gave the twin beds to Melv and Margaret in my room. It was a happy day for all of us, night all!

January 4, Thursday

Happy birthday today, to Glen Andersen. This is a lovely day again today. I got up and dressed first and Lou next. He helped me cook breakfast for our company, Melv and Margaret. We cooked bacon, eggs, potatoes, toast, and Sanka drink. I phoned to see if Sue would be home. We drove out to Burbank in Melv's car. Bradley was home with the flu. We went to Sue's front door instead of Bette's back

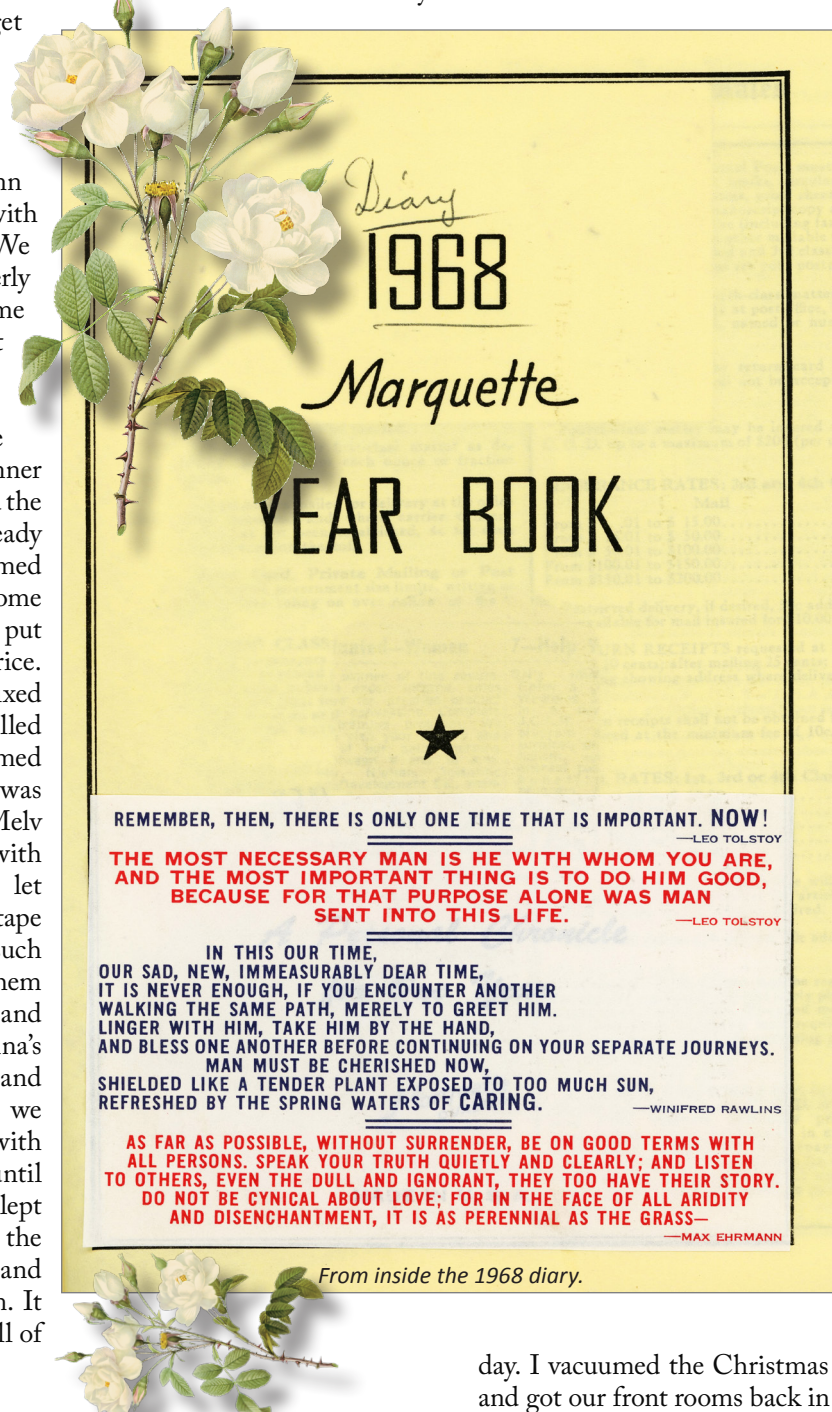
door as usual; we had a happy visit with Sue. I guess Melv and Margaret hadn't seen any of my sisters or Bill for about 30 years or longer! As we were about to leave, Otto, Violet, and Annie came to see Sue. We came back to Pasadena and ate a good dinner at the Beadle's Cafeteria. Melv treated to the dinner. About 1:45 we came here, got our car out, and Lou lead. Lou lead and Melv followed in his car. We went out Rosemead Boulevard to the San Bernardino

Freeway. Oh dear, here we made a sad mistake. Lou turned off too soon on the ramp leading to the freeway going to Los Angeles, instead of San Bernardino. He should have taken the next one to the freeway of course. He realized before he entered the freeway that it was wrong, but Melv thought we had lead him right. Lou turned around expecting Mel to follow us out to the next ramp, but he drove on towards Los Angeles. We both felt sick about it. By the time Lou could get back on that freeway, Melv was too far ahead of us to catch up with him. We came home feeling dreadful about it. I've never seen my dear husband feel worse about anything. I untrimmed the Christmas tree and got the things boxed to store away until next Yuletide season. We're an unhappy pair, we surely hope Melv didn't drive too far before he found out he was going the wrong way, darn it.

January 5, Friday

It was another lovely day; Lou wasn't well, so he stayed in bed most of the

day. I vacuumed the Christmas glitter and stuff off the rugs and got our front rooms back in order. The Christmas things are all put away for another year. Ruby Hodges phoned this morning; she was surely surprised to learn that Melv and Margaret had gone home already. Leo Picket phoned and wanted to talk to Lou, but he settled for me. I gave him Bill Andersen's telephone number; he couldn't find it in the phone book. I think he looked in "son" instead of "sen." We received a nice newsy letter from Lydia Bailey. It is always fun to read her letters. She said she and Owen will have to go on a diet



to get rid of some weight put on by eating too many holiday goodies (me too). Lydia told about the beautiful Christmas trees she and her boys all have in their homes; she said the boys are all like their father (Owen), when it comes to having beautiful Christmas trees and decorations (outstanding). Lydia is going to make a crocheted rug for Violet's good friend Barbara, because Barbara has been so very kind and thoughtful to Violet, to help her when she is ill. Lydia does make such pretty rugs. Our Joan made a beautiful rug for us a couple of years ago, in blue and white. I love it (and her). Lydia says that Elsie is in a very sad condition. She is blind and is losing her memory, too. She is very frail and feels miserable most of the time, the poor soul. Doris and Bonnie worry so much over Elsie, their mother. Lou got up to eat some soup about 5 p.m. but was back in bed again by seven. I tried to get Melv and Margaret two or three times on the phone and finally did get them at 8:40 p.m. They had been home a short time. Melv said he realized he was on the wrong freeway, so he got off at the first outlet he could, in Alhambra. He only lost about 20 minutes in the trip to Las Vegas. We all feel better now.

January 6, Saturday

I really had a good night's sleep; I didn't wake up at all until this morning at day light, unusual for me. It was another lovely sunny day. I got up at 8 a.m., had my bath and breakfast and did the week's washing. Lou's cold is some better, but he stayed in bed most of the day. I mailed Elsie Bailey a birthday card. I hope she is feeling better and can enjoy her day on January 10. I even got the ironing done this afternoon. Beverly phoned to ask about Uncle Lou and did we need anything from the store? That darling Bev would have come all the way to Pasadena to shop for us, isn't she precious. Well, we didn't need anything that urgent. I surely hope all of our own children are well and happy. I know they are busy as always. We expected a letter today, but I'm sure we'll be hearing soon. Donna is very good to keep us

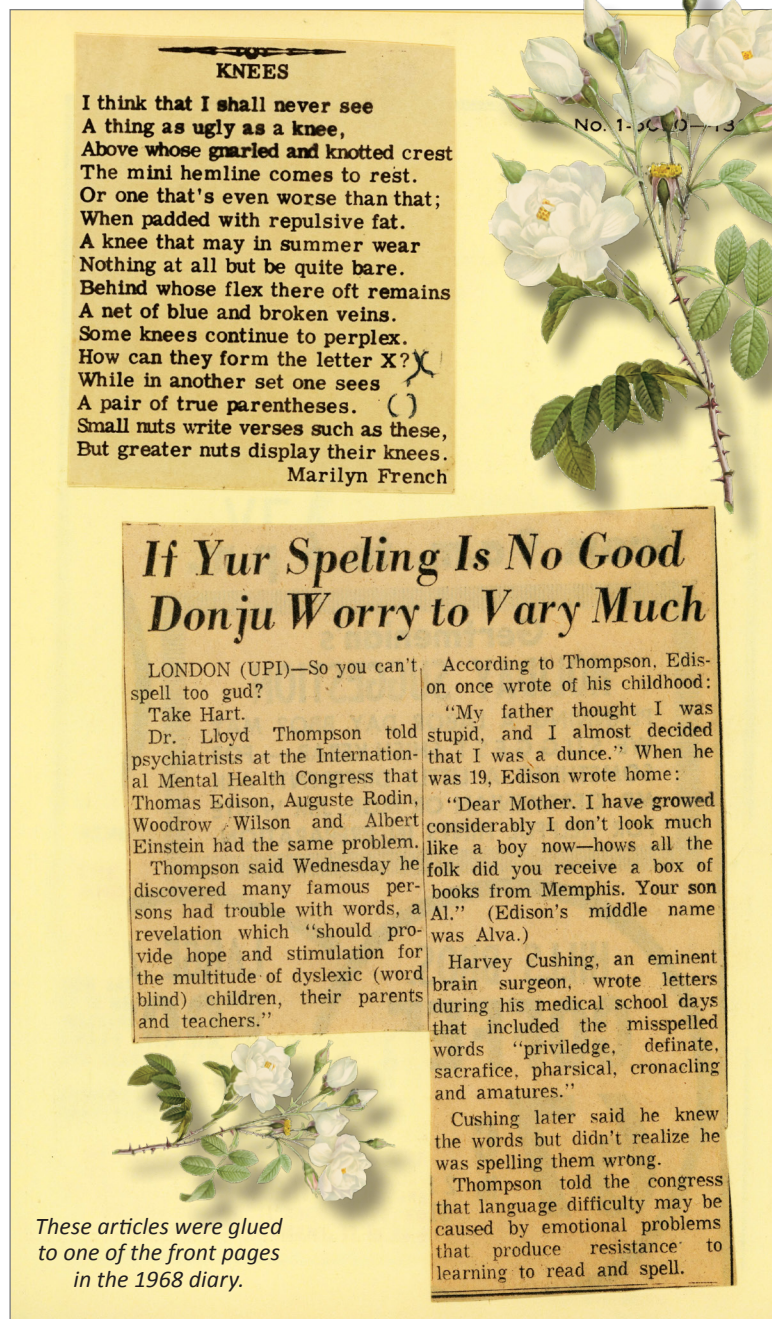
informed with all of their activities, and etcetera, bless her. Our telephone rang tonight about 10:30 p.m. It was our LDS neighbor, Glen Glancy, across the street. His little boy, John, was ill with a high fever; he wanted Lou to come over and assist him in administering to little Johnny. I was so very sorry to tell him that Lou was sick in bed with a cold. I offered up my own prayer for dear little Johnny. Lou telephoned Br. Bruce McGregor this afternoon and

told him he had a cold and wouldn't be able to take care of his church obligations tomorrow. He takes the Paulson boy to priesthood and leads the singing there. He also takes Bessie, the baby sitter, to Sunday School and often takes Inez Anderson to Sunday School when she is able to go.

January 7, Sunday

It was such a lovely Sabbath Day, I'm so sorry I have to miss the fast day service and Br. Robert Gordon's wonderful Sunday School class. Lou seems to feel better today; it isn't as easy to get over a cold when one is 78 years old. I walked over to Glancy's this morning to ask about little Johnny. I was happy when Glen said he was much better. His temperature was 105 degrees when Glen phoned last night to ask Lou to come and assist him in administering to his little boy. Of course Lou couldn't go because he was sick in bed himself. I enjoyed our lovely LDS hymns on our player this morning while going through the Christmas cards and reading again the notes of

Yuletide greetings. They are boxed now and put in storage. The pictures I will put in my scrapbook later. Lutie Solem phoned to ask about Lou; he was in bed, but feeling better. Lou got up about one, took a shower, shaved, and ate dinner with me at two. We broke our fast then. He went back to bed at 2:30 in his new Christmas pajamas. It has seemed like a long lonesome day to me. I'm sure I'd hate to live all alone. I did, however, read the newspaper. The Sundays we go to church twice there is not much time to look through



the papers, eh? Ruby Hodges phoned this afternoon to ask about Lou. Lou got up for a short while this evening, but not long. He went back to bed. I watched television until about 9:30 and then got ready for bed.

January 8, Monday

Today was cold and cloudy, but no rain. I spent my day mounting the family pictures we received in Christmas greeting cards, in my scrapbook. There were 14 of them. It takes time to cut and trim them and write under each picture. I also put the colored picture of the lovely Rose Queen for 1968, Queen Linda Jean Strother. She is the 79th Annual Tournament of Roses Queen. Today's mail brought a letter from Joan; she sent four lovely colored pictures of them. One is of her with Sherm and Janet standing by the big beautiful Christmas tree. Sherm was holding the cute clock he made at school from a shoe box and another darling picture was of Sherm holding little brother Marshall; Janet was with them. They were in nightclothes by the fireplace. There were Christmas cards and stockings hung above the brick fireplace. One more picture was of Mo and little Janet in the snow. She has her new blue umbrella and pretty coat that Grandma Grace Gardner made for her. Sherm gave her the umbrella. Mo had on his overcoat, burr, that snow looks cold. The fourth picture was of children at the big round table with the Santa Claus cake on it and the pretty Christmas table cloth with big red poinsettias in it, seven kiddies, Joan's three and her friends four children. *[Photos that Joan sent are on following page.]* I'm to send the pictures to Donna so they can see them and they'll send them back to Joan. The pictures are mounted on stiff cardboard, not for scrapbooks, for slides maybe? Anyway, it was sweet of Joan to want us to see them and we surely did enjoy looking at our beautiful children and hearing about their nice Christmas. Joan is taking care of two little girls for a week while their folks are away. Joan is teaching in Primary, and she is also the Relief Society's secretary, so she is very busy with her home and children and church. She said they watched the Pasadena Rose Parade on New Year's Day, so near, and yet so far!

January 9, Tuesday

I was glad to see the sunshine this morning after yesterday's gloomy day. Lou felt a lot better; he got up and ate breakfast with me. I wrote to Joan and to Donna. I sent the pictures Joan sent for us to see to Donna, so they can enjoy them and send them back to Joan. Lou wrote a note to Lillian in her birthday card; her day is January 12. Annie telephoned this evening; she had phoned Elaine to get Steven Bird's address (on his mission in England). She said she and Lorene received a Christmas card from Steven. Ernie Vandergrift answered Annie's call and he said Elaine was in the Glendale Memorial Hospital for observation. She started to hemorrhage, so the doctor had her sent to the hospital. We hope she'll be all right soon and not need surgery. There seems to always be some loved one to be concerned about, eh? Lou took me to the post office for stamps. We have to put 6¢ stamps on our letters now and it is 10¢ for airmail instead of 8¢. We did our shopping at the Safeway Store before coming home. Bye bye \$20.00 for our week's supply of food.

January 10, Wednesday

Lou was going to take Marie Doezie and me to Relief Society this morning, but Nora Williamson phoned and said she'd pick me up. Marie phoned and asked if we'd pick up Sr. Mabry Phillips on Eloise Street before coming for her. I was sorry to make Nora late for her officer's prayer meeting, but bless her she was very sweet about taking all three of us. It was the visiting teacher's report meeting at 9:30. Vera Smith, our regular teacher was up north with her husband Herman; he is in the Railroad Hospital, with a heart attack. I was sorry to learn this sad news. Sr. Caroline Thatcher gave the "Teacher's Topic" lesson in Vera Smith's place today; it was a very lovely message, "A Loving Person." Nora Williamson gave the Spiritual Living lesson in our Relief Society meeting next. It was taken from the D&C Section 108, "Sustain the Brethren." It was a very lovely spiritual lesson; I enjoyed it a lot and also the lovely testimonies born after the lesson. We do have lovely sisters in our Relief Society; I enjoy being with them. We received a Christmas card today from Steven Bird; he is in England on an LDS mission. I want to get his address and send him a letter and a little money. We also received a nice letter from Donna. She says it is twice as hard to tear herself away from Julie and the baby boy, when she does have a moment at home. She was typing Sunday night after the babies were in bed and Rex, Jon, and Mary were watching television downstairs. Donna was upstairs typing. She typed a letter to Grandma Marsh first and one to the Harry Howard family. She is interested in Howard's new home in Lytle Creek. Mary and Jon went to the wedding of Jon's best friend, in fact, he was Jon's best man at Jon's reception (Bob Berton). They were married by a minister in Sausalito; it was an outdoor wedding in a beautiful spot on a little hill overlooking the San Francisco Bay. Donna thinks little Gregory looks more like her side of the family. Both Mary and Donna thinks he resembles his Uncle John Marsh, well, he'll be handsome if he looks like John Louis. Mary went to the temple on Saturday to witness the wedding of Michele Whittles and Mark Junior. Jon and Mary went to their reception on Saturday night. Michele is a good friend of Darlene Keller. Rex and Donna were invited to the reception, but they stayed home with the babies, Julie and Gregory. Donna was glad to stay home out of the cold weather. Kathy and her friend George went to a movie on Saturday night. They haven't heard from John since he was transferred to Edinburgh, Scotland. I do hope he did receive the Christmas packages and mail his family mailed to him. We sent a \$20.00 check to him in his Christmas card in November. I do hope he received it, and the gifts from his family. Roland and Donna Renshaw called in Macy's Department Store to see Donna; they visited with her on her lunch hour. Dave and Janet plan on going to New York in the spring, they'll have to make plans for someone to take care of their children. Time will tell, eh? It is raining now at 10 p.m. P.S. Lou took his written test for his drivers license this morning. He passed okay, but he has to have his eyes tested before he can take the driving test. He has an appointment to see Dr. Pettit in the morning.

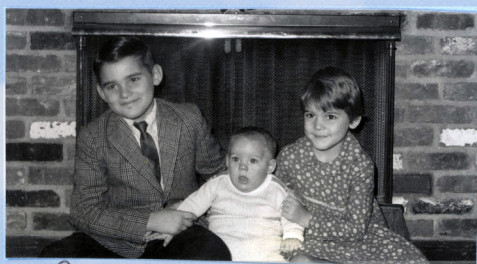




Dec 31, 67 Janet in
Christmas's coat that Grandma
Grace made



Term Janet Marshall and our friends, the
Page family (their 4 children) from our
Ward (Westchester Ward)



Christmas 1967



Dec 67

Sherm made little clock out of a
shoe box at school. Christmas 67



taken Christmas eve 67
Sherm Marshall
and Janet



These are the photographs that traveled to Elvie, then to Donna, then back to New York. Joan put them in her scrapbook. Elvie talked about the heavy paper on the colored pictures, they were Polaroid photos that come on heavy paper.

January 11, Thursday

It rained in the night, but was sunny and bright when we got up about 7:45. I was glad it wasn't raining because Lou had to go out to his appointment for an eye test at Dr. Pettit's office at 9:30. I put the house in order and did some writing. Lou came home about 10:40. His eye test wasn't very encouraging. The doctor said a change of lens would not help any; his eye condition is because of age and other complications. He gave him the name of a food supplement to eat with his meals, to strengthen his eyes. Now he wonders if he can pass the eye-test for a driver's license? Well, we'll find out. How to get to the church or markets, from our little home without our car? There'll be some changes made, eh?

We can see "the writing on the wall." I phoned Annie to check on Steve Bird's address. I couldn't make it out for sure on his return. He writes slanting like our John Louis does, I wonder if he is left handed, too? After lunch we drove over to the Fedco Store and bought Lou's vitamin tablets, \$1.49. I bought some birthday cards, some flowered stationery, some toothpaste and some face cream, it cost me \$4.54. Today's mail brought a letter from Margaret Renshaw and one from Ethel Newbold. Margaret had talked to Bonnie where Bonnie works, she told Bonnie she had been to California and had seen all of her half sisters. She was happy to hear the California news. Bonnie says her mother cannot be left alone so they must put her in a home; she is much worse. It's so darn sad. Ethel told about her nice Christmas and sent a pretty poem, taken from the 1959 issue of the Sunshine Magazine. It is titled "**The New Year.**" It is very lovely. I have heard it before but enjoyed reading it again. I answered Donna's letter this afternoon and sent a \$10.00 check for John's mission fund.

January 12, Friday

It was overcast this morning, but sunny by eleven. I did the washing. Lou is taking the Crystalline Niacin tablets with his meals, like Dr. Pettit prescribed. His face looks red after taking them. He says his head feels like it's on fire. I wonder how long he'll take them? He chews one with each meal; he has had three tablets now. I answered Margaret Renshaw's letter before lunch. I did the ironing after lunch while Lou enjoyed his nap. After I'd washed the kitchen and service porch floors, I felt ready to rest myself. At dinner this evening Lou talked me into chewing one of his niacin tablets (a vitamin). I did not feel any heat in my face or head,

in fact, no reaction at all. The tablets taste like vitamin C to me. Kathy Saxelby telephoned tonight; I was indeed sorry to learn she had been real sick in the hospital with pneumonia the first part of December. She went to recuperate in her bishop's home; she is a dear friend of his wife. They went to England together in 1966. She has to go back to the hospital on January 22 and be operated on for gall bladder trouble on January 23. I was also sorry to learn that Kathy's sister, Alice, passed away in Utah while Kathy was ill. She felt dreadful because of her passing and she could not go to her funeral. They were very close in sisterly love. Alice was 88 years old. Kathy is the youngest in her family and the only one left now. I believe she has turned 70? Age is a secret with her, ha ha. Anyway. She is pretty and looks about 55 or 60.



I Am the New Year

—Bible Illustrator

I am the new year. I am an unspoiled page in your book of time.

I am your next chance at the art of living. I am your opportunity to practice what you have learned about life during the last twelve months.

All that you sought and didn't find is hidden in me, waiting for you to search it but with more determination.

All the good that you tried for and didn't achieve is mine to grant when you have fewer conflicting desires.

All that you dreamed but didn't dare to do, all that you hoped but did not will, all the faith that you claimed but did not have—these slumber lightly, waiting to be awakened by the touch of a strong purpose.

I am your opportunity to renew your allegiance to Him who said, "Behold, I make all things new."

January 13, Saturday

We have some clouds in our sky, but the sunshine is with us, also. Lou stayed in bed late, so I ate my breakfast alone. I telephoned Lorene and told her about Kathy Saxelby's illness and her sister Alice passing away. Beverly and Annie were coming to take Lorene shopping this morning, so she said she would tell them about Kathy's sister, and Kathy's operation scheduled for January 23. I answered Violet's letter and sent \$1.00 to the March of Dimes fund. Lou got up in time for brunch at 11:30 a.m. I cooked bacon, eggs, potatoes, and toast for him. He hosed off the front porch and lawns while I put the house in order. I used the hand sweeper today. I wrote to Elder Steve Bird and thanked him for his Christmas card and enclosed

\$2.00. He is in England on an LDS mission. He is such a fine young man; he is my sister Sue's grandson. I answered Lydia's letter, so they're all answered except Ethel Newbold's letter. I'm too weary to write any more today. Lou and I planted the tiny red rose plant he got from the Mutual Savings several days ago. It looks so frail and small, I wonder if it will live? He put a flower pot over it tonight so it won't freeze. Well, I hope it lives in spite of our lack of green thumbs. Lorene told me about Carol taking her, Miriam, and Janet to Bullock's Store last Saturday and they had to be towed home. All of them were riding in the big tow truck with a nice fat Mexican man. Ray had just had a new generator put in the car a few days before; it was burned out. The garage mechanic said the job was not done just right, so they put a new generator in the car for Ray. All is well that ends well, eh?

January 14, Sunday

We have enjoyed such a beautiful clear Sabbath day with no smog! I'm happy we could go to Sunday School and church today. I surely missed church last Sunday. We took

Inez Andersen and Bessie, the babysitter, to church this morning and Bessie again this afternoon. Inez isn't well enough to take two sessions in one day. We brought Clifton as far as the Manor Market; he needed some eggs. He is back home again on his own for a few days! While Lou had his nap after our lunch, I read from my Relief Society Magazine the next two lessons coming up. I also made a little outline of what I remember about my mother, to give in Sr. Lucille Martell's lesson on Wednesday, January 24. I surely hope I'll feel well enough to take care of the part she gave me. We enjoyed our sacrament services very much this afternoon at four to 5:30 p.m. The youth speaker, Debbie Eddington, gave a fine talk. We had two lovely organ solos by Laron Jacobsen. Two of our young men who just returned from missions gave their home coming reports. Elder Gerald Ashton and Elder John Valentine both gave excellent reports. John V. went to Brazil and Gerald went to Argentina. I surely enjoyed the meeting. We had a large attendance of families and friends. Lou and I stopped at McDonalds eating-place and enjoyed a delicious fish filet sandwich and a milk shake. We came home and enjoyed our dear little home and some television programs. I'm thinking of our precious children as always, hoping they are all well and happy. It is so wonderful to know that they are all busy in LDS Church work. "Count Your Many Blessings," Elvie Aurelia Bailey Renshaw!

January 15, Monday

Lou passed his driver's test this morning, Hallelujah! We awoke to another sunny bright morning, but cold, a wee bit of frost was on the rooftops. After breakfast Lou and his trembling heart left for the motor vehicle department to take his driver's test.

One Solitary Life

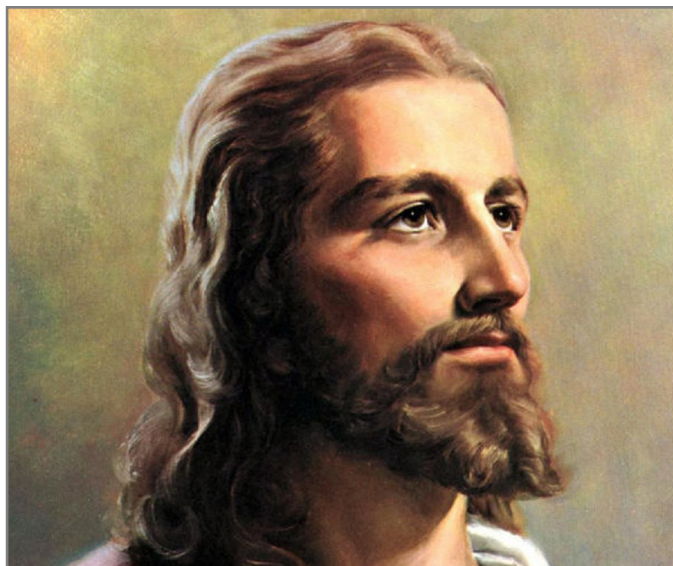
This is a popular poem about the life of Jesus Christ. Although the author is frequently cited as "unknown" the poem is actually attributed to James Allen Francis.

He was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant. He grew up in another village, where he worked in a carpenter shop until he was 30. Then, for three years, he was an itinerant preacher.

He never wrote a book, He never held an office. He never had a family or owned a home. He didn't go to college. He never lived in a big city. He never traveled 200 miles from the place where he was born. He did none of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but himself.

He was only 33 when the tide of public opinion turned against him. His friends ran away. One of them denied him. He was turned over to his enemies and went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. While he was dying, his executioners gambled for his garments, the only property he had on earth. When he was dead, he was laid in a borrowed grave, through the pity of a friend.

Twenty centuries have come and gone, and today he is the central figure of the human race. I am well within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, all the navies that ever sailed, all the parliaments that ever sat, all the kings that ever reigned--put together--have not affected the life of man on this earth as much as that one, solitary life.



He passed the written test last week. I had a special prayer for his successful performance. We really need our car to get to church and the markets. When he returned he tried to "kid me" into believing he couldn't pass the test, but his face revealed his real feelings; he never was good at lying to me. We are both relieved to know that he has a license to drive his car for another two years. He'll be 80 years old then and time will tell what we'll be doing by then, eh? I wrote a little thank you note to Br. and Sr. Daken K. Broadhead for the lovely greetings in the card they sent us at Christmas time with the beautiful poem, "One Solitary Life." I have it mounted in my scrapbook. Lou watered the lawns and gardens and then he enjoyed his nap in the cabaña swing. I answered Ethel Newbold's letter; I wanted to write to grandson, Elder John Marsh, in Scotland, but somehow I felt too weary, so maybe tomorrow. I talked to Florence Marsh, via phone. She sounds more cheerful, more like her old self. She had Elaine's little boy Chris with her for the day. She loves to have him and he loves to stay with Grandma Marsh, so they're both happy.

January 16, Tuesday

It was cold and overcast this morning. The sun got through to us before noon. Lou slept in this morning so I ate breakfast alone. He had a brunch later. I wrote a letter to my grandson, John (Elder Marsh), in Scotland on a mission. I enclosed a \$1.00 bill. Annie phoned and read Violet's letter. She said the trip home was very nice, no snow, nice dry roads all of the way. She had a very happy visit in California; she wrote

about her nice visit with Dolores and family, and Yvonne and her family. They had dinner with the Jack Joneses in Laguna Beach and Virginia treated them to a lovely dinner

in Los Angeles; she is Yvonne's mother-in-law. I'm not sure if it was in Los Angeles? Anyway, it was a lovely vacation for Violet and Otto. This afternoon Lou took me to the Safeway Market to get lettuce and tomatoes and Italian salad dressing to take to Relief Society tomorrow. I made a pan of beef stew for our dinner this evening. When Annie talked to me this morning she said Lorene had made a pot of beef stew and she was going to take it to Andersens' when Beverly came for her after work. So Andersens enjoyed the beef stew. Bill really enjoyed the stew Lorene made when she was staying there while Annie was having her foot troubles. It sounded good to me, so I made some for us. I cooked some rice to eat with it; I also baked a frozen rhubarb pie and some yams that we'll eat tomorrow. Emma Veldenzer phoned this evening; she wants us to come and see them in the new apartment home. I told her we would one of these days. Clifton Manlove phoned this evening, he's a very depressed old man. He is back to his own home again. I doubt if he'll ever make his marriage work okay.

January 17, Wednesday

I was happy to see a nice sunny day for our Relief Society day. Nora Williamson took Marie Doezie and me to Relief Society. It was my turn to help serve the luncheon. Marie and I took care of the tossed salad. We had a small attendance this morning, only about 26, so we had too much lettuce and tomatoes and dressing, but we brought it home with us. Sr. Elvinia Summers made the meat filling for the buns, all wrapped in Reynolds wrap, ready for the oven; they were delicious. Pat Rowbotham made the dessert, cocktail pudding cake; it is so good. We had a hot-spiced fruit drink that Pat and Elvinia made. I enjoyed working in the kitchen with these dear sisters. Pat sent a bun and a piece of dessert home to Lou and he enjoyed it for his lunch at 3 p.m. We had an interesting demonstration on how to use the new ballpoint paint tubes in painting materials for beautifying our homes. We each painted a quilt block; The Relief Society will quilt it and sell it later. Geneva Musser took the blocks home to sew them together for quilting. Nora W. had to leave before the luncheon; she had an appointment. Sr. Musser brought me home. Sr. Summers took Marie home. Lou went to see Clifton Manlove this morning. He is sad and frustrated over his matrimonial troubles. It is too bad they have these irritating blow-ups. Lou went over to talk to his cousin Ruby; he took her to the Pantry Market for some groceries. It has been a pleasant day for me, but I do feel a bit weary this evening.

January 18, Thursday

It was a lovely, clear, sunny day. Lou didn't get up until after ten, so I ate breakfast alone, about 8:30. I went over my part for the Relief Society lesson next week. I'm trying to keep it down to 5 or 6 minutes. "Things I Remember About my Mother," isn't easy to cut down to that limit. Today's mail brought a letter from Donna. She'd enclosed an adorable picture of baby Julie taken Christmas 1966, with Santa Claus;



Julie and Santa in December 1966.

she was almost 3 months old. Mary says it is to put in my scrapbook. Donna says they are proud of my 40 years of diary keeping and the scrapbooks. She says she will cherish and enjoy them when she has less to do, and will be the keeper of the records and books. Rex has merged his business with Mr. Al Nelson's waterproofing and decking materials of San Leandro, with Rex's seamless flooring business. They hope to keep busy. They had a good-sized deck job in San Rafael last week. Donna says there is a package in the mail for Daddy's birthday. She wishes she could be here to spend his birthday with him and so do we! Next Sunday is inventory at the store; Donna will have to work and count handbags, and etcetera. They all enjoyed the letter and pictures I sent from Joan. Donna sent them to Janet and she'll send the pictures back to Joan. Janet and David are going to New York in the spring; it is a business bonus trip from IBM for David's fine work, inventions and etcetera. Mary's baby boy is doing well; he eats cereal and fruit now. He is almost two months old. He smiles for them. Little Julie loves to kiss him; she is only a baby herself, 14 months. She can tell you where her eyes, her nose, her ears, and teeth are now, and she says a few words. Kathy and her friend George are reading the Book of Mormon at their different homes and they compare notes on their findings. The missionaries gave George the first lesson of the gospel in Marshes' home last Sunday evening after church. Donna had George and the missionaries to dinner on Sunday. They gave the lesson after dinner that night. Donna's letters always brighten our day for us.

January 19, Friday

We have enjoyed another lovely, sunny day with no smog. Lou and I went to town this morning to the Walter Dorn Jeweler Store at 2494 E. Colorado Boulevard. We had the watch repairman look at Lou's old wristwatch. He examined it and told us it isn't worth the money it would cost for repairs, so I bought a brand new Vantage wristwatch, in a nice gold case, with a nice stretch gold band for \$19.95. The Hamilton Watch Company makes this watch and it has 17 jewels. It is good looking. It is my gift to Daddy for his birthday on January 23. I bought three pair of hose in Penney's Store for myself for \$3.10. We drove to Lake Street, to Nelson's Shoe Store, 238 S. Lake, and Lou bought me a lovely pair of black dress shoes for \$18.90 with tax. It is my birthday gift.

We waited until after the Christmas rush to shop for ourselves. I think it is dreadful what they ask for a pair of shoes now! I have a letter written to mail to Donna, but I'm waiting for the tape from John that she mailed to us with her letter, so I can comment on it in this letter from me to her. I hope the tape comes tomorrow and the gift she mailed to her daddy for his birthday. Lou got a birthday card from Florence Marsh today, but no tape from John, or package from Donna yet. Tomorrow, maybe, eh? P.S. I left my silver abalone shell ring to be soldered at the jewelers; it'll be ready on Tuesday. The cost will be \$1.50.



Above is Elvie's Abalone ring.

January 20, Saturday

It is such a lovely, sunny day. I cleaned the rooms up and washed the floors in the kitchen, bathroom, and service porch. Lou did some yard work and he spray polished all of his shoes, 5 or 6 pairs. He did 3 pair of mine, also. Rex gave him the spray polish; it does a good job and is a cinch to use. Today's mail brought John's tape from Donna, a letter from Violet, and a birthday card from Ethel Newbold to Lou. She never forgets his birthday. Violet sent a news clipping telling of the passing of May Chinn, a nice little Chinese lady who lived as neighbors to us when we were living at home with our parents, years ago, in Salt Lake City. She had a son Hubert and a daughter Virginia. The clipping says that she was 68 years old. Her husband Edward Chinn died August 22, 1961. The clipping said there was another daughter Vivian Wong. Mrs. Chin and Hubert and Vivian had been living in Albuquerque, New Mexico, but they buried her in the Salt Lake City Cemetery, so I guess she had burial lots there. I recall that May Chinn had a son named Arthur. I wonder if he died? [*He died in 1944.*] Violet said they had some dirty snow in Cedar, but it was melting. She was having her hair dressed when she wrote, well, she was under the dryer when she was writing to me. Her operator friend Elsie went for Violet and took her home again because Violet was not feeling well enough to go out; she was having difficulty with her breathing and has a heart condition. Elsie has taken care of Violet's hair for several years. Aren't friends like that beauty

VISITING TEACHER MESSAGE—Truths To Live By

Message 4—A Loving Person

Alice Colton Smith

Northern Hemisphere: Third Meeting, January 1968

Southern Hemisphere: June 1968

Objective: To become a loving person requires desire, study, and practice.

One mellow summer evening in the Café Mozart around the corner from Vienna's Opera House, an Austrian woman sociologist explained why the terrors of two world wars had caused many Viennese to grow fearful. "No one has been admitted to my intimate friendship circle since childhood. I have many acquaintances, but few friends. I don't want more friends. I'd be afraid of them."

Did she reflect the uneasiness many people feel, due, perhaps, not to war but to unhappy experiences with others? Do we want friends? Do we want to love others? She who becomes a friend must want to love.

The expression of love requires skill. It can be learned. Jesus and all the prophets to the present day have taught this skill. To excel in love, as in all great attainments, requires training. Historians, modern scientists, men of learning in other areas have insights for us. We should be selective as we study, so that our growing knowledge will be in harmony with the gospel.

We have many opportunities to practice and to help others grow into a loving relationship with us.

A woman discovered a neighbor's child pulling up her flowers. She asked him why he did this. He said, "Mommie loves pretty flowers. I am taking her these." The woman talked with the child about a flower's needs. She told him that flowers needed to be picked, not pulled, showing him how this was done. She asked him to come to her next time and together they would decide which ones were ready to be picked. She told him that she was glad he loved flowers. Gradually they developed a common interest in flowers and became good friends. He became as protective of her garden as she.

A loquacious and complaining woman alienated most of her family and friends. One woman, understanding her loneliness and insecurity, listened to her and found they had many common interests. Focusing on these, she helped the woman, at least temporarily, to forget her problems. It took only a few hours a month to help this troubled sister.

Love makes demands. It calls for continual growth and development. To become a loving person a woman learns to admit freely

operator something special? John's tape told of his activities in the Mission Home at Christmas time. He helped to get the mail distributed to the missionaries in Scotland. He is now assisting with the printing and is really enjoying his work in the mission offices. He'd like to stay there a while; the food is excellent, the home is lovely, and all is pleasant. He told of his nice Christmas with gifts of money and socks, ties, and etcetera. He hasn't said if he received the \$20.00 money order we mailed to him in November. Oh, I surely hope it reached him all right. Lou walked to the post office and mailed my letter to Donna this afternoon. He walked over and talked to Clifton Manlove, a nice hike for him.

January 21, Sunday

Oh, what a beautiful morning, Oh, what a beautiful day! We have surely enjoyed a lovely Sabbath day with blue sky, and a warm, spring like day. Lou took the Paulson boy, Steve, to priesthood meeting. He came back later to take Inez Anderson, Bessie Izmirlan, and me to Sunday School. Bessie is the baby sitter for our ward. We had a very nice Sunday School as always. Br. Robert Austin gave the lesson in our class. Br. Robert Gordon is out of town, so he substituted for Br. Gordon. He is an excellent teacher, too. We enjoyed Swanson's frozen fried chicken TV dinners at home, Oh, they're good eating and no work. I studied my visiting teacher's message. Lydia Smith thinks she can go with me tomorrow, so I'll be prepared. We took Bessie back to church this afternoon. We had a very nice meeting; two young sisters from Hollywood Ward played two lovely musical numbers on the piano and cello, a young man, a returned missionary from Australia, gave a fine talk. He is from South Pasadena Ward. I'm sorry I didn't get their names. We didn't have the printed program today; something went wrong with our printing equipment. High Councilman Bishop Eric Smith was our main speaker. We enjoyed his fine talk on family. We also had two youth speakers from our ward; the Barnes twins, Claudia and Jeffery, so we enjoyed our sacrament meeting as always.

January 22, Monday

I phoned Lydia Smith at eight this morning. She said she'd come for me at 1 p.m. to do our Relief Society visiting. It was a lovely sunny day, so I did my washing this morning. Today's mail brought a couple of packages to Lou for his birthday, a two pounds box of See's Chocolates from Mary and Jon and babies, and a lovely stereo Dot record of Lawrence Welk, "Hymns We Love." Janet and Dave sent a \$5.00 check in their pretty card. Grampa Lou couldn't have been more pleased with his gifts, and I can enjoy his gifts too! Isn't that nice? Lydia and I found four of our six families at home this afternoon and we enjoyed our visits with them. I gave the message on "**How to Become a Loving Person**," and we should do something for someone

when she is wrong. She learns to discuss misunderstandings without anger. She acquires skill in correcting others so that they are not wounded. She encourages excellence in others and is patient as she waits for them to develop.

A friend in trouble is sustained without being judged. When something does not work in her relationship with others, she tries repeatedly until she finds a good solution. It takes a dedicated effort to become a loving person.

not of our own family, we should desire to be a real friend, and etcetera. It has been a beautiful, sunny, clear day. We have played the lovely record of "Hymns We Love," several times and we just love it. Aren't we lucky parents? I wrote for Daddy and Grampa to tell our beloved children thank you for his lovely gifts. Lou also received a lovely birthday card from Violet and Otto. Lou wrote a thank you note to Janet and Dave on a postcard; he mailed the cards this early evening at Virginia Avenue mailbox. He also mailed my Relief Society's visiting teachers card, the report on our visits today.

January 23, Tuesday

Happy birthday to you, dear Louis, 78 years old today. It was a lovely spring like day; I did my ironing this morning before Lou got up. I cooked a nice breakfast for him later. He went to town to get his hair cut; he had it done at the Peter Pan Shop this morning. He stopped in Walter Dorn's Jeweler Shop to get my abalone shell dinner ring. It had to be soldered where it broke in half. I'm glad to have it fixed because it would get caught on things or pinch my hand. It cost \$1.50 for the repair and looks like new, a nice job. Today's mail brought a birthday card from Lillian with a \$20.00 bill for Louis's birthday. Isn't that nice? She is a sweet generous sister, eh? With Janet's \$5.00 he did okay. He is enjoying the See's Chocolates, the lovely record from the Marsh and Tibbets households, and the wristwatch I gave him. Ruby Hodges phoned this morning; she wants to treat us to dinner in the cafeteria this afternoon about 4:30. I did a little remodeling on the neckline of my gray tweed dress this morning. Lou took his nap; I went through my part of the Relief Society lesson in the morning, "Things I Remember About My Mother." We picked Ruby up at 4:30 and went to Beadle's Cafeteria where we enjoyed a delicious dinner. Ruby and I had leg of lamb and vegetables. Lou had liver and bacon and macaroni and cheese. We all had pie. We took Ruby with us to Highland Park to Lorene's. We visited in her house until about 6 p.m. Lorene gave Lou a gift of cashew nuts in a glass jar and a package of M&M Peanuts, his favorite. We went to Andersens' and had a nice visit there. They gave Lou some vacuum packed mixed nuts and some Mennen's After Shave Lotion. Beverly wanted to treat to ice cream and cake, but we were too full

of food. She did treat to some mints. We had a very nice visit with Andersens. A ward brother, Br. Bunton, or some such name, came to see Annie and Bill about genealogy. He said he'd come back another time. We took Lorene and Ruby home and we arrived home about nine. Lou says he has had a very happy birthday and I have enjoyed it, too. Good night all!

January 24, Wednesday

Nora Williamson took me and Inez Anderson and Mabrye Phillips to Relief Society this morning. It was our Social Relations lesson taught by Sr. Lucille Martell. She had a great-grandmother, a grandmother, and a mother, tell some of the things they remember about their mothers. I was the great-grandmother, Claire Smith was the grandmother, and a young mother, Sr. Jean Simpson, was the mother. We all took pictures of our mothers (their wedding pictures). I got

through very well and I gave the little tributes I've composed to my mother, the verse in "My Family Tree," the verse in "My Memories" (about mother), and the verse titled "Mother," that I composed after Mother's Day in 1929. The sisters all seemed to enjoy it. I surely enjoyed listening to the other sisters tell about their mothers. Lou wrote a letter to Lillian and Jack thanking them for the lovely dates and the \$20.00 that he received for his birthday from them. Today

has been almost like summer time, just beautiful. Lou went to see Clifton Manlove this morning. Lou said Jeannie Marsh came to take Cliff to the market after Relief Society. She was going to give him a cooking lesson. I mailed Lou's letter to Lillian; I wrote a few lines myself in it while Lou enjoyed his nap. I walked up to the post office and mailed the letter. I bought \$1.00 worth of stamps (6¢ and airmail 10¢). I went to Helen's Variety Store and bought a little folding picture frame to put Mother and Father's wedding pictures in. I've had them in a frame for many years but the frames got tarnished and were falling apart, so I got the new frames. They didn't have the small oval like I had them in, so I got the square frames. I like them better in these little gold colored metal folding frames I think. I bought two refills for my pens, plus a red ballpoint pen. I also bought some valentines to send to my great grandchildren. P.S. Our garage door spring broke this evening when Lou shut it down. It made a loud noise. Stan Edgecomb helped Lou to get it opened up.



Mother

*Mother! the word that means so much,
Our very heart strings it seems to touch.
It calls the sweetest face to mind,
That ever graced our human kind.
She may be dark, or she may be fair,
It matters not what shade her hair.
Streaked with silver or shining with gold,
Our love for Mother will never grow cold.
She's the dearest friend we have on earth;
There are few who equal a Mother's worth.
And when from Mother we are called to part
We know real aching of the heart.*

—Elvie Renshaw.



January 25, Thursday

I enjoyed my walk to the boulevard last evening about 4 p.m. It was such a lovely day. I haven't walked up to shop in a long time. Now that Lou doesn't work, he takes me to the store and etcetera. It was a nice, clear day again today, but not as warm as yesterday was. I vacuumed the two bedrooms and hall this morning. Lou fixed the back door so it wouldn't stick; it had swollen in the wet weather and was hard to open. Our wonderful neighbor Stanley Edgecomb repaired our garage door spring, so Lou didn't have to buy another spring. It works very well now. We are lucky indeed to have such a fine neighbor. Today's mail brought a tape recording that Joan and her Sherm and Janet had made to send to Grama and Grampa Marsh and the Gardner grandparents. It was so interesting to hear Joan tell of their activities, their house hunting, Mo's work, and etcetera. They are doing well, they love the ward and stake and would like to buy in that location, but prices are so dreadfully high there. They may have to move into a new location, but in the same stake. Mo loves his work in the high council, so I hope they can stay in the stake. The other side of the tape recording was made by Sherm and Janet. It is just precious; they did it by themselves. Sherm took charge and helped his little sister at times. They told about their happy Christmas, the gifts, and etcetera. Sherm told the cute story he gave in church about prayer. We listened twice to the recording; we had to smile and choke up a bit as we listened to the darling children talk. Donna typed a little note and enclosed it with the tape. She said Joan wanted the tape back so she could send it to the Gardner grandparents, but Donna wanted us to hear it first and then I could send it to Joan. It was thoughtful of Donna to let us hear it first. Donna, Mary, and Dorothy Tibbets went to the temple on Lou's birthday. Dorothy brought a young lady from Penn Grove, a Kathy S.? [Soarses] I've forgotten the last name, but she took care of Mary's children while they went to the temple. They left home about 7 a.m. and returned about 12:30 noon. Julie was asleep when they left, but the girl said she frowned at her when she went in to get her up and dressed, and then she smiled and said, "Hi," so she was happy.

January 26, Friday

It was overcast and much colder today. I answered Donna's letter last night and started one to Joan. I got up and finished Joan's letter this morning before breakfast. I enclosed Joan's letter and the one Donna sent to us in the box with Joan's tape in. I sealed the tape with brown paper and I took the letter written to Donna, the tape to Joan, and some bills that Lou had checks in (the second installment of taxes, to the City of Pasadena, \$44.88, and the County of Los Angeles check, was \$152.51). So now our taxes are paid plus some current bills. I mailed them at the mailbox on Virginia Avenue this morning. Clifton Manlove phoned this afternoon. He was feeling very depressed and asked

Lou to come over and talk to him. Lou went to the Arroyo Branch of the Bank of America to get his car license tabs. I vacuumed the two front rooms. Darn it! Our television is acting up again. I couldn't get Lou's favorite program, "The Big Deal" on Channel 4. The sound was okay, but the picture was dreadful. It is so frustrating, ugh! Today's mail brought a pretty card of belated birthday wishes to Lou and me, from Flora Taylor, Lou's cousin. She is a sweet person; I'm amazed she does remember our birthdays at all. I can't recall her day. I enjoyed the lovely recording Donna and Mary sent Lou, by L. Welk, "Hymns We Love." P.S. Lou took his new watch to the jeweler to have the hands painted black. The light gold hands were difficult for Lou to tell the time at a glance.



Florence, Arthur, Ross, Bill, Weldon, City of Rocks May 30, 1962.

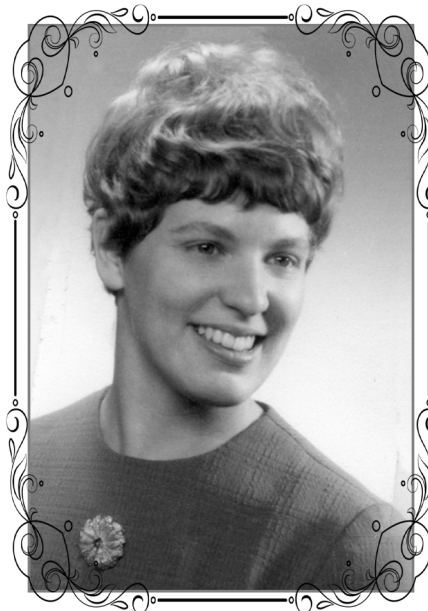
January 27, Saturday

Florence Marsh phoned this afternoon; she was crying as she told me that her youngest brother, Ross Green, had passed away yesterday in Kaysville, Utah. [Family Search says Ogden.] I think she said his funeral would be next Monday, but not sure. She talked to her brother Bill last night on the phone. He told her not to come to Utah; it is dreadfully cold with lots of snow and ice. Lewie Marsh and Florence Oates told their mother not to go because she isn't over the shock of John's death yet, and she isn't well enough for that cold weather and sad experience. I thought Florence Marsh went last week to take care of Elaine and Tink's children while they are visiting friends in Las Vegas. (They are meeting old BYU friends there.) But she says it is next week she'll be at the Woolleys'. Judy Marsh is giving her farewell talk in Highland Park Ward next Sunday evening. She is going on a mission to Chile. Her father, Lewie, is going as far as Salt Lake City with Judy. We got some rain in the night and a few little showers today. The garage door spring that Stan Edgecomb fixed on Thursday broke in the night about 1:30 a.m. It made a loud noise. Lou knew it was the spring again; he was afraid to look at the car for fear it was damaged. Mr. Edgecomb helped Lou pry up the door. They took the broken spring off and Stan put a heavier old spring he had at his place on the door. It works all right. We hope it will be all right now.

I defrosted the freezer compartment of our Frigidaire this morning. Lou helped get the hard ice off. I washed the inside of the refrigerator and the outside, too, after the freezer was taken care of. I cooked potatoes, carrots, and loin lamb chops for our dinner. Today's mail brought a real cute belated birthday card to Grampa, from Joan and Mo. She had a \$5.00 greenback in it. Grampa said, "Oh, they shouldn't do that," but you know, there was a big grin on his face as he tucked it in his wallet, ha ha! I wrote a thank you note to Joan and Mo for Grampa; writing somehow seems very difficult for him to do. He says, "That is what he has me for." (Private secretary, eh?) Lou and I enjoyed our warm little house and the television this evening I read his priesthood lesson to him and some from our Home Evening book, before the TV programs we listen to on Saturday evenings (The Dating Game, Lawrence Welk, and etcetera). It is a comfortable life with the man I love. It was raining when we went to bed at 10 p.m. P.S. Ross Green had been ill a long time; he had a stroke some time ago.

January 28, Sunday

We awoke to a lovely, clear, sunny morning, but it was cold, with frost on the housetops and lots of white snow on our mountains. It looked so pretty. Lou came back from priesthood to take me and the babysitter, Bessie, to Sunday School. We had a nice attendance of smiling happy LDS friends. Robert Gordon was back to give our lesson; he is such a fine teacher. Robert Baddley and wife came with his parents (Elmer and Atha). After class Robert Baddley asked Lou all about Janet and Joan "Marsh," where they live, their children and husbands, and etcetera. They were all young people in the old Pasadena Ward. Now they are raising young ones of their own. The Robert Baddleys live in San Diego. We had TV dinners at home after Sunday School, Swanson's fried chicken; they are the best, our favorite. Lou enjoyed his nap after dinner; I did some writing and some reading. We went back to church at four and took Bessie again. We had a very nice meeting. We sat on the back row so we could leave a few minutes early to go to the Highland Park Ward to Miriam Marsh Jr.'s missionary farewell program at 6. Bishop Munns wanted to see Lou after the meeting, but he said he'd talk to him next Sunday. He said, "Go to your farewell meeting." Lou has a whole week to wonder what the bishop wants him to do? The speakers in our own sacrament meeting were Br. David McBride and his wife Josephine. They moved into our ward a few weeks ago. They are the in-laws of Linda McBride. She and family used to live in our East Pasadena Ward. LaVon Mead sang two lovely soprano solos. Our youth speakers were Elizabeth Ellsworth and Robert Ratliff; both gave fine talks. We left for Highland Park when the closing song was being sung. We arrived in Highland Park Ward in plenty of time before the sacrament meeting started there. Mother Marsh said it was Judy Marsh that was going to Chile on a mission, so I'd written her name on the envelope with the \$3.00 in and a note. When we got to church, we found out it was her sister Miriam Jr. instead of Judy. Grama Marsh meant Miriam but she said Judy. She even called her Judy tonight in church. She is like me; at times I say Joan when I mean



*Miriam Marsh went to Chile
as a missionary.*

Janet and etcetera. Poor old Grandmas, eh? The family seemed pleased that we came over to hear Miriam's talk. Florence Marsh insisted that we sit up in front with the family. We enjoyed the program very much. Lewie Marsh gave a nice opening prayer. Terry Griggs, the young girl who lives with the Lewie Marshes, gave a nice talk. Robin Marsh Bateman played a flute solo; it was very pretty. The missionary, Miriam, gave an excellent talk. Judy Marsh



played a nice piano solo. Patriarch Wilford G. Edling was the final speaker. His remarks were very interesting. Cousin Burt Pack gave the benediction. Br. and Sr. Ernest Chandler were there and Paul and Alice's daughter Virginia and her family, and son Burt and wife and five lovely children. We enjoyed talking to all of them after the meeting. It's always nice to greet old friends, too. The chapel was full; they had to put some people on the stand. We called in to see Annie, Bill, and Beverly for a few minutes after church. Bev insisted we bring home part of a pineapple pie. They are so very generous; bless their hearts. Lou has attended four meetings and I have attended three this Sabbath day. I love to be in church, so it was a happy day for me.

January 29, Monday

President David H. Cannon was buried today. I'd like to have attended his funeral, but I'm sure there would be a huge crowd at his funeral. It is a long way for Lou to drive when he isn't too well himself, so we didn't go. It was a very lovely, clear day; I put out three runs of washing. Lou is a big help, he takes the clothes out to the lines and he cleans the lines off for me. This afternoon we went to the Safeway Market and bought our week's supply of groceries. I bought a new clothespin bag on a hanger to push along the line. My old clothespin apron got a big hole in it and the pins kept falling on the lawn. I got tired of picking them up. Florence Marsh went home with the Woolley children last evening after church. She is staying with the children a few days while Elaine and Tink go to Las Vegas to meet some old school friends. They were friends when they were going to college at BYU a few years ago. I hope they have a nice time and also hope that Grama Marsh gets along very well and enjoys her stay with her great grandchildren, the Woolleys.

January 30, Tuesday

Today was bright and clear with no smog, but it was cold. The telephone got me up this morning; it was Annie. She wondered if Lou could come over this afternoon and take her to her foot doctor at 3:30 p.m. I told her "sure."



PATIENCE AND FORBEARANCE

OBJECTIVE

TO SHOW THAT A WOMAN WHO LETS PATIENCE TURN INTO RESIGNATION IS SUBSTITUTING ENDURANCE FOR FORBEARANCE.


A. IN SEEKING WHY SOME THINGS HAPPEN, WE MAY LEARN MUCH ABOUT OURSELVES.

B. WE DO NOT ALWAYS UNDERSTAND WHY SOME THINGS HAPPEN AND WE MAY NOT RECEIVE IMMEDIATE ANSWERS WHICH RESOLVE EVERYTHING. WE SHOULD BE WILLING TO WAIT AND WORK--NOT ONLY TO ENDURE, BUT TO PERSIST AND GROW.

C. BASIC TO PATIENCE IS FAITH IN GOALS THAT ARE BOTH WORTHWHILE AND ACHIEVABLE.

AS A WOMAN, I SHOULD TAKE AN INWARD LOOK TO BE SURE MY PATIENCE IS CHARACTERIZED BY HOPE, COURAGE, AND A CONTINUANCE OF ACTION, WHEREEVER POSSIBLE, IN ACHIEVING WORTHWHILE GOALS.

From our Relief Society lesson Jan. 31st 1968



Lou told her last Sunday he'd take her if she needed someone; she thought she was through going to the foot specialist, but another blister came on her toe; the doctor calls them ulcers. I wish that condition would heal up. I know it worries Annie a lot, because of her diabetes. I did my ironing this morning before Lou got up. We ate brunch together about 11 a.m. I answered Violet's letter. Annie was upset because her grandson David Andersen is in the hospital in Germany where he is going to college. He had blisters break out in his mouth and lips. One or two doctors thought it was hoof and mouth disease, others diagnosed it as something else. David said it is healing up now, we're glad of that. Today's mail brought a letter from Lydia and one from Ethel Newbold. I took Lydia's letter to Highland Park so the Andersens could enjoy hearing it, also. Annie had one from Lydia, too. We read both of them. Lydia is worrying about her spring housecleaning already; the painting and cleaning she does each spring. They're expecting daughter Mickey Olson and family home for the Easter vacation time. Elsie Bailey was delighted because Margaret and Melv Renshaw called to see her. She mentioned it to Lydia several times (I'm glad they did go to see Elsie). She told Lydia that they hadn't changed at all; they look just the same. Isn't that something? And Elsie is blind, she can't see at all. I'm sure she means they sound just the same. Elsie always has the operator get the telephone numbers for her. Lydia says Jim's baby Jimmy looks just like Grandpa Owen J. Bailey did in the baby picture she has of Owen. I remember that cute picture of Owen sitting on a chair in his baby dress and black button shoes. Ethel told of the passing of her dear friends Rose and Hattie Ealey Tilt. Ethel is feeling better; the doctor gave her some pills to draw the fluid out of her liver. We went to Highland Park in time for Lou to take Annie to her foot doctor at 3:30 p.m. I stayed with Bill; we had a nice visit talking over the days of our youth. Annie's foot is still draining, but the

doctor says it is coming along okay. He put more pure gold leaf on the toe. We ate with Andersens this evening; Annie had a delicious casserole of ground beef, onions, tomatoes, peppers, rice, and etcetera. We did enjoy it. We had peas for vegetables and ice cream and sweet rolls for dessert. Beverly insisted that I bring home a big roll. It seems like we always come home with some goodies, they are such generous people. Bev phoned Elaine today; we're glad to know she is feeling much better. She took her mother to Br. David H. Cannon's funeral on Monday. Elder Harold B. Lee spoke at President Cannon's funeral. Annie strained her leg; she was having a lot of pain in her knee. I rubbed it with Deep Heat ointment. She said it felt better after I rubbed it.

January 31, Wednesday

It started to rain soon after we went to bed last night and it rained most of the night. It was a nice, sunny day today; so pretty after the rain. Nora Williamson took Marie Doezie and me to Relief Society; isn't she a precious friend? We had a very lovely Cultural Refinement lesson given by the young sister, Shirley Rogers. It was on "Patience and Forbearance." Shirley gave us all a typed test of spirituality to bring home and study. [See handout above.] She really goes to a lot of work but we all get so much from her excellent teaching. Lou spent his morning taking his friend Clifton Manlove places he wanted to go, to his eye doctor, the ear doctor, to pay some bills, and to the market. I phoned to find out how Annie was feeling today. I was happy to learn that she feels much better. She said she slept well last night and the pain didn't come back in her knee after I rubbed it with the Deep Heat ointment last night. We do have many things to be thankful for, eh? Farewell, January, we've enjoyed your 31 days. Yes, you've been a happy month, but gone so fast, so very fast! Now you are a thing of the past, but my little diary book will recall your days for anyone interested in January of 1968.

February 1, Thursday

Oh me, February 1st already! It was a lovely, clear day; I spent my morning addressing valentines to our grandchildren and great grandchildren. I composed some verses for the little ones and taped dimes and gum in their cards. I used my red ink pen to write with, *this grandmother has fun, eh?* Lou took me to the post office for more stamps. I mailed the valentines to Joan's family; it takes 5 or 6 days regular mail, to New York. I didn't send them airmail. We drove over to say hello to Lou's cousin Ruby Hodges. We found her not feeling well; the poor gal had been suffering from abdominal pains. She did get relief, however, from some pills Dr. Allen gave her, plus her heating pad. Lou fixed the broken pull cord on her service porch Venetian blind. She was pleased; she gave him a nice big avocado from Pawnee and Pearl's tree. It clouded up this evening and feels like it may rain. Well, the rain makes the grass and flowers look green and pretty.

February 2, Friday

Today dawned bright and sunny. I got up about 8 a.m. Lou enjoyed another sleep in. He got up to go to the bathroom and looked at the clock and then went back to bed. Retirement is tough on that man. I'd like a picture of my Lou when he gets up in the mornings, ha ha! His hair stands upright, like it was starched or wired. You notice I'm not mentioning how I look, ha ha! I phoned Annie to learn if she had someone to take her to her foot doctor today. Yes, Viola Polk was going to take her so Lou won't go to Highland Park today. Today's mail brought a letter from Ada E. Quinton, 2610 34 Avenue West, Seattle, Washington. She had been reading microfilms in the genealogical library in Tacoma, Washington, and had found our name and address. She was thrilled to find the information she'd been searching for. Her father is the William Moore that adopted Grandma Renshaw (Lou's mother). Ada is a daughter of his second wife. She knew that her father and first wife had adopted a girl and she was so happy to find something about her. I answered her letter this afternoon and Lou mailed it. I'll send her letter to Donna and ask her to give it to Roland Renshaw because he is interested in genealogical work. I hope he will write to Ada. I find it difficult to do that work myself now. Ruby Hodges telephoned this late afternoon; she had a visit from her niece's husband. Norma has been dead over a year; she was Clarence Renshaw's daughter. None of Clarence's family knew she was dead. Clarence died 16 years ago. Ruby had tried several

times to get in touch with Norma and now she understands why she couldn't get an answer to her letters. It was because of Ruby's letters that the husband [*Wesley D. Brooks*] came to see her in person and tell her about Norma. They lived in San Francisco; he came from there to see Ruby. Lou doesn't know his name, so I can't identify the man, sorry. Two LDS full time missionaries called on us this afternoon. One was from Idaho; the other was from Sandy, Utah. They were nice young elders. I enjoyed their visit. I've seen them both at our stake center. I do not recall their names.

February 3, Saturday

Our Social Security payment came today, \$191.60, payday, hallelujah! It was another lovely day. Lou did a carpenter job for me that I've wanted done for a long time. He made a half screen frame for the east window in his bedroom. The full-length screen frame was too difficult for me to get off with our cabaña built over part of that window. The half screen frame works just fine and I can keep the windows clean now. I'm thankful for my handyman. Beverly and Annie took Bill for his check-up at Dr. Lewis's office in Van Nuys this morning. I talked to Annie via phone this afternoon. Her foot doctor said her toe has healed up nicely. She doesn't have to go back to him for two months. Ray and Bette Haddock brought Sue to Andersens' last evening. Bette had heard from Aunt Lydia. She told them that Bonnie's daughter Shonnie went to Las Vegas with her fiancé and got married, so Bonnie and Darrell have a married daughter now. Lydia's is going to help Doris give Shonnie a bridal shower. I surely hope they'll be very happy; Shonnie is a lovely girl. I hope he is an LDS boy. We received a letter from Donna; she enclosed John's typed letter. He has a new address; he is now serving in Perth, Scotland, 25

Unity Terrace. He enclosed a stamp picture of himself, with this notation. "Don't ask me who the fat guy is, I just found the picture in the trash can." The food must be good; he sure has put on weight. John is the branch clerk, and his companion is the branch president. The branch is small, so they have most of the responsibility. John teaches a Primary class. They celebrate Robert Burns's birthday (Scottish Poet), it is called Burns Day. He loved haggis, a type of Scottish sausage; John thinks it is horrible, ha ha! Donna also enclosed a nice long letter from Marty Strong. She tells about her children and grandchildren; they have eight grandchildren now. Wayne is playing in melodramas up in



Elder John Marsh's new address (Google Maps 2017):
25 Unity Terrace, Perth, Scotland. The end unit boxed in red.

Park City; he likes it very well. They play only on Friday and Saturday nights. He still holds his regular job as usual. Wayne's little girl Tina substituted one night (last Friday) playing the small part of an 11-year-old child; she was thrilled about it. Inis Stanton lives in Salt Lake City now. She called in to see Marty on January 27. She is divorced from Bob. Sorry I can't record more of her long letter.

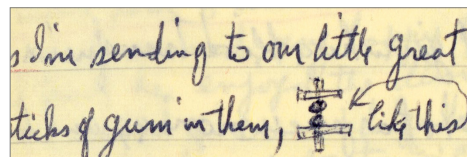
February 4, Sunday

Lou went to priesthood and later he took Inez Anderson and me to Sunday School fast day services. We also took the babysitter, Bessie, to church. Bishop Munns asked Lou if he would take me with him and visit the widows in our ward. He'll hear more about this assignment later. I enjoyed the lovely testimonies this morning, also our class later. Dr. William Pettit was our teacher today. We had Swanson's TV fried chicken dinners to break our fast today. I gave \$2.00 to the Primary for the Children's Hospital in Salt Lake City; it is their annual fund drive. There was a special Boy Scout meeting in our ward this afternoon, but we didn't go. I wrote a long letter to Donna and I recorded what was in Marty's letter and sent back John's letter that Donna sent to us. We enjoyed the lovely record that Donna sent to her daddy, Lawrence Welk's "Hymns We Love." We haven't played any other record since he got it for his birthday; it is so lovely. I wore my pretty yellow robe that Donna sent for Christmas; I love it. This evening we enjoyed the TV programs as usual. Mary and Jon's baby boy, Gregory Stewart Tibbets received his name and father's blessing this morning. I'd love to have been there in the San R a f a e l Ward fast meeting. [Gregory Stewart Tibbets 8 weeks old photo below.]



February 5, Monday

It was cloudy this morning and looked as if it was going to rain. I decided not to wash, however, we had a very pleasant afternoon. My neighbor Helen Edgecomb got her washing dried nicely. I went to the Bank of America with Lou, to deposit \$100 of our Social Security check. I bought a dollar's worth of dimes to put some in the valentines I'm sending to our little great grandchildren in a valentine card. I taped two dimes and two sticks of gum in them, like this. [Drawing below.] The tape holds them in place. I have them



all ready to mail now. I did mail the Gardner kiddies earlier because they have to go to

New York. It takes 5 or 6 days regular mail. I didn't send them airmail. We drove to the Thrifty Drug Store in the Hastings District. I bought some things I needed, mouth wash, cold tablets, paper place mats, cough syrup, Vitamin C, and Lou got some shoelaces. We shopped for groceries in the Market Basket. It is a very lovely new market; we spent \$11.23; they do not give Blue Chip Stamps there, darn it. But it was a nice place to shop. On our way home Lou bought us a fish filet sandwich at McDonald's and some French-fried potatoes. We came home to eat them; they were still nice and hot, good! Today's mail brought an invitation to a bridal shower for Shonnie R. Stevens, the new bride. It will be February 9 at 7:30 p.m. at Elaine Strong's home, 3157 Delmar Drive in Salt Lake City. Elaine and Doris Davies are giving the wedding shower. I'd like to attend, but of course, that is out. We will send something.

February 6, Tuesday

We've had a lovely day, like spring. I enjoyed hanging out my washing in the sunshine. They dried in the nice breeze; I even got them ironed by noontime. Lorene phoned and read Lydia's very interesting letter. She wrote about Elsie being in the hospital; she said she was so ill last Saturday they didn't expect her to live until morning. They'd given her a blood transfusion and oxygen. She felt better on Sunday but is still very sick. She has pneumonia and her cancer has flared up again. There is a large lump where they operated on her chest about three years ago to remove a breast. The poor little Elsie Daisy, she weighs only 76 pounds now and she is blind. It is indeed a sad tragic situation. I do feel sorry about her condition. I hope she will be relieved of her suffering soon. Today's mail brought a nice letter from Donna. She was in the baptismal room of the inter-stake center in Oakland. Rex was in his Mormonaries meeting. Jack West spoke at the fireside on the Book of Mormon. Rex and Donna took a young lady about Mary's age to Oakland with them. She is going to be the representative from their stake. Last Sunday when baby Gregory was named and blessed by his father, his two grandfathers, Rex Marsh and Guy Tibbets, and the bishop, and Frank Clark stood up with Jon to bless his little son. Donna said Jon gave a very nice blessing. Donna was in the nursery with Julie, but they could hear the testimonies over the loud speaker. Mary bore her testimony. Donna said it was so cute to watch little Julie when she heard her mother's

voice coming over the speaker; she recognized her mama's voice. She got up on her feet and looked toward the door. She was sitting in one of the baby cribs in the nursery. Kathy's boyfriend George went to priesthood with Jon and ate dinner with the family on Sunday afternoon. Jon T. made a delicious apple pie for Sunday dinner. On Wednesday, Donna and Mary went to Relief Society. Donna accompanied a lady who played a violin solo on the program. It was the brunch honoring the visiting teachers. Each teacher with 100% visiting teaching received a pretty carnation corsage. Donna wore hers to work that afternoon; her friends all asked what the special occasion was. I made a pot of beef stew and mashed potatoes. Lou suggested I phone Clifton Manlove and invite him to come over and eat with us. He seemed very happy to come and I think he enjoyed the dinner. I had a salad and creamed pudding, too. Lou took him home about 8:30. He is back in his own home now. I do not know what he plans to do about his marriage to Vilda. I guess they are both frustrated; it is sad. I read my Relief Society lesson and the visiting teachers message for tomorrow's lessons.

February 7, Wednesday

It has been a pleasant day with some clouds. Lou took Marie Doeze and me to Relief Society this morning in time for our visiting teacher's report meeting at 9:30. I enjoyed Sr. Vera Smith's lovely message, "Take Time to Show Love." We had a wonderful lesson in the regular Relief Society meeting following the report meeting. It was Sr. Nora Williamson's Spiritual Living lesson about the dedicatory prayer of the Kirtland Temple. It was indeed interesting. We had very little time left for testimonies, but I did get to my feet. I was the first one up today, so I could relax and enjoy the others bare their testimonies. A few of our sisters left early to attend Br. Don Merrill's (MD) funeral service in the chapel. He is the father of Dr. Marian Brubaker of the East Pasadena Ward. I got sister Annie's birthday card with \$2.00 enclosed and mailed this afternoon. Her day is the 10th of February. I have a card addressed and ready to mail to Lillian and Jack Keller. It is their 51st wedding anniversary the 22nd of February. I'll hold it for a few days before mailing. Lou cut our lawns after lunch. He used Stanley's power mower. He rested in the cabaña swing after the labor. Annie phoned this evening to tell us that she and Beverly had charged a set of stainless steel flatware at Ivers Department Store. The store is mailing it out to Bonnie's home for Shonnie's wedding gift from seven of us. The cost was a little over \$10.00. It is really the shower we are invited to at Elaine's home, but it will not arrive there in time for the shower on Friday night.

February 8, Thursday

It was cloudy and cold today, but pleasant. I answered Donna's letter and enclosed our \$10.00 check for John's mission fund. Lou cooked breakfast while I was writing; we drove to the post office and I went in and mailed Annie's birthday card (with \$2.00 enclosed), Donna's letter, and our current bill payments. I bought twenty 6¢ stamps for \$1.20. I surely buy a lot of stamps it seems to me. We drove to the market; it was the Pantry Market, but it has changed hands and they had a sale on Johnston's fruit pies, regularly 73¢ for 59¢. We bought two strawberry rhubarb and one apple. We

do like Johnston's pies the best of any of the frozen pies. We bought a few other items, also. I got some sugarless licorice drops and some sugarless assorted fruit drops to take to Annie when we go on her birthday. We drove to the Fedcal Service Station to get our car filled up and to put air in one tire. Today's mail brought a letter from our missionary boy, Elder John Louis Marsh, in Perth, Scotland. That was a thrill; he thanked us for the letters and the money. We are happy to know that he did receive the \$20.00 money order for Christmas. He met an Elder Alan V. Funk in the mission home. He wondered if we knew of him. He is from one of the wards in Pasadena. We haven't heard of him. John enclosed a stamp picture of himself. He wondered if we knew who the guy with the double chin could be? Yes, we recognized our boy, avoidupois and all, ha ha! He wrote this: "Grandpa, don't kill yourself driving that car and keep it in good shape. I'll buy it when I get home; I'll need a car then." Well, bless his heart, I hope we can keep it in good shape for him. John also enclosed a colored picture postcard of mountains and a lake in Scotland, very pretty. I baked one of the rhubarb pies this afternoon. There was not room for it in our little freezing compartment. P.S. Annie heard from Lydia today, Elsie is still in the hospital. She insists on going home, she isn't well enough to go home, but she gives the nurses and her daughters a real rough time of it.



This is Lake Loch Duich, Five Sisters of Kintail, UK, Scotland. We do not know what the postcard John sent to the Renshaws looked like, but this is an sample postcard from Scotland.

February 9, Friday

It's a dark, gloomy, wet morning. It rained most of the night and I know, because I had one of those nights when I can't seem to get to sleep very well. I needed some sunshine in my day, so I thought of my little sister-in-law, Lydia. She always seems vibrant, bringing sunshine to all who crosses her path; even her letters bring with them a smile. Yes, I wrote to her this morning cause, I must answer her if I'm to have the pleasure of her letters, correct, eh? (You know it.) The mailman took Lydia's letter for me; he left a nice letter from Violet. She enclosed two clippings from the Deseret News from January 18, 1968. One was a picture of our ex stake president, David H. Cannon, and the announcement

of his funeral, plus his church and business activities. The other clipping was about actor Wayne Strong with a picture of him in the role of Swen Perkins, a farmer and father of the hero in the melodrama, "Only An Orphan Girl." The play is presented Fridays and Saturdays at 8 p.m. in the Silver Wheel Theater, in Park City, Utah. Wayne's picture reminds me of Uncle John Strong; it's an interesting write up and I enjoyed reading it. Marty sent the clipping to Donna. Leonard Strong is also mentioned in the article. Wayne's regular daytime work is with a steel construction company. He says acting is his weekend hobby. Violet and Otto had been to Las Vegas last Sunday and Monday. Otto had to testify in a divorce case; Violet and friend Emily enjoyed a nice visit in Emily's home where they stayed Sunday night. Violet received an invitation to Shonnie's shower; she wrote to ask Lydia if she could go in with her for a gift. We've had a light drizzle of rain all day. Lou went to Peter Pan's Barber Shop this afternoon for a hair cut. I enjoyed our nice cozy little house. I like the inside best on a dark, gloomy, wet day. How about you? (Whoever you are.) A lady came to collect for the Arthritis Foundation; I gave her 50¢. I gave \$1.00 to the March of Dimes a few days ago. Oh, there are so many coming to collect, the heart fund, and on and on. It is tough on retired folks.

February 10, Saturday

Happy birthday to you dear Annie, you are 74 years old today. We had some rain in the night, but 'twas sunny this morning. I wrote a letter to my sister Bonnie Jean. Annie phoned to thank us for her birthday greetings and \$2.00. She read a letter from Bonnie to Beverly telling about her mother's illness. Elsie is still in the hospital, very ill. I'm so sorry for Elsie and her children, mostly Bonnie and Doris; they stay with her night and day and have to feed her because she is blind. Today's mail brought no mail for us. I mailed Bonnie's letter and some valentines to our children up north. We drove to Highland Park to Lorene's house first. I read Violet's letter to her and she read the Deseret News clipping of President David H. Cannon's death and funeral, and the clipping about Wayne Strong's acting in the Silver Wheel Theater, in Park City. Lorene's nice neighbor across the street brought her dish of pudding. She often brings little desserts to Lorene; she is LDS. We found the Glen Andersens at Annie's who came to wish Mom a happy birthday and bring nice gifts. Little Beverly Jean played her accordion for us. She played several numbers, plus "Happy Birthday" to Annie. She does real well for one year's lessons. I paid Annie for the gift to Shonnie, \$1.60, and Bev for



Marty and Wayne Strong

some pictures of Lou and me that she had finished for us, 80¢. I also bought a box of greeting cards from Annie for \$1.00, so I spent \$3.40. Andersens invited us to stay and eat dinner with them, but we came home. We wanted them to have a nice visit with their family. It was nice seeing the Glen Andersens (the four of them). Beverly, Glen, and Jim, went to Ivers Store. Glen bought a pair of trousers for himself and a pair for Jim. They brought home a nice looking umbrella for Annie's birthday. Annie has two pretty new dresses and lots of lovely cards with \$2.00 in each of her sister's cards. Her dear neighbor Elizabeth brought her some lovely camellias and \$5.00 in a pretty birthday card, so sister Annie is enjoying her birthday. We stopped in Von's Market for a few items, milk and etcetera.

February 11, Sunday

It was overcast this morning and cooler. The sun got through to us at times. Lou came home from priesthood to take Inez Anderson and me to Sunday School; we also picked up Bessie, the ward's babysitter. I was glad to have our regular teacher, Robert Gordon, back on the job; his classes are so interesting. We have many excellent teachers in our ward. For our dinner we had Swanson's fried chicken TV dinners, they're the best. I baked a frozen pumpkin pie this morning. We enjoyed it with whipped cream topping for dessert. I was happy to learn that Edna Peak is coming along nicely; she had another nervous breakdown about three weeks ago, and had to be hospitalized. We asked her husband, Russell Peak, about her. There was a nice picture of Virginia Peak Reed in the little MIA folder today, telling about her exciting experience as a wedding guest of Lynda Bird Johnson and Captain Robb, in the White House in Washington D.C. Lou enjoyed a nice nap after dinner. I did some writing, some reading, plus had a short nap. We went back to church in time for our 4 p.m. sacrament service; we took Bessie again. It has been cold and cloudy all day. I enjoyed the meeting; Hyrum Rosen gave the invocation, a nice prayer. Marianne Munns was the youth speaker and she gave a very fine talk. We had two lovely soprano solos by Eina May, "The Bridge Builder," by H. Dougall and "Transfiguration," by J.A. Ellis. Our speakers were Ted H. Davey, the Elder's Quorum President, and his first counselor, Cardon Willis. Pearl Collet was accompanist to Eina May. Thad Williams gave the benediction. Our neighbor, Glen Glancy had to stay for a special meeting after church, so we brought Ethlyn and the two little boys home, a babe in arms and little Johnny about a year and a half old. I helped her take them in her house. Little Johnny didn't want to get out of

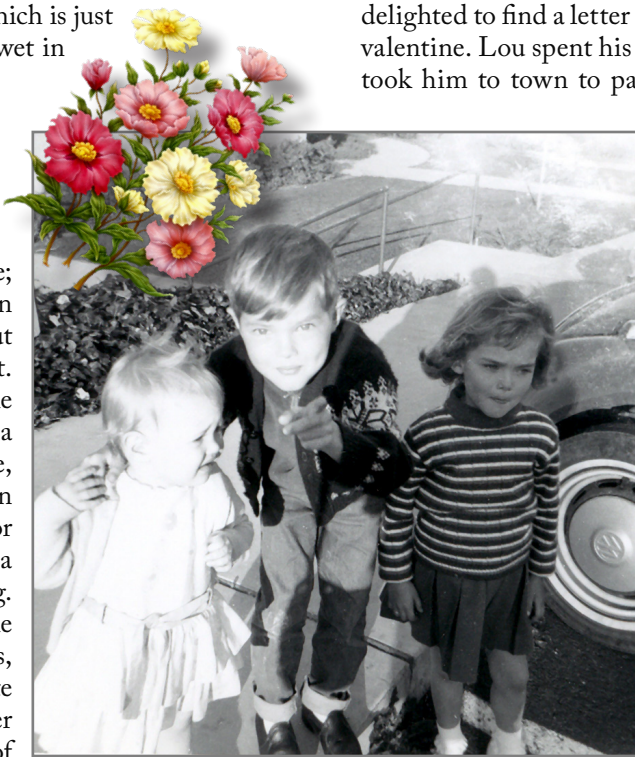
our car. I took the baby in and Mama took care of Johnny. He cried when I left; he wanted to go with me. They are adorable little ones. I walked home from Glancy's. Lou put the car in the garage, so we came in the house about the same time. P.S. We enjoyed our snack in our comfy little house tonight, plus some television.

February 12, Monday

Happy Birthday, Mr. Lincoln, wherever you are! It has been overcast all day. We had a few drops of rain about noontime, but it didn't last long enough to wet the pavement. Lydia Smith and I did our Relief Society visiting this morning. We found someone home in five of our six families; that is very unusual for our district. We had some nice visits. I enjoyed talking about our message of "Love to Others." It was a nice message from Luke 10:33. I'm glad we went today; Lydia is so busy it is hard for her to find time to do all she has scheduled, but I surely enjoy going with her, she is a very lovely companion. My husband stayed in the house all day in his pajamas. He fixed his breakfast after I left; of course, it was about lunchtime then. Brunch, eh? I know he isn't feeling very well, but he doesn't care to talk about his health. (But I can tell when he isn't up to par.) He takes a day off and just rests. Our neighbor Gladys Stacy came over this morning to ask about the driver's test; it is time for her to renew her license and she is worrying about the tests, and etcetera. Lou let her take the test form he had to study up on. We both enjoyed some lovely records on our player this afternoon while relaxing. This evening we watched the TV News and other favorite programs. Clifton Manlove phoned, He gets so lonesome he has to talk to someone, the poor man. he had dinner with his bride Vilda, at her home, but they haven't reconciled yet. It was raining when we went to bed, a nice valuable downfall, which is just what we need. I wonder if it is wet in San Rafael?

February 13, Tuesday

It rained most of the night, a nice gentle rain and more of the same all morning. It was a day we enjoy staying inside; well, at my age anyway. I can recall when I loved being out in the rain when dressed for it. Now, I'll take the dry cozy little house for my comfort. I wrote a letter to Grandson number one, Elder John Louis Marsh, in Perth, Scotland, on a mission for the LDS Church. I enclosed a dollar bill for some fun spending. Today's mail brought an adorable valentine from our dear friends, the Cliff Valentines. It is a cute report in rhyme of each member of the family and a picture of each one in a heart on the front



Julie Tibbets, Doug and Donna Shattuck

of the card. They mailed us a real cute valentine last year, also. Oh, they are nice people. The mail took John's letter today; I put four stamps on it of 6¢ each. I hope it will be enough for airmail to Scotland. Emma Veldenzer phoned this afternoon to ask me what county Salt Lake City is in, I told her Salt Lake County, after looking on my own Family Group Sheets. Emma says they love it in the Scripps Home, 2212 N. El Molino Avenue, Altadena. I answered Violet's letter this afternoon. Lou walked to the mailbox on Virginia Avenue and mailed Violet's letter for me. The mailman took John's letter earlier.

February 14, Wednesday—Valentine's Day

Today's mail brought a valentine-greeting letter from the Champ and Mary Dawn Cuff family telling about their activities in the past year. They told about their children, Claudia, 19 years old, Wendy is the Laurel president, plays the violin. Steve is now 5'10" and played his first solo on his string bass at the music festival in our ward. Pam is in the 9th grade, is president of the school orchestra. It is a nice long letter in rhyme, no space to record all of it. This is a good day to use my red pen, eh? Nora Williamson and husband are in New Jersey, I think. Anyway, she is visiting her son Dale and wife and new baby girl in the East. She has been taking me to Relief Society and also Marie Doezie. Lou took us this morning. I helped Sr. Geneva Musser put the baby quilt on the frames; Addie Strang helped, too. The three of us quilted on it, but all we could do was the three rows of the border today. It takes a lot of time to get it on the frames and marked before we can start to quilt. We were served a lovely luncheon at noon. Geneva had to stop quilting to give the homemaking lesson; she brought me home at 2 p.m. Marie left earlier with Atha Baddley. I was delighted to find a letter from Donna enclosed in a beautiful valentine. Lou spent his morning with Clifton Manlove; he took him to town to pay some bills and see a doctor. We

enjoyed Donna's letter together, a nice newsy account of their activities. Kathy and friend George went for a long bicycle ride on Lincoln's birthday. They took their lunch in a knapsack. Mary has been called to be a Primary teacher in San Rafael Ward. Jon has been put in the elders presidency. Donna and Kathy are going to MIA stake mother and daughter's luncheon on Saturday. We have a very busy family with lots of activities. I can't even begin to record all they do, but we surely love reading Donna's lovely letters. Donna and Mary and babies went to San Jose last Tuesday, February 6 and had a lovely visit with Janet and family. Janet gave Mary another box filled with

clothes that her little Donna had outgrown; they'll fit little Julie now. Dave came home for lunch so they visited with him, too. They waited until Mark and Ricky got home from school; little Doug went to school at noon, so they saw all of the family. Julie and Donna S. had a happy time playing, Doug, too, until time to go to school. Donna, Mary, and kiddies, got home at 5:30 p.m. in time to fry chicken and bake potatoes for some missionary guests. They gave George one of the lessons after dinner.

February 15, Thursday

It was raining lightly before we went to bed last night, but the sun managed to get through to us by 10 a.m. Lou couldn't sleep last night; he said it was about 4 a.m. before he got to sleep, so he made up for it this morning. I ate alone, Cream of Wheat. That reminds me, Donna said that Kathy and George ate some whole wheat that Kathy had steamed all night Sunday night. When he came Monday morning to go to seminary with her they ate the cooked whole wheat by candlelight. They had a half orange on a lettuce leaf. How is that for romance? Cute, eh? Donna Renshaw invited Donna and Rex Marsh to join the cousins for a temple session on Friday, February 23. They will meet at the temple at 7 p.m. and after they will have refreshments (Charlie and Marie Renshaw, Kenny and Donna Renshaw, Roland and Donna Renshaw, and Elaine and Marvin Alexander). Interesting that there are three Donnas in that group of cousins. I'm glad Donna is able to enjoy her cousins up north. Donna sent some fudge to John for Valentine's Day; it cost \$3.50 to mail it, isn't that awful? I don't think she'll be sending fudge often, ha ha! Donna was interested in Ada E. Quinton's letter to us; she says she may write to her. She says she will send cousin Louise P. a copy and let Roland have the letter,

too. It is information about Grandma Renshaw's parents, the Moores. They adopted her when she was a baby. Ruby Hodges phoned this morning to see if Lou could take her to her hairdresser today. He takes her about twice a month. He wanted me to go with him this morning, but I wanted to answer Donna's letter and write one to Ethel Newbold, also. Lou rested in the cabaña swing this afternoon. I cooked potatoes and carrots, also three lamb chops. I simmered them with chopped onions until they were brown and tender. It was a nice dinner with custard pudding for dessert. I talked to Florence Marsh via phone; she is going to Fullerton with Dave and Ida Davidson tomorrow to the funeral of JoAnn Watkins. Sr. Watkins was Florence's counselor when she was Relief Society president a few years ago. Florence read John's letter to me and I read the one he sent to us to her. We're two proud grandmothers, to have letters from our fine missionary grandson.

February 16, Friday

Our weatherman, on the TV report last night, was very sure we'd have rain last night and today. Mother Nature fouled his report up but good. No rain last night and today is a lovely, sunny day. I cleaned up the house and washed the kitchen, service porch, and bathroom floors. I used the hand sweeper this time. Lou and I were entertained today watching a man cut down an evergreen tree in Barneses' front yard. It was a big cypress tree. He used a chain saw; it was noisy, but surely did the job up fast. It has made a big improvement in their home from our viewpoint. We can see their pretty little house and the lovely camellias in the front garden now. I told Mr. Barnes I surely like looking at their pretty home now that I can see it. He said he should have done it years ago. Mr. Christi took his cypress out last week; it was on the

other side of the driveway into Christi's home. Barneses' tree was on the south side, Christi's on the north side. Both homes look better with the big trees out. Annie phoned this afternoon to read a postcard from Lydia. She said Elsie is still in the hospital, but is holding her own very well. She insists on going home, but she cannot take care of herself yet. Doris, Garry, and Bonnie are so upset over her sad condition. I feel sorry for all of them. Annie said that Dale and family came last Sunday evening to wish her happy birthday. They stayed overnight. I think Annette brought the dinner for Andersens, Annie's gift from them. They left for their home



Unknown dinner date for Marvin & Elaine Alexander, Roland & Donna Renshaw, Beth & Stan Renshaw, Charlie & Marie Renshaw, Kenneth & Donna Renshaw. Rex and Donna went to the temple with them on February 23.

in Ontario on Monday afternoon. They thought they had all of their five little ones in the station wagon, but little Glenly was with Grandma Annie in the backyard when they drove away. The poor little fellow was so upset he asked Grandma to pray with him. After driving a few miles they missed Glen and came back for him, ha ha! All is well.

February 17, Saturday

It rained lightly in the night and early morning. After putting the house in order I wrote thank you letters to the Valentine family in rhyme and in red ink. I also wrote a thank you letter to the Champ Cuff family for their valentine newsletter to us. Both families sent us valentine greetings. This afternoon I pasted pictures, clippings, and valentines in my scrapbook. The sun got through the clouds this afternoon to cheer us. I love the sunshine when it isn't too hot. The rain is wonderful, too, it makes everything look fresh and green. We enjoyed Swanson's TV fried chicken dinners this afternoon; it is our favorite TV dinner. They are good. Tonight we enjoyed our little home sweet home as usual with some nice recordings while enjoying our evening snack and later the favorite TV programs, Melody Ranch, The Dating Game, Lawrence Welk, and Hollywood Palace. We're showered and ready to enjoy our Sabbath day tomorrow.

February 18, Sunday

We've had a lovely, clear, sunny Sabbath day. Lou came back from priesthood meeting to take Inez Anderson and me to Sunday School. We took Bessie, the babysitter, also. We had a large attendance out to Sunday School. We always have visitors from out of state in the wintertime; they get away from the snow and ice for a happy vacation. Dixie Anderson and Sandefur Schmidt gave very nice inspirational talks in Sunday School. Our young people do very well. Robert Gordon's lesson, in our class, was very interesting on "Faith." Lou and I ate our dinner at Beadle's Cafeteria. We came home and rested until time to go to sacrament meeting at four. I mailed a wedding anniversary card to Lillian and Jack Keller this afternoon; their anniversary is February 22. We picked Bessie up at 3:45. It was warm and sunny. We had a very nice sacrament service; I enjoyed it so much. Bishop Munns conducted, high councilman Louis M. Ballard, gave an excellent talk on Home Evenings and etcetera. Our youth speakers were Cheryl Anderson and Norman Noble and they gave fine talks. Jeanne Marsh sang a soprano solo, "My Savior's Prayer," by Joseph S. Barlow. Br. Barlow was there in person; his grandson, Danny Gonzalez, was the accompanist for Jeanne's solo and Danny played an organ solo. I think he is about 14 years old and is a fine organist already. It has been a very pleasant Sabbath day. I've had our children in my thoughts as always. I hope they're all well and

happy. I know they'll all be in church if they're well. Isn't that a wonderful blessing? I'm so very proud of all of them. They're all active in church work, what more could I ask for? (Only to see them, eh?)

February 19, Monday

We have clouds and sunshine today; the sun is playing "peek a boo." Lou left about eight. He ate breakfast out and then went to take Clifton Manlove to Dr. Don Anderson's office to have his teeth checked over. The doctor said they're in excellent condition; Clifton is 83 and has his own teeth, his natural ones. Isn't that remarkable? Lou is doing all right too; at 78 years he has his own natural teeth. Me? Well, that is a different story. I had four big runs of washing this morning because I didn't wash last week. I'm thankful for Miss Maytag's wonderful help. Lou cut our front lawn with power mower, when he got home about eleven. After lunch he had a work out cutting the ivy that had grown out of bounds; he used his electric cutters. I was weary by time the clothes were in and dampened and folded so I rested on my bed for an hour before getting dinner ready. Lorene phoned this afternoon and read me her letters, one from Violet and one from Lydia. Doris had phoned Lydia about her mother Elsie; that dear girl, Doris, is so upset because Elsie is determined to leave the hospital and go home. She isn't able to take care of her own needs; she will not go to her daughters' homes. They've tried to find someone to go in Elsie's home and look after her, but can't find anyone available; in fact, Elsie doesn't want anyone in her home to stay with her. She is a big problem and worry to Doris, Bonnie, and Garry. Violet said in her letter that test she had last week showed more pus in her kidneys; she isn't feeling at all well. It really had us all concerned over her condition. Beverly and Annie drove out to Burbank tonight to take some pictures to Bette and Ray of their family, pictures that Beverly took of them at Christmas time. Elizabeth, Andersens' good next-door neighbor, stayed with Bill while they were away. P.S. I received a recipe chain letter from Beverly today. Her cousins Bud and Eleanor sent it to her. Guess who will break the chain? You know it, ha ha! However, I will send Eleanor a recipe for Beverly's cake.



Cousins Elaine Hoglund and Donna Renshaw circa 1930. In 1968 Elaine is in the hospital.

February 20, Tuesday

We haven't seen the sun at all today, but we've had no rain. I did my ironing and hung clean curtains up in the back porch. Lou was stiff and sore from his workout yesterday, he didn't get dressed until late afternoon. We received a thank you note from Miriam Marsh Jr. for the little missionary fund donation we gave her. She is on her way to the mission home in Salt Lake City. She will serve in Chile, after her course at the language-training center at BYU. Beverly telephoned this evening with the distressing news that Elaine is in the St. Joseph Hospital in the valley; she was taken there last Thursday with severe pains in her chest and her arms. She is not allowed

visitors, except for her husband Ernie and daughter Ann. We are all very sorry that she is so ill. We thought she was coming along fine now. Elaine asked them not to tell us she'd gone back to the hospital; she didn't want to worry anyone, especially Sue.

February 21, Wednesday

Lou took Marie Doezie and me to Relief Society. We had such a lovely Social Relations lesson by Sr. Lucille Martell; I gave the closing prayer. Caroline Thatcher brought us home from Relief Society. Lou visited with Ruby Hodges after taking us to Relief Society. Ruby had a new water tank installed today. Lou came home to eat lunch with me. Today's mail brought three letters from Lydia, Violet, and Mary. We had a happy time reading all the news; of course some of it is upsetting. Violet's letter is cheerful, but she isn't at all well. She has trouble breathing (can't get enough oxygen), and she has more pus cells in her kidneys, and her feet swell. I'm really concerned over her and Violet feels so sorry for Elsie in her sad condition. Otto's brother, Arthur, is going to get married next month. He is trying to sell his home in Albuquerque, New Mexico. They'll be living in Salt Lake City. Otto was going to speak at a lady's funeral in New Castle Ward on February 19. Violet has to go to Salt Lake City, to the heart clinic in March. The doctor bills keep them broke she said; I'm sure they do just that, too. Violet says it looks like spring outside, but the cold north wind feels like winter. Ruth Paul Nutt writes to Violet often. They've moved from their home in Chicago to an apartment in Evergreen Park, Illinois. Lydia's letter told about Elsie's sad condition. Her children took her from the hospital last Saturday and put her in a nice nursing home on 5th East between 2nd and 3rd South. It is the Mayfair Manor. She wants to go home and insists on them taking her home, but she is in no condition to go home. She is too ill to be there alone. It is hard on the children, Doris, Garry, and Bonnie, and their families. I feel so sorry for all of them. They have all been wonderful to their mother but she is too ill to realize that now. Lydia told about Shonnie's shower, the lovely gifts, the delicious refreshments, the games, and etcetera; it was nice hearing about it. Lydia's letters are so interesting and fun to read. I wish I could record everything, but it was eight pages long, and can't be done. Elsie is very mentally disturbed; they say she calls for Dad to come and help her. She weighs 70 pounds now, the poor little thing. The letter from my Mary was a happy one. She wrote it in red ink on yellow stationery, cheerful, eh? She thanked us for the valentines and letters. Her husband Jon is planning a skin diving trip to Baja, California, during Easter vacation. Five other LDS men are going with him. Mary wants to come to Southern California for about five days then. She is

going to leave little Julie with Delphia (Jon's sister). She will bring baby Greg so we'll get to see him, isn't that wonderful? Sally Cheney, the wife of one of the fellows going with Jon, is coming with Mary in her VW car. They have planned a fun vacation; the Art Linkletter Show, Disneyland, visits with her friends the Blacks, and etcetera. That will be April 6 to the 10th. Donna's vacation will be in two weeks. We are hoping to see her then. We're looking forward to their visits. Beverly phoned tonight and had talked to Bonnie in Salt Lake. Elsie is very ill. Bonnie is heartsick.

February 22, Thursday

Happy Birthday to President George Washington, and happy wedding anniversary to you, Lillian and Jack. I mailed Lillian and Jack an anniversary card last Sunday afternoon. I think this will be their 51st anniversary. I hope they'll enjoy celebrating their anniversary. Bonnie was very happy to hear from Beverly last night; she is heartbroken over her mother's tragic condition, but putting her in a nursing home was the only thing they could do; she can't be left alone. She is blind and full of cancer. Bonnie said Elsie didn't know them when they went to see her last night. I surely hope she can go to sleep peacefully and soon, before Doris and Bonnie break down from the strain and tension.



Elsie Bailey in 1957. In 1968 she is fighting to return home even though she is blind, weak, ill, and has lost her memory.

Mr. Edgecomb got up in his big tree in the front yard and cut off the top branches. Lou helped by stacking the fallen branches and getting them ready for the truck. I answered Mary's letter and told her how happy we'd be to have her and friend Sally Cheney spend Easter vacation with us. I can hardly wait to see her baby boy, Greg. We haven't seen him yet. Little Julie will stay with Jon's sister, Delphia. We'd love to see her, too, but of course it will be a lot less work if Mary has only one baby with her. I also wrote to Violet and to Lydia. I walked to the mailbox on Virginia Avenue, a block west of us, and mailed my three letters this evening. I brought the flag in at sundown and got our dinner

over so we were all set to enjoy our platform rockers and the TV. Home Sweet Home!

February 23, Friday

'Twas nice to see the bright sunshine this morning. Lou got up and dressed first and that's a switch. He cooked bacon and eggs for his breakfast while I got up and dressed. I ate some oatmeal cereal later. He was going to go to town for a haircut and to have his car washed, but changed his mind. I said his hair looked okay and the car could go another week, too. His back was bothering him; he did too much stooping yesterday, I guess. Anyway, he rested at home. I shampooed my hair and put the house in order. Today's mail brought letters from Ethel Newbold, Donna, and Kathy. Ethel enclosed a news clipping showing North Main Street in Salt Lake City; in



Kathy Marsh backyard of the Miller Creek home in 1968.

a snowstorm they had last week. There were cars stalled and etcetera. Ethel told about Elsie being in a rest home and said she would go and see her. Ethel's cousin, Arch Erskine died, his funeral was last Thursday. Her ward had its annual birthday dinner on February 22. Our Kathy typed her little thank you note on a pretty green card with gold lettering, which says, "Sunshine 'n Happiness." She bought herself a sweet treat and material to make valentines. She made a lacy card for her friend George and one for her mom and dad. The bishop called on Kathy to come to the stand last Sunday

evening; it was their ward conference. He told her she was to represent the youth of the ward. She said her heart come up in her throat, "Was I ever scared!" President Combs whispered to her, "Just take 2 or 3 minutes to bear your testimony." Donna said in her letter that Kathy did a beautiful job of bearing her testimony. She had been fasting all day with George and the missionaries, to help George understand the gospel, as he'd taken the lessons and was trying to make up his mind as to the truthfulness of their message. In Kathy's talk she said she was thankful she was born in the covenant and blessed with wonderful parents. She wanted a beautiful temple marriage like her sisters all had. Donna said they were so proud of Kathy's lovely talk. George was taking care of his little half sister that Sabbath and couldn't be there to hear Kathy. That was too bad. Tonight's the night that Donna and Rex meet with the cousins to go through the Oakland Temple for a session, then they'll have refreshments later. John has a new address; he is back in Glasgow. Donna enclosed a picture of the Lennon Family in her letter. Lou and I went to the Safeway Market this afternoon for our week's supply of groceries. I read Donna's letter to Florence Marsh this evening. She was going to the ward for dinner tonight. P.S. While we listened to the big news on channel 2 TV this evening, we received a shock when we heard that a Mormon bishop, Karl Haws, was shot and killed in front of his home in Santa Barbara. We know Karl and his wife Wanda.

February 24, Saturday

It was indeed a shock last night to hear over the TV that our old friend, Bishop Karl Haws, had been shot and killed in front of his home in Santa Barbara. We stayed up for the ten o'clock news last night to hear if there was more detail about it, but nothing was said. It's a beautiful clear

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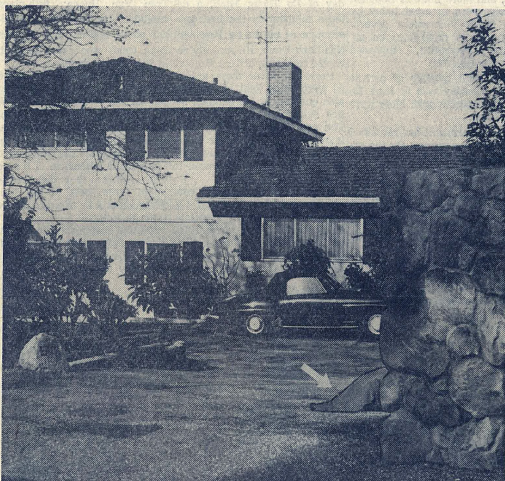
Three Sections

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 23, 1968

36 Pages

SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS

PAGE A-1



THE BODY of Karl N. Haws (arrow) lies at the driveway entrance of his home at 100 Alston Rd., in background. He had been shot in the heart. Police believe the killer was a burglar. —News-Press photos

KARL HAWS IS SLAIN AT MONTECITO HOME

Shot in Heart; Burglar Suspected

Karl N. Haws, 57, a prominent Santa Barbaran and a leader in the Mormon Church, was found murdered, apparently by a burglar, early today in the driveway of his home at 100 Alston Rd.

His body, shot through the heart, was found about 7 a.m. It was believed that he had been shot about two hours earlier.

Detectives at the scene found a blue jewelry case about 100 yards from Haws' fashionable home overlooking the city. The case was apparently tossed into a clump of bushes 30 yards west of the Deerpark and Alston Roads intersection.

Haws' body was at the end

of the driveway leading to his two-story, ranch-style, home.

Detectives said that police had received an inhalator call at 7 a.m. When the inhalator detail arrived, it was discovered that Haws had been shot through the heart.

Officers said the body was found by his wife, Wanda.

Police scoured the area for evidence, and found the jewelry case off Alston Road.

Capt. Clarence George, chief of the detective division, called Haws' death a "burglar homicide." He refused to comment any further on the case. It was not known whether the murder weapon had been found.

Besides his wife, he is sur-



KARL N. HAWS
Found Murdered

ed as a missionary in Central America.

Haws was the 25th child in a family of 29 and went through life as a man without a country due to strange legal complications existing at the time of his birth, June 13, 1910, in Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico.

His father, a prominent Mormon leader in Utah, refused to give up his second and third wives after polygamy was abolished in 1890, and took his families to Mexico. Karl was born to the second wife, whose marriage was not recognized under U.S. law.

When he was two years old, the family crossed the border into Arizona as refugees from Pancho Villa's bandit regime, and Karl spent most of his boyhood there. Later he returned to the Mormon colony in Juarez and finished his schooling at the Church Academy.

His citizenship status was nev-

er satisfactorily established by

either the American or Mexican courts. At age 19, Haws went to Los Angeles as a warehouseman for W. P. Fuller Paint Co. He became manager of Fuller stores in West Los Angeles and Pomona, and in 1947 was transferred to Santa Barbara. At the time of his retirement in 1959 he was tricontinents manager for W. P. Fuller Co.

Shortly after coming here, Haws was named president of the Santa Barbara-Ventura district of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He also served in the High Council and as a bishop of the church.

An active civic leader, Haws had served as president of the Community Chest, director of the Retail Merchants Assn., and was active in the Better Business Bureau, Chamber of Commerce and Rotary Club. In 1965 he was a candidate for councilman of the First Ward but was defeated by Mrs. Gladys Carr.

day today. I talked to Annie on the phone this morning; she said they had heard about Karl Haws at least three times over radio news this morning; we didn't have our radio on. I made a jelled fruit salad and a tapioca cream pudding this afternoon. Andersens' bowl in the front bathroom is stopped up. She wants Lou to bring his big wrench and hose nozzle when we go there today. We went over about 3 p.m. Lou got the bathroom basin cleaned out in a short time. He used the water hose and his little nozzle to do the job. Annie and Beverly assisted with turning on and off the water. I visited with Bill and enjoyed the pretty oil paintings he is doing. He has four lovely scenes done already and the fifth one is almost finished. He is doing an excellent job painting in the little numbered sections. It is Annette's and Dennie's 31st birthday today. Sr. Oakes, Dennie's mother-in-law, gave a birthday dinner in their honor, at her home this evening. Dale and Annie left the children, all but baby Suzanne, with Grandma and Beverly while they went to the party. We came on home after we'd seen the Dale Andersens. I got the four pictures of Lou and me that Beverly had finished off for me. She took our picture at Christmas time with our little Christmas tree. I was wearing the lovely yellow robe that Donna and Rex gave me. Grandma Marsh phoned this evening; she wanted to check on when Donna was coming to visit us. Florence and Ernest Oates are going up north the 5th of March to get Grandma Oates and bring her back here for a visit. They want Florence Marsh to go with them. She wants to go, but doesn't want to miss Donna's visit here. I told her to plan on the trip, as she would see Donna anyway, up there if she doesn't see her here.

February 25, Sunday

Today was a warm spring day, very pretty and clear. We picked Bessie up at a few minutes to nine. She is our ward babysitter. We had a huge attendance at our conference this morning. Both of the parking lots were full and cars were parked on the streets. It was indeed a wonderful session. The East

Pasadena and San Marino Wards furnished the music under the direction of Truman Fisher; it was outstanding and thrilling to hear. Our speakers were excellent, too. Our visitor from headquarters was Elder Paul H. Dunn. President James Ellsworth conducted. Br. Carl Warnick took care of the stake business. The choir sang "Glory of the Lord." The first speaker was President Ellsworth. The



Bill Andersen enjoyed doing paint by number in his later years.



Photo that Beverly took of Elvie and Lou in December 1967.

*Me thinks, Mother Nature's trying to
tell you something my dear,
Better pay strict attention, little lady,
and lend her an ear.
You know very well, that I know what
it's all about
You can recall when your Aunt Elvie
was down, almost out.
Please take a tip from your old auntie,
who's now seventy-five,
Slow down dear, relax, take it easy, and
you'll stay alive.*

second speaker was Carl G. Warnick. The third speaker was Br. McCune. The choir sang "America" and then Elder Paul Dunn was the concluding speaker. He gave a very interesting talk; he has a cute sense of humor. The choir sang the closing song, an anthem composed by Truman Fisher with words by his mother, Nellie Fisher. The title was "Somebody Came to the Temple Last Night." It was very lovely. I answered Donna's letter plus sent a note to Kathy while Lou had his nap. We picked Bessie up at 3:45 and went to the stake center for the

sacrament service. We had a very nice program. Lorene Alder played two lovely violin solos. Our youth speaker, Doug Richards, gave a fine talk. Florence Manwaring was the accompanist for Lorene's solos. Our returned missionary, from Australia, Elder Glenn Kunz, gave his "homecoming" report on his mission. That lad still has his sense of humor; he had us laughing every few minutes, but he gave out with many fine thoughts and he bore his testimony. Br. Fay Kunz closed the meeting with a lovely prayer. It has been a happy day of Sabbath worship. Jan Perkins, the Alvin Duncombes, and the Cluff Majors came to our ward tonight to hear Glenn's remarks. Irene Valentine came, also. There was a nice attendance out.

February 26, Monday

It was cloudy this morning, but not cold. I got up and addressed a get-well card to Elaine Vandergrift. She has been in my thoughts and prayers for several days. I do hope she is feeling much better. ☺☺☺☺ I wrote this little verse in her get-well card. I was very sorry last night when Florence Oates told me about one of Kay Deal's little twin boys being so ill. She says it

is cancer, isn't that sad? I did the washing and was rewarded with sunshine and a nice breeze about noontime. I got the clothes in and ironed after lunch. We both rested for a while this afternoon. We heard over the radio news broadcast this evening that Bishop Karl Haws was buried today. It said 500 people attended his funeral. Three boys are being held for his death; Karl surprised them about 4:30 a.m. last Friday morning while they were pilfering his garage. We feel very sorry about this tragic thing. We knew Karl and his wife, Wanda, very well, when we lived in Home Garden's Ward in South Gate, some 39 years ago. I think we moved to South Gate in 1929. If I had more pep I'd check my 1929 diary for sure. I'm taking Lou's word for it; he says 1929.



Lorin and Steven, Kay's twins.

When Kay was expecting her doctor thought she might be carrying twins. He ordered x-rays several times during the pregnancy. The Deal family later believed the boys cancer was caused by the exposure from the x-rays. At the time the medical community didn't know any better.

February 27, Tuesday

Lorene phoned this morning; she had talked to Mary J. about Elaine's condition. She is still in the hospital, slowly improving, but enjoying her rest there. It was raining when we got up at 8:30 a.m. I'd planned on vacuuming the bedrooms, but after breakfast Lou said, "Let's go and visit the widows in the district that the bishop assigned to me." I was glad to oblige, as he was nice to take me on my Relief Society district many times, when Lydia Smith couldn't go. We left home about 10:30 a.m. This was our first visit in this new assignment. We called on Sr. Maude Williams, 2954 E. Colorado Boulevard; she runs a motel unit. She was nice, but too busy for much of a visit. I have been to see her once before, about 2 or 3 years ago. She doesn't get out to church. Our next visit was to Sr. Abby Hays, 601 N. Sunny Slope Avenue. She seemed very happy to see us. We had a nice visit with her. She is one of the members who just came into our ward from the East Pasadena Ward. We then called to see the two sisters, Sarah Bates and Aretta Smith, 616 N. Sierra Madre. We had a lovely visit with these dear sisters. They were delighted to see us. Sr. Smith has been very ill; she was operated on for cancer. She has lost a lot of weight; in fact, she is still very weak and uncomfortable. They're such nice people. We've had low clouds or fog most of today, but it didn't rain while we were out and we enjoyed our visits. Beverly phoned tonight and said she has hunted out the picture negatives I want for my scrapbook. She'll bring them to me soon, or I'll get them if we take Annie to her doctor on Saturday. I'm anxious to have them developed. P.S. Neighbor Stanley Edgecomb cut the dead wood out of the tree between our homes today. Lou helped get it stacked ready for his trip to the dump with it. I do not know what kind of tree it is, but the leaves are tiny and they are a nuisance. We are all the time sweeping them up.

February 28, Wednesday

We had a pleasant change from gloomy, damp weather of yesterday to sunshine today. Lou took three of us to Relief Society this morning, Marie Doezie, Mabrye Phillips, and me, and then he went over to visit with his cousin Ruby Hodges. He repaired another Venetian blind for her. He brought home some lemons and an avocado. We enjoyed an avocado sandwich for our lunch. I enjoyed the lovely Cultural Refinement lesson given by our young new ward member, Shirley Rogers. It was on "Obedience, the Mother of success." She is surely an excellent teacher. My Relief Society visiting teacher

came this afternoon, Sr. Jeanne Marsh. We always enjoy her visits. She made it before February passed away, ha ha! I had a busy afternoon; I vacuumed the bedrooms. Lou cut and trimmed our lawns with Stanley Edgecomb's power mower; the rains had made the grass grow so fast. He had a large garbage can full of grass cuttings. Jeanne says Clifton Manlove is back with Vilda at Tuckers' home. We haven't heard from him for a couple of weeks, so we had an idea he had reconciled with his bride. I hope it can last this time, the poor frustrated people. Sr. Geneva Musser brought Mabrye and me home from Relief Society; she is a dear. Marie went with Barbara Pettit. Geneva is going to take me to the visiting teacher's luncheon tomorrow, bless her heart.

February 29, Thursday

Oh, it is a beautiful morning today. I got up at seven and vacuumed the two front rooms. I did the bedrooms yesterday, so we're nice and clean for your visit daughter dear and can hardly wait to see you. Sr. Frances Morgan phoned this morning to ask if I would compose a special tribute to our president, Sr. Eunice Stout. She is the only Relief Society president our San Marino Ward has had. Sr. Morgan is her first counselor. She wants the tribute for our Relief Society birthday party for March the 13th. I told her I'd try. Oh me! Marie Doezie also phoned and wants us to pick her up for the visiting teacher's luncheon this morning. It was indeed a lovely party. There was a nice program first, a song, "Two by Two," by Mildred Pettit, was sung by members of the board. The soloist was Jo Betty Pettit and the accompanist was Mildred Pettit. We had a three-act skit, "Say It Isn't Sew," by Lael Littkie; it was humorous and entertaining. The lovely luncheon was really delicious. It was a casserole dish with rice, cheese, eggs, celery, and etcetera. They served a jelled salad, and cream dressing, hot rolls, chocolate square cake and candied nuts in nut cups. We had a very large attendance. I'm glad I could go. Lexie Peterson took Marie Doezie home with her; she was going to help Lexie with some genealogy work. My new Relief Society Magazine

came today; it has a lovely picture of Sally Neilson in it, with her story, "More Than a Game." Her story won third prize. I read it and enjoyed it very much; she has a talent for writing. I phoned Kathy Saxelby this evening; she has been home a day or two. She stayed at the bishop's home when she came from the hospital a couple of weeks ago. She is coming along slowly but nicely, she says. She was operated on for gallstones.

March 1, Friday

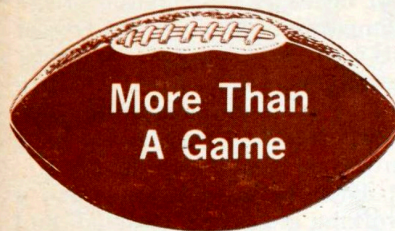
We had hazy sunshine this morning, but 'twas pleasant. Lou went to get his hair cut first thing this morning. He came back and vacuum cleaned the car inside. I put the house in order and washed the kitchen, bathroom, and service porch floors. I worked on the tribute poem for our Relief Society president, Eunice Stout, to be given at our Relief Society birthday party on March 13. Her first counselor, Frances Morgan, asked me to do it. Oh, we hit the jackpot with letters today. We had one from Donna, with pictures enclosed, one from Mary with pictures enclosed, a letter from Violet, and a thank you note from Shonnie and Dave for the wedding gift we sent (stainless steel flatware). In Cedar City the day was cold and wet; they had some rain, some snow, and some hail, plus wind, that happened last Monday. Otto and Violet may go to Las Vegas March 17, 18, and 19 to visit with their friends Emily and Burnell Batson. Otto and Burnell will fish on Lake Mead in a boat owned by Burnell and a friend. The boat can sleep six people. Violet doesn't want to stay in the boat, so if she is well enough to go, she'll stay with Emily in the home. Mary sent three darling pictures of baby Gregory, oh; he is a beautiful baby. I can hardly wait to see him in the flesh. She also sent an adorable picture of little Julie in her little red outfit, bundled up like a little Eskimo; she's a cutie for sure. Donna wrote while eating lunch at Macy's lunchroom. She enclosed a clipping of Bishop Karl Haws's death. She and Rex felt badly about it. He was shot in the chest by some boys that he surprised, they were robbing his place at 4 a.m. last week. Rex and Donna were also shocked to learn of the death of their friend, Bishop White, from Sebastopol Ward. He and his partner crashed in their private plane on February 27. He leaves 10 children, isn't that sad? Donna enclosed a cute colored snapshot of

Kathy and her friend George. She wants me to send it back as it's the only one Kathy has. She also enclosed a picture of Rick taken at school; it is a stamp picture in color. He is a handsome kid. Janet gave Donna the picture to send to us for the scrapbook. Rex had a job in San Jose on Tuesday the 27th; it was Donna's day off work so she went with Rex in his truck and spent the day with Janet; she went to Relief Society with her. Janet was called out of the audience in church last Sunday to speak. I think it was their ward conference. Dave told Donna she did very well. Donna told about the nice time she and Rex had last Friday at the Oakland Temple where they met the cousins and went



The rest of the story is in the March 1968 Relief Society Magazine.

THIRD PRIZE STORY



Sarah Brown Neilson



■ Jane smoothed the wrinkles from her last piece of the week's ironing—a white shirt for Tony. As she slipped the hanger into its broad shoulders and carefully buttoned the collar into place, she visualized his leaving for school in its crisp freshness. It was ridiculous, she thought, that he wanted to wear starched, white shirts for everyday. Her brothers had always been satisfied with plaid shirts and jeans that could be worn more than once.

But boys these days were different. You just didn't know what to expect next. One morning they spent endless time before school shining their shoes, smoothing every hair into place, splashing

with after-shave lotion, and dressing in their best. The next morning you were almost ashamed to let them go in their choice of faded jeans, worn sweat shirts, and grubby tennis shoes. Tony's self-confidence always had a way of convincing her it was all right, though. He had such assurance and maturity for his age—and yet a trace of the childish qualities kept coming to the surface in its struggle against complete manhood.

Jane thought of his strong, husky build that made her seem small and frail in his presence; and his warm, winning smile that revealed the perfect results of eleven hundred dollars spent

Sarah Neilson was in Elvie's ward and also she was in the East Pasadena Ward before San Mario Ward was formed. Elvie had known her for many years.

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through a session. They all had ice cream refreshments after the temple session at an ice cream shop [Fentons Creamery]. There were eight of them at a big table (See February 15). Roland and Donna's son, Ron Renshaw, broke his neck in a skiing accident a week before the temple session. He'll wear a cast for three months. I'm so sorry for him. Elaine and Marvin were asked to be the witness couple at the altar in one group, and Marie and Charlie in the other group at the temple.



The Marsh family was introduced to Fentons by the Deal family. Kay and Barbara used to work there when they were teenagers. Best ice cream ever!

March 2, Saturday

I got up at 7 a.m. to write to Donna, Mary, and family, answering their nice letters of yesterday. Lou and I left here about 9:15 for Highland Park. Lou took Annie to her 9:45 appointment to the foot doctor. I visited with Bill; I read him the letters we got from Violet, Mary, and Donna and showed him the pictures enclosed. We talked about old times, when we were young and carefree. Oh me! Annie and Lou did some shopping at the Safeway Market before coming home. We had a delicious lunch with Annie and Bill, a casserole and baked Spanish rice. I think Beverly prepared it last night, bless her. We had cauliflower, too. I enjoyed the lunch and visit very much. We stopped at the Rexall Drug on Lake Street to get some Jergen's Lotion and a bathmat that was on sale. Our Social Security check came today with the \$25.80 raise, so instead of the \$191.60 we'd been getting, we'll now get \$217.40, nice, eh? We went to the Safeway Store and cashed the check, bought groceries, came home, and rested. Florence Marsh phoned; she was sick with the flu. She sounded miserable the poor dear; she says they will not be going up north on the 5th as planned. Grandma Oates has had a bad spell and will not be able to come back with Ernest and Florence, so they'll not go up north now. Donna said she would come down to visit us on the 5th or 6th; she doesn't want us to go to the airport to get her; she says she'll "hop a bus" and come to Pasadena. Bless her heart. We'd love to pick her up but she will not tell us the day or the flight. P.S. Bill has finished another oil painting; it is very pretty. It's a big elk in the pine mountains and very colorful. He has done six oil paintings now.

March 3, Sunday

This has truly been a perfectly beautiful day; our mountains looked like they'd been moved a few blocks away. It seemed as if we could walk to them, and it was lovely and warm. There are flowers in bloom everywhere. Lou came back from priesthood to get me; we picked up Inez Anderson and babysitter Bessie. We had a lovely fast day service. There was one baby blessed. I don't know the family; I think the name was Williams. Little Laurel Chubbuck was baptized last evening and confirmed a member of

the church by her father, Donald, this morning. I enjoyed the lovely testimonies and our Sunday School class after fast meeting. Br. Harold Kratzer gave the Sunday School lesson on Repentance; it was very well given. I wonder if our regular teacher is away, or ill (Br. Robert Gordon)? Lou offered to take me out to dinner but I told him, "Let's wait until Donna comes and then she can go with us." We expect her about the 5th or 6th of March. We are so anxious for her visit. We enjoyed fried chicken TV dinners at home; Swanson's frozen dinners, they are the best. I telephoned to ask how Florence Marsh was today; I was happy to learn that she feels much better. She sounded more like herself; the fever has broken. Dr. Allred gave her a treatment last night or this morning that helped her. Lou and I enjoyed naps this afternoon. We were sorry to learn yesterday from Annie that our old friend of Garvanza Ward days, Andy Anderson, had passed away. She thought his funeral was yesterday, but not sure. They lived in one of the beach towns in our southland. Ruth is now a widow; the poor dear will surely miss Andy.

March 4, Monday

We have a lovely, warm, summer-like day with no smog. Oh, it is so beautiful. I had my washing and ironing done by noon. Lou worked in the yard, dug up weeds. He took a big climbing rose tree, that was dead, out for our neighbor Mrs. Stacy. It was growing along the fence between us. I was sorry it died. It used to have such lovely big pink roses on it. We received a phone call about 12:45 noon. It was Donna and she was at San Gabriel and Huntington Drive. She came there on the bus from the L.A. Airport. We got in our car and it took about 10 minutes to pick her up. We were so delighted to have her come a day sooner than we expected. We talked and ate a bite of lunch and then she rested for an hour on the twin bed. Lou rested on his bed. I made a jelled fruit salad, baked a frozen rhubarb pie and made a tapioca cream pudding, so we'll have something prepared to eat. I cooked some stew last week and froze it, so we ate that for dinner. Donna and I went to Highland Park this evening after dinner; Lou stayed home and washed the dishes. We went in Beverly's car to Burbank to the St. Joseph Hospital to see Elaine. Annie and I sat in the car while Bev and Donna visited with Elaine. Ernie and Ann were there, also. We came back to Andersens'. Donna and I went to Oateses' and visited with Florence and Ernest. Lewie Marsh was there and Mother Marsh, so we had a nice visit with them. We took Florence Marsh home after the visit and she gave Donna John's suit, his new one that he had only worn a few times. They think it may fit Jon Tibbets. We went back to Andersens' and Beverly treated us to ice cream. She and Donna ate it. Rex phoned and talked to Lou; he wanted to know if Donna got here okay. Donna phoned Mary from Andersens' to let her know that Grandma Marsh and the Oateses wouldn't be coming tomorrow as expected. It has been a happy day for us to have our Donna with us. P.S. We looked at pictures at Andersens' when we went there tonight. P.S. Ernest's sister Daisy phoned to say Mother Oates was worse, so he and Florence are going up north in the morning to see her. Grandma Marsh isn't going.

March 5, Tuesday

I'm thankful for another sunny morning. Florence and Ernest Oates left home about 5 a.m. to drive up north to see his mother; she had another stroke and isn't expected to live; I think she is 91 years old. We stayed up late last night talking with Donna, so we slept in later this morning. We had a nice restful day and enjoyed catching up on family news from Donna. It is indeed wonderful having Donna here with us. I phoned Emma Veldenzer to see if she'd be home this morning or afternoon. We thought we'd take Donna and Ruby Hodges to see her apartment, but she had an appointment to have her hair done. She wants us to come tomorrow at two. We called Ruby and told her we'd come see her this afternoon. We ate our dinner about 5 p.m. (fried chicken TV dinners) and then went to see Ruby. We had a nice visit with her. She can't go with us tomorrow because it is her birthday and her niece Betty Matthews is taking her to Bullock's for dinner. Lutie and Florence Hodges will be with them. We went to Highland Park from Ruby's. Donna drove to Aunt Lorene's house; we had such a nice visit with her. She treated us to See's Chocolates and fruitcake. Donna phoned Mother Marsh from Lorene's house. She is going to spend the morning with her tomorrow and go to Relief Society with her; I may go, also. Lewie took Florence (his mother) to the cemetery today to put flowers on John's grave. It is his birthday today. They picked out a marker for his grave and hope to have it paid for and on the grave by Memorial Day. It has been a happy day for us. P.S. Blanche Hoglund phoned Lorene with the sad news that her brother, Elias Strong, is in the hospital in Salt Lake City. He was taken there with pneumonia; now the doctors have found he has cancer of the throat. I feel so sorry about this distressing news. I'm also sad to learn the Elsie Bailey has lost her sanity and is very ill. Isn't it sad? I feel so sorry about her tragic condition.

March 6, Wednesday

It rained in the night and was drizzling when I got up at 7 a.m. I phoned Marie Doezie at eight to tell her I couldn't go to Relief Society this morning as I am going with Donna to Highland Park to be with Mother Marsh. We'll be in



Rex and Donna Marsh in 1967. In March of 1968 Donna is visiting her parents and Rex is working in Palo Alto.

Garvanza Ward Relief Society. Our president Sr. Stout phoned to ask me to give one of the prayers in our Society this morning. Sorry, I won't be there. Ethlyn Glancy phoned and wanted to ride to Relief Society with us; I was sorry we couldn't take her. Donna and I went to Highland Park in time to take Mother Marsh to the Garvanza Ward Relief society. We surely enjoyed our visit with dear old friends there. Louise Goodsell conducted and she gave us a warm welcome. A Sr. Bunton gave the Spiritual Living lesson; it was very well given and we enjoyed it. The testimony part of the meeting was indeed a pleasant experience with many lovely testimonies. Donna and Mother Marsh bore their testimonies and many of the sweet sisters did; you had to get to your feet quickly to have a chance to bare your testimony. Donna invited Aunt Lorene to go to Van de Kamp's Restaurant for lunch with us; Florence and I had a halibut fish dinner. Donna and Aunt Lorene had a shrimp salad bowl lunch. Donna insisted on paying the tab for all of us; she bought some chocolate mints, too. We

all enjoyed them after dinner. We took Florence home, then Aunt Lorene. We got home and picked up Daddy and the three of us drove to 2212 N. El Molino Avenue to the Scripps's Home for Elderly People. Emma Veldenzer met us in front of the home. She took us to her apartment in the home. It is very nice; she and Jack are so happy there. They took us all through the lovely place; it is surely a nice home for the elderly. The Veldenzers gave their home to the Scripps Foundation for this little apartment and care as long as they live. It includes food and everything for them, even nursing care, entertainment, and etcetera. Lou, Donna, and I ate our dinner at Bob's Restaurant at 5 p.m. We listened to Daddy tell us about his boyhood days tonight at home. P. S. We went through our papers tonight to look at deeds for home and cemetery lots, and etcetera. Daddy gave

Donna \$10.00 for John's mission and \$20.00 for herself. Rex telephoned Donna tonight from Palo Alto. He has been working there for three days.

March 7, Thursday

Donna and I talked for a while before getting out of bed this morning; the sun was shining early, but it clouded up and started to rain later. Glen Andersen telephoned this morning and talked to Donna. He is such a nice fellow; we love him. Donna telephoned Mother Marsh to say goodbye to her before we left here. Daddy cooked bacon, eggs,

sausage, and toast for breakfast while we got dressed and the beds made. We drove to the bus terminal at Huntington Drive and San Marino Avenue in time for Donna to get the 10:55 bus to the Los Angeles International Airport. We had a word of prayer before we left our home; Donna was the mouth. It was cold at the bus terminal, but we didn't have long to wait. It started to rain just as she got on the bus. We enjoyed every minute of her visit, but of course it was too short, as always. I sent the pretty pale pink pearl necklace and earring set that Donna gave me a few years ago to Mary, and \$1.00 for her little ones, and \$5.00 for Kathy. Daddy gave Donna some money last night for John's mission fund and herself and Rex. She had Pa Marsh's new suit for Jon T., so she is taking something to each of them at home. Daddy and I drove to the Bank of America in Pasadena where he deposited some money. From there we went to the gas company to pay on our gas bill. I did some work in my scrapbook, pasted pictures and clippings. We enjoyed TV stories and Lou took his nap; I read the newspaper. It rained steady all afternoon. I hope the weather is lovely in San Francisco for Donna's plane to land and her bus trip home. It was so wonderful having her with us again. "Count our Many Blessings, L.V." Lorene phoned this evening to ask if Donna got away okay. She had received a letter from her old friend, Estelle Brady. Estelle had been to the nursing home to see Elsie Bailey and was shocked at how bad Elsie looked. She was sorry to find an old friend so altered and said she wouldn't have known her. Isn't it sad? Donna phoned at 6:30 p.m. to let us know that she was home. I talked to Kathy and to Mary, too. It rained all the way home and was still raining when she phoned. I'm sorry it was not a nice day for her flight back home. We were very happy to hear Donna say she was home okay this evening.

March 8, Friday

Annie phoned yesterday evening to tell me she had called Bette at work and learned that Elaine feels much better. She expects to go home from the hospital tomorrow. Mary told me last night on the phone that Joan phoned Wednesday from New York; they have bought a home in Yorktown and are moving into it now. They moved some things yesterday and will be moved in by this weekend. I called Mother Marsh last night to let her know Donna got home safely. She was happy to hear it. She said Florence and Ernest got home last evening from up north; they brought

Grandma Oates back with them. Grandma Marsh is going to "Grandma sit" with Grandma Oates today while Ernest and Florence work at his place of business. It rained all night and off and on all day. Lorene phoned with some disturbing news. Blanche Hoglund had phoned her last night about 10 p.m. She was heartsick about her brother Elias Strong's critical condition. He was operated on for throat cancer. They had to remove two of his lymph nodes; he has cancer in his lungs, also. His doctor says he had about 30 days to live. I feel dreadfully upset about his sad plight. He has always been vibrant, cheerful, and friendly, fun to talk with. He was planning a trip to Canada with his married daughters. He wanted to take them for a nice vacation. He is in his sixties, I believe (67 last December). Harriet phoned the sad news to Blanche last night; she was so heartsick, too. Lorene was going to talk with Loretta

at 11 a.m. She can be the telephone messenger for Blanche and Loretta and save the phone toll. I answered Violet's letter this afternoon. Lou took it to the mailbox. P.S. Joan and Mo are moving into their home in Westchester County, New York, this weekend. P.S. Kathy and Mary both thanked us for the things we sent with Donna for them yesterday, the sweethearts!

March 9, Saturday

We had a pretty morning with sunshine playing peek-a-boo through the clouds. Lou got up at 7:30 a.m. He heard a noise in the night; he thought his garage door spring had broken again. He was sure thankful to find it okay; so the bang must have been a car backfiring, or an accident somewhere nearby. Anyway, it wasn't our spring. He ate his breakfast at a little restaurant on the boulevard and then he got the power mower and mowed our lawns in back and in the front yard. I got up later and ate some oatmeal cereal and used the Bissell sweeper to clean up the rugs. I only have to use the vacuum once a month now; we just do not get much dirt in our house now. "Just two old folks rocking to and fro, enjoying their favorite TV show." Daddy's back hurt him this afternoon; I rubbed some Deep Heat on his back before he took his nap at 12:30 noon. He felt better when he got up later. Clifton Manlove called to see us this afternoon; we'd just finished eating so I fixed a plate for him. He'd been to Marshes' but Ray wasn't home so he walked to our place. We took him to his bride's mother's home on Bresee Avenue. We called to see Ruby Hodges; she is having more trouble with her leg again. We got some milk at the



Elias Strong is critically ill in March of 1968.



Not Lou or Elvie!

"Just two old folks rocking to and fro, Enjoying their favorite TV show."

Manor Market and then went home. Today's mail brought a nice long letter from Lydia telling about Elsie's tragic condition. She is getting worse mentally and physically. Oh, it is depressing; I feel so sorry for her children, too. She is putting them through H---. Owen has retired; he quit his job at Church Welfare last Tuesday. Br. Eccles paid him a beautiful tribute in their devotional meeting. They gave him a little party and presented him with a lovely piece of Samsonite Luggage and a twenty dollar pink blanket, plus his two weeks vacation pay, wasn't that nice? Lydia also mentioned Elias Strong's illness. They all feel so sorry about him. Everyone loves Elias. I feel badly about him myself.

March 10, Sunday

Oh, it has been a beautiful, clear day, a rather cold breeze however. I was surprised to see Carol Clayton and her girl friend in our Sunday School this morning. They sat with us for the opening exercises. She said they'd go in the investigators class. Carol (or Charlie as she calls herself) is a cutie. They go to the Pasadena Ward, but visited our ward this morning. It was nice to see Sam Broadhead home from his mission; he looks thinner and taller. Inez Anderson went to Sunday School with us this morning, and we took Bessie to babysit, as usual. I read Lydia's letter to Annie this morning before I left for Sunday School. Robert Gordon and bride are back from their trip to Canada. He said Ontario was cold, wet, and dirty, and he was glad to get back to Pasadena. I think it was a business trip. Anyway, we were glad to have him back to teach our Sunday School class; he is an excellent teacher. We enjoyed the lamb chops (I simmered them with onions this morning before going to Sunday School) for our dinner. We also had potatoes, carrots, and jelled salad. We rested until time to go to Sacramento meeting at 4. We took Bessie back to her babysitting job at church. Br. Walter Chamberlain played two lovely organ solos in our service this afternoon. Our youth speakers, Cherie Buehler and Jim McDonnell gave very fine talks. A returned missionary from Chile, Elder James Bomgardt, gave a report of his experiences; it was interesting. High counselor, James A. Rawson (our bishop's father-in-law), was our main speaker. I surely enjoyed his remarks. It looked like summer today, but was rather cold, there was a strong breeze all day. We stopped at McDonald's eating-place on our way home and bought some fish filet sandwiches and some French fried potatoes, and a chocolate milk shake. We came home to enjoy eating it, fun, eh? I surely like their fish filet sandwiches!

March 11, Monday

We had a pleasant spring day, our sunshine was a bit hazy, yesterday was a perfect day, so clear. I could see the trees on our mountains, almost could see the birds in the trees, oh yeah! Lou did some yard work this morning while I did the washing. I telephoned Loretta Strong Speight this afternoon. She said she had telephoned Harriet, her sister, in Salt Lake yesterday. Harriet said the doctors removed one of Elias's lymph glands, not two, like Blanche thought. He has a growth on his lungs and one on his kidney. (I think she said kidney?) Anyway, his condition is serious, but Harriet says his attitude is the same cheerful as always; no wonder he is loved by all. Frances Morgan phoned to ask if I had the tribute

ready for Sr. Stout, our Relief Society president. I read it to her and she said, "Oh, it is just beautiful," nice, eh? I made a card and wrote the tribute on it. I added a couple of lines to the tribute this morning. I pasted the Relief Society symbol and flowers of gold and blue, on the card. Lou says it looks lovely. My Relief Society visiting teacher, Jeanne Marsh, came today. I enjoyed her visit and the nice message. She said Clifton Manlove phoned her today; he says he is back in his own home again; they had another blow-up. Daddy and I enjoyed our little home sweet home tonight as usual.

March 12, Tuesday

It was cloudy this morning and cold outside, but we can stay inside and keep warm. I composed this little verse in Melv's [John Melvin Renshaw] birthday card this morning:

*Another birthday dear brother John,
Into the past another year has gone.
So relax, enjoy your easy chair
Warmer weather will soon be there.
Old Man Winter is on his way out,
Cheer up; you'll get rid of the gout.
We sent this little message to say,
We wish you a very happy birthday!*



I also wrote a postcard to Lydia telling her I'd write a letter soon, but I did answer her about some things she was anxious to know (flowers for family funeral, and etcetera). Lou walked to the mailbox and mailed 'em. I did my ironing and some scrapbook work. I baked some Betty Crocker's au gratin potatoes and some Spam for our dinner. We haven't seen the sunshine today. Donna telephoned this morning; she was upset about not getting the typed copy of the tribute back to me sooner. She thought I'd want it by the 17th of March, until she noticed I had March 13 on the paper she had with my written tribute on. She said she would mail it airmail special delivery and she surely hoped I would get it before tomorrow I told her I had a card all ready to take to Relief Society, with the Society's symbol and flowers on with my tribute in rhyme, to our president. I told her not to worry; it was okay. Donna said it was raining hard up there; little Julie came in on the other phone and said, "Hello Grama," Oh, I'd love to see that little doll again. Daddy was disappointed I didn't let him say hello to Donna. I felt badly about it too, but she was with us last week and I'm always concerned about the long distance toll when they call us. I know they can't afford a long conversation, but it is wonderful to hear their voices. P.S. We had a pleasant surprise this evening when Pawnee Redborg brought Pearl, Ruby, and Lutie, to visit with us. It is Pawnee's birthday and they'd been out to dinner to celebrate. We had such a nice visit.

March 13, Wednesday

Nora Williamson took Marie Doezie and me to Relief Society this morning. I quilted for a couple of hours and then we had the lovely anniversary program. First we had a cute quiz game, half of the sisters had a gold bow on a blue card, the other half a blue bow on a gold colored card. I was on the gold bow side. We lost to the other side, but

they treated to See's Chocolates. Donna's special delivery letter came a few minutes before I left, but I had made a card with the tribute and the Relief Society emblem in gold and blue, plus flowers, so I took it. I had added a couple of lines in the tribute, also, bless my sweet Donna for typing it so nicely. I'll use her copy in my own scrapbook. Sr. Stout seemed happy with my tribute to her. Several of the sisters told me it was a very lovely tribute. ⇒⇒⇒

We had a very special treat to end our program. Jeanne Marsh had her daughter LeAndra, Nancy Startup, and another sweet girl ? sing several numbers and also played their musical instruments. Sr. Florence Manwaring was the accompanist for the girls. It was indeed lovely; we had such a lovely luncheon served to us after the program. Lou visited with Clifton Manlove while I was in Relief Society. He walked to Manlove's and had to walk home in the rain. Donna has surely been busy since she went home; she and Rex went to the Oakland Temple on Friday. They saw Fred and Vera there; their daughter Marnise and her husband-to-be went to the temple for their endowments. They were going to be sealed in the temple on Saturday after a chapel wedding. Fred Richie is the bishop of their ward. The boy's folks are not LDS, so I guess Bishop Richie will marry the couple so his people can be present and then later that day they'll have the sealing. Donna and Rex called to see Ruth and Dick at his office after the temple session. They all went out to lunch. Ruth said it would be only a few days or weeks before Kay's little twin son passes away. He was operated on; they found cancer. He had a cobalt treatment for six weeks, but there is no hope for his recovery, the little darling. Janet, Doug, and little Donna, came Friday afternoon; they went to the Petaluma Ward for the baptism of Kathy's friend George Brown. Rex baptized him and Jon confirmed him. Virginia and Valarie Terribilini furnished the music for the services [Photos on the following page from Mary's scrapbook of George's baptism]. Janet and children stayed overnight with the Marshes. Mary and Jon, and George and Kathy went to the Gold and Green Ball on Saturday night. Kathy had a new dress and hairdo. Mary shortened the hem in Kathy's other formal and wore it. She had her hair done also at the beauty shop. (Beautiful girls, both of them.) Mary and Jon received their tax refund on Saturday, \$200. They took Rex, Donna, Kathy, and George to Sonoma to the Golden Bear Lodge for a delicious dinner on Sunday, to celebrate the happy occasion. Rex was working in Palo Alto the past week.

A Tribute to President Eunice Stout March 13, 1968

*Relief Society sisters everywhere on Earth,
Are celebrating the Society's birth,
Honoring the sisters of bygone years,
Valiant women who's courage, faith, and tears
Gave us a fine and noble start.
Now a great Society, where we have a part.
Today on our 126th anniversary,
We honor the president of our own Society.
We're truly blessed of the dear Lord
With Sr. Eunice Stout, in our San Marino Ward.
She's our first and only president on this Society's
success; She is best!
Presiding with charming grace, a friendly smile
on her lovely face.
Laboring without thought of fatigue,
Promoting mutual interest in our league.
To tell of her good deeds today, in rhyme,
Would take real talent and too much time.
So, dear President, with joy we sing your praise,
May we celebrate many Happy Birthdays.*

By E. Renshaw



March 14, Thursday

We've had sunshine and clouds today. Yesterday's mail brought another letter from Ada E. Quinton, from Seattle Washington. She enclosed a Family Group record of her parents and children with pictures of her parents. Her mother's maiden name was Eliza Ann Newbold. I wonder if she is any relation to Ethel Newbold, her late husband's people? Wouldn't it be strange if we learn that our friend Ethel is related to Mother Renshaw's adopted parents, William Moore and Sarah Thompson Moore? I telephoned Annie to read Donna's letter. She had a message for Aunt Annie about the old snapshots of me and my sisters that Aunt Annie let her take home to show her girls. She wants to have some copies made off from them before she sends them back. Florence Oates was at Annie's for garments; she talked to me. I read Donna's letter to her; she told me that Kay's little twin son died yesterday. I was so very sorry to hear this sad news. They haven't let Mother Marsh know about it yet, so she doesn't want me to mention it to her. Florence and Ernest Oates are taking Grandma Oates to Palm Springs next Monday. She says she'll tell her mother after church on Sunday, about the baby's death. They want her to go up north to visit with Rex and Ruth while they are away next week. Ruth is going to call her mother Sunday night and tell her she needs her, so she'll go up north for a visit. Blanche Hoglund phoned Annie yesterday. Harriet wrote to her and said that Elsie got away from the nursing home; three of the nurses found her three blocks away; It took the three of them and one man, who saw the dreadful struggle, to subdue her and get her back to the home. Isn't it sad? [Interesting that with Elsie's very low weight, she still had plenty of fight left in her.]



March 8, 1968 Julie, Doug, Donna



Julie 1 year

Janet Gardner



Janet, Greg, Mom Donna



Kathy George Baptism Day



Julie 17 months



Kathy, George, Dad, Jon



Janet Petaluma Ward



Julie 17 months
San Rafael, Calif.

Glen and Irene Anderson went to the baptism services in their ward last Saturday and saw Dick and Beth Johnston, Aunt Ida, and Kathy and her husband. Kathy's husband was baptized, so they were all rejoicing over that happy event. Aunt Ida has been with Beth for two months. Beverly Andersen was happy to see Dale and Annette at the Los Angeles Temple last night, or one night this week. Annie and Beverly are invited to a shower and the wedding reception of David's old sweetheart Sue. They broke up after he came home from his mission in Germany. He is back there now going to college. Elias Strong is having a special treatment flown to him from the Mayo Clinic in New York. They hope it will prolong his life. I surely hope he'll be helped.



Emily Sims image from Family Search.

always cheerful in spite of her troubles. I phoned Florence Marsh, she is still miserable with a cold. Lots of people have the flu; I hope we can escape it. Lou and Stanley Edgecomb went to Fedco's Discount Store this afternoon. Lou got a new cord for his electric razor. We both took a shower tonight before retiring. We heard over the television news today that Emily B. Sims had died. She and her late husband, Lewis K. Sims, were very active workers in the LDS Church for many years and also active in civic duties, too. Her age was 78, according to the news report.

March 15, Friday

We have sunshine and clouds today, another peek-a-boo day. I started a letter to Donna last evening and finished it this morning. I answered Ada E. Quinton's letter. Sorry I did not have the information she wanted about her father's family, the Moores, Mother Renshaw's adopted parents. Lou went to the Safeway Market this afternoon for some groceries we needed. I talked to Florence Marsh this afternoon via phone. I was sorry to learn that she has another cold. Her voice sounded very hoarse. She couldn't go over and sit with Grandma Oates while Florence went to the office to help Ernest. Florence got Sr. Sue Gardner to come and sit with Mother Oates. Mother Marsh says that Grandma Oates doesn't want to go to Palm Springs and be with Gladys for a couple of weeks. I wonder what Florence and Ernest will do about their planned vacation. They haven't told Mom Marsh about the death of Kay's little twin son yet. Florence Oates said she would tell her on Sunday after church. They want her to go up north to visit Ruth and Rex while they're away, problems, eh?

March 16, Saturday

We had hazy sunshine this morning, but it was pleasant. I dusted through the house and used the hand sweeper for the rugs. Lou mowed the lawns. I wrote a letter to Ethel Newbold and told her about my letter from Ada E. Quinton; her mother's maiden name was Newbold. Today's mail brought a letter from Violet. She enclosed a news clipping with a picture of the funeral services last Saturday for our old neighbor Orson H. Willie. He died in a rest home on March 6, 1968, in Salt Lake City. He was 85 years old. The survivors are his widow, Pearl Donelson Willie, sons, Donald and Raymond, Daughter, Ruth Butterfield, six grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. The burial was in Wasatch Lawn. He was a buyer and salesman for Auerback Company for 15 years and for ZCMI for 25 years, so says the clipping. Violet sent a copy of the little birthday verse she wrote to her grandson, Chris O. Jones. His birthday is tomorrow, March 17. Violet is still having trouble with her breathing and some pus cells in her kidneys. I do wish my little sister felt better. She mentioned poor Elsie's condition and Elias Strong's illness, and her wonderful friends in Cedar. She is

March 17, Sunday

Here is Violet's verse for her grandson Chris:

*Hi Chrissie O. Jones, Top o' the morning to Ye
'Tis the wearing o' the green;
Leprechauns everywhere to be seen.
But only to those born on March 17,
Aye 'tis your birthday O King.
May it be merry and gay,
And by far your happiest birthday.*



We had a very lovely, sunny day, a cool breeze, but warm in the sunshine. Lou's electric razor worked okay this morning with the new cord. He came home from priesthood to take me and Bessie the babysitter, to Sunday School. I wore my green knit dress and green earrings, in honor of St. Pat's Day. We had a large attendance this beautiful morning. I was surprised when a tall handsome young man came up to us before Sunday School. He said, "Hello there." It was David Johnston; he told us that he and his wife are living in the East Pasadena Ward (they are renting now). He said they expect their first baby in September. He said Grandma Ida Strong and Aunt Florence Smith are in California with his parents in Van Nuys. Bessie Izmirlian isn't going to babysit this afternoon at church. It is her husband's birthday and they are going to their daughter's home for dinner. We are free to go to Highland Park this afternoon. Lou had his nap after dinner. We found Bill home alone, in his chair watching television in the living room. Annie and Beverly were in sacrament meeting. We visited with Bill until the family came. Annie and Bill fixed a nice dinner of baked ham, French fried potatoes, hot rolls, and tomatoes. We had some good fruit dietetic cookies for dessert. It's always fun to visit with the Andersens. We missed Lorene; she was at church with Annie and Bev, but she wanted to go home after church, so we didn't get to see her. I was sorry to miss hearing Elder Sam Broadhead give his mission homecoming report in sacrament meeting in our ward this evening.

March 18, Monday

It was a beautiful, sunny morning. I got a nice early start with my washing; Lou cooked his own breakfast. He took a walk in the sunshine to see how the new apartment buildings on Sierra Madre and Del Mar Boulevards are coming along. It is amazing how fast these big apartment houses go up. Florence Marsh telephoned about 11 a.m. She was crying and poor little soul was broken up. She'd just learned about Kay's little baby boy's death from cancer. He was one of the

twins (Steven). Florence Oates had told her; they had to let her know because Ruth wants her to come up north and stay there a couple of weeks while Florence and Ernest go on a little vacation cruise, in the Gulf Waters of Mexico (I think). They'll take Grandma Oates to Palm Springs and then go on the vacation. Ruth phoned last night, she is sending her mother's plane fare this weekend. I hope Mother Marsh will go and have a nice visit with her children up north, Ruth and her family, and Donna and Rex and their family. Lou rested this afternoon on the swing in the cabaña. I rested on his bed. I cooked some carrots, onions, potatoes, and ground beef in the oven while I rested. We enjoyed it for dinner this evening.

March 19, Tuesday

Oh what a beautiful day today. I got up at eight o'clock and after eating some cereal and a muffin, I wrote a letter to Lydia and Owen, while beautiful records played on our Magnavox player. (Thanks to our darling children we have this lovely music.) I studied my visiting teacher's message for March on "Love, Intelligence, and Compassionate Service." We have lovely messages to take into the homes. It's too bad we have so many sisters not home when we call.

March 20, Wednesday

It is another very beautiful, clear day. Lou took Marie Doezie and me to Relief Society and then he visited Clifton Manlove. After that he went to take Ruby Hodges to the Pantry Market for her supply of groceries. We had a special singing practice in the chapel with the organ this morning before our regular meeting. Our ward Singing Mothers are going to sing "I Know That My Redeemer Lives," in the Relief Society leadership meeting next Friday morning. We had such a lovely Social Relations class this morning. Sr. Lucille Martell is an excellent teacher. She had several sisters give a part of her lesson; it was very inspirational. Our sweet president, Eunice Stout, came up to me after the meeting and thanked me again for the little tribute I composed in her honor for the birthday party last Wednesday. She said her husband thought it was wonderful and he wants her to read it to everyone who comes to call on them. Isn't that nice? (Of course, it isn't that good, but I'm glad he liked it.) Sr. Geneva Musser brought Erma



Ernest Oates and his mother circa 1929. In 1968 his mother Lorena Mahoney Oates is 91 years old. She was not well and it sounds like she couldn't be left alone.



Elvie plans April Fools letters for her sisters.

Rosen and me home from Relief Society. Marie Doezie went with Barbara Pettit. Lorene phoned this afternoon and read Violet's letter to me. Violet isn't at all well; her feet and hands swell caused by her kidney and heart troubles. She takes tablets to help remove the water from her body; yet, she still has her cute sense of humor. Her letters are fun to read in spite of her condition. We are concerned about her; bless her dear heart. Oh, I forgot to mention the dear little red book, titled "As A Man Thinketh;" it is purse size. Our Relief Society gave each one of us this little book after Relief Society; I love it. We all received three cards to test our awareness and perception, also. Our society is up and going! Blanche phoned Lorene and said that her brother Elias Strong sent each of his sisters a typed letter telling them not to worry about him. He said he is going to a daughter's home from the hospital and he'll be

okay; they're not to worry. P.S. Lou bought a half gallon of ice cream from the "Country Best Company" at the door this afternoon, it was 89¢, I think. It is good Brookdale ice cream.

March 21, Thursday

We are blessed with another pretty spring day with a nice cool breeze that keeps the smog away. I had a fun time preparing some April fool letters for my family this morning. I have them stamped ready for the mail. They're in the form of a silly chain letter for flower seeds. The names I used are Bee A. Marshall, and Carry A. Gunn. The addresses are 13 Badge Street, Joshua, California, and 23 Bullet Street, Death Valley, California. They are void after April 1, 1968. I made an appointment for March 28 at 11:15 a.m. for Lou and myself to have our feet taken care of by Dr. Frank, the foot specialist. The big toes have thick nails that we can't trim. This afternoon Lou and I went to visit the widows in his district. We didn't stay but a few minutes in Sr. Maude Williams Motel apartment; she was too busy to visit. Sr. Abby Hays wasn't home; she said she might be away for a few months with her husband. He is a builder and has a big job out of town (he is not LDS.) We had a very nice visit with sisters Aretta Smith and Sarah Bates. They seem so happy to see us each time we go. We went to the Pantry Market after our visiting and got some items on sale,

We bought two packages of frozen Northern Halibut, French-fried. We cooked one for our dinner, four nice big pieces. I took the \$20.00 I had saved and paid for the groceries, \$11.25. I also bought twenty 6¢ stamps at the post office on our way home. Golly, it seems like I'm always buying stamps! Well, be thankful LV, you can buy some things, eh? P.S. We bought four of the sale pies, one French apple, two strawberry rhubarb, and one apricot. Our little freezer compartment is full again, we watch for the sales.

We have some clouds in our blue sky this morning. Old Sol is playing peek-a-boo again. I got up at eight o'clock and made some oatmeal cereal for the two of us. It is an easy breakfast with little fuss. Our neighbors the Edgecombs left this morning with their truck and trailer house for a few days vacation to desert country. I spent my morning patching underwear and cleaning up the house. Today's mail brought a letter from Donna; she enclosed Joan's letter, plus three pictures of the big home they have moved into on March 8, 9, and 10. It is in Westchester County, New York. It is on an acre of grass and trees. It is a two-story home with a full basement. They are not far from the lovely Mahansic Park and the lake and pool. Joan loves the new home; they're buying it. She calls it her dream home. It surely looks huge to us. When I first glanced at the pictures, I thought it was a big lodge home; it has a used brick fireplace in the family room. There is a disposal and a self-cleaning oven. The laundry is on the main floor with cabinets and counter top. Well, bless their dear hearts. I hope they'll be very happy there. I'd love to see them in this lovely home someday. Maybe I will, eh? Donna enclosed a drawing John made of the water systems in Scotland. Every house has a water tank in the loft or on the roof. He said he had explained about it in the tape he mailed to them. A sister in the ward took care of Julie and Greg Thursday morning while Mary went to the temple. Rex went to the ward conference last Sunday in Fort Bragg. Anyway, he gave a talk and he sang in a trio unrehearsed; they sang "Love at Home." Mary, Jon, Kathy, George, and Donna, also the babies, Julie and Greg, went to the Petaluma Ward sacrament meeting. It was in honor of Wayne

Blanche Hoglund phoned Lorene yesterday; she was crying because her sister LaPriel had phoned from Las Vegas to tell her that their brother, Elias, is dying from cancer. The doctors say he can't live more than three days. We are all so unhappy over this sad news. I started a letter to Donna last night and finished it this morning. I also wrote a note to Janet and sent Joan's letter and pictures of their new home in New York, also Donna's letter to Janet. I sent it all in a nice fat envelope; I put two stamps on it. I mailed a birthday card to my brother Owen. I walked to the mailbox on Virginia Avenue to mail them. This afternoon I cleaned the bathroom fixtures and floor, also the kitchen and service porch floors. I didn't feel very ambitious today, so it took some persuasion, but I managed it somehow. I have had a dull ache in



*Mahamsic Lake near
the Gardners' new home.*



The Gardners new home in Yorktown, New York.

my back for a couple of days. (More Deep Heat Ointment rub tonight!) I telephoned Loretta Strong Speight this afternoon; she of course is very upset over Elias's illness. It's amazing to me what a wonderful attitude she has on life, considering all of the suffering that cancer has caused her the past few years. She doesn't fear death, but she feels that Elias is needed here; he has been such a comfort to his family, a big help to all of them, his daughters and his sisters. I talked to Beverly this evening via phone. She and Annie were going to a wedding tonight in Hollywood, I believe. Anyway, it is David Andersen's former girlfriend, Susan. She is a niece of the Startups in our ward. Their nice neighbor Elizabeth was going to sit with Bill while they were at the wedding. Br. and Sr. Oakes were also going to visit with Bill for part of the time (George's parents) and then Elizabeth would stay until Annie and Beverly got home. P.S. Florence Marsh flew up north this afternoon to visit her children up there.

March 24, Sunday

It was a bit hazy this day, but nice and warm, a pleasant Sabbath day. We took Inez Andersen and Bessie to Sunday School. We had a fine Sunday School and an excellent lesson in our class on "Sacrament." I do enjoy Bob Gordon's classes. Daddy and I had a lovely dinner after Sunday School in Brotherton's Farm House Restaurant. We had braised sirloin, soup, salad (the works). We both came home too full for comfort, but primed for restful reading or a nap. Lou chose the nap, me? I read the paper and did some writing, plus took a catnap. We went back to church at 4 p.m. for sacrament service and Paul L. Anderson's missionary farewell talk. He is going to the Far East, to Japan. (We took Bessie this afternoon, also.) We had a very lovely program; I enjoyed everything on it. Steven Andersen wasn't there; he's still on his mission or in college somewhere. Lynn Anderson opened the meeting with a fine prayer. Debbie Eddington, the youth speaker, gave a fine talk. Kathy Cannon sang two lovely solos with Pauline Knight the accompanist, she sang "Eye Hath Not Seen," and "My Father's House." Ruby Anderson, the mother, gave a very interesting talk; she has a cute sense of humor. Alvin Anderson, the father, gave an excellent talk. Elder



Loretta Speight and Roy Konold



Paul Anderson's remarks were more like a returned missionary; he'll be a wonderful missionary. He has just graduated from Stanford University; all three boys are college graduates. Lynn has a sweet looking wife. Bishop Munns gave a few remarks and promoted a young man from Primary into Mutual, also. We wished Paul a happy and successful mission after the services. This has been a pleasant Sabbath Day. I hope Florence Marsh was able to attend church today with Rex and Donna, she wanted to. P.S. It was nice to see some of our former ward members in church this afternoon, the Alvin Duncombes, Jan Perkins (it was her birthday), Sandy and Sharon and kiddies had been over and stayed all night Saturday night. Lu Layton was there, also, in honor of Paul Anderson.

March 25, Monday

We have another pretty spring day, tra la! I didn't wash because I wanted to write a letter to Violet and do my visiting teaching today. Lydia Smith came for me about 2:15. We found three of our families at home; we had a real nice visit with Sr. Helen Pratt (the sister of Ruth Gonzales). The two families live in the one big home. Ruth's son Dan was home, but she was working. We also found Sr. Greta Donaldson at home and enjoyed a nice visit with her. We seldom ever find these two ladies at home, so it was very rewarding. I gave the message on "Love and Intelligence, Result in Compassionate Service to Others." I'm glad our visiting is done; I do not like to be this late in the month doing it. I went with daddy last Thursday to take care of his district of four families. I have Violet's letter ready to mail; it's in her birthday card with \$2.00 for her fun spending. We sisters always sent \$2.00 in our birthday cards to each other. I must have a little cold in my back, the lower part has hurt me today, plus some uncomfortable hurt in my stomach at times. Let's face it old gal, you're not a spring chicken anymore. He he! The aches and pains are bound to show up now and again, ugh!

March 26, Tuesday

It has been another lovely day. Lou and I took a little ride this morning; he got some gas at the Fedco Station, had the tires checked and put something in the radiator; I think he called it Freestone?

We went to Winstead Brothers Stationery Store to get my colored snapshots. I had eight negatives finished off; they cost \$3.10 plus 16¢ tax. They all turned out good. Beverly took them at her parent's Golden Wedding anniversary in October 1966. Lou bought two quarts of milk at the Manor Market. I spent all afternoon mounting the pictures in my scrapbook where I have Annie and Bill's Golden Wedding

invitation and poems and pictures. I have 3 pages for them and their children in honor of their 50th anniversary. I'm so glad to have it finished at long last.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

1916

1966



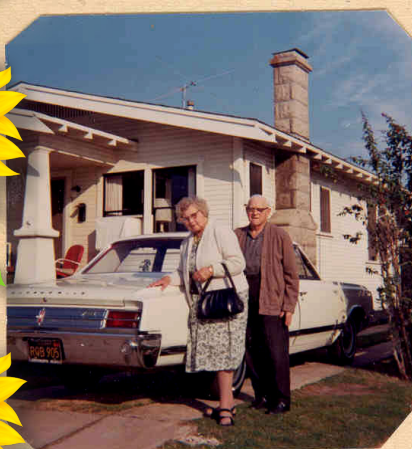
In honor of the
50th Wedding Anniversary
of
Mr. and Mrs. Willard J. Andersen
their sons and daughters
request the pleasure of your company

at a reception on
Saturday, October 15, 1966 - 2 to 4 p. m.
at 1102 West Orange Grove
Burbank, California

- 1942 -

- 1942 -

✓ BEVERLY ANDERSEN and her brothers held open house at the home of their parents on October 18 to celebrate a 50th wedding anniversary for "mom and dad." One hundred fifty friends and relatives gathered to honor them, including Beverly's mother's sister and her husband from Utah.



- 1967 -



Bill and Annie - at home 1967-



from the kitchen of

ANNIE ANDERSEN

I spent some time composing a couple of verses for my children's Easter cards. Doesn't this Grama have fun? Marie Doezie phoned tonight to say she couldn't go to Relief Society tomorrow morning, so we won't pick her up. She said she'd go to the Wednesday night Relief Society this week. Here are the two verses I composed:

*It's Easter Time again!
Spring flowers are in bloom.
Time to rejoice and be happy
And chase away the gloom
Listen to the sweet song
The little birdie sings
Remember the wonderful promise
That Easter Time brings.
EBR*



*Easter Time is here once more.
'Tis filled with joyful mirth,
We behold New Life everywhere,
Upon our lovely Earth.
Remember the glorious promise
As the choir sings,
Be glad and rejoice for the
Message that Easter brings
EBR*

March 27, Wednesday

We're blessed with another lovely spring day. Nora Williamson phoned to tell me she'd pick me up at 9:45 for Relief Society, isn't she a dear! Marie Doezie couldn't go this morning so we can go on to the church from here. Lou left before I did; he is going to enjoy his breakfast out somewhere and then call on Clifton Manlove. We had a very lovely Cultural Refinement lesson on "A Loving Heart is the Beginning of All Knowledge." Sr. Shirley Rogers was the teacher and she surely is an excellent one. "Love at Home" was our opening song. Florence Manwaring led us in the songs, "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms" and "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes." We each received a little artificial flower on a long wire stem with a little yellow tab stapled on which reads, "An Easter Reminder, for a Loving Heart!" Lou came home about noontime; he had visited with Ruby Hodges after seeing Clifton Manlove. Lorene phoned, Blanche Hoglund had called her to say that she was leaving for Salt Lake City in the morning with her son Bill and his wife. She said that Elias has everything in order for his passing; his funeral arrangements and all. He is very calm and resigned to his "going away" on this last trip, as he calls it. The dear man is full of cancer. It is heart breaking for his family of four daughters, and four sisters, and all who love him, which of course, is all who know him. He is a very wonderful person. Lorene said that Paul Farnsworth's father [Edward Willmott Farnsworth] passed away while Phyllis and Paul were in church last Sunday. His funeral is tomorrow. Their son's wedding in the Los Angeles Temple is Friday. He and Celia Magnison have all plans made for their marriage and reception. Lorene is invited to the wedding. It is too bad that Grandpa Farnsworth couldn't have lived a few days longer, but they are going ahead with their wedding plans anyway, which is right, of course. I



Edward Willmott Farnsworth, image from Family Search.

wrote a letter to Elder John Marsh this evening and I mailed it in an Easter card with a \$1.00 bill enclosed. P.S. Estella Brady wrote to Lorene, she had been to see Elsie, and was shocked at how bad Elsie looks. She is slowly dying of cancer, the poor soul.

March 28, Thursday

Today is Owen's birthday; I hope he is enjoying it. I mailed a birthday card to him last Saturday and one to Violet last evening with \$2.00 enclosed in each. It is a beautiful day. I got up at seven, took a shower and ate breakfast. Lou stayed in bed until 9:30. He showered



Young Owen Bailey

and then we went to keep our appointment with Dr. Frank the foot specialist, at 978 N. Lake Street at 1:15. Lou gave the doctor a check for \$14.00. Our feet are feeling fine; the big thick toenails are cut and filed. We took a ride to La Canada. I mailed

*Well another birthday, brother dear,
Into the past, is another year.
Relax and enjoy your easy chair,
Warmer weather will soon be there.
Old man winter is on his way out;
You'll soon be able to get about
There'll be yard work, I surmise,
And you'll need a little exercise.
Enjoy your retirement while you may
And please have a very happy birthday!*

my April fool chain letters to Violet, Lydia, and Donna. Then we drove to La Crescenta and I mailed the chain letters to Lorene, Annie, and Sue. We drove to Burbank where a cop pulled us to the curb at Riverside and Claybourn Avenue. He gave Lou a ticket; we just couldn't understand what he did wrong? Anyway, Lou paid the \$13.00 fine at the courthouse to save mailing it. The cop said Lou took a chance of getting hit when he turned into another lane. I guess he had to get his quota of citations today. Bette drove with Lou to the courthouse in Burbank to pay his fine. We got surprise when we got to Sue's and found her with boxes all packed, ready to move. She was tired, but she and her children feel that she will be much better off in the nice little apartment they have rented for her. The children and their friends, the swimming pool, and activities, are too much for Sue's nerves and of course too much for Bette to worry over, so it's best she move. Bette took us to see the apartment not very far from Elaine's home, 327 San Jose Street, Apartment 3. It has new carpeting in the living room and is very clean with nice drapes, stove, and refrigerator. She is very close to stores and markets, so I'm sure she'll be better off there. Another surprise, Ray Haddock has changed jobs after working about 18 years for the Smoke House. He is going to be a top salesman for a company selling ladies lingerie. Bette drove our car; she took us to see Elaine V. I was happy to see her looking rested; she looked so pretty, too. I brought my typed diaries, that Sue has had for several years, home with me. She didn't want to take them to her new apartment. Lou and I stopped in Beadle's Cafeteria in Pasadena at 4 p.m. We were both hungry, so we enjoyed a

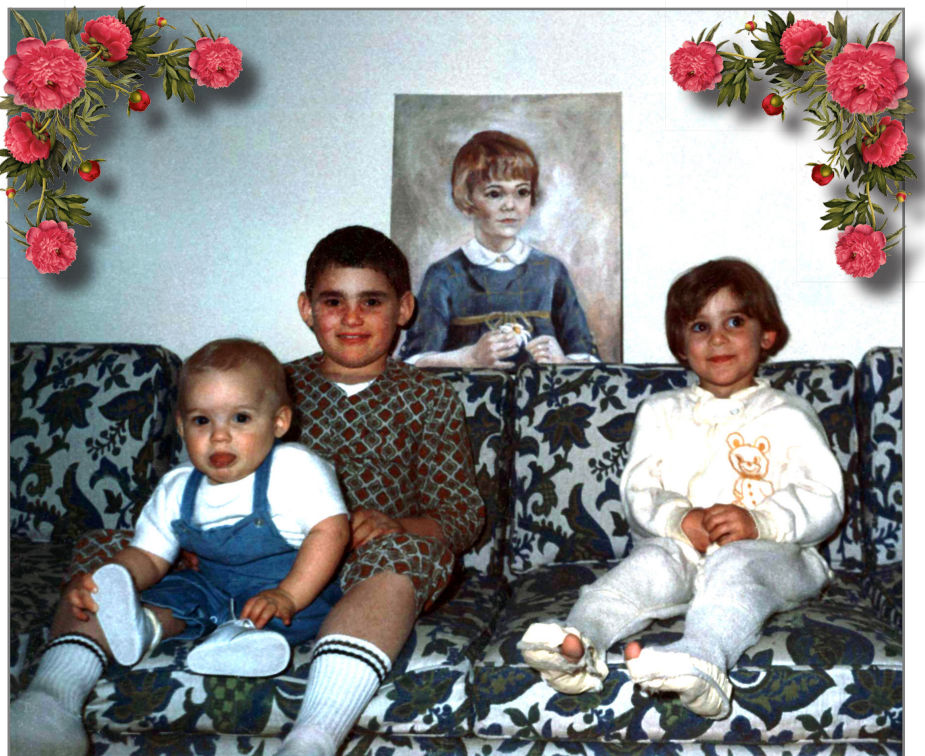
nice dinner. I had chow mien for the first time; it was delicious. Lou had bacon and liver. We enjoyed a cream tapioca pudding for dessert. Clifton Manlove phoned tonight to tell us that Mother Tucker passed away this morning. This has been a very interesting day of events for sure!

March 29, Friday

'Twas bright and sunny this morning; a wee bit hazy this afternoon. I tried to phone Vilda Manlove this morning and again this afternoon, but no answer. I guess the family is out making funeral arrangements for Mother Tucker's funeral. She died yesterday morning. I did my washing this morning, four runs. I changed bed linen on both beds this morning. Today's mail brought a letter from Donna with a snapshot of Joan's three children in color. She wants me to send the picture back to Joan after we've seen it. The painting of little Janet is in the background. Oh they are lovely looking children, and oh, so far away. Their new home is in Yorktown, New York. Grandma Florence Marsh was at Donna's place. She went to church with them on Sunday. Janet came on Wednesday and brought Doug and little Donna. She came to see Grandma Marsh and had lunch with all of them and she took her mother to work at Macy's. She left little Donna to play with Julie for a few days. Rex took his mother to Sebastopol for sacrament meeting on Sunday evening. He and Jon Tibbets were the speakers. Donna stayed home with the children so Mary could go. Kathy's friend George was ordained a priest a few days ago; she didn't say which Sunday. On Monday afternoon Rex took his mother to Santa Rosa with him to have his eyes tested for reading glasses. Jon's sister Delphia's husband, Lewie, was riding his motorcycle one week ago, between Petaluma and Sebastopol and someone shot him. He was found on the ground unconscious, shot through the jaws, the bullet is still lodged in his sinuses. He was unconscious for a few days and now he can't remember a thing that happened. He thinks he was in an accident. *[Jon Tibbets said that later they ascertained it was a rock that had flown up and punctured his jaw. Not a bullet.]* He wasn't robbed; his motorcycle was standing up with the kickstand in place, like he had stopped for something. Isn't it awful, one can't ride anymore without fear of snipers or hoodlums taking a shot at them. Rex was taking his mother to Ruth's on Thursday night. Ruth had invited him and Donna to dinner. Florence wants to come back home on Saturday and they want her to stay another week.

March 30, Saturday

Sue moved into her new apartment on San Jose Street in Burbank today. Kenny Bird brought a truck to move her big pieces. Beverly phoned last night to tell me the chain letter (April fool) arrived yesterday. I didn't think it would be delivered so soon. Anyway, Bev and Annie got a kick out of



Marshall, Sherm, and Janet in photo that Elvie received March 29.

it, so my effort was not in vain. I did my ironing and cleaned up the house a bit. I telephoned Vilda Tucker Manlove, to offer our condolence and to see if there was anything we could do for her. She really handed me a surprise, she asked if Br. Renshaw did much singing now? She'd love to have him sing "Open the Gates of the Temple" at her mother's funeral! Wow! Of course, I told her Br. Renshaw doesn't sing solos now. We, Daddy and I, have had a good laugh over that request. Ha ha ha! I've never heard that one used at a funeral. I believe it was written for the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple or for one of the temples. Vilda gets some ideas, eh? Well, bless her heart, she was really a wonderful daughter to her dear old invalid mother. I've had sister Sue in my thoughts all day; she is moving into a new apartment not far from Elaine's home. We saw it on Thursday and it is very nice. Inez Anderson phoned to tell us that our neighbor across the street, Ariel Barnes, is in the hospital with another cancer attack. I'm so sorry to learn this distressing news. Inez is an old friend of the Barnes family. She wants us to pick her up in the morning as usual for Sunday School. We've had a lovely summer like day again today, sunny and warm. Clifton Manlove phoned last night and told Lou that Sr. Tucker's funeral will be Monday at the stake center at 11 a.m.

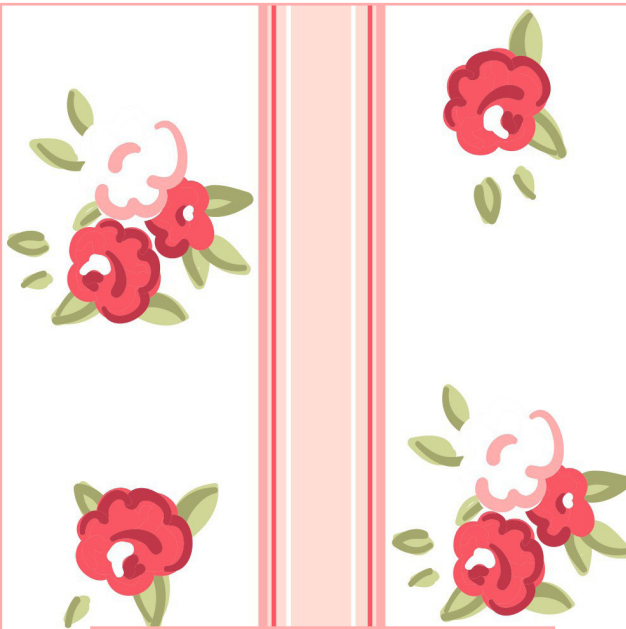
March 31, Sunday

It has been overcast and cold all day; some change from yesterday. Beverly phoned about 8:30 to say that Blanche Hoglund had phoned them to tell them that her brother, Elias Strong, passed away in a Salt Lake hospital at 2:30 this morning. We've been prepared for this sad news, but it's a sorrowful thing even so. Blanche didn't go to Salt Lake last Thursday as planned, her blood pressure went too high, she wasn't well enough to go. Everyone will be saddened with the passing of Elias Strong; he was loved by all who knew

him. Beverly also said that she took her mother and Aunt Lorene (maybe Bill went too?) out to see Elaine Vandergrift yesterday. Elaine gave them Aunt Sue's new address so they drove to her apartment. She was moved in and everything was in place. Her cupboards are stocked with canned foods and the icebox with fresh foods. Shirley and Kenny were there; he brought the truck in early yesterday to move her big pieces. Bev says they think the apartment is lovely and Sue should be very comfortable there. I surely do hope she'll feel better and be happy there. We took Inez Anderson to church this morning; we enjoyed the nice fast day services. Br. Harold Linderman blessed his little adopted son this morning. I did not get the name he was given but he is a darling little fellow. Our Sunday School class was very interesting. Br. Bob Gordon did a good job as always. The lesson goal was to assist us in using the Holy Ghost in our lives to purify and sanctify us for the Celestial Kingdom. I baked a frozen rhubarb pie and cooked some loin lamb chops (I simmered them with onions this morning). We enjoyed them for dinner this afternoon; we fasted this morning. This evening we listened to President Johnson's wonderful talk on TV and we were stunned as all Americans were, at the end of his speech, to hear him say, "I shall not seek and I will not accept the nomination of my party for another term as your president." One could feel the sad emotion as they looked and heard him.

April 1, Monday

Happy birthday to dear Violet today. 'Twas overcast this morning. I finished Donna's letter and wrote a note to Joan. I sent her the picture Donna sent of Joan's children and a snapshot of Bonnie and



Elvie Renshaw and Bonnie Reynolds, photo Elvie sent to Joan on April 1.



Lou and Elvie Renshaw, photo maybe have been the one Elvie sent to Donna on April 1.

me that Beverly took of us last summer when Bonnie and Darrell were visiting Andersens. I enclosed a color snapshot of Daddy and me in Donna's letter that Bev also took at the same time last summer. I mailed a birthday card to relative Ada E. Quinton (Mother Renshaw's half sister, by adoption). We went to Sr. Tucker's funeral service at our stake center at eleven. There were not many of our ward people there, but some from East Pasadena and Pasadena Wards. It was a nice service; Sr. Tucker looked very nice and peaceful. Madge Fowler played the lovely prelude music on the organ. Elder Donald Mortensen conducted and gave remarks that Bishop Oakley had written down. He was out of town and couldn't be at the funeral. Br. Ernie Reed gave the invocation, Ronald Ruche sang "O My Father." There were comforting remarks by Bishop Eric Smith. The benediction was by Elder Newell Erickson. We didn't go to the Rose Hills Cemetery for the interment. Elder Clifton Manlove was going to dedicate the grave. We drove to Ruby Hodges and visited with her for a couple of hours. We watched television, "As the World Turns" and "Another World," with Ruby. She insisted on fixing a sandwich for us, plus applesauce and cookies and grape juice. It rained hard while we were in Ruby's house. We stopped at the Food Box Market for bread, buttermilk, and cottage cheese on the way home. It rained after we got home, but not while driving home, nice, eh? April showers, eh? I talked to Lorene via phone this afternoon. She read

Violet's letter to me. She also laughed about my April fool's chain letter to her. Today's mail brought a nice long letter from Lydia. I'll record some of the news on the next page.

April 2, Tuesday

Today I had a busy morning vacuum cleaning the two bedrooms. This afternoon we had a happy time listening to John's tape from Scotland that Donna sent for us to hear. She enclosed a note in the tape box saying she and Mary got a laugh out of my April fool chain letter to them (after they had gotten the message in it). Ruth wouldn't let Mother Marsh go home last Saturday, so she is still up there. Kathy visited George's ward in Novato on Sunday. He administered to the sacrament for the first time. Kathy bore her testimony in the fast meeting. John told about the church house he is helping to remodel in Scotland. They're fixing an apartment for the branch president and family to live in. He also talked about his companion, Elder Higgins. He sent his parents a picture of the church and one of him and his companion. He used some trick photography to make Elder Higgins look like a little

Business, Civic Leader, E. J. Strong, Succumbs

— March 31, 1968 —

Elias J. Strong, 68, 1883 Crandall Ct. (835 South), member of the State Road Commission and Aeronautics Commission of Utah, died of natural causes Sunday at 2:40 a.m. in a Salt Lake hospital.

Born Dec. 14, 1899, in Salt Lake City, he was a son of William Hill and Clara Ann Bishop Strong. He married Oretta Thurgood on Nov. 6, 1919, Provo. Marriage was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple. Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on Jan. 26, 1950. She died in June, 1967.

Mr. Strong's long business and public career began in automotive sales firms in Utah, holding several positions. He later worked for Utah Power and Light Co., was named manager of the Electrical League of Utah and later organized its successor, the Intermountain Electrical Assn.

Aide to Gov. Maw

During World War II, he was executive assistant to then Gov. Herbert B. Maw.

In 1946, Mr. Strong became secretary-manager of the Utah Automobile Dealers Assn., and was later advanced to executive vice president. He was named to the road and aeronautics posts in 1961.

Other groups and associations in which he has held positions of leadership include: chairman, Utah Highway Advisory Council; secretary-treasurer, Service, Inc., USDA subsidiary; trustee secretary, UADA Insurance Trust; member, National Automobile Dealers Assn. retirement program executive committee; secretary, Optimist Club; original chairman of Utah Highway Patrol Civil Service Commission; national president, Automotive Trade Association Managers; Utah Safety Council director; and chairman Automotive Trade Assn. manager's uniform licensing laws committee.

day an hour prior to service at place of funeral. Burial Wasatch Lawn Memorial Park.



Elias J. Strong
City, State, Area Leader
Member LDS Church

Mr. Strong was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and served on the Wilford Stake High Council and in Grandview LDS Ward bishopric.

He is survived by four daughters, Mrs. Alden (Shirley) Wardell, Mrs. Lee (Carole) Heugly, Mrs. Newell (Joanne) Young and Mrs. Manuel (Claudia) Domingo, all of Salt Lake City; 19 grandchildren; seven great-grandchildren; four sisters: Mrs. O. M. (Blanche) Hogland, Los Angeles; Mrs. Harriet S. Speirs, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Loretta S. Speight, Pasadena, Calif., and Mrs. Bryan L. (LaPriel) Bunker, Las Vegas.

Funeral services will be Thursday noon in the Wilford LDS Stake Center (Kenwood LDS Ward), 1765 E. 3080 South. Friends may call at 260 E. South Temple Wednesday from 6 to 8 p.m. and Thurs-

Tom Thumb and John a big giant. Elder Higgins is 6'3" tall. John is enjoying his mission in Scotland; he has been there a year last February. Joan wrote a nice long letter to her family in San Rafael and Donna sent it to us after she'd answered it. Joan told all about their new home in Yorktown Heights. She calls it their "dream home." The children are very happy there and have nice friends to play with. We also received a nice long letter from Lydia. She enclosed a clipping with a picture of Elias J. Strong, announcing his death and telling of his activities in city government, in the LDS Church, and oh, so many things. He will be missed indeed; he was a wonderful person. His funeral will be Thursday. I'd love to attend his services. Elias's brother-in-law (Oretta's brother), died suddenly on March 31 from a heart attack. Lydia and Owen went to see Elsie again on Sunday. She is losing weight again; she wants to eat all the time, seems to be starved, but she tells the folks she hasn't had a bite to eat all day. They say the cancer is eating the poor little soul up inside. She is calmer now and not fighting to go home. She told Lydia and Owen that her mother was there with her yesterday morning (Saturday). We all hope and pray that Elsie will be released from her poor afflicted body soon. She is blind and full of cancer. Oretta's brother will be buried on Wednesday and Elias on Thursday. Oretta died in June of 1967. Elder Nathan Tanner lives in Jim and Andrea's ward, he had been to a conference in New York. He told about a couple, Miller and Joan Gardner. He said this fine young LDS couple made friends right away and were very happy there. They had bought a home and were



With Elias's death, he and Oretta were reunited in paradise. Oretta died June of 1967.

— April - 1968 —
— funeral April 4th —

active in church and were perfectly satisfied. He compared them with another young couple that were transferred to New York but couldn't adjust at all and had to be back to their home because they were so unhappy.

April 3, Wednesday

Lou took Marie Doezy and me to Relief Society for the 9:30 visiting teacher's meeting. He went over to visit with Clifton Manlove. Vera Smith's message was on "A Loving Friend or a Good Neighbor May Require Courage" It was a lovely message. I hope we can

give it as well to the ladies in our district, wishful thinking, eh? Nora Williamson's Spiritual Living lesson was on "Be Thou Humble" (from D&C 112:10), and it was indeed beautifully given. I enjoyed it so very much.

We have such fine teachers and material in our society, it is a wonderful church, eh? Lou came home about 11 a.m. He had cut up and tied the big limb that broke off our elm tree in the wind last night. Lou says Vilda is going to come to Manloves' home to live; the family wants to sell the old Tucker home now that Mother Tucker has gone. I surely hope things will work out okay for Clifton and Vilda now, time will tell, eh? Today's mail brought a nice long letter from Joan. She enclosed three darling pictures of baby Marshall McKay, one in color. Oh, he is a beautiful baby, with big blue eyes and yellow curly hair.

One of the poses looks like a picture I have of Joan when she was a baby. I'm so thrilled with my adorable great grandchildren; all of them are just beautiful and so are their mothers (and fathers). Joan told about the new home they are living in; how they are fixing it up. They all love it and the pretty countryside around them, the new carpeting, and etcetera. It really sounds wonderful. Miller bought a beautiful hard rock maple dining room table and six chairs. The home is two stories with a full basement, with four bedrooms upstairs and two full baths. Downstairs they have the living room, dining room, and family room with fireplace, kitchen and laundry room with half bath. They use the basement for storage, food, and etcetera. They also have a nice play area for the children and they have an attached garage. P.S. Our Social Security check came today,



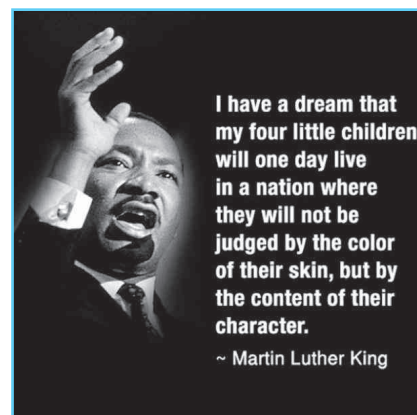
Marshall McKay Gardner, Elvie received these photos on April 3, 1968.

P.S. Our Social Security check came today,

\$215.40. We took it to the bank and deposited some in the checking account. Lou went to Mutual Savings and drew out the three months interest to help with our needs. We did our grocery shopping this evening at Safeway Market about 5 p.m. We spent \$25.15!

April 4, Thursday

It is a lovely, sunny morning. I got up early and wrote some letters. I thanked Joan for the adorable pictures of her baby, Marshall, plus the nice letter. I thanked Lydia for her letter, plus the clipping of Elias Strong. Today is his funeral day in Salt Lake City. I'd surely like to be there. I sent my \$1.00 for the flowers; Lydia and Owen always take care of the flowers for us out here at \$1.00 per family. I thanked Donna for John's tape, his pictures, and the letter from Joan she enclosed. I mailed Joan's new address to Bette Haddock; she said Jerry was going to be in New York this summer and he wanted Joan and Mo's address. I did some scrapbook work this evening. I pasted the news clipping and picture of Elias Strong's passing and funeral. I also put the colored photo of baby Marshall Gardner in the book with other family pictures. I talked to Marion Barnes this afternoon. She is really heartsick because of her father's illness; he seems to be dying from cancer. The doctor gives no hope for him, it is so sad. Mr. Barnes was operated on several months ago for cancer. Our nation was shocked today when Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. was shot and killed. He was standing on the balcony of the Lorraine Motel in Memphis, Tennessee when he was hit by an assassin's bullet. Dr. King carried the dreams of millions of Negroes in his battle for racial freedom. This is indeed a dreadful thing; we are in a most critical time. President Johnson postponed his trip to Honolulu and appeared on national television to ask every citizen to stay away from the violence that struck Dr. King. The Nobel Prize winner, Dr. King, was in Memphis to prove that he could lead a nonviolent march there. Oh, this is a troubled world we live in. The police are seeking a white sniper.



April 5, Friday

We have a lovely spring day; I had a busy day. I vacuumed the two front rooms, baked a frozen French apple pie, made a Jello fruit salad, a tapioca pudding, and a pot of beef stew, plus I mopped the floors in the kitchen, bathroom, and service porch.

Lou enjoyed his afternoon nap and then he mowed the lawns. Florence Oates telephoned this evening; she and Ernest had just returned from their cruise in the Gulf of Mexico waters. She said they had a wonderful time, "Just fabulous." She wanted to know if we had heard from her mother. She said, "Mom didn't send a postcard or a word to

any of her granddaughters." She was going to the church to help serve the ward welfare dinner this evening. Lou and I enjoyed some of the stew and the pie for our dinner. We are expecting Mary, Kathy, and baby Gregory any day now.

April 6, Saturday

It is a pretty spring day. I did the washing and put the house in order. I was ironing when Mary and Kathy drove in our yard in the Tibbetses' little VW car at 1:30 p.m. I was so disappointed that Mary came without her baby Gregory. She left him with Janet. Grandma Tibbets has little Julie. The girls looked so lovely and happy. It was indeed a big thrill to see them again. I finished my ironing while we talked, and do we ever have fun just talking. Before the girls came, I took a bowl of tapioca cream pudding across the street to my neighbor Mrs. Barnes. I hope her poor, sick husband will enjoy some of it. She seemed real pleased with the pudding and my visit. Their son, Kenny, came home from Vietnam last night. The Army let him come home after some pressure, from many sources here at home, doctors, Red Cross, and etcetera. I was very happy to see that Kenny was home. I guess he's been in the Army about 2 years. His father is very ill; his cancer has flared up again. He was operated on last year for cancer. Mary took Kathy and me to Helen's Variety store. I got a little picture frame to put Joan's baby Marshall's pictures in like I have Mary's little Gregory's pictures in, the little double folding gilt frame. Kathy bought a few items for her shampoo needs. I bought some fresh greens for a tossed salad, plus tomatoes and squash. It was so nice having my sweet granddaughters with me. Mary made the tossed salad; Kathy shampooed her hair. I had meat cooked and an ice box full, but all they wanted was the salad and orange juice. They went to Mt. Baldy to see the old home and friends up there, the Slaters, and the Blacks (Slaters in Baldy Village and Blacks in Upland). We received a nice letter from Violet; she enclosed the paper clipping of Elias Strong's passing and funeral (just like the one Lydia sent me). I'm distressed to learn that Violet isn't any better. She still has pus cells in her kidneys and bladder; she feels miserable. Her capsules cost \$14.00; her doctor bills, the pills, and etcetera are terrible. Arthur and Hilda Fife are getting married April 16 in the St. George Temple. Loda Fife is having a buffet dinner for the family after the session. Carl's daughter, Marlene, is having an open house at her place in Cedar in the evening. Arthur's sons, Paul and Ray Fife, are coming to go through the temple with them, Paul from Minnesota, Ray from

Phoenix. Kathy and Mary came back about 9:15. They had a nice visit with Rae Slater and her children, and Janie Black and her two children. She lives with her parents in Upland, she is separated from her husband. Kathy talked to her friend Marie on the phone. She is coming for Kathy tomorrow.

April 7, Sunday

Today was general conference in Salt Lake City. I got up at seven and combed my hair and got dressed before the others got up. It was a beautiful morning. We ate a light breakfast of fruit and dry cereal. The conference was on Channel 11 at 9 a.m. It is the 138th Annual Conference in Salt Lake City. Mary, Kathy, Grampa, and I enjoyed the lovely morning session. The choir sang "O Thou Glory of the Lord." I'm sorry, I didn't get the name of the brother who gave the lovely opening prayer. Elder Hugh B. Brown conducted, President David O. McKay wasn't well enough to attend, but he presided from his hotel room in the Hotel Utah, across the street from the tabernacle. The choir sang, "How Deep Thy Love." President Nathan Eldon Tanner spoke on the Word of Wisdom. The choir sang, "The Lord is my Shepherd." Elder Marion G. Romney spoke on "Salvation Through Faith in Jesus Christ." The choir and congregation sang, "I Need Thee Every Hour." Elder Robert L. Simpson spoke to the young girls and boys, "O Youth of the Nobel Birthright." Bishop LeGrand Richards spoke on "God's Eternal Truth and Paul's Testimony." The choir sang, "America the Beautiful." Elder Thomas S. Monson spoke on "Jesus, the Boy of Nazareth." The president of the Sandy Stake, Marlin B. Bateman, gave the closing prayer. Kathy



Mary Tibbets and Elvie Renshaw in their matching robes on April 7.

took a picture of Mary and me in our yellow rose, lace trimmed robes that Donna gave us. The three of us enjoyed the conference in our pretty robes. Kathy's is blue. Grampa enjoyed the conference with us. We ate a bite, as we felt inclined after the morning session. Mary put on her pretty green dress and drove to Upland to visit with the Blacks. Mary saw Janie briefly last night; her parents were not home. Kathy stayed here with us; she has a slight cold; she is doctoring it. Grampa took Kathy and me to sacrament meeting this afternoon. We picked Bessie up. She was so happy to see Kathy; she used to take care of Kathy when she was a baby at our ward years ago.

We had the Orrin Richards Family on our program, four children and the parents. They all took part; it was very nice. They are new in our ward. P.S. Marie Dunn's father brought her to our house tonight, she and Kathy slept on the day bed

in the front room. Mary was in one of the twin beds. Mary got home about 9 p.m. tonight, she had bought materials to make a lemon cake for Grampa. She made it before she went to bed last night. I had given my cake tins away, so I borrowed Helen Edgecomb's cake tins.

April 8, Monday

Today was a very lovely spring day. I got up at 5:30 a.m. and I had the house comfy warm for the girls to get up at 6. Kathy and Marie Dunn took their showers about 6:15. Mary had a shower before she went to bed last night. I cooked breakfast for them and they were on their way to Disneyland about 7 a.m. They invited me to go with them, but I felt it would be a bit strenuous keeping up with three young girls and I did not want to hamper their fun in anyway. Br. Dunn is going to meet the girls at Disneyland; he can get them free tickets for something? I called Grandma Marsh for Mary; to ask if she'd like to go to the temple with Mary in the morning. She checked with Florence Oates and then called back and said she'd love to go. I also called Br. Harold Smith to ask about the live session (when the movie is shown). He thinks it is at 9:15 a.m. I mailed a birthday card and \$1.00 plus some gum and dimes to little Janet Gardner. She'll be 5 years old on April 13. I got my children's Easter cards ready to mail, also. Lou and I enjoyed some of Mary's delicious lemon cake for our lunch. I took a nice big section of Mary's lemon cake to Helen Edgecomb about noon, when I took her cake tins back. I hope they enjoyed it for lunch, too. I was glad to take a nap this afternoon, as 5:30 a.m. was a bit early for me to get up. I phoned Florence Oates this morning. She is going to write the directions down for the best way to go to the temple for Mary to take with her and Grandma Marsh in the morning. Mary doesn't know the way to drive to the Los Angeles Temple, so it will be nice to have it written down for her. We were listening to the 6:30 news when an earthquake gave us a good shaking. My dishes all danced a little; my stomach felt a bit strange. Golly, it gives one a weird feeling. Our girls got home from Disneyland about 10 p.m. they were really tired from their long day of fun rides and sight seeing, walking, and etcetera, but they had fun.



Kathy and Mary at Disneyland.

April 9, Tuesday

It is another pretty, blue-sky day. Mary got up and dressed and left here about 6:45 for Highland Park to pick Grandma Marsh up. They went to the temple for the 9:15 (live) session this morning. It takes an hour or more to drive to the Los Angeles Temple. Kathy was going with Marie Dunn to visit in her home for a couple of days, but she has a cold and was coughing, so she decided to stay home and rest in bed. Lou and I took Marie home to Sunland. It was such a beautiful day; we enjoyed the ride. The Dunns have a lovely big home up in the foothills in Sunland. I did some shopping in the Safeway Market when we got back to Pasadena. Lou cut our back lawns. Kathy got up and ate some strawberry yogurt and some sour dough French bread that I brought home. She had written a letter to

George, her boyfriend, while we were gone. Oh me, I'll be glad when Dr. Martin Luther King has at last been laid to rest. They are really making a big production out of his funeral services. It is amazing how emotional our colored friends are, in the aftermath of Dr. King's death. One has a feeling that violence will flare up any minute. Our TV stations have had mourners talking about the assassination of Dr. King. Mary had a very nice time with Grandma Florence Marsh at the Los Angeles Temple. Florence met her old friend, Bessie Hanson, and others that she was very happy to see, President Jackson and Dixie White, too. I'm sure she enjoyed her day or morning in the temple with Mary. They ate their lunch in the temple cafeteria. Grandma Marsh paid for their lunch. She sent a box of Hostess Ding Dongs, the chocolate dipped cookies, home with Mary and some chocolate M&M candies to Kathy. I played a couple of the tapes I'd made of my little poems or jingles for the family to the girls this afternoon. Mary took a nap. Kathy went to the May Company in the VW. It is in Arcadia not far from here. We ate dinner at 5 p.m. Lou bought Mary some gasoline for her car this evening while Kathy and I did the dishes. Mary and Kathy took a little drive then to Sierra Madre to see where they used to live, the school, and etcetera. Later we three went to the Academy Theatre to see **Thoroughly Modern Millie**. I treated



to the show. The girls treated to refreshments at Bob's Restaurant after. Grampa Lou stayed home with his TV. Mary's husband, Jon, phoned. Sorry she wasn't here. He was on his way to San Rafael after his vacation; He said the earthquake made the skin-diving a disappointment; isn't that too bad?

April 10, Wednesday

I got up first and took my bath and got ready for Relief Society. Marie Doezie phoned to say she couldn't go today and to please have her excused. We always pick Marie up when she can go. Her daughter, Ephra, and children are with her for a while; Ephra isn't well. (I do not know how to spell her name?) Our gas pilot was out this morning in the furnace. Lou and Mary tried to light it but it went out again. Mary phoned the gas company and they said they'd send a man out to get it going today. Lou took me to Relief Society at 9:45 a.m. Mary and Kathy went to Upland to have lunch with Jeanne and Joy Black. (Sorry, I don't know the girls married names.) Sr. Geneva Musser and I were the only quilters today. We finished the baby quilt we worked on last month. I opened the workday with prayer. Geneva gave the Homemaking lesson, "Wake Up

Smiling." We were served a lovely luncheon. Three full time missionary boys came to eat with us. We had a small group out today, only about 18. Geneva brought me as far as the post office. I bought 20 stamps and some items from the Manor Market. I walked home from the boulevard. Erma Rosen was with Geneva. Today's mail brought a letter from Donna, one to Mary from Janet, and a thank you note from the Elias J. Strong family for funeral flowers. Donna and Rex enjoyed reading Aunt Lydia's letter that I sent them, telling about President Tanner's New York visit and him telling his ward people about Mo and Joan Gardner being sent to New York and how they had adjusted and were happy and active in the LDS Church there, and also his job. The Tibbetses brought little Julie to Donna's on Sunday evening. She was happy to see Grandma Donna but she cried when the Tibbetses left her. Mary is surely anxious to get home to her babies. Janet said in her letter that baby Greg is just fine, so good and happy. She said she'd like to keep him. Grampa Lou did our dinner dishes. Mary took Kathy and me to Highland Park. We had a nice visit with the Andersens, Annie, Bill, and Beverly. We called to say hello to Aunt Lorene. The girls got their things packed, took showers and got in bed.

January 1968

HOMEMAKING—Development Through Homemaking Education

Discussion 7—The Bedrooms—Wake Up Smiling

Celestia J. Taylor

Northern Hemisphere: Second Meeting, April 1968
Southern Hemisphere: September 1968

OBJECTIVE: To show that comfortable, attractive, quiet bedrooms can contribute to the physical well-being of the family.

NOTE: It will be necessary to adapt this discussion to the circumstances of the sisters living in the various areas of the world. It must be remembered, however, that these discussions aim to raise the standards of homemaking and should be adapted with this in mind.

INTRODUCTION

During the past few months we have been discussing the different rooms of the house in their relation to and their effect upon the family who lives in them. The bedroom, which is our immediate concern, is the most intimate as well as the most personal of all the rooms in the house. It is at once a refuge—for it shuts the world out—and a sanctuary—for it shuts us in. We should come back from that private world of sleep physically refreshed and spiritually renewed.

While keeping in mind the individual differences of the family members—the likes and dislikes, the dispositions, the ages and sexes, and other pertinent considerations—and the adaptations which may be necessary in each case, we are aware that there are some qualities which are basic to any bedroom if it is to produce the desired results.

It should be clean, comfortable, and convenient; it should be pleasant and attractive; and it should insure privacy and quiet to those who will occupy it.

THE BEDROOM SHOULD BE COMFORTABLE

What is complete comfort in a bedroom today? To begin with, it is the difference between just a room to sleep in and a place where everything is conducive to sleeping comfort. Such comfort doesn't require a large room or an excessive expenditure of money, but it does require organization of space and wise planning of the furnishings for convenience and comfort. Any bedroom can be comfortable if these requirements are met. One of our most modern decorators says, "Many people aren't nearly as comfortable in their bedroom as they might be. And it's not because they need a great deal of

money to spend there—it is just because they haven't given the question any thought at all."

What you sleep on—the mattress and springs—plays a big part in determining whether or not you will get the refreshing sleep that relaxes muscles and releases tensions built up during the day. You should buy the best mattress that you can afford. Economize on the bed itself rather than on the mattress and springs. Very attractive beds can be improvised at a cost which will more than offset the amount spent for the best mattress and springs. The best mattress to buy will be the one which is best for you—the one, whether hard or soft, which contributes the most to your comfort and health.

The quality of your bedding and the importance of its being just right for you cannot be stressed too much. The size and weight of the bedding, and kind of pillow, the degree of light, the temperature—all affect the comfort of the sleeper and thus the quality of the sleep. A noted psychologist says, "Indulge your slightest whim in connection with the comfort of your sleeping environment. Anything matters if it helps you improve your sleep."

THE BEDROOM SHOULD BE PLEASANT AND ATTRACTIVE AND QUIET

If there is one room in the house where you should be more happy and more at ease than any other it is the bedroom. The more pleasant this room is, the more rejuvenating will be the hours spent there. Good rest

stems from more than a comfortable bed, important as that bed is. If the room is gloomy and unattractive, these qualities destroy whatever other virtues that room may have. On the other hand, a pleasant, attractive environment can have a positive therapeutic value. Surroundings which please the eye and appeal to the esthetic senses of sight and sound and touch will improve the quality of sleep and invite forgetfulness of the worries and stresses of the day. Certainly, then, your bedroom deserves to be the most attractive place you can possibly make it.

Here, again, the emotional effect of color should never be underestimated. With the intelligent use of color you can bring life, added warmth, and an actual feeling of glow to an otherwise lifeless room, or you can bring an atmosphere of rest and relaxation to one which lacks these qualities. You can even use color to give the illusion of added space to a small room or achieve the opposite result when a room is "barny" and needs to be made more intimate and cozy.

To Discuss

Discuss available sources for obtaining ideas in achieving color harmony and other decorating skills.

Harmonious bed linens, draperies, and rugs add to the restful quality as well as to the beauty of the bedroom. When space is limited, the use of mirrors can double the apparent size of the rooms. The correct use of light and appropriate light fixtures can do much in helping

Lesson Department

April 11, Thursday

The alarm clock woke us at 3:30 this morning. The girls got dressed and were on their way in the little VW car at 4 a.m.; they didn't want any breakfast. Grampa and I had prayer with them before they left. We watched our sweet girls drive away in the dark at 4 a.m. Mary expected to be at Janet's by noon. We went back to bed until 8 a.m. I did the washing, four runs. Florence Marsh phoned to ask if the girls got away all right. She was going with Florence Oates, Diane Nolen, and children, to the beach for the day. Janet Shattuck phoned from home to see if the girls left this morning and what time. She said she was very disappointed that we didn't come back with the girls. Today's mail brought an Easter card from Ada E. Quinton. She enclosed a picture of herself taken in front of the Logan Temple in October of 1967. She is a pleasant looking white haired sister; I'll bet she is a lovely lady. She is a few years older than I am. She is Mother Renshaw's half sister by adoption, Ada Moore. I phoned Sue tonight, she is still lonesome but is adjusting to the new apartment as best as she can. Elaine received a nice long letter from Aunt Lydia telling all about Elias Strong's funeral. Lots of people, many of them top civic leaders, were there. Elias was very active in the civil life of the government of Salt Lake City. Bonnie and Doris took Elsie to the funeral home to be with the family there; that is where Blanche saw her. They didn't take her to his funeral, she wasn't well enough for that. Ray Haddock is remodeling Sue's old apartment making a bedroom for him and Bette, building clothes closets and etcetera. The family bedrooms will all be in the big house now. The upstairs apartment will be for a sewing room and play or rumpus rooms, billiards, and etcetera. They really needed the extra room now their children are growing up. I talked to Beverly via phone, after talking to Sue. She said they're expecting the Dale Andersens tomorrow. The children will eat dinner with them. Dale and Annette are invited out to dinner with Dennie and George somewhere. Bev has Easter baskets for the kiddies.

April 12, Friday

Our sun managed to get through to us a few times today. It has been cooler, too. After breakfast Lou went to get his haircut; I shampooed my hair and towel dried it while I did my ironing. I also cleaned the rooms with the hand sweeper. We received a nice letter from Lydia; she told about Elias's funeral. I've recorded some of this news on yesterday's page from what Lydia wrote to Elaine, and Sue told me. Lydia said they had a good laugh over my April fool chain letter. Violet and Otto were in Salt Lake last Saturday; they stayed overnight. The four of them went to see Elsie in the rest home. She is more rational and seemed so glad to see Violet and Otto. They say she looks very bad, weighs about 70 pounds, the poor little soul. She is so muddled up at times, too. Hulbert Keddington sang "I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked" and "Abide With Me" at Elias's funeral. Lydia said he sounded like an angel; it was beautiful. Alma Selander played a medley of "Oh My Father," and he accompanied Hulbert in his solos. Lydia was glad to see relatives she hadn't seen in years. Afton Strong Farnsworth (I think that is her married name), has 32 grandchildren and one great grandchild. Merrill Strong, Afton's brother, was there and Elmer Strong and many others. She didn't mention all of the

names, but she said Elias planned his own funeral in detail. It was indeed a beautiful service. The speakers were men representing the different organizations Elias had worked in. Lydia ended by writing "A most wonderful man was laid to rest." Melvin J. Ballard's son was one of the speakers; he worked with Elias for many years. He said he had never seen Elias lose his patience or use profane language. Governor Rampton sent a note to be read; he was out of town and couldn't attend the funeral.

April 13, Saturday

Today is little Janet Elaine Gardner's birthday; she is turning five. I wrote this little verse in Janet's birthday card:

*It's so wonderful to be alive,
Especially when you've turned five!
We send our best love to you,
And wish a happy birthday, too.*



I hope this is a happy day for our sweet Gardner family in New York. Oh, how I'd love to see them in their new home in Yorktown Heights. I took my bath and ate breakfast before Lou got up. We cooked a nice breakfast for him later, about 10:30 a.m. (bacon, eggs, potatoes, and toast). I just had cereal and a sweet roll about 9 a.m. "The Life of Riley," as Donna calls it. She is up and going at 5:30 most of the time and busy all day. The sun is making it through the clouds so we'll have a sunny afternoon. I answered Donna's letter this morning. I enclosed Aunt Lydia's nice letter, so Donna can read all about Elias's funeral and the Salt Lake news. Today's mail brought a lovely Easter card from Rex and Donna; she thanked us for our Easter greetings, my little Easter poem to them, and the money for an Easter treat. She said she had hoped we'd be with them for Easter. They expected us to come back with Mary and Kathy. She said they enjoyed little Julie, but the house seemed empty with both Mary and Kathy away, and baby Greg. Kathy's friend George took care of little Julie on Thursday while Donna was at Macy's working. I made a fruit cocktail Jello salad, and a chocolate Whip and Chill dessert and baked an apricot Johnson's frozen pie, so we'll have some goodies to eat over the weekend. Lou used the power mower; he keeps our lawns nice and trim. We're ready for Easter. We enjoyed our little home sweet home as usual tonight, the TV programs and a tasty snack.

April 14, Sunday

Today is Easter Sunday, "Oh How Lovely was the Morning!" Lou took the Paulson boy to priesthood meeting. He came back later to get Inez Anderson and me for Sunday School. We picked the babysitter up at her home. We had a very lovely Easter program in Sunday School in the form of an instrumental trio, piano, Sheila Phelps, cello, Shelley Phelps, and violin, Stacy Phelps after the sacrament. Sherry Simpson led the sacrament gem. [Sacrament Gems were instituted in 1910. They were recitations by the congregation spoken prior to the blessing of the sacrament. Sacrament gems were discontinued in August 1980 when the consolidated meeting schedule was

instituted.] We had a violin solo by Dawn Adams Phelps; she is the mother of this very talented Phelps family. I think they live in the North Hollywood Ward. She played "The Holy City," by Henley. Br. John Russon gave our Easter message. I didn't think we'd have class today, but we did. Br. Gordon gave the lesson; he does such a beautiful job of it. It was lesson 25, "Come Unto Christ." We had a large attendance and had to have extra chairs brought in. We took Inez home and then went to Beadle's for a delicious leg of lamb dinner. We drove to Andersens' to wish them a happy Easter. They were festive looking with Easter baskets for Glen's children. Dale and family got their baskets last Friday when they came. Beverly gave us each a couple of chocolate eggs; she had the cookies I had her buy at Boy's Market last week for me. We got home in time to rest an hour before church time at four. We had a real nice Easter program in sacrament service this evening. Our ward choir sang three lovely numbers, "Reverently and Meekly Now" (for the sacrament song), "O Morn of Beauty," by Sibelius, and "Easter Morning," by Evans. Our youth speaker was Mary Kay Ellsworth and she gave an excellent talk. Br. Joseph R. Bagnall told the Easter story; he is a fine speaker. The hymn "He Is Risen" was our closing song. James Cowley gave the invocation and Dr. Frank Taylor the benediction. It has indeed been a lovely Easter Day. I wish all the world could have rejoiced and I did this Easter Day. P.S. Donna phoned tonight; we talked to her and to Rex. They may come next weekend and Rex will put a seamless floor covering in our kitchen, wonderful, eh?

April 15, Monday

It was a happy thrill last night to hear Donna's voice wishing us a happy Easter! Her call surely made a perfect ending for our lovely Easter day. If they can manage it, she and Rex may come and bring the material in the truck and put in a seamless floor covering in our kitchen and service porch. Oh, that will be wonderful. Kathy and Mary got Donna's dress made and she wore it on Easter. It was their Easter gift to her. (Aren't they sweet girls?) Mary and Julie had mother and daughter dresses for Easter, such talented granddaughters, we have, eh? I didn't rest very well last night, I had a cold in my throat and sinuses. I started taking Dristan Tablets yesterday, when I felt the scratchy hurt in my throat. I've been taking them every four hours today. I can't let this congestion get in my lungs. I wrote a postcard to Ada Quinton thanking her for the Easter greeting and the nice picture of herself. I told her I'd send a snapshot of us later. Ada is Grandma Renshaw's half sister by adoption (Grandpa Moore's daughter with his second wife). I spent a good part of my day in bed today thinking of the many things I want to do, like washing some woodwork in the kitchen and etcetera. I would like it all nice and clean before Rex comes to put in the new seamless floor, but "no can do" while I'm feeling so miserable. It is frustrating to say the least.

April 16, Tuesday

'Twas overcast and cold this morning but Lou had the house nice and warm when I got up. I'm still battling this miserable cold but I feel some better. Ruby Hodges phoned and wants Lou to take her to the Pantry Market tomorrow morning. I answered Lydia's letter. We received a big surprise this afternoon about 1:45 p.m. when a man came to see us. We didn't know him at first; Lou answered the door. He was puzzled to see this man all smiles, saying, "Hello Pop, don't you know me?" He said, "Can't you see anything familiar about me? I got to the door just as he said, "I'm Chuck DeBias." We surely welcomed him in then. I received a big hug and kiss. We surely had a nice visit; he showed us a picture of his little boy. I believe he said he was 3 years old. He has been married for 8 years. Chuck seems taller and heavier, his eyes so large and blue. He says he as been all over the world and has retired at age 32. He said he has made all he'll need in this life. He told us that he still loves Joan and if she ever needed him, he'd fly to her as quickly as he could go. He said he was in New York often; he asked for Joan's address. I gave it to him; I hope that is all right. We told him Joan was very happy in her life with Miller and he said, "That's good." He thought her children were lovely. Oh, he said so many nice things about Joan and the Marshes. As the evening came on I felt more miserable by the minute so I doctored myself and went to bed earlier than usual. I did telephone Marie Doezie and told her I couldn't go to Relief Society in the morning to give her a chance to ask someone else to take her.

April 17, Wednesday

We've had clouds and sunshine today. I stayed in bed most of the day, as I felt very miserable in my head and in my sinuses. Lou took Ruby to the market this morning; he bought a few items we needed, also. I'm disappointed that I'm not feeling better; well, more pills, eh? The wind blew rather strong this afternoon. A big limb broke off the big tree in Barneses' front porch patio. Kenny cut it up and moved it to the backyard. My Relief Society visiting teacher came, Jeanne Marsh, Lou talked to her, I didn't want to expose her to my cold so I stayed in bed. We received a nice letter from Violet this afternoon. Yesterday



Arthur and Hilda Fife were married in the St. George Temple.

Arthur and Hilda Fife were married in the St. George Temple. Otto and Wilford Fife both took part in the temple ceremony. After the ceremony the whole wedding party went to Wilford and Loda's home for a buffet dinner of fried chicken, ham, salads, relishes, hot rolls, cob corn, and ice cream and cake. This was in St George. Then they all went to Cedar City for an "Open House" for family and friends. The couple is on their honeymoon now. They went to a place unknown to the family and friends. I wish a happy life for them. Arthur's children came, all who could come, Dr. Ray

Fife and wife Ruth and five children, Paul and wife and three children came from Minnesota, Glade and Lowland, Glade's wife, flew from Albuquerque, New Mexico. I felt so miserable this evening I went to bed after doctoring myself with Dristan Tablets, Deep Heat rub, and lemons. Oh, I have to get well before Rex and Donna come this weekend to put our flooring in the kitchen and service porch. Vera Smith phoned tonight; Lou told her I was sick in bed. She wants me to give the Visiting Teacher's message for her in May. I'll try to talk her into asking someone younger. When I get a little excited my heart acts strange and the pain worries me then.

April 18, Thursday

I rested much better last night and feel a lot better today. I got dressed and fixed our breakfast. Lou helped me put a meatloaf together. I baked it and also a frozen rhubarb pie and made a tapioca cream pudding. I washed the baseboards in the kitchen, bathroom and porch and mopped the floors. I was ready to rest by then. Today's mail brought a nice letter from Mary. She said her parents plan on leaving there Friday evening after Donna gets off work at 6 p.m., so it will be 2 or 3 a.m. when they get here on Saturday morning. Jon got his acceptance to graduate school at the University of California at Irvine. Now they are making plans to move. Tustin was mentioned as one of the neighboring communities that would be good to live in while attending the university. Mary

is going to write Dolores Jones for information on living expenses in Tustin. Mary says she is looking forward to living in Southern California again for a few years. Janet phoned to tell her folks that the date has been confirmed for them to go to New York. The dinner is on the 21st of May. They are planning to leave San Jose the 17th of May so they can spend the whole week there. Janet is very excited about it. I'm sure that Joan will be thrilled and excited to have them in New York, too. Lou is fixing our dinner this evening, some of the meatloaf and a green salad. I am tired. Today was a bit strenuous after being in bed most of this week with a miserable cold. Tonight I have a stiff neck on the left side; it hurts to turn my head. I'll have to do more doctoring tonight, Deep Heat Rub and a cold pill. Ah me!

April 19, Friday

We've had a beautiful, clear day with a brisk breeze. My stiff neck's some better. I put out three runs of washing

in spite of my stiff neck. Lou helps by wiping lines, taking clothes to lines and etcetera. I even got the ironing done after lunch, which was a small one; only one shirt for Lou this time. I got the rooms dusted up so all we have to do is wait for Donna and Rex to arrive. They are leaving San Rafael this evening after Donna gets off of work at 6:15. We enjoyed a Swanson's frozen Fried Chicken TV dinner this evening.

April 20, Saturday

Rex and Donna arrived here this morning at 1:30. We didn't think that our children could get here before 2 a.m. at best, so we were pleasantly surprised. I had their bed all ready for them in Lou's room. He slept in one of the twin beds in my room. We didn't talk much after our happy greetings; they were tired after the long drive and needed rest. Lou was up first this morning. He cooked his breakfast and some for Rex and Donna when they got up about seven. Rex and Lou got busy right away. Our wonderful neighbor Stanley Edgecomb came over with a couple of his little dollies (wheeled trucks) and he was a big help in getting the big pieces moved, the stove, refrigerator, washer, and water tank. Oh, there is a lot of work to the preparation of putting in a seamless flooring, sanding and applying a liquid of strong odor, taking up the baseboard and etcetera. Donna washed the walls that were so dirty behind the fixtures, where I couldn't get at them.

Mr. Edgecomb said we could use the bathroom in

his little garage house if we need to. I thought I had a big surprise for Donna and Rex to tell them about Chuck DeBias coming to see us, and she knew all about it. Janet had phoned to let Joan know when she and Dave would be there in May and Joan told Janet that Chuck had phoned her. He told her about coming to see us. He also told her he still loved her and would marry her in a minute if she was free or wanted him. I said if she ever needs him he'd sure fly to her. He didn't tell us he was divorced, but he told Joan he was. It was upsetting for Joan; she doesn't like to think of Chuck being unhappy, but of course she told him she was very happy with Miller and their family. I never dreamed Chuck would phone Joan from California; he said he was often in New York. He asked for Joan's phone number, so I gave it to him. Oh me! Forgive me Mo; I'm surely glad Joan married you (the man she loves). Sorry you're unhappy Chuck, you're a nice person and we like you.



Joan and Chuck DeBias in 1956. Chuck still loves Joan in 1968.

It has been very interesting to watch Rex put the white base coat on the floor, and then the flecks. We have white, gold, and olive green in the bathroom. It is pretty. The kitchen has yellow, gold, and some green. The glaze coat is the last and it really has an odor. Rex wears a gas mask to do that. The four of us went to Disneyland this afternoon and had a wonderful time in this Magic Kingdom. Rex drove our car. We first saw Great Moments with Mr. Lincoln, it is thrilling. We took the Monorail ride and enjoyed the Carousel of Progress in tomorrow land. We took a wonderful trip into space, and saw It's a Small World. Our tickets to enter Disneyland cost \$4.50 apiece, but it was well worth it. *[In 2018 dollars that would be \$33. A steal compared to \$105 for one day pass in April 2018.]* We shared expenses and had a delightful time in this wonderful Fantasy-land. We ate a delicious lunch; Rex and Donna paid for it. Lou and I rested in a pretty spot, where we could see the boats and people loading for one of the adventures while Rex and Donna took the submarine voyage. We got home about six this evening and Rex put the glaze coat on the floors. I shut myself in my bedroom because the odor hurt my lungs. (That is my weakness.) But the floors are really pretty; I'm so happy with them, bless that dear Rex for doing this lovely seamless flooring job for us. Oh me, I didn't realize how important a kitchen and bathroom are, until I find myself shut off from them, but we've had fun about it anyway. It is so wonderful having Rex and Donna here with us. He phoned his mother tonight. She wanted them to come right over, bless her heart, but he had the finishing up of our flooring to do this evening and tomorrow morning.

April 21, Sunday

We have hazy sunshine this morning. Lou went to priesthood. Rex was up early sanding the floors and he put on another coat of the glaze before we left for church. He put the final glaze on after we left. Inez phoned; she said it was our stake conference. We didn't know that, and she wondered if we wanted to leave earlier. Well, Lou went to his meeting, which he doesn't go to on conference. Florence Marsh phoned to tell Rex and Donna that Aunt Alice Marsh had to be taken to the hospital with a heart attack, isn't that too bad? Oh, so many troubles in our world, eh? I feel so richly blessed today and I am. We learned when we got to church that it was ward conference, not stake conference. Donna's old friends were delighted to see her. We enjoyed the speakers this morning, Br. Carl Warnick, Br. Jack McCune, and President Ellsworth, and three young people that President Ellsworth called on to bear their testimonies. It was a very nice meeting. We came home and waited for Rex to put on the last touches of something and then we went to Highland Park. We got there just as Sunday School was letting out. Lewie Marsh came over to the car to see Rex and Donna and then we took Mother Marsh home. We used the bathroom, and then drove to Van de Kamp's Restaurant and enjoyed a very lovely dinner. Florence and I enjoyed one dinner between us and we had plenty, more than we could eat. It was fun being there with Rex and Donna. We drove to Andersens' and visited with Uncle Bill



Great Moments with Mr. Lincoln in 1968.

until Annie, Lorene, and Beverly came home from their sacrament meeting. Lou had a nap, Rex stretched out on the floor, and Florence was on the couch; Donna and I talked to Bill. We called by Oateses', but no one was home. We took Florence M. home and then came back here and Rex put some finishing touches on the floors. Then he, with the help of Lou and Mr. Edgecomb, put all of the furniture back in place, plugged in and ready for service. Donna vacuumed the rugs in the front rooms and put the house in order. We had a light lunch, watched TV, and went to bed.

April 22, Monday

It is surely a joy to look at our beautiful new seamless floors. Helen Edgecomb came in to see them this morning. She said they are very pretty. Lou cooked bacon and eggs; I made toast and warm drinks (Postum). Rex got his truck packed. We gave them the little green swivel chair that I had in my bedroom. We didn't need it and they can use it. I was glad to have the space for my little vanity chair that I had stored in my closet. Donna got the suitcase packed; she helped with the beds and the dishes and they were on their way. Rex was going by his folks in Highland Park to say goodbye to Florence and Ernest and I think, Mother Marsh, too. Then he had some business in Beverly Hills before they hit the highway for home. They were gone for just a few minutes when they discovered that they'd left Rex's shirt and pants in Lou's closet. He missed his gold pen and then he realized it was in his shirt or jacket, so they came back for it. Just as they were driving away, an ambulance drove up to take our sick neighbor, Mr. Ariel Barns, to the hospital. He has cancer and it looks like the poor man is on his way out. He was operated on for cancer last year, but he is failing so fast. The doctor gives them no hope. Lou gave Rex a \$100.00 check for his work; Rex only asked for \$50.00 for the material and etcetera, but of course he should get even more for coming so far and working so hard, bless his heart. He said he wants to do the Andersens' flooring job as soon as he can. Annie and Beverly are anxious to have it done.

Rex said maybe in August or September he can get away again to come down our way. I'm still doctoring this cold, but it'll be all right soon, now that I can have the doors and windows closed and some heat on. It was not as cold today as it was yesterday. I surely enjoyed the furnace on at times today. I vacuumed my electric blanket and aired it in the sunshine for an hour. It's in a plastic bag until I'll need it next winter. Good night, happy dreams.

April 23, Tuesday

We have a beautiful, sunny day for which I'm thankful. I rejoice anew, every time I step into my bathroom or kitchen and service porch and see the pretty new seamless flooring. I got birthday cards ready to mail to Dolores and Nadine Jones and to Lorene. I took the buttons off my knit coat dress so I can have it cleaned. I'm also having my white coat cleaned. I wrote this little verse in Lorene's card:

*Having you for a sister, is indeed a pleasure
Your sweet influence we all treasure.
Hope you'll be with us for many years,
Today we wish your birthday cheers.
Happy Birthday*



I had planned on a busy day; I needed some items from the market, I wanted to go to the cleaners, and I had hoped to go with Lou on his church visiting, but I felt so miserable with the congestion in my lungs and sinuses, I took a couple of Buffern Tablets and went to bed instead. Lou rested on his bed, also. We ate a light repast at six this evening while watching the big news on TV. Darn it, I've got to get rid of this miserable cold. Today's mail brought a letter from Ethel Newbold. She said they had a deep snowfall on Easter, and it snowed last Saturday and Sunday. It was deep when Ethel wrote on Sunday the 21st.

"Spring Time in the Rockies," eh? Ethel's granddaughter, Joyce, had a baby boy, "Michael Earl Dyer," born March 27. He was premature, weighted 5 pounds 2 ounces, but is doing fine. Ethel goes to see Elsie Bailey once a week. She said we'd surely feel sorry for her if we could see her. She knows Ethel by her voice; Elsie is blind. I do feel real sorry about Elsie's sad condition. I wish I could do something for her. She is mixed up at times; she thinks she is home or has been somewhere like ZCMI, poor little soul.

April 24, Wednesday

I mailed a birthday card to Lorene today. I was disappointed that I didn't feel well enough to go to Relief Society this morning. My lungs are still congested a little. I phoned Marie Doezie so she could call someone else to take her. Nora Williamson phoned to say she'd pick me up; she has been away in Utah for a couple of weeks. She said it was real cold up there and they had several snowstorms. She was glad to get back to sunny California. Lou took my white coat and my beige coatdress to the cleaners this morning. He ate his breakfast out and then went to see Clifton Manlove. Vilda is working in Altadena 8 to 5 as a practical nurse. It is a lovely day, sunny and clear.

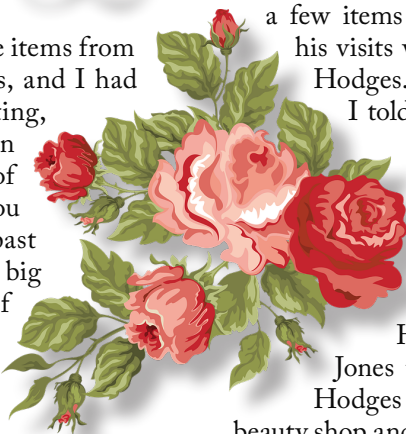
*Each morning I rejoice a new,
As our beautiful flooring comes into view.
It seems to make sunshine all over the place,
And I wear a smile on my wrinkled face.
The old floors made me feel mean,
Even after washing, they didn't look clean.
Dear Rex and Donna, thanks to you,
For our lovely floors so sparkling new.*

I penned this [above] to them [Rex and Donna] on a postcard. I wrote a note of condolence to Hattie Speirs in a pretty sympathy card. I know how very much she misses her brother, Elias Strong. His passing was a dreadful shock to his family and many friends. Lorene phoned this afternoon and read Lydia's nice long letter. She told Lorene that Elsie is failing very fast. She is too tired to get up and walk a little in her room now. It would be a blessing indeed if she could be released from her poor cancer ridden body. We all feel depressed over Elsie's sad condition. Lou bought a few items at Safeway Store on his way home from his visits with Clifton Manlove and his cousin Ruby Hodges. He bought a new mop for my mop stick.

I told him I wouldn't use the old worn out mop on our pretty new floors, so we have a nice new one. I stayed in bed all afternoon; I feel some better. I wrote a letter to Violet this evening.

April 25, Thursday

Happy Birthday to Dolores and Nadine Jones today! It is a lovely spring morning; Ruby Hodges phoned and wanted Lou to take her to her beauty shop and to the bank. Her appointment was at 11:15 a.m. Lou enjoys taking her where she wants to go, the little dear is almost blind; she is such a sweet person, and insists on paying Lou what the cab man charges her. She says she'd much rather have Lou take her. I'm still battling my lung congestion. This darn cough almost strangled me last night; the pains in my arms, neck, chest, and back, are severe after an attack like that. Once I wondered if it was "curtains for me." I really get panic stricken for a few minutes, but thank goodness it doesn't last long. After Lou left to take Ruby, I read my Relief Society visiting teacher's message and my D&C reading course, Sections 108 through 115 for Nora Williamson's Spiritual Living class. I drank a warm lemonade with some aspirin tablets and went to bed for a while. Oh me! Lou brought me some Bromo Quinine Tablets and I took a couple this afternoon and went to bed. Lorene phoned to thank us for her birthday card and \$2.00. She said she made some cookies to send to Lynn in Alaska. Her daughter, Mary, is coming tomorrow to pack the cookies and take Lorene to lunch. I was reading the obituary notices in today's paper and was surprised to read that our friend Marie M. Bourne passed away last Monday the 22nd. She is survived by her husband, Chauncey O. Bourne and daughter Rose Marie White, and grandchildren, Steven, Patricia, and Jon White. Her funeral service is Friday at



1 p.m. at the Arcadia Ward Chapel. Interment will be in Logan, Utah. Marie looked so well and happy a short time ago when I saw her at our stake center. I believe she is about 10 [6] years younger than I am.

April 26, Friday

Happy birthday to my sister Lorene. She is 78 years old today. I stayed in bed until almost noon, just got up for bathroom needs and more Bromo Quinine tablets. I've just got to get rid of this dreadful lung congestion and cough. Lou worked in the yard all morning; he mowed lawns and cut back the ivy. Florence Marsh phoned for Joan's new address. We received a nice letter from Donna, she was on her dinner hour at Macy's Store. She said, "I'm back to work and reality." They were having a big sale, a "White Flower Sale" for two days. Rex and Donna enjoyed their trip back home. They went Highway 101 because they were going to Janet's first. It was a pretty drive this time of year. The Shattucks were happy to see them. The kiddies all want to see Disneyland now, after hearing Grama and Grampa Marsh tell about it. Donna says Dave looks very nice with his beard and mustache. George is displaying some of his oil paintings at the school art show; the portrait of little Donna Shattuck he did and two other paintings. One is of the Savior; Donna says they're all lovely. The boy has talent. Donna and Rex took Gregory's playpen from Janet's back home with them. Donna sent 18 packages of Kool Aid to John. He can't buy it in Scotland and he likes it. Julie's vaccination (for small-pox, I think) is healing up nicely. She was a very miserable baby for a while. Rex will be going up north for a few days' work on Thursday for a week or 10 days. I stayed in bed for a couple of hours this afternoon. My chest feels some better, but is still congested. I'm surely tired of this miserable condition. Sorry, I'm not well enough to go in person to wish Lorene a happy birthday. I sent her a card and \$2.00. She talked to me yesterday, via phone, and thanked us for the card and money.

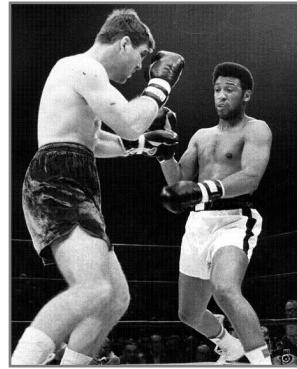


Painting George did of Donna.

April 27, Saturday

Today has been a pretty spring day. I'm sorry I was not feeling well enough to get out and enjoy the sunshine. My lungs are still very congested. Lou rubbed my back with Bengay. I stayed in bed all day except to eat a little and I got up for a few minutes when Annie and Beverly came to see our new flooring. They said the flooring is beautiful; they want Rex to do their kitchen and small bathroom. He said he'd come later in the summer, on his vacation. Lou went "over town" to buy some couplings or joiners to fix his water hose; they keep

splitting out. Lorene phoned, she read a note from Bonnie that was in her birthday card from Bonnie. She is heartsick over her mother's tragic condition. Elsie is totally blind; the cancer is in her lungs and throat. At times she doesn't even know her girls or Garry. She is kept under heavy sedatives all of the time now. We all wish and pray that the poor little soul will be released from her misery soon. This has been a long day for me, I don't like staying in bed all day, but I'm feeling better. I got up for a while to hear the Lawrence Welk program and rested a bit in my chair. Lou enjoyed the WBA Heavyweight Boxing Championship coming from Oakland; Jimmy Ellis and Gerry Quarry boxing each other, Jimmy Ellis is the new champion and I couldn't care less. I went to bed after the L. Welk program. Tomorrow we go on day light savings time so Lou set our electric clocks ahead an hour. Lou rubbed my back with Bengay. I took some aspirin and went to bed. Oh, I surely hope I can clear up this miserable lung congestion soon.



Jimmy Ellis and Gerry Quarry boxing, and Elvie "couldn't care less."

April 28, Sunday

Lou was up bright and early on his way to priesthood meeting. Betty Paulson phoned to say her son had a sore throat, so couldn't attend priesthood. Inez Anderson has a slight cold, so she wasn't going to Sunday School. I had one bad coughing spell last night. I do hate to miss Sunday School and sacrament meeting, but I must get this lung congestion cleared up; I stayed in bed all morning. Lou took Bessie to church; he didn't stay for Sunday School. He fixed lunch for the two of us; he bought a fish filet sandwich for me from McDonald's stand. He fried some ground beef for himself. He is a good husband, bless his heart. We both rested in our beds this afternoon. Oh hum, I'll be glad to get back to normal, this cough is hard on me. This evening I felt some better, I got up and answered Donna's letter.

April 29, Monday

Lydia Smith came to get the visiting teacher's slips this afternoon. She is going to do our district alone. I'm not well enough to go out, but I am feeling much better. Lou and I spent our morning filling out the papers to send to the Senior Citizens Property Tax Assistance, in Sacramento, California. Boy, I feel like a senior citizen now for sure. Golly, I hope I get back to normal soon. I do not like to feel so weak and shaky. I cleaned out the little drawer in our dinette cupboard, papers, and etcetera. We both rested for a while this afternoon. Lou wrote some checks for current bills and one to Bishop Munns for the BYU Folk Dancers; we have tickets for May 23; donation is \$5.00 for the building fund. I don't think we'll go to the program at Pasadena High School auditorium on May 23rd (Pop thinks not). I'll keep the tickets and see if he changes his mind. I have little interest in any entertainment at present, but tomorrow is another day, eh? Annie phoned Sue; she said, Chloe Egbert had phoned to tell Sue that Elsie

Strong is very ill in a Salt Lake hospital. She had to have one of her legs amputated above the knee because of cancer. Isn't that dreadful? So depressing! Poor Elsie, I hope she'll not live to suffer long. Annie read in the church section of news from Salt Lake City that Glen Strong is the new bishop of the Garden Grove Ward, that is good news and more of it. James Craddock is a bishop in his ward in Provo, Utah. Jim was a bishop and a stake president at previous periods when in California. Annie says that Dennie Oakes's seminary program last evening, in their ward was very lovely. It is going to be repeated again on May 19, in the East Pasadena Ward at our stake center. I surely hope I can see it then. I have had a special invitation from Dennie.

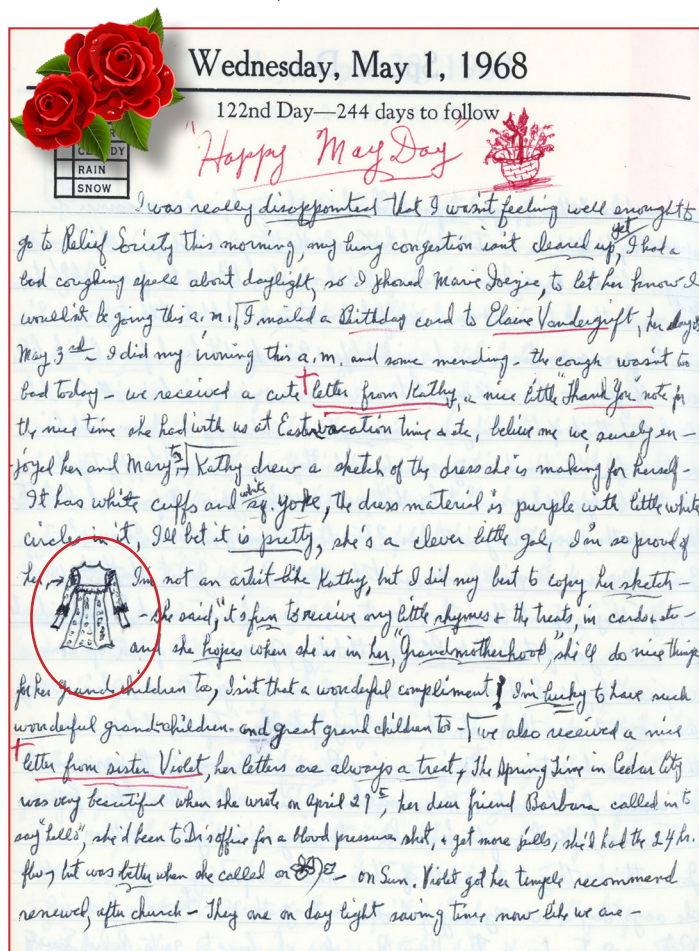
April 30, Tuesday

Some smog came today to mar the beauty of our day. Lorene phoned this morning. She had received a special delivery letter from Annette Andersen at 7 a.m. She mailed Lorene some visual aids to help her with her visiting teacher's message lesson. On the envelope Annette had a note to let Aunt Elvie know that her seminary or Dennie's program will be repeated May 19 in our stake center. I surely must see it. I'm still coughing some, but I did the washing, as we had to have some underwear washed. Lou called on the widows in his district alone this afternoon, so he can turn in his report this month. I've always gone with him; he doesn't like to go alone. He also called on Clifton Manlove. Vilda is back at the Tucker home for a while; it is up for sale. I rested after I got the clothes in and folded down. Today's mail brought an invitation to the wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn F. Kunz (Susan Pascua). It is on Thursday, May 9, 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. in the home of Bishop and Mrs. Orlin C. Munns, 2190 Oak Knoll Avenue, San Marino, California. The bride and groom live at Apartment 61 South Vinedo Avenue, they are almost our neighbors. We also received a nice letter from Joan. She thanked us for little Janet's birthday card, the poem to her, plus gum and money. Joan gave her a birthday party with four other little girls. Sherm helped with the games and refreshments. Joan says, he is such a character, he takes over like a parent and tells everyone just what to do and etcetera. He is a cutie. Janet went to the Bronx Zoo on April 26. She was attending a birthday party and she was really excited about this special party. She was gone most of the day, oh what fun! Joan said how shocked she was to receive a phone call

from her old friend, Chuck DeBias. It really disturbed her to find Chuck so changed in his manner of speech. He told her he still loved her and all the things he told us. Oh, I am so sorry I let him have Joan's address. I had no idea he'd call her from California. He led me to think he would be in New York sometime and he'd like to talk to Joan. I'm sure the poor man has messed up his life. Joan hadn't heard from Chuck for over 10 years. His call upset her, she never was in love with him, but she hates to think of him being so mixed up and unhappy. Joan told him she loves her husband very much and they are indeed happy together with their lovely children. I do hope he'll never call her again. I feel sad about it, too. There is something very wrong with him? He has some problems, I'm sure. Joan and Mo are anxious and excited about Dave and Janet Shattuck's visit in May. They expect them there for two weeks, fun times, eh? Bless their hearts. Joan was going to White Plains that day, April 26, to pick up some copies they've had made of some of Lorri's pictures. She is so very anxious to see them. She thinks they'll be beautiful. I hope to see them someday, too. Mo's cousin Russ Williams is the personnel director for the entire Mormon Church; he went to New York for some interviews. Mo brought him home to stay overnight with them. Joan thinks they'll have all of their new carpeting down in a week. She says they've really enjoyed decorating the new home. Joan is a Primary teacher in the new branch. She loves to go to Relief Society, too. The sisters visited the Reader's Digest Center a couple of weeks ago. Baby Marshall is growing so fast. He is a happy baby; they all love him to pieces, I wish I could see him.

May 1, Wednesday

Happy May Day! I was really disappointed that I wasn't feeling well enough to go to Relief Society this morning. My lung congestion isn't cleared up yet. I had a bad coughing spell about daylight, so I phoned Marie Doezie to let her know I wouldn't be going this morning. I mailed a birthday card to Elaine Vandergrift; her day is May 3. I did my ironing this morning and did some mending. The cough wasn't too bad today. We received a cute letter from Kathy with a nice little thank you note for the nice time she had with us at Easter vacation time and etcetera. Believe me, we surely enjoyed her and Mary, too. Kathy drew a sketch of the dress she is making for herself. [Red circle on diary page.] It has white cuffs and a white square yoke. The dress material is purple with little white circles in it; I'll bet



it is pretty. She is a clever little gal, I'm so proud of her. I'm not an artist like Kathy, but I did my best to copy her sketch. She said, it is fun to receive my little rhymes and the treats in cards and etcetera, and she hopes when she is in her "Grandmotherhood," she'll do nice things for her grandchildren, too. Isn't that a wonderful compliment? I'm lucky to have such wonderful grandchildren and great grandchildren, too. We also received a nice letter from sister Violet; her letters are always a treat. The springtime in Cedar City was very beautiful when she wrote on April 29. Her dear friend Barbara called in to say hello. She'd been to the doctor's office for a blood pressure shot and got more pills. She'd had the 24-hour flu, but was better when she called on Violet. On Sunday Violet got her temple recommend renewed after church. They are on Daylight Saving Time now like we are.

May 2, Thursday

'Twas cloudy and cooler this morning. Lou went to the barber college for a hair cut, he ate his breakfast out. I enjoyed my Cream of Wheat here. I had an annoying cough this morning, which made me feel weak, but last night I slept rather well without hard coughing. There is always something to be thankful for, eh? Lou worked in the yard when he came home. I answered Joan's letter and enclosed my sketches of some "Hippies" with this verse:

Here are my sketches of some "Flower Children" or kids immersed in love, They're cool and they're groovy baby, a unique gift from above.

I play a guessing game with them, is she a he? Or is he a she?

What will the next generation bring, Darn it, I won't be here to see.

Our visiting ward brethren came this evening, Jim Valentine and Charles Wake. They are two nice young men who find it rather difficult to find something to talk about, but Papa and I managed to draw them into a conversation between us. Somehow we got them talking, oh hum! Here is Violet's verse about Hippies:

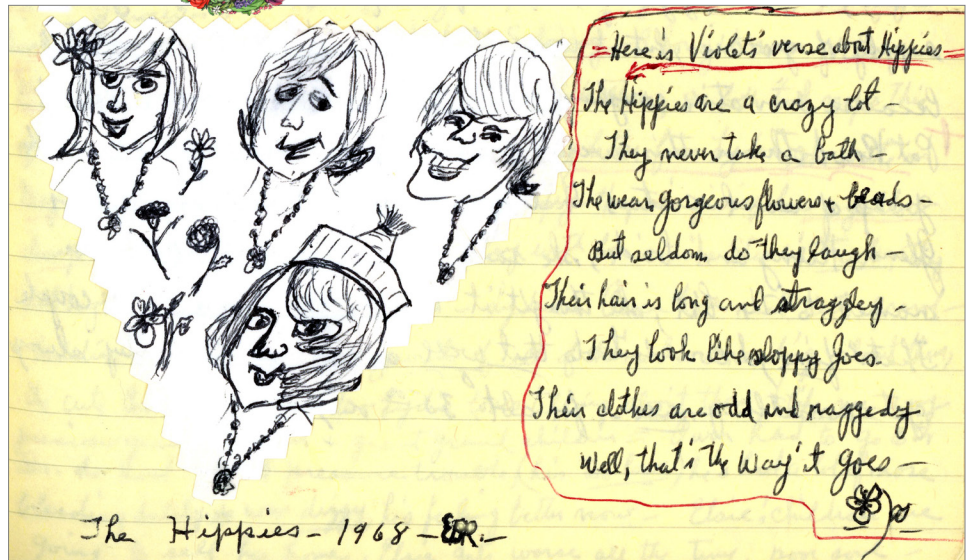
*The Hippies are a crazy lot
They never take a bath
They wear gorgeous flowers and beads,
But seldom do they laugh
Their hair is long and straggly
They look like Sloppy Joes
Their clothes are odd and raggedy,
Well, that's the way it goes.*

May 3, Friday

Happy birthday to Elaine Vandergrift! I hope she is feeling better and is enjoying a happy day with her family. I mailed her a card on Wednesday. I got up at 7:30 a.m. and wrote a letter to Violet while Lou slept. I enclosed

some silly sketches of "The Hippies" that I made with the verse (see yesterday's page). I sent them to Joan too; I have fun, eh? I hope they'll enjoy my artwork, ha ha! Lou got up about eleven. We had brunch, so only two meals today, nice, eh? Today's mail brought our Social Security check for \$215.40. We're ready for it, believe me. I received a lovely get well card from our Relief Society sisters. It was signed by the dear sisters at Relief Society last Wednesday, 19 of them. It made me feel so happy. This afternoon Erma Rosen and Nora Williamson came to see me and brought a lovely bouquet of sweet peas. They said they missed me at Relief Society. Isn't that a lovely thing to do? It surely brightened up my day; friends are truly a blessing. We'd planned on going to the Safeway Market today to get in a supply of groceries, but it was rather cold and we decided not to go because I'm still coughing a little and home is best for me. I phoned Pat Rowbotham this evening and asked if I could go in with the group of ward sisters that are buying a wedding gift for Glenn Kunz and his bride.

She said she'd be happy to add our names to the list; she thought it would cost about \$3.00 a couple. That is fine, I couldn't do that well on my own, and they always get something nice for about \$35.00 or \$40.00.



May 4, Saturday

I had a bad spell of blood pressure last night, oh; my room seemed to whirl around. I somehow got to the kitchen for a couple of Garlee Tablets. I had to get that pressure down. It was much better 30 minutes later. I get a bit frightened when my equilibrium gets off balance like that. It's an awful feeling. This afternoon we drove over to see Clifton Manlove; he is a very sad lonesome man; Vilda got mad last night and went to the old Tucker home again. The poor people, they have a time understanding each other. Clifton wanted me to bring a full-length mirror home; one that Laura bought. We didn't bring it, he phoned later and wants me to have it. I told him we'd pick it up later. I'll find a place for it, on my bedroom door, I guess? Anyway, I'd like something that Laura had; I loved her. We went to the Safeway Market from Clifton's. By the way, this was the first time I've seen Clifton's home since he had it fixed up for Vilda; it is very nice. I'm sorry she isn't happy there.



We got a big supply of groceries at Safeway, and we cashed our Social Security check there. I bought some Vitamin E tablets and some Garlee Tablets at the Health Store. We both took naps this afternoon. Today's mail brought a nice long letter from Lydia. She wrote it on May 2. Little Margaret was three years old that day. They were giving her a yellow dump truck of all things. She just loves to play with her cousin Steve's trucks. They did buy her a cute little playsuit, too. Lydia and Owen have real cute grandkiddies, and they are so proud of all of them. I love reading about them, the cute things they say and do. Lydia loves telling about them (like me and my precious grandchildren and great grandchildren). Owen had to go to the doctor, he had blood pressure trouble, his is too low. He's had a lot of nose bleeding lately and was dizzy; he is feeling better now. Elsie's children are going to sell her home; Elsie gets worse all the time the poor soul. P.S. Lydia made a pretty bathroom rug for Sue's new apartment. She hopes Sue likes it. I'm sure she will. Doris says that Elsie's chest and neck are turning dark; she is so full of cancer, it's so sad.

May 5, Sunday

Happy Birthday to Sherman, he is turning 8 years old.

*Another birthday, and I'll not be surprised
To learn, you've been baptized!
It's a special year when one turns eight
Golly, that is really great!
Enjoy growing up another year and
Happy birthday, Sherman dear.*



I hope our little Sherm is enjoying his birthday. Lou came back from priesthood to take me to Sunday school. I was so happy to be well enough to go out to church again. It amazed me how many of my friends came up and said they were happy to see me back in church. I didn't dream they'd miss me that much. I wasn't away long, the last time I went to Sunday School was when Donna went with us on April 21, that was our ward conference. Anyway, it was good to be back and to know I was missed. I simmered some lamb chops with onions this morning before going to Sunday School. We had a nice cooked dinner at home after church. I enjoyed the lovely fast day service and the testimonies this morning and the Sunday School class after the sacrament meeting. Robert Gordon surely is an outstanding teacher, really interesting. After dinner, we drove to Highland Park. We called on Lorene first. Ray and Miriam came and left little Janet with Lorene; she ate with Grandma Lorene. I read Lydia's letter to all of them and then we drove to Andersens' and I read Lydia's letter to them. Her letters are always fun reading. Annie is going to order two pair of LDS garments for me; she gave me two pair of the old style that do not sell now that the new lace trimmed ones are available. She didn't have my size in the style I want, but she had the size in the old style. I got them for free; I'll use them to sleep in or work at home in. Beverly gave us a dish of chocolate pudding. It was delicious with the Cool Whip topping. We came home about 5 p.m. It has been a very pleasant Sabbath day, but rather cool with no sunshine at all.

May 6, Monday

It's cool and overcast this morning. We're surely enjoying our lovely new seamless floors in the kitchen, bathroom, and service porch. They're so bright and shining, a pleasure to look at. We received a nice letter from Donna; I answered it this afternoon. Lou worked on his garage door getting it ready to paint. Donna was concerned because my cold got worse after they left, so I was anxious to let her know I'm much better now. She said Rex might be able to come down this summer and do Aunt Annie's kitchen and bathroom floors, and maybe Ray Clayton's if he wants the job done then. Donna got a long letter from Joan; she told how upset Chuck's phone call made her feel. He told her she made a mistake in not marrying him and etcetera. She said she was so thankful she hadn't married Chuck; she was so grateful for the teaching of Mother and Dad and for their faith and prayers in her behalf. It was a sweet letter Donna said. Joan is very anxious for Janet and Dave's visit. She and Mo have planned a dinner party to introduce them to some special friends, three couples. The men all work for IBM, the company that David works for. In fact, IBM is sending Dave and Janet to New York, to their big convention. Donna said Kathy's boyfriend George sold two of his oil paintings at the school display, the one of Jesus for \$50.00, and an outdoor scene for \$30.00. Joan was taking some of Sherm's friends bowling on Saturday to celebrate his 8th birthday, which fell on Sunday. Donna enclosed a clipping of some cute jokes that came in the gas bill folder. Jon Tibbets is working on Rex and Donna's little VW in his spare time. He has the motor in the garage. So she says she is on foot to the bus; she'll be happy to have the little car back. Florence Marsh phoned and read me her nice letter from Donna this morning. She went to see Aunt Alice Marsh in the hospital yesterday. They are giving her oxygen through her nose; she had a heart attack on April 21.

May 7, Tuesday

It was nice to see the bright sunshine early this morning. I got up at 6:30 to write the thoughts that kept running through my brain, in rhyme; a tribute to our Donna for Mother's Day. We enclosed the \$10.00 check for John's mission fund; we've managed to send \$10.00 per month so far to help with our grandson's mission, bless his dear heart. Today's mail brought a thank you note from our dear little 8-year-old Sherman Gardner. It was all neatly printed by him and oh, it is precious. He printed all this: Sunday, May 5, Dear Grama and Grampa, thank you for the card and the gum and the dollar and the dimes. I loved the poem you wrote. I got a watch and a stingray bike. I am taking piano lessons on the piano you gave us. I walk to my piano lessons. There is a swimming pool by her house. Thank you again, love, Sherman. That's his first letter to us; I'll surely keep it. Joan wrote a note on a pretty card. The picture was the Faith of Our Father's Chapel, at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. She said her mother wrote and told about their trip down here and the new floors Rex put in our house. She wishes she had that kind, too. She said they did have a birthday party for Sherm after all; there were ten boys; they played games, had cake and ice cream bars. All enjoyed a good time. Sherm was thrilled with his first party. Joan says that Sherm has \$30.00 in the bank toward an LDS mission

when he grows up. He will be baptized on May 19, at Westchester Ward; they have a font there. I wonder if she means the 18th, on Saturday and confirmed on the 19th? They are surely looking forward to Janet and Dave's visit. They're working hard to have the new home in shape by then, May 17, I think. I went through my house with the hand sweeper and duster, so we look nice and clean inside. Lou painted the front of our garage today, white, like it was. Governor Lurleen Wallace died today in Montgomery, Alabama, after a long fight against cancer.

May 8, Wednesday

It has been a bit hazy today with some sunshine, but mostly cloudy. Lou took Marie Doezie and me to Relief Society. I quilted on a baby quilt. Geneva Musser and Barbara Pettit, Carol Christensen, Nancy Cowley, and Atha Baddley, all quilted today, so we had a lot of help. Sr. Musser gave her homemaking lesson; we were served a nice luncheon at noon. I asked the blessing on the food and dismissed the meeting in the same prayer, as the president requested. Geneva brought me home, also Marie Doezie, Myrtle Halliday, and the new bride, Hidie (our German lady). Lou visited with Br. Manlove. He bought several cans of Penn Motor Oil from Clifton. He brought the little long narrow mirror that was Laura's, home to me. I've hung it back of my bedroom door. Clifton wanted me to have it. It has a full-length view. Lou also visited with his cousin Ruby Hodges. I was home a half-hour before he came home. I was really tired from the quilting so I was glad to rest a while on my bed. The Senior Citizen Property Tax Assistance, in Sacramento, returned our canceled tax checks and Lou's birth certificate, so I guess his papers are in order. They have the proof or evidence they need. It didn't smell very fragrant in our neighborhood this afternoon. The Edgecombs had their cesspool drained, ugh! I'm very thankful we are connected up with the city sewer. I cooked some rice to eat with our leftover stew. It tasted good for a change. I made a pudding with the left over rice, with raisins in it. When it is cold tomorrow, I'll add the whipped topping (Cool Whip) and we'll have a yummy good pudding; don't you wish you were here to enjoy it with us? (I do!)

May 9, Thursday

It was cool and cloudy this morning. I had Lou help me change the twin beds around so I can sleep in the other



Donna and Mark Shattuck

*Another birthday, dear Mark, you'll be 12 years old,
And go to Mutual, be a Boy Scout, a new area to mold.
Bet you're taller than your mom now, or will be before long
We'll now sing for you dear, the birthday song.*

one, in my special corner for a few years (if I'm here that long). I've slept in the one a long time, so I thought I'd better wear the mattress down on the other for a while, it is like new, firm, and etcetera. The sunshine got through to us by eleven. It's time to get a birthday card in the mail for our great grandson Mark. He'll be 12 years old on May 11. He was our very first great grandchild. He's such a fine boy, we're very proud of Mark, in fact, we're proud of all ten of our great grandchildren. I composed a little verse for Mark's card. After lunch Lou took me to the post office for stamps. I bought forty 6¢ stamps. Lou bought me a new hairbrush at the Rexall Drug Store for \$2.20. My old one was about worn out. I got a couple of picture postcards, also. I wanted to send one to Sherm to thank him for his

little thank you note to us for his birthday gift. He wrote it himself (or printed it). He was 8 years old on May 5. Today's mail brought Mother's Day cards from Donna and Rex and one from Mary and family. They are both so pretty with lovely verses and notes of love. Donna says there is a Mother's Day gift on the way, plus a sweet treat for us both to enjoy while we watch TV. She is so thoughtful. They're still waiting for the parts for the VW to come from the east so Jon can fix their car. Mary dropped a large soda pop bottle on her toe while shopping on Monday. It caused her a lot of pain. She was going to see a doctor yesterday. Oh, I know that can hurt, ouch! We also received a nice letter from Violet; she enjoyed my sketches of the Hippies, plus the poem about them. She said it was cold with freezing temperatures, and much damage was done to the growing fruit, the flowers, and the sheep and lambs. The apple blossoms and lilacs were so lovely and now this dreadful freezing. Otto took some man to the iron mines after his work on Monday after he'd been driving all day. Violet says "Good Old Joe" (Otto), ha ha! Tonight was the Glenn



and Susan Kunz wedding reception at Bishop and Sr. Munns lovely home. They make a handsome couple. She is dark like Glenn. Her folks came from the Philippine Islands. It was a very nice reception. We enjoyed seeing some dear friends again. We had some trouble finding Bishop Munns's home, but we're glad we found it anyway.

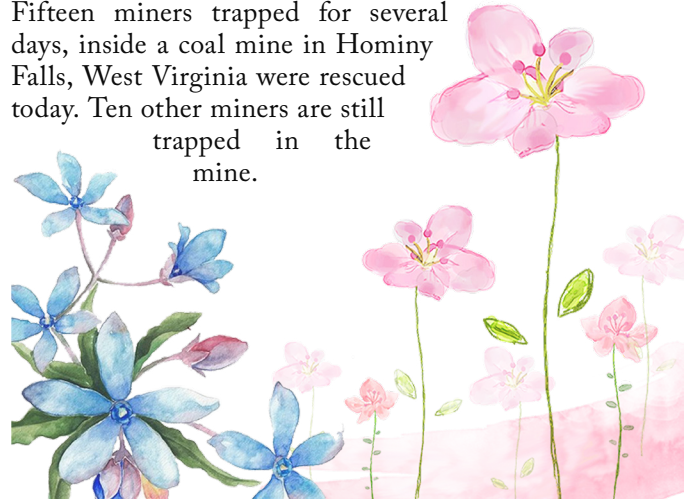
May 10, Friday

'Twas overcast this morning but sunshine got through to us by 11:30 a.m. Lou cut our lawns with his old lawnmower this morning. He didn't get the power mower out. I surely hope it wasn't too strenuous for him, but he seemed happy about the whole thing. Br. Fay Kunz had his arm in a cast last night. He broke his arm when he fell a few days ago, in his own home. It was caused from a dizzy spell. He looked rather pale I thought. I had three runs of washing this morning; the bed sheets took one run. We both rested for a while this afternoon, Lou on the swing in the cabaña. Ambassador W. Averill Harriman and special envoy Cyrus Vance, leave for preliminary peace talks on Vietnam War, scheduled in Paris soon. I'd surely like to think we'd have peace in our world, but I fear it is wishful thinking. I tried again to get Florence Marsh on the phone but no answer. She must be away because I've tried several times this past week. Our neighbor Mr. Barnes, is back home from the hospital; I'm so glad he is able to come home again; he has cancer.

May 11, Saturday

Lou ate breakfast out; he went over to Manlove's to give Clifton his check of \$7.37 for the 22 quarts of oil he bought from him last Wednesday. I ate a mashed banana and some Rice Krispy's and then did my ironing. I darned a pair of Lou's socks and mended his work pants and sewed up a seam in my pink nighty before I started my ironing. It was a rather large ironing but I didn't mind as I had some beautiful records playing while I ironed. I learned this morning from Ernest Oates's Auto Supply Store that the Oateses and Mother Marsh are in Arizona visiting with Irene, Ray, and children. They'll be home next Tuesday. I'm surely glad Florence Marsh is having this nice vacation with her children in Arizona. Lou took me to the Thrifty Drug Store in the Hastings District. I bought several items I needed, Anacin Tablets, 73¢, multi-vitamins, 98¢, VO5 Hair Cream Rinse, 89¢, Wizard deodorizer 79¢, mouthwash 59¢, and Kleenex tissues 50¢. I spent \$4.69 there. We met Cora and Glen Hartshorn and Sr. Bennett in the Ralph Variety Store. I bought six beige covered buttons for my coat dress for \$1.38, two little pink flowered hand towels for \$1.18, and some envelopes there. We stopped at McDonald's eating stand on our way home. Lou bought two fish filets sandwiches. We came home and ate them nice and hot. They are delicious. We had Lite drink with ice cream in it, a very nice lunch that we enjoyed a lot. I sewed the new buttons on

my beige coatdress. We both rested for a couple of hours. I shampooed my hair after dinner this evening. Beverly phoned to ask how we are (fine thank you). Lorene was over there and they were going shopping at Sears Store in Eagle Rock. Lou and I enjoyed our home sweet home and favorite television programs tonight. Good night. P.S. Fifteen miners trapped for several days, inside a coal mine in Hominy Falls, West Virginia were rescued today. Ten other miners are still trapped in the mine.



May 12, Sunday—Mother's Day

It was a cold cloudy day but we had a very lovely morning session of our Pasadena Stake conference. We started by singing, "The Spirit of God." President James Ellsworth conducted; he paid a lovely tribute to Mothers. He mentioned Sr. Tanner and her nineteen children; he also talked about the building program of our stake. Two ward choirs, the Pasadena Ward and the Monrovia Ward, furnished our lovely music. They sang a very beautiful anthem, "The Heavens are Telling," and it was very well done. President Carl G. Warnick spoke on "The Good Life," by obeying the ordinances. President McCune spoke on honoring our mothers while we still have them. He talked to the youth of the stake. Sr. Maurine Startup told about going to New York to a convention to help select the 1968 Mother of the Year. It is Elizabeth G. Bodine, 70 years old. She was Polish born, and is the mother of 18 from Velva, North Dakota. She has 80 grandchildren and 8 great grandchildren. All of her 18 children have had college educations, a wonderful record. But I'm thinking her 80 grandchildren haven't given her as many great grandchildren as our three granddaughters have given us. We have 10 great grandchildren compared to her 8 (Stop bragging LV). At the convention they sang Mildred Pettit's song "I Am a Child of God."



—AP Wirephoto
MOTHER OF YEAR — Mrs. Elizabeth Grossman Bodine, 70, Polish-born mother of 18 from Velva, N.D., was named 1968 Mother of the Year in New York. Mrs. Bodine and her husband, Frank, a retired farmer, also have 80 grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

[Mildred's name in red box below.] A brother and sister Christenson from Glendale brought their children and the Indian boy Marco and his sister Carla. The Indians gave short talks, telling about their home on the reservation and the "new life" in California homes. The Indian boy lives with Paul and Letha Christensen. The girl lives with an LDS family, a Br. and Sr. Ruion. Both children seem happy to have their foster parents. The Indian boy and his foster brother and sister sang a trio, "I Am A Child of God." Our closing song was by the choir and congregation, we sang "Faith of our Fathers." We took Br. Manlove home from conference. Lou and I had a delicious dinner in Beadle's Cafeteria. We rested at home until time for church at 4 pm. We had a very nice sacrament service tonight. Mothers were honored again; all speakers paid a little tribute to mothers in their talks. The youth speakers were Charlotte Stout and Jeff Barnes. There was a soprano solo by Florence Manwaring, "For My Mother," accompanied by Hazel Wilcox. Jeanne Marsh spoke and gave a tribute to all mothers, her own mother especially. There was a trio, Cherilyn Bacon, Nancy Startup, and LeeAndra Marsh, "Dearest Mother" by Florence Manwaring. Speaker Br. Roy E. Christensen gave a nice tribute to his own mother, his wife, and her grandmother. It was a very nice service. It has been cold all day. I wore my heavy coat this evening and my mink stole this morning. Lou bought some gas at Shell Oil Station after church. I was very sorry to learn in church that Sr. Ethel Burk is in the Redland's Hospital with a broken hip caused from a fall. Isn't that sad? She is in her eighties, the poor dear. We enjoyed our snack at home this evening plus the TV programs. It has been a happy day. I hope our sweet Donna and her daughters had as happy Mother's Day, I've surely been thinking of them all. My sweet Lou gave me \$10.00 for a Mother's Day gift. P.S. I telephoned Donna

I Am a Child of God



Fervently ♩ = 80-96

Optional descant (with verse 3) for voice or instrument

I am a child of God, And bless - ings are in store; If

1. I am a child of God, And he has sent me here, Has
2. I am a child of God, And so my needs are great; Help
3. I am a child of God, And Rich bless - ings are in store; If

I learn to do his will, I'll live with him once more. Oh,

giv - en me an earth - ly home With par - ents kind and dear.
me to un - der - stand his words Be - fore it grows too late.
I but learn to do his will, I'll live with him once more.

lead, guide, walk be - side, Help me to find the way.

Chorus

Lead me, guide me, walk be - side me, Help me find the way.

Teach me what I must do To live with him some - day.

Teach me all that I must do To live with him some - day.

4. I am a child of God.
His promises are sure;
Celestial glory shall be mine
If I can but endure.

Psalms 82:6; Mosiah 4:15
Doctrine and Covenants 14:7

Words: Naomi Ward Randall, 1908-2001. © 1957 IRI. Fourth verse © 1978 IRI
Music: Mildred Tanner Pettit, 1895-1977. © 1957 IRI. Arr. by Darwin Wolford, b. 1936. Arr. © 1989 IRI
See also *Hymns*, no. 301, for a four-part arrangement in a higher key.



tonight after my wonderful Mother's Day gift arrived special delivery at 11 p.m. Here is the verse I wrote for Donna:

*Sunday is Mother's Day dear Donna, and this tribute we
pay to you,
You're a sweet daughter, a wonderful mother, and a lovely
grandmother, too.
Thanks for grandchildren and great grandchildren; a
precious blessing is this,
May your home sweet home always be filled with joyful bliss.
Happy Mother's Day from Mother and Daddy*

May 13, Monday

I am so thrilled with the gift Donna sent to me for Mother's Day. She had an old snapshot of me when I was 15 or 16 years old. Aunt Annie let her borrow it. She had my picture taken from the group of four girls (Sue, Annie, Harriet, and me, I think) She had it enlarged to about 3½ by 4½. I believe that it was taken in 1909. I would be 16 in December then. Anyway she had it framed in a darling frame, set back in the frame (white and gold). I was so excited with my precious gift. Golly, it is lovely. Was I that sweet looking 59 years ago? Donna said she had six copies made, one for each of her children. She said the girls all wanted one and they are paying for their own. Isn't that sweet of them to want that old fashioned picture of me? Today's mail brought the box of See's chocolates that Donna thought I'd received on Saturday. Daddy and I enjoyed some of them after lunch while watching our stories on TV, aren't we the lucky parents? I wrote a note to Sister Bonnie; her mother Elsie is in a coma now, so Blanche says. I also wrote a card to Donna to let her know the See's chocolates arrived. It has been sort of a lazy day for me, but fun. I phoned Annie and Lorene to tell them about the sweet picture Donna sent to me for Mother's Day of a girl I'd almost forgotten. Growing old isn't so bad after all, eh? P.S. It rained a little last night and has been cloudy and cold all day.

May 14, Tuesday

The sun was shining brightly this morning; it makes one feel happy to be alive. By noon the clouds came and our sun played peek-a-boo all day in and out of the clouds. I answered Violet's letter this morning and after lunch I wrote to Lydia and to Ethel Newbold. It is a good feeling to have all letters answered. Now I can anticipate some interesting mail in our mailbox, and I don't mean the envelopes with the little windows in them. LaPriel phoned the news of Elsie's passing to Blanche. She called Lorene and Lorene called Annie and me. Blanche wanted me to telephone Loretta

Speight, which I did. In a short time the family in California knew all about Elsie's passing and all are happy that she has been released from her long and dreadful suffering. Bonnie phoned Andersens soon after we'd heard the news. She is so very relieved, too. It was dreadful to see her mother suffering so much. Annie and Beverly phoned Lydia to tell her to order the flowers for the family out here, one piece from us, the children, and one for our grandchildren. She was Aunt Elsie to them, and Elsie to us. I wrote a postcard to Donna to let them know about Elsie's passing and a card to Lillian Keller to let her know. She was a good friend of Elsie's and so was Mother Renshaw. I guess they'll be happy to see each other in the Spirit World. I feel weary tonight; it is time for bed. Lou is already in his bed. Goodnight. I'm thankful for the blessings of this day.

May 15, Wednesday

Marie Doezie phoned to say she couldn't go to Relief Society this morning; she has to work. Nora Williamson phoned to tell me she'd pick me up at 9:45, so Lou didn't have to take me this morning. We had a very lovely meeting. Our bishop's wife's mother, Sr. Rawson, gave the lesson today on "Commercial Advertising," and etcetera. [See lesson on next page.] It was very interesting. I paid my \$3.00 to Pat Rowbotham, for the gift we gave Glenn Kunz and his bride.



Photo of Elvie that Donna gave Elvie for Mother's Day 1968.

SOCIAL RELATIONS—A Light Unto the World



Lesson 8—"That's What They Say, Mama"

(Reference: A Light Unto the World, Melchizedek Priesthood Manual, 1967-68)

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Northern Hemisphere: Third Meeting, May 1968
Southern Hemisphere: October 1968

OBJECTIVE: To emphasize the responsibility of the mother in fortifying the home against some propagandizing of the commercial world.

INTRODUCTION

This lesson acknowledges the valuable service of commercial advertising as a legitimate means of disseminating information. As such, it establishes an important and special relationship between individuals and between groups.

The lesson, however, also deals with a negative aspect of some advertising. It points out a mother's responsibility to use discrimination in her acceptance of advertising claims and her responsibility to fortify all family members against the biased, even undesirable, advertising of some harmful products.

Class leaders will wish to select for full discussion those areas of particular interest and application to their groups.

THE GOAL TO SELL

The purpose of commercial advertising is publicly to remind and to announce; the goal is to sell, either a service or a commodity.

Often a new product is being

introduced, or the aim of advertising, by stressing particular features, may be to induce more people to purchase an already known commodity. The advertising technique may involve a change of viewpoint, a different procedure, or it may accent an advantageous expenditure of money. As an informant and a reminder, advertising thus renders a vital service and is an asset in today's accelerated living.

A FACT TO CONSIDER

Since the purpose of publicizing a new commercial product is to market that product, the advertising will naturally point out its attractive qualities, ignoring any undesirable features. In this fact lies the misleading and sometimes harmful factor of some commercial advertising. One need only to consider the glowing statements made for products which are known to be injurious to man, to realize that the one-sided advertising story is real. Fortunately, some of the unfavorable features bypassed by

advertising are of less concern, affecting only the expenditure of time or money.

REVELATION
THAT FOREWARNED

In February of 1833, in Kirtland, Ohio, the Prophet Joseph Smith received a revelation which forewarns us as follows:

In consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation. . . . (D&C 89:4.)

The scripture continues, enumerating some specific items which are beneficial and some which are detrimental to the well-being and health of man. This lesson is concerned particularly with two of these products which present-day scientific research has proved to have injurious effects upon men; thus confirming a revelation of years ago. In the words of the scripture we read:

And again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill. (D&C 89:8.)

Interested individuals and groups are attempting to offset the alluring advertisements for tobacco by giving statistics as to its harmful effects. Yet, in spite of these efforts, in spite of increased evidence of medical findings and research warnings, the consumption of tobacco is a rising spiral. Entrenched economic forces, including growers, manufacturers, retailers, and certain political subdivisions, continue to entice individuals to use tobacco. Those few countries which have banned

advertising are to be commended highly.

Confirming the statement that the producers of tobacco, ignoring the claims of medical research, are increasing their efforts to sell even more of this harmful product, is the following statistic:

. . . the cigarette companies are now spending \$300 million [in] cigarette advertising and the government is only spending two or three million dollars to warn the people against the dangers of cigarettes. (Church News, Deseret News, April 8, 1967.)

Class Involvement

Discuss the following statements:

1. The home can fortify against the enticings of this commercial advertising by stressing that divine counsel is supported by medical research.
2. Junior and senior high schools aid materially when they supply data on harmful effects of tobacco.

Further Involvement

Question: How can parents, especially the mother, most effectively counteract the misleading and fallacious images presented to youth through alluring and attractive tobacco advertising?

Discuss the following images:

1. The image of luxury-living, through the king-size cigarette.
2. The glamorous image of being sophisticated, socially adequate, and in the "know" group.
3. The image of enjoyable, carefree, boy-girl cigarette relationship.
4. The image of vigorous, robust manhood, in connection with the full, rich flavor of the filter-tip cigarette.

Discussion Statement

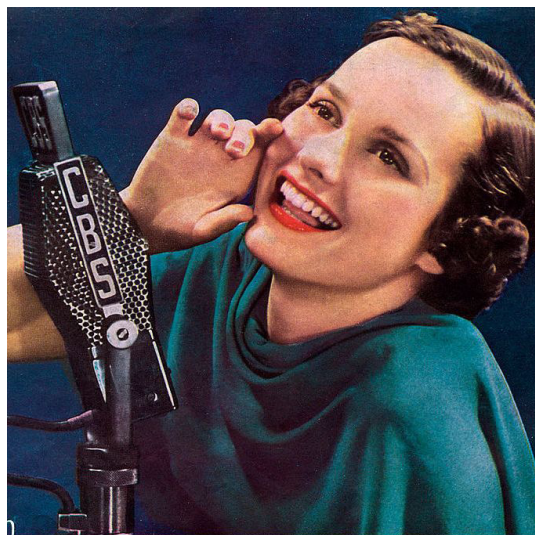
The so-called cigarette "improvements" actually acknowledge that there are harmful effects. For example, "Use the filter and be kinder to your throat," "The filter tip means fewer coughs," "it is less irritating, has lasting flavor."

"BEHOLD IT IS NOT GOOD"

The heading for this paragraph

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You need this throat protection too!



... That only a light smoke offers

The stars of the radio have to protect their throats—naturally. But keep in mind that your throat is just as important to you... be sure you have a light smoke. You can be sure Luckies are a light smoke because the exclusive process, "It's Toasted", expels certain natural impurities harsh to the delicate tissues of your throat. So follow the stars to a clear throat! Choose Luckies.

a light smoke OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"



Three of the thousands of advertisements for cigarettes that were ubiquitous at this time. The cigarette manufactures had a heyday saying things that were completely false, misleading, and harmful for everyone.



May 15, Wednesday, continued

I believe about ten ladies in the ward went in on the gift. It was linen, sheets, slips, towels, and etcetera. After the meeting I went with Frances Morgan in her car. She took Pat Rowbotham, Geneva Musser, and Erma Rosen, also. We went to the bride's apartment (Hidie, the German girl). Sorry I do not yet know her new married name. Anyway, she has a very pretty little apartment and she served a very delicious luncheon, German style. Carol Christensen came in her own car. There were the six of us, and Hidie made seven. We had a lovely visit around her pretty table. We had candlelight, good food, and nice visiting. Lou went to see Clifton Manlove and he also took Ruby to the Pantry Market for her groceries. He took Clifton to the Safeway Market for his needs. Lou bought a few items at Safeway that we needed. I ate too well, so was sleepy this afternoon. We both rested; Lou in the cabaña swing, and me in my twin bed. I've had Bonnie and Doris in my thoughts all day. I'm sure they're busy getting Elsie's funeral arrangements all made. I'd surely attend her funeral if it weren't so far away, too far for Lou to drive now. I hope they'll understand. The death toll is mounting in the tornado rampage in Arkansas, Iowa, and Illinois. More than 1,000 people were hurt, and hundreds of homes were destroyed. It's so very tragic.

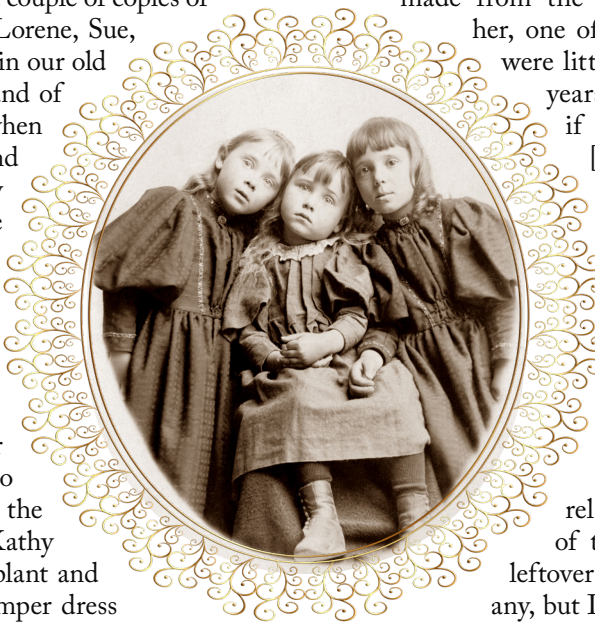
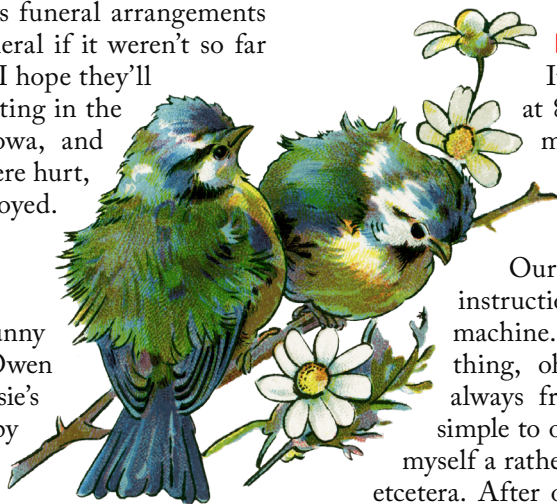
May 16, Thursday

Oh it is such a beautiful, clear, sunny day. I wrote a note to Lydia and Owen and sent the \$2.00 for flowers for Elsie's funeral, \$1.00 for Donna. Ruby Hodges phoned; she wanted Lou to take her to her doctor's office. She called a few minutes later; the doctor was out of town, so she didn't make an appointment. Today's mail brought a letter from Donna. She enclosed the cute Mother's Day card that John made and sent from Scotland. It is really cute. She also enclosed a couple of copies of the pictures Annie loaned her of Lorene, Sue, and me, when we were little girls, in our old fashioned leg of mutton dresses, and of Sue, Annie, Hattie S., and me, when we were teenage girls. Donna found a place where they'd do this copy work for only 10¢ a copy. They have a big machine that makes the copies, just on white paper, but they're just fine for scrapbooks. They came out real good. She had copies made for her girls too, and sent some for John to see, also. Donna thanked me for the Mother's Day tribute I paid to her, and she thanked Daddy for the \$10.00 for John's mission fund. Kathy gave Donna a lovely pink azalea plant and Mary made her a pretty green jumper dress that she can wear to work at Macy's. Janet sent a very beautiful card with \$3.00 in it. Little

Julie and Greg have had bad colds, but are feeling better. Rex is going to take Mary to the airport next Saturday morning to see Janet and Dave off on their trip to New York. Mary will drive Dave's car home and bring little Donna back with her. She is staying at Marshes' while her parents are in New York. Grandma Shattuck is going to stay at Janet and Dave's house to take care of the three boys. I surely hope they'll have a very wonderful trip and visit with Joan, Miller, and children. It'll be fun to hear all about it later. A Mr. Reeves phoned to see if we knew a Marguerite Jane Renshaw who graduated from Glendale High School in 1931. So sorry, we do not know her. Florence Marsh arrived home from her trip to Arizona last night. I read Donna's letter to her via phone. She said she had a lovely trip and visit with Irene, Ray, and family. They took little Chris Woolley with them. P.S. Six coal miners, given up for dead, were found alive and well today in the coal mine in Hominy Falls, West Virginia. They'd been trapped for ten days. Four other men's bodies were found with the six men.

May 17, Friday

It was a lovely, clear morning. I got up at 8 a.m. and enjoyed the beauty of our morning. Lou wrote out a check for his Prudential Insurance Company, for \$8.06, so it's ready for the insurance man; he should be here any day. Our sample ballots came yesterday with instructions on how to use the new votomatic machine. I sure feel dubious about using the thing, oh me! He he! Written instructions always frustrate me, oh well, maybe it'll be simple to operate. (I'll let you know later!) I had myself a rather busy day cleaning the house up and etcetera. After our dinner this evening, we drove to Highland Park. We visited with Lorene first; I took the picture of me that Donna had processed or restored and enlarged for my Mother's Day gift. Lorene said it is lovely. She also enjoyed looking at the paper copies Donna had made from the little pictures Aunt Annie loaned her, one of Lorene, Sue, and myself when we were little girls. I think Lorene was about 5 years old, Sue 4 and I'd be 2. Of course if Lorene were 6, I'd be 3 years old. [Photo labeled 1895.] Grampa Bailey, my grandfather, took the picture. I do not remember but Lorene does. We went to Andersens' from Lorene's. They enjoyed seeing my Mother's Day picture and the copies, too. The LDS garments Annie ordered for me had arrived, so I paid the \$5.67 for the two pair and brought them home. We had a really nice visit with our dear relatives as always. Lou ate a dish of tuna salad that the Andersens had leftover from their dinner. I was too full for any, but I did taste it to please Bev, and it was delicious. I think Elsie Bailey's funeral was yesterday about 1:30 p.m.



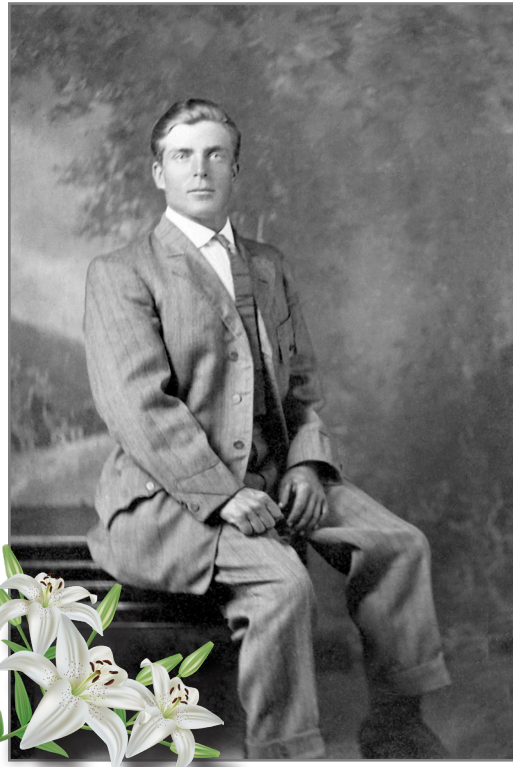
Lorene, Elvie, and Sue Bailey, Elvie mentions photo on May 17.

May 18, Saturday

We're blessed with another lovely, sunny morning. I got up about eight and took a nice bath and then composed a little verse for Douglas Shattuck's birthday card. Lou and I ate breakfast about 9:30 and then he worked in the yard. I put my house in order and wrote to Donna. Rex was going to take Mary to the airport this morning to see Janet and David off on their flight to New York. Mary was going to drive Dave's car home and bring little Donna with her. Grama Shattuck is taking care of the little boys in Janet and Dave's home. Mary is going to look after little Donna at Grama Donna's home. I hope they all enjoy their visits, especially David and Janet and Joan and family in New York. Beverly phoned this evening to tell me that George Oakes phoned and said the seminary program that Dennie is putting on tomorrow is in the South Pasadena Ward and not the East Pasadena Ward as we were told at first. I wondered why we hadn't heard anything about it in our meeting if it was going to be in our stake center; now I know why. Bev says it will be given in the four o'clock meeting and again in the six o'clock meeting in South Pasadena. I think we'll go to the four o'clock meeting if we can make arrangements for someone to pick up Bessie for our ward's babysitting job at four. It has been warm all day. We do not need any heat in our house tonight; it is very pleasant.

May 19, Sunday

Oh, what a beautiful morning! Lou came home from priesthood to take Inez Anderson and me to Sunday School; we also took Bessie to her babysitting job at church. I simmered some shoulder lamb chops and cooked carrots and peas before going to Sunday School. I also made some Jello dessert, so I had a busy morning, but I was ready when Lou came back for me at 9:10. Beverly phoned this morning. She said she thinks she'll go to see Dennie's seminary program later when it goes out to Dale's ward in Ontario. She wants to take her mother to church in Garvanza Ward this evening. She invited us to go with her to the Ontario Ward if we wanted to wait, but we'd already made arrangements to have Br. Rosen take Bessie this afternoon, so we can attend Dennie's program in the South Pasadena Ward at 4 p.m. We both rested after dinner and then got ready to go to the program. We got there half hour early so we walked to the corner and we went in the church and listened to the young seminary students rehearse their parts. The first two people to greet us as we entered the chapel were Br. Clyde Pulsipher and Br. Leroy Scott, both old member of the Garvanza Ward years ago. The seminary program, written by Dennie Oakes and Kathy Jones, was titled, "The Children of Promise," with a cast of about 27 young people.



Arthur Green, Florence Marsh's younger brother, died May 19, 1968.

It was very lovely with the music and the spoken word. They did a fine job of it costumed in the Old Testament dress. I'm glad we went to see it. Dennie seemed glad that we came to see it, also. We talked to Sr. Pulsipher and Sr. Scott after the program and also to Br. Scott's sister; I believe her name was Robinson. Oh, I'm not sure?? Anyway, it was nice to see our old friends again. Florence Marsh phoned tonight to tell me her brother, Art Green, died of a heart attack today. Art Green was 73 years old I believe. He leaves an invalid wife who has been ill a long time; he has taken care of her. How very sad for her to be left alone. They lived in Portland, Oregon; she'll be there helpless and alone now, the poor dear. [His wife Algie May Carson Green lived 13 years and 5 months longer than Art.]

May 20, Monday

We've had another lovely day. I put out three runs of washing before we ate our breakfast. Well, it was our brunch, when we ate about 10:45 a.m. Our insurance man came this morning so Lou's insurance is paid for May and June. Lou phoned the City Park Department about the big limb that broke from our elm tree in the front of our house. It was hanging in the tree above the sidewalk. We were amazed at how fast they got here and cut it down and took it away. That is the second time we've had to call them this spring for broken limbs in that same tree. I do wish they'd come out and top it and trim out a lot of branches. Today's mail brought a nice letter from Violet with a cute rhyme in it. She titled it, "And then there is me."

"And Then There Is Me"

*At the ripe old age of sixty three,"
My vision blurs, it's hard to see.
My heart acts up; it won't behave.
To my platform rocker I've become a slave.
My kidneys get bad and blood pressure goes high,
I take so many pills it makes me sigh.
I'm getting old, this I know,
One look in my mirror tells me so.*

By Violet Fife—May 10, 1968

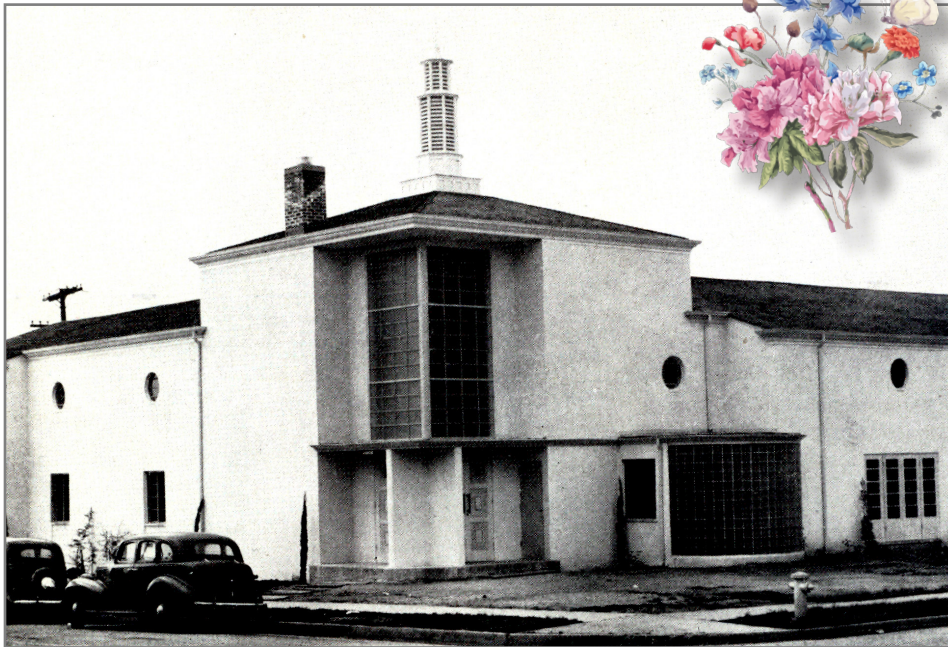


Isn't that a cute verse? Clever, but the sad part is it's true. Oh, how I wish she felt better. I do worry over her condition, bless her heart. She has such a cute sense of humor in spite of her misery. Otto had gone to a special meeting held in Beaver, called by the church for high councilmen. He didn't know what it was about, but of course he did after the meeting. Violet wanted to go to Salt Lake for Elsie's

funeral, but was afraid she couldn't. It is too bad that some of Dad's daughters couldn't attend, but we can't. We hope Doris, Garry, and Bonnie will understand. We are old and not able to go for several reasons. Dolores and Yvonne both phoned Violet on Mother's Day, plus they sent nice gifts; three gold leafed quail, bright and shiny sitting on her TV from Yvonne. Dolores has a pretty TV lamp she will take to Violet soon when she takes Ron to the mission home in June. P.S. Yvonne also sent some pink sheets and pillowcases to Violet. Otto gave her a box of chocolate covered nuts.

May 21, Tuesday

It rained some in the night but was sunny and lovely this morning. It clouded up this afternoon and looked as if it would rain. Annie phoned and asked me if I could give her the date that Garvanza Ward Chapel was dedicated. She



Elvie consults her diaries to find out when the Garvanza Chapel was dedicated. It is currently very unusual for a chapel to be used before it is dedicated. But Garvanza Chapel was used for meetings for a year before it was dedicated. It is likely the building was not paid for in full, so they had to wait until it was paid for to dedicate it.

thought it was in February of 1942. I got out my 1942 diary and read all of the Sunday recordings, but couldn't find it. I read that we held our first meeting in the new chapel on January 4, 1942. Annie had talked to Sue but she couldn't give her the date. She also thought it was February of 1942. She got that from Leo J. Muir's book. I decided to look in my 1943 diary and I found that the New Garvanza Chapel on Lincoln Avenue was dedicated on January 17, 1943, one year after we'd moved into the building. It was really interesting reading the program and refreshing my memory. I phoned Annie to let her know the correct date and I read her the program. It was a busy exciting day for all of us especially Lou, as he had charge of all the music, choir, and etcetera. Apostle George Albert Smith dedicated our lovely chapel and building to the Lord. I was surprised to read that I gave a buffet lunch after the dedication meeting. I had my sisters and husbands, the Saxelby sisters, and Miss Bee. I also had Florence and Ruth Marsh, Maude Craddock, and Sr. Alice

S. and the young kids, Dale, Mary, and Shirley. Isn't that something? I can't see myself doing any such thing now, not me, ha ha! Lou went to the Blue Chip Stamp Redemption Center this morning and bought a garden hose for 2½ books of stamps, 50-foot length. It is the Monsanto Flex Master, reinforced with nylon tire cord. He called on Lutie Solem; she wanted him to do some little repair job in her home. She phoned him a couple of days ago about it. I've forgotten what it was, a door or window, or? This afternoon Lou changed a tire on his car. We need a couple of new tires. He is shopping around to find the best buy. He thought he could have his old tires retreaded but they are too smooth so they will not retread them. I thought he was asleep in the swing, but he was out seeing about the retread job. He rested on his bed when he came home. I did my ironing this afternoon and then rested. I felt weary; Lou took a nap on his bed after his tire job. Let's face it; we can't work as we once could. Ha ha! Clifton Manlove wants Lou to take him to Dr. Anderson tomorrow.

May 22, Wednesday

We were shocked to read in our morning paper that our old friend Severin Sorensen passed away yesterday morning from a heart condition. He was 74 years old. He was mayor of Sierra Madre. It was a lovely morning; I got up at seven, dressed myself and did my hair. Then I read the Relief Society visiting teacher's message, "Love is Active," a nice message. I wish our district was done. I've been waiting for Lydia Smith to find the time to go. I also read our Cultural Refinement lesson for today, "Charity Out of a Pure Heart." We have such interesting worthwhile lessons. Marie Doezie phoned to tell me she wouldn't be going to Relief Society. She has a hurt in her back and so much work

to do getting ready for her trip to Holland this summer. This was our last lesson for this season; no more Relief Society until next October, except the second Wednesday of each month, which is our work and luncheon day. Nora Williamson took me to Relief Society. President Stout asked me to give the opening prayer. Barbara Melnyk gave our Cultural Refinement lesson. It was a very lovely lesson. Sr. Helen Robison gave the story, "A Christmas Guest," by Selma Lagerlof, and it was beautifully given. Lou took Br. Manlove to Dr. Don Anderson's office for some dental work. Today's mail brought a thank you note from the family of Elsie D. Bailey for the flowers. I'm anxious to hear the details of Elsie's funeral. I'm sorry we couldn't attend her services. Lydia Smith and I did our Relief Society visiting teaching this afternoon. We found four out of the six of our families with someone at home. I gave the message. Br. Severin Sorensen's funeral will be Friday noon in our stake center. He surely had an active life. He was a member of the

city council since 1959, was twice the mayor of Sierra Madre, served as an LDS bishop 1944-1952, he was a member of the Pasadena Stake high council from 1952 to 1967. Lorene phoned and read a long letter from Lydia. She said Elsie Salt passed away, I believe her funeral was Monday, May 20. Elsie Bailey had a wonderful funeral. P.S. I mailed Doug Shattuck's birthday card this afternoon.

May 23, Thursday

Lydia is worried over Owen's condition. He has fallen three times in the past few days because of dizziness. I'm concerned over him myself. I was glad that Violet was able to attend Elsie Bailey's funeral. I'm sorry that we couldn't all have been there, also. I'm thankful that Elsie Salt is released from her cancer sick body, too. I'll drop a note to Lydia and enclose my \$1.00 for flowers for Elsie Salt's funeral. It seems that our relatives, in my generation, are going one by one. We wonder who'll be next? "Here today, gone tomorrow," eh? Well, at one time I didn't think I'd live to see 75. Lou went to his haircut this morning. I rode up to Colorado Boulevard with him so I could shop in Helen's Variety Store. I bought greeting cards (birthday and sympathy), some Lady Esther face powder, a paper lace place mats, and a red pen in Helen's. I bought three hand towels in the Lamanda Hardware Store, 59¢ each.

They have yellow flowers, with a white and yellow background. I went to the post office for ten postcards. I enjoyed my walk home. Lou went to the Delta Tire Company on Walnut Street in Pasadena and bought two new tires, \$15.26 apiece. He spent \$46.30 on his car this afternoon; he had his wheels packed for \$3.00, balanced for \$2.00, a lube job \$1.75 (he had his own oil). He had Freezon put in the radiator and now he is dreaming up a trip somewhere! Today's mail brought a "good news" letter from Donna. Janet and Dave had phoned from New York. David had received an award from the president of IBM of \$20,000; a \$12,000 check, \$4,000 in stocks and bonds, and \$4,000 went for income tax.

This presentation was made in the president's office an hour before the big IBM banquet. Janet and Dave met several high officials in the office. The fellow who



David Shattuck was honored in New York for his inventions for IBM in 1968.



Mary and Jonathan Tibbets in 1967. In 1968 Jon is offered an assistantship to the professor and head over the language department.

helped David, received \$5,000. We're all very proud of David's achievements. We also had good news about Jon Tibbets; the dean of the college at Irvine phoned him at Sonoma State College and asked Jon if he'd accept as assistantship to the professor who is head over the language department there. The Professor offered Jon \$3,000 a year, \$250 per month. This wonderful offer solves some of their problems. It is wonderful how things do work out for our fine ambitious young men. The professor from Irvine said everything over the phone to Jon in Spanish. He was testing Jon's ability to speak Spanish, I guess? This was surely a good news letter. Rex and Donna received a tax refund check for \$250 and they can surely make good use of it, eh? Donna says little Donna Shattuck is very patient with little Julie and they are enjoying her visit. She thinks Kathy's boyfriend, George, is the greatest; she loves him. I read Donna's happy letter to Grandma Marsh to Lorene and to Annie. They were all happy for the happiness in Donna's family. Isn't it nice to hear good news from our beloved children, eh?

May 24, Friday

We've enjoyed a nice smog free day. I got up early and wrote condolence letters, one to Bonnie and family, one to Doris and family, and one to Lewie and family. I enclosed them in the pretty cards I bought yesterday, "A Prayer of Comfort." We ate breakfast when Lou got up and then I answered Donna's letter. My oven pilot wouldn't light so I phoned the gas company. They sent a man out to fix it; he had quite a job to clean it out so he could light it, but it's working fine now. After the gas man left, Lou and I went to visit the widows in his district, Sisters Maude Williams, Aretta Smith, and Sarah Bates. Sr. Williams was too busy in her motel work to visit, but we had a lovely visit with the sisters Smith and Bates. We stopped at McDonald's drive in and Lou bought two fish filet sandwiches and a chocolate milk shake. We came home and surely enjoyed eating the delicious hot sandwich and cold chocolate milkshake drink. No cooking to bother with tonight, isn't that nice, eh? Today's mail brought a letter from Lydia. She is so upset and worried over the dizzy spells Owen keeps having. I'm concerned, too; he had some tests at the clinic. Owen had to have more tests and x-rays at the LDS Hospital yesterday and today. They can't seem to find out what is causing the dizziness. I surely hope they'll find out soon and take care of his problem; it is a worry. Lydia says Owen doesn't look at all well. She says he has failed a lot in the last month. She says I would cry if I could see how Owen has gone downhill in the past month. Oh dear, it does make me feel sad. He is too young to fall apart. I hate to have Lydia so upset, too. I hope we'll hear good news about him soon. Lorene is going up to Ray's tonight to stay with Carol and Janet while Ray and Miriam go to Salt Lake City to visit her mother. They'll bring Marilyn back home from BYU for the summer vacation. Lydia said that a Mrs. Heinle phoned Doris's home to ask if Elvie Renshaw came from California to the funeral. She said her maiden name was "Hardy." I'd love to have seen Beth Hardy; she married Henry Heinle, we knew them both well. They are lovely young people Donna's age. [Francis Elizabeth Hardy born in 1912, married Henry Conrad Heinle Jr. born in 1906.]

May 25, Saturday

It's your 7th birthday, Douglas Alan on the 25th of May

Golly, you're growing up so fast, getting taller every day

I'll bet, when we see you again we'll be surprised! Just think, in only one more year, you can be baptized.

We hope your birthday will be happy all the day long,

We wish we could be there to sing your "Happy Birthday" song!

We have a very pretty morning. I hope little Doug is enjoying a happy day. His mom and dad are in New York, but Grandma Shattuck is with the three boys, in their home, so I'm

sure little Doug will have a nice birthday. I got up early so I could write to Violet; Lou slept later. Beverly phoned this morning. I read Aunt Lydia's letter to her. I'll answer her in a few days. Today's mail brought a wedding invitation addressed to us, post marked from Compton, California. We do not know anyone by the name of William Patrick Flannery, with a daughter Margaret Eileen, married to John Scott Lindley? It is June 21 at 8 p.m. in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 6979 Orange Avenue, Long Beach. We're in East Pasadena, they had our address, but in South Pasadena, so I called a couple of Renshaws in South Pasadena, but they didn't know the people either, sorry, Margaret Eileen, no gift from us, but I wish you happiness anyway. I simmered some lamb shanks for our dinner (yum, good). Oh oh! Is my face red, and the wedding invitation WAS for us. Andersens got one also; they were just as puzzled as I was, until Blanche Hoglund phoned to ask if she could go in with them for a gift. It is for Ellen Scott's grandson, John Scott Lindley, his mother is Donna Scott Lindley. It's no wonder the Renshaws in South Pasadena didn't recognize my relative's names; I didn't know them myself. Well, Beverly and I had a good laugh over the whole thing. Our neighbor Glen Glancy put up a nice four foot wire fence on the north side of his house (Del Mar Boulevard). His two little boys can play out there without getting out on the busy street. I think they are both under 2 years old, almost like twins. French President Charles de Gaulle is having a bad time of it now. His troubled nation is having its tidal wave of disorders. Twenty thousand university students in revolt!



Mark, Doug, Rick, with Donna in front, circa 1968. Doug turned 7 on May 25.

May 26, Sunday

Today is a warm summer day for May. Lou came back after priesthood meeting to take Inez Anderson and me to Sunday School. We took the babysitter, Bessie, also. I always enjoy Sunday School, especially Ray Marsh's singing practice period, and Robert Gordon's class. His lesson today was "Be Ye Therefore Perfect." This year's book is, "Insights from the Book of Mormon." Br. Gordon is such a fine teacher. Our next lesson will be "The Power of Prayer." Inez may go to a sanatorium for a few weeks for lung treatments as soon as her doctor can get her a room. She is so frail, poor little soul. Lou and I enjoyed a delicious Swiss steak dinner in Beadle's Cafeteria after Sunday School. Miriam Summerhays had her father-in-law to Sunday School. He and Bob Gordon were happy to see each other again; they were active together in church work 50 years ago. He remembered Lou from Garvanza days, he said, "God bless the memory of Bishop Hogle, he was a wonderful man." We took Bessie to her babysitting job in our ward at 4 p.m. We had a very nice sacrament service this afternoon. Bishop Munns is out of town on business. Bishop Bruce McGregor conducted. Ronald Ruche sang two baritone solos accompanied by Madge Fowler. He sang "Nearer My God to Thee" and "Abide with Me, 'tis Eventide." Don Hartshorne was the youth speaker and he did very well. Our speaker of the evening was a returned missionary, Elder Terry Henry. He gave a very fine talk. It has been a pleasant Sabbath day; I hope our children all had a happy Sabbath day, too. I guess

Janet and Dave are with Joan and Mo and children. It was a beautiful evening; Lou sat on the front porch. I did some writing and reading. Lillian phoned from Phoenix tonight. She and Jack both talked to Lou. She has been ill, but is feeling better. Jack has been getting dizzy spells. Shirley is leaving Provo and going back to her home in Los Altos, California. Her daughter, Janet, and husband live in Provo. Daughter Julie is going to get married in July. The doctor told Jack he must not work so hard.

May 27, Monday

I got up earlier than usual to get my washing out before it got too hot outside. It was really a warm day yesterday. Lou worked around in the yard while I washed. We ate our breakfast about eleven o'clock, brunch, eh? We mailed a birthday card to Donna and enclosed a \$20.00 check, \$10.00 for her, and \$10.00 for John's mission fund. Today's mail brought a package from my cousin, Vera Bailey Lubeck. She sent five copies of the original marriage certificate of our Grandfather and Grandmother Bailey. It was such a happy surprise. I'm delighted to have this precious document. Our cousin Arch Richmond sent the original certificate to Vera. She was thoughtful enough to have copies made for all of us. She asked me to see that my sisters all get a copy and I'll be happy to do that. I wrote a thank you letter to Vera this evening. Lou enjoyed the cool of the evening sitting on the front porch, while I was writing. Two of our neighbors passed and came up to talk to him, first a little German lady and



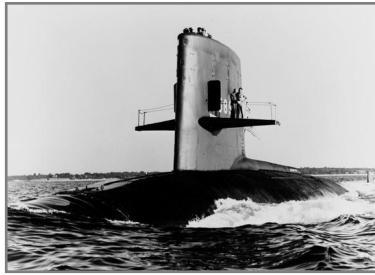
her baby boy. (They are new in our neighborhood.) The little fellow loves to rock in the porch chair and boy, does he rock fast! Then Mrs. English came by walking her little dog. She came in the yard and visited with Lou. I finished my letter and recorded in my diary. Golly, when I look at this scribbling, I wonder if anyone will be able to read it. Oh well, I can, and maybe no one else will be interested, eh? Something urges me on, so I keep my record.

May 28, Tuesday

It isn't as hot today for which I'm thankful, but we do have a sunny day. I did my ironing this morning; it was a small one. I mailed my letter to Vera Lubeck and I phoned Annie and Lorene to tell them about the marriage certificate copies that Vera sent. Lorene is staying up to Ray's home with Carol and Janet, while Ray and Miriam went to Utah to bring Marilyn home from BYU. I wrote a letter to grandson John Marsh, excuse please, Elder John L. Marsh. I enclosed a \$1.00 bill for fun spending. Lou didn't feel very well so he rested in his pajamas all day. He got dressed this evening and sat on the front porch for a little while after dinner. We had Swanson's Fried Chicken TV dinners this evening. I started a letter to Lydia; I wrote a couple of pages, but the television programs interfered with my thinking, so I joined Lou, in my platform rocker, to watch TV. P.S. The Nuclear Submarine Scorpion is missing with 99 men aboard.

May 29, Wednesday

We had another pleasant day, not too hot. Lou went out to have his car washed; he ate his favorite, a doughnut like glazed spud and a drink of milk (or coffee). He has some little eating-place he likes to go to once a week or so. He then called on Clifton Manlove. I finished my letter to Lydia and wrote a postcard to Violet. We've all wondered if Violet is sick because she hasn't written to any of us since she was in Salt Lake City to Elsie's funeral. That isn't like Violet; she has always been so prompt in answering her mail. Lou walked to the watch repair shop when he got back here. He had the jeweler put the good stretch band that he had on his old watch on the new watch that he bought for Christmas. The gold band on it was a cheap thing, it turned his wrist dark and it was broken anyway. The watch is a good one; it looks real nice with the good band on it. No cost, the jeweler was happy to change bands for him. I telephoned Sue; she wasn't feeling very well. She had a little skin infection on her stomach; the doctor gave her some medication for it. Ray Haddock has a new position in a Catholic hospital in Ontario, California. He'll drive back and forth to Burbank I guess. Annie phoned and read a letter from Lydia and one from Violet. I was so happy to hear the good news, Owen's tests are all negative, and there is nothing wrong with his vital organs. He was worried about a growth or diabetes or some such disease. The doctor says he must lose weight. It is his heart action that is causing his dizziness. The blood isn't getting to the heart, as it should. He has put Owen on a strict diet. Violet wrote a long letter in detail telling about



The nuclear-powered submarine USS Scorpion (SSN 589), photographed in June 1960 off New London, Connecticut, during builder's trials. Vice Admiral Hyman G. Rickover stands on the sub's sailplane with an unidentified officer.

Elsie's Funeral. I'm recording a few items from Violet's letter to Andersens today. Violet went to Salt Lake on the bus to Elsie's funeral. Otto couldn't get away from two important engagements, but he went to Salt Lake to bring her home

after the funeral. Elsie's children were very happy to see Violet. They all made her feel so welcome. Elsie was dressed in very lovely temple clothes. Her casket was beautiful, the best. There were lots of flowers, friends, and relatives. The poor little soul weighed only 62 pounds when she died. She was buried beside her first husband, Lewis Strong, the one she is sealed to. The service was very lovely with music and the spoken word. Elmer Strong and Wayne Strong participated. Elmer prayed, Wayne spoke words of comfort to the family. A Br. Cannon spoke Elsie's praise, Owen dedicated the grave and it was all very lovely. The family

ate delicious food at Doris's home after the service. P.S. The Navy picked up Scorpion signals from the mission submarine. The Navy warns the message could be a hoax; there are 99 men aboard.

*Last night we sat in our big
chairs, rocking to and fro,
Watching as we usually do, a
television show.
A look at the clock told me the
hour was getting late,
Tomorrow is Memorial Day, I
said, "how will we celebrate?"
My darling looked me in the eye;
his dear old face was grave,
We'll hang our country's flag in
the breeze and let it wave.
We kissed each other goodnight
and went off to bed,
Memorial Day isn't for the
living; it's to honor the dead.*

May 30, Thursday

We have an overcast morning but it is pleasant. I had fun composing my little rhyme, just as it really happened last evening.

Our flag is waving in the breeze, ha ha! Lou cooked breakfast for himself while I got my hair dressed. I ate a banana and Rice Krispies. I hope our children are enjoying a happy holiday. It is a four-day vacation for most people. Hope for the lives of 99 men aboard the Submarine Scorpion has dimmed. Yesterday's signals could have been a hoax; it's a tragedy. This was indeed a quiet restful morning for us with some reading and some television. Senator Robert F. Kennedy was defeated at the polls in Oregon, by Senator Eugene McCarthy last Tuesday. It was a surprise to a lot of people and a jolt to Senator Kennedy. I talked to Annie and Beverly via phone. They were having a quiet holiday at home, too. Dale and family came in for a visit this morning, but couldn't stay long. Lorene is up to Ray's home with Carol and Janet. Ray and Miriam went to Utah to bring Marilyn home from BYU. Blanche Hoglund phoned Annie to ask if she knew anymore about Owen's report on tests the doctors gave him. She told Annie that Oscar is in a serious condition; his legs are very swollen because of a kidney condition. It looks like some of our generation are coming unglued, eh? Three in our own family have gone in the past few weeks (Elias Strong, Elsie Bailey, and Elsie Salt).

May 31, Friday

Clifton Manlove phoned this morning and wanted Lou to come over and help him move some trunks and tools out of the rear bedroom into the garage. Vilda may come back and she wants that room cleaned out. After breakfast Lou drove over to give Clifton a hand with the heavy pieces. It is cloudy but warm today. I baked a rice pudding this morning with raisins in. I mended a pair of Lou's work pants. He came home and we ate a bite of lunch and he took a nap. Today's mail brought a letter from Violet and one from Bonnie plus an announcement of Jonathan Stewart Tibbets's graduation from the Sonoma State College, Rohnert Park, California on Saturday morning June 8. Jon is graduating with honors. We're proud of his achievements. Bonnie thanked me for my letters of encouragement. She misses her mother terribly; she said she doesn't know what she would have done without Lydia and her wonderful attitude. She said she shed more tears on Lydia's shoulder than anyone will ever now. We all love Lydia, bless her heart. Violet's letter was nice, her letters are fun to read. Never the less, I'm very much concerned over her condition. Her report from the doctor wasn't at all good, after all that



Press Democrat, Santa Rosa, Calif., Sun., June 7, 1968—15A

SSC Graduate Gets Teaching Assistantship

Jonathan Tibbets, candidate for graduation with distinction in Spanish at Sonoma State College in June, has received a Teaching Assistantship in Span-

ish at the University of California at Irvine.

Mr. Tibbets has taught Spanish part-time at SSC for three semesters, in addition to studying for his B.A. degree. He will begin work toward the masters degree at Irvine in September.

In addition to the assistantship, he has been asked to assist the Linguistics Department in the development of a language course in programmed learning. In this way, Mr. Tibbets will share in an \$18,000 research grant for the development of this program.

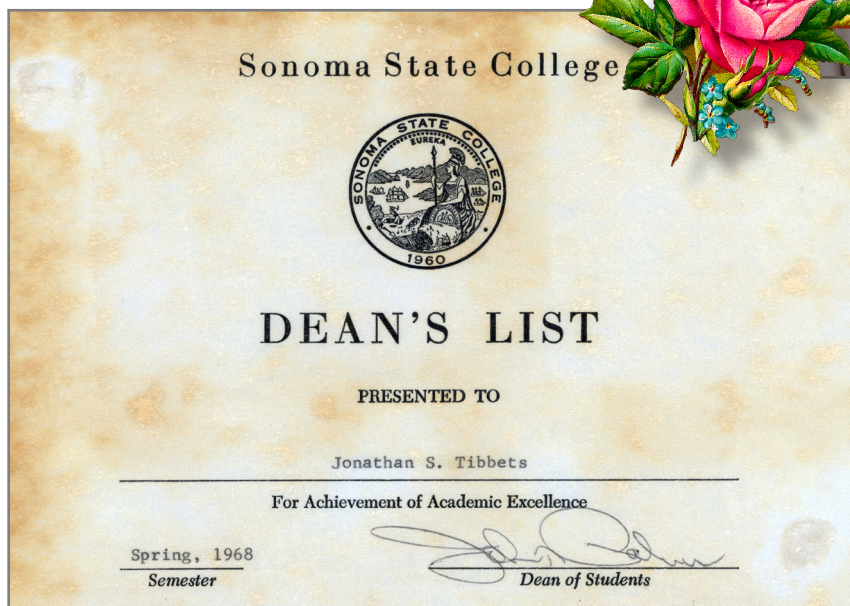
Mr. Tibbets lives in Petaluma, ma.



Donna and Rex Marsh circa 1939, in 1968 Donna celebrated her 53rd birthday.

June 1, Saturday

Happy Birthday to you dear Donna! You are 53 years old today. We did some shopping for Ruby Hodges at the Pantry Market. I took her a little bowl of rice pudding; she gave us half a watermelon. We bought groceries at the Safeway Market for ourselves. I bought 15 small jars of Gerber's strained baby food for myself, plus a few things I wanted. Lou and I each had a basket today. We found a nice fat letter from Donna in our mailbox when we got home (on her birthday). We've had her in our thoughts all day. She enclosed a letter from Janet and one from Joan, telling about



the fun they are having together in New York, with David and Miller, it sounds wonderful. Joan got babysitters so the four of them could see New York's interesting places, and eat at the best restaurants, one time in White Plains. Sherman was baptized the Saturday Dave and Janet arrived, May 18. President Richard Summers conducted the little service; a little girl was baptized, too. They were confirmed then and there. After the service the Gardners went to the airport to pick up Dave and Janet. Mo spoke in the Manhattan Ward the next day. President Tanner was there; he was in New York on Business for the LDS Church. He said a few words to the two young boys graduating from Primary. Janet wished he could have been in their ward to talk to Mark when he graduated from Primary. President Tanner complimented Mo on his fine talk. One day, May 20 I think, the four of them went in to New York on the train. Dave and Janet registered at the Waldorf. They ate lunch at Manny Wolf's and had delicious prime rib. They went to the top of the Empire State Building. The wind was strong; Joan said they looked like they'd been in a hurricane, trying to keep skirts down and hair on their heads, but lots of fun and laughs. They took a subway ride and had root beer at Tum Tum, a little German place in the Pan Am Building. Janet and Dave stayed in the Waldorf Hotel. Joan and Mo came back home to the children. Dave and Janet stayed in the hotel until the IBM banquet and convention was over and then went back

to Gardners' lovely home for more family fun. President L.B. Johnson came to the hotel for a meeting, Janet and Dave didn't get to see him, but Janet said there were about 100 policemen all around the place. Joan has been really busy painting furniture, antiquing it. It is a lot of work, but she is happy with the results. She did all the furniture in Janet's room plus three bookshelves and a file cabinet. She also did 11 poles, 22 brackets, and over 120 rings to hang curtains on. Oh such ambition. They've planned lots of fun with Janet and Dave. They're going to see "Golden Rainbow" and see the Statue of Liberty and etcetera. Sounds like a lot of fun. Janet's letter told of the thrill of New York. She says, "Joan and Mo's country home is out of this world, so green and lush with so many lovely trees." They are having a wonderful time. Donna thanked us for her birthday card and the \$10.00 plus John's \$10.00. She was very happy with the lovely temple apron that Mother Marsh and Florence Oates sent to her. She sent John some homemade fudge and her recipe for making the fudge. He asked Donna for the recipe so he can make some fudge. John has a new address; I hope my letter will reach him okay. I mailed it to the old address. George is taking Kathy to his senior prom tonight. He has rented a tux; she'll wear her new lace dress. It was made for her Gold and Green Ball a short time ago, she'll look beautiful as always. She has a new beige evening bag and gloves. The Petaluma Ward was divided last Sunday. Bishop Allen was released.



The two new bishops are Arthur Hollingsworth and Ben Winn. The Br. Maurie Miller we met is in the bishopric. Lou and I surely enjoyed reading the three letters. This evening we listened to the Senator McCarthy and Senator Kennedy debate. P.S. I'd liked to have phoned Donna today, but I knew she would be working all day and maybe out with Rex in the evening, so I didn't telephone, but my thoughts were with her you may well know.

June 2, Sunday

Lou came back from priesthood to take me and the babysitter, Bessie, to Sunday School this morning. It was fast day, I surely enjoyed the lovely services. There were no babies to bless today; one little girl was confirmed by her father; she was baptized last evening. I think they are rather new in our ward, I believe their name is Richards. I always enjoy Robert Gordon's Sunday School lesson. Today's lesson was on "The Power of Prayer." It was so interesting. We broke our fast at home with a cold lunch. Lou finished up the potato salad, I had cottage cheese and half of a peach, some toast and rice pudding. Lou took a nap; I wrote in my diary and read the newspaper. The debate on TV last evening by Senator Eugene McCarthy and Senator Robert F. Kennedy was friendly and very interesting; both have brilliant minds. This afternoon we drove to Highland Park and arrived at Andersens' about 3:45 p.m. Glen, Irene, Jim, and Beverly Jean, were there, also Aunt Lorene. They were just finishing their dinner; Bev was serving some cream pie. About four o'clock a neighbor came to the door and told Bev that Elizabeth had stopped breathing. Bev and Glenn ran next door to Elizabeth's house; she was dead when they got there. Andersens' beloved neighbor Elizabeth Wallner had passed away from a heart attack. It was a dreadful shock to everyone. Annie and Beverly had both been over in the morning talking to Elizabeth. Bev tried to get Elizabeth's doctor for her; she even tried to get her own doctor but couldn't reach anyone because of it being a Sunday. Elizabeth was very sick but she said she'd wait until Monday for her own doctor. Elizabeth had phoned the neighbor this morning and asked her to come over because she was so ill. She didn't call Andersens because she knew they couldn't leave Bill. Elizabeth's death cast gloom over all of us. Glen called the fire department or the police. Anyway, both came with first aid, but it was too late. They sent for the coroner. The neighborhood was excited after about an hour, they took her body away and sealed up the house. The police told Beverly to take all of the food out of the refrigerator because they would turn off the electricity. Andersens feel very sad over Elizabeth's death. They'll surely miss her. She was indeed good to all of them. We took Lorene home about 9:30. Helen Keller, who overcame blindness and deafness to become one of the world's great

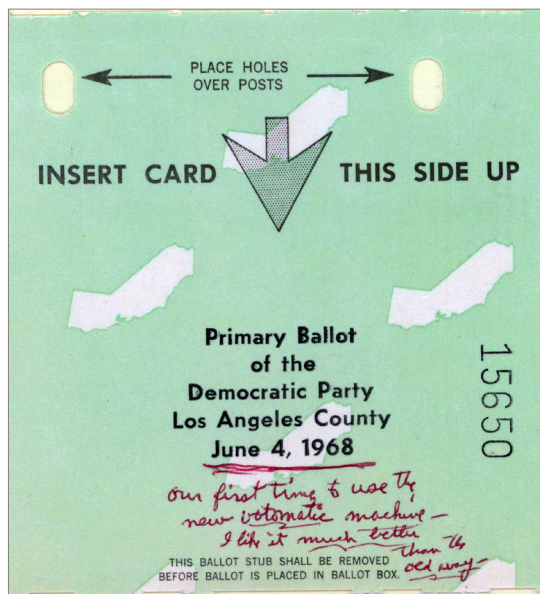
women died yesterday, in Easton, Connecticut at the age of 88. She suffered a mild heart attack last week.

June 3, Monday

We have a pleasant day, not too warm. I phoned Andersens; Annie said she didn't rest very well last night. She had her dear neighbor Elizabeth in her thoughts all night. Her sudden death yesterday was a dreadful shock to Andersens and to the entire neighborhood. It was upsetting to me, too. I know how wonderful Elizabeth has been to Annie and Bill. Oh, they'll miss her. Of course they have been very good to Elizabeth, too. Beverly always took her shopping every week and they loved each other. I got the marriage certificates of our grandparents ready to mail to Violet and Sue (the Francis William Baileys). I wrote a note in each. I also answered Donna's letter and have it ready to mail in the morning when we go out to vote. It was payday; our social security check came in the mail (oh happy day!) Lou went to the bank to deposit some of it and get the check cashed.

June 4, Tuesday

We've had sunshine and clouds today, but it has been warm. Lou and I went to the post office. I mailed the marriage certificates of the Bailey grandparents to Sue and to Violet. I bought a graduation card and mailed it to Jon Tibbets, I enclosed \$2.00 for a fun treat. We stopped at our voting place on Virginia Street and used the new machine for the first time. It was fun. I like it much better than the old way. I bought 20¢ stamps at the post office. It seems like I'm always running out of stamps. It cost 12¢ to send each roll with the certificate in to the girls. Today's mail brought a golden wedding invitation to the open house reception honoring Ernest and Idell Nordstrom on Friday the 28th of June, at their home. 4605 Mont Eagle Place, Los Angeles, from 6 to 9 p.m. "No Gifts Please." It is a very pretty card. I hope I'll be able to go. We also received a large picture card from Janet and Joan. It was from Washington D.C., a lovely picture in color of the White House. The girls flew from New York to Washington D.C. Oh, what a day they were having, sight seeing. It was on June 1, Donna's birthday. Dave flew back to California the same morning; he is going to take his little girl, Donna, back to New York next week, when he goes for Janet. Both girls wrote something on the card. They are surely having themselves a wonderful time. I'm so happy for them. Lou and I listened to the election returns before retiring tonight. Senator Robert Kennedy was in the lead over Senator Eugene J. McCarthy, in the presidential nominations for the Democratic Party. We surely do have a mixed up world. I voted for Eugene J. McCarthy this time, I hope the best man wins, whoever he is.



June 5, Wednesday

Happy birthday to Florence Marsh. I telephoned her; she is lonesome. Florence and Ernest are in Washington D.C. visiting Ernie Jr. and family. We received a big shock when we saw the huge headlines in our morning paper, "Kennedy Shot-Given Last Rites." We have been listening to the news reports all day. Senator Kennedy is in a critical condition after a 3 hour and 40 minutes operation on his head. He was shot at the Ambassador Hotel. The one bullet lodged in his right shoulder, and was not considered too serious, but the other bullet shattered the mastoid bone behind his right ear and did a lot of serious damage. The senator has been in a coma since the operations. Oh dear, we do live in a sick world. There is surely a gloom over our nation today. I received a postcard from Violet today; she hasn't felt very well since coming from Salt Lake after Elsie's funeral (more kidney troubles). I do worry over my little sister. She is expecting the Jones family in a few days, about the 14th or 15th, I believe.

Dolores Jones phoned Aunt Annie today; she said Ron is having his farewell talk next Sunday, in sacrament meeting. The family is on the program. I hope we can go to hear them. I'd love to go. A government man came to

Annie's house and asked her to go into Elizabeth's home with him while he searched for a will, bankbooks, stocks, bonds, and etcetera. A lot must be done before the coroner can release Elizabeth's body for burial. The man didn't find her will, but he did find bankbooks and some stocks; he gave Annie a copy of the things he took for his record and he kept a copy.

June 6, Thursday

It is with sadness I record the tragic death of Senator Robert F. Kennedy; he won the California's Primary Election on Wednesday, while he lay critically wounded by a burst of gunfire. He died at 1:44 a.m. this morning. Sirhan B. Sirhan, 24, Jerusalem born, is suspected in the assassination of Senator Kennedy. It is an overcast day, to match the gloom I feel at this awful thing that has happened to Senator Kennedy. I did my washing in spite of the gray sky, however, they all dried nicely. I ironed them this afternoon. Lou and I watched on TV the family and close friends of Senator Kennedy as they left the hospital and drove to the airport in Los Angeles, where they boarded the big United States plane to take his body to New York and later to Washington D.C. It looked like thousands of people

were there to see them take his casket aboard the big plane. Yet, I think we had the better view sitting in our rockers at home with the close up pictures and all. Many in the



Randolph Churchill

Randolph Frederick Edward Spencer-Churchill

(28 May 1911 – 6 June 1968) was a British journalist, writer and a Conservative Member of Parliament for Preston from 1940 to 1945.

He was the son of British Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill and his wife, Clementine Churchill, Baroness Spencer-Churchill. He wrote the first two volumes of the official life of his father, complemented by an extensive archive of materials.



Senator Robert F. Kennedy

Robert Francis Kennedy

(November 20, 1925 – June 6, 1968) was an American politician and lawyer who served as the 64th United States Attorney General from January 1961 to September 1964, and as a U.S. Senator from New York from January 1965 until his assassination in June 1968. Kennedy was a member of the Democratic Party and is often seen as an icon of modern American liberalism.

crowds were crying, I was crying, too, inside. Today's mail brought two graduation announcements of my family. Karen Lee Bird is graduating from the Carlsbad High School on Friday evening, June 14 at 8 p.m. Mark James Olson is graduating from the Acalanes High School, in Lafayette, California, Thursday evening June 13, at 7 p.m. This evening Lou and I watched on television the arrival of the U.S.

Airplane with the family and friends of Senator Kennedy and his body, land at the LaGuardia Airport in New York. We watched the procession to the beautiful St. Patrick's Cathedral where tens of thousands of mourning people are expected to pass his bier at the Cathedral tomorrow, all day. The tragedies in the Kennedy family are appalling. Three sons and one daughter died violent deaths. Joseph Jr. was killed in war, Kathleen K. killed in a plane crash, and John and Robert died from

an assassin's gun. P.S. Randolph Churchill died in London at the age of 57.

June 7, Friday

We had a few drops of rain this morning but not for long. It is some cooler today, no sunshine at all. This afternoon we drove over to the Fedco Store. I bought graduation cards for Mark Olson and Karen Bird and a Golden Wedding card for Ernest and Idell Nordstrom. We got some items in the grocery department, also. Lou priced electric hedge cutters in Fedco and in LaManda Park Hardware. He is shopping around for the best buy. He took a nap after we got home at 3 p.m. I addressed my cards. This evening Lou talked to our neighbor Stan Edgecomb, about the electric hedge cutter; he looked at Lou's broken cutter and said he could fix it and he did just that. He saved us about \$20.00, isn't he a grand neighbor? Lorene received a letter from Lydia. She says that Owen is feeling much better, but she had to see a doctor because her blood pressure went too high. Lydia works too darned hard painting and cleaning like she does. She is worried about her brother Oscar. Hattie Speirs had phoned and told her he had a bad heart. She wanted Lorene to call Blanche and ask her about his condition. Blanche told us it is Oscar's kidneys that are the cause of his illness, making his legs swell and filling him with water, Maybe Hattie is a bit confused?

June 8, Saturday

We have more of the same overcast weather; cool enough to have the furnace on. I got up before Lou and I composed a verse for Kathy's birthday. I took my bath and put the house in order. I mailed the two graduations cards and the golden wedding card. Lou worked in the yard. He cut back the ivy with the electric cutter. The ivy is pretty on the back wire fence, but it does grow fast and has to be cut. I planted that stuff and my dear man reminds me every time he has the job of cutting it back, ugh! We had hoped for a letter from Donna today, but nothing this week. Perhaps we'll hear from her on Monday. I hope that all is well with our children up north. Beverly phoned; she has a chest cold. She said her mom has been doctoring her with mustard plasters. If she is feeling well enough tomorrow, she will take us and Aunt Lorene to Tustin to hear Ron Jones give his farewell talk in their ward at 4:30 p.m. I'm sorry Beverly has the chest cold. I'd love to hear Ron and his family on their special program, but Beverly must not go if she isn't better. James Earl Ray, a fugitive convict accused of slaying Dr. Martin Luther King, was arrested in London today as he was about to fly to Belgium.


June 9, Sunday

Lou took the Paulson boy to priesthood and came back after the meeting for me. We picked up Bessie, the ward's baby sitter. We had a very nice Sunday School. Ray Marsh had a Br. Kind (newly in our ward) take over the singing practice this morning; he knows music, but we all missed Ray Marsh. He surely has a special talent for making us sing our best. We ate a Swanson's Fried Chicken TV dinner at home. Beverly phoned this evening she said she felt much better so she'd pick us up at 2:30 p.m. for our trip to Tustin. Annie stayed home with Bill this afternoon. Bev and Aunt Lorene came for us. We enjoyed our drive in Beverly's car to Tustin. We located the LDS church in plenty of time, in fact, we got there before any of our relatives arrived. It was indeed a pleasure to see cousin Ruth C. and her husband Arnold Peirce walk into the chapel. She was surely surprised to see us, also Claire Parks. Then we saw Yvonne Woodlief and children, Jack and Jenny Jones, and son Doug and daughter Kathy. Then Dolores and her sweet family came. Bevan is in the bishopric. There were happy greetings and fond embracing all around for the meeting. After the sacrament service the Jones Family put on a very lovely program. Chris Jones and Nadine Jones were the youth speakers and they gave excellent talks from the scriptures. They are such sweet looking children, too. Bevan's young sister, Kathy Jones, played a piano solo. Dolores Jones gave a very interesting talk on statistics, a collection of numerical facts about our church and it's people. After Dody's talk, Bevan's mother, Jenny Jones, sang a lovely solo, "How Beautiful Upon the Mountains." It was beautiful; Rosanne Hoggen accompanied her. Our missionary boy, Ron Jones, was the next speaker. He spoke on his favorite missionary, the Apostle Paul; he'll be a fine missionary for sure. He is a handsome lad, too. Ron's father, Bevan Jones, was the last speaker. We all enjoyed his fine talk. He and Dolores both thanked the relatives for coming. Bevan is proud of his family; they are really fine people, all of them. The Joneses invited us to the home after the meeting so we all

went there for a while. We gave Ron our little envelopes with contribution in, \$5.00 from Andersens, \$2.00 from Aunt Lorene, and \$3.00 from us. Ron was pleased and he thanked all of us. Dolores served some delicious cookies and a drink of Fresca. It was all very pleasant and thanks to Beverly for taking us. P.S. Ron is going to Uruguay.

June 10, Monday

It has been 10 days today since we had a letter from Donna, how come daughter? Oh, I know, she is so very busy. It is a beautiful sunny morning to cheer our hearts. Lou wrote checks, one for our telephone bill, \$5.17, and a check for Kathy's birthday, \$5.00; I mailed them this afternoon. Today's mail brought a letter from Lydia and one from Violet. They both told us that Shonnie Reynolds Stevens had a baby boy. He weighed a little over 8 pounds Bonnie and Darrell are grandparents now. I'm glad they have a grandson, because theirs were all girls. Owen had lost over 18 pounds; he feels and looks better. Lydia has lost some, too; they've been on a doctor ordered diet. Lydia's blood pressure is too high, that gal works too hard. People ask Owen if he has been sick or is sick, darn 'em anyway. After hearing it so much, he begins to think he is ill. The doctor says he must lose weight and he must have some exercise, too. Lydia's letter is so full of humor; she says Owen gets insulted when she tries to get him active in a little yard work, but not insulted enough to do the work, ha ha. Lydia said it was too cold for June, so she had the furnace on, and the door open so she could look out and see the pretty flowers in the garden. Like she says, "June is no time to shut the doors, the house is comfortable, right nice that way!" Ha ha! They pay the same for gas every month with the new deal there, so why not be comfortable? Her letters are fun reading and Violet's are, too. She isn't at all well, her latest test showed more pus cells in her kidneys, her heart was hurting and she had a backache, but her sense of humor pops out all through. She was cooking Navy beans and ham hocks for their dinner and she asked, "How does that grab you?" Then she added "It will me later, but I love 'em." Violet sent me a copy of the poem she sent to her grandson Ron. It is really lovely:



*A few of my dreams have finally come true,
One of them is having a grandson like you,
I've thought many times how great it would be
To send a missionary out for the world to see.
A clean, decent young man, worthy to go,
Who has prepared himself with things he should know.
Friends and family are sincerely proud,
We'd love to be present when you preach to a crowd!
It will come natural, I'm sure, with the training you've had.
So much of the thanks go to your dear mother and dad.
Be faithful and prayerful, dear Ron, and I know,
You'll be one of the happiest missionaries to go.
God bless and protect you always. Grandma Violet*

Art and Marge Salt sent thank you cards to Lydia asking her to please send them to the California folks (Lorene C., Sue H., the Andersens, and Fifes). He didn't have our addresses. I read the letters to Annie, Lorene, and Sue, via

phone. I talked to Florence Marsh today, she is so lonesome with the Ernest Oateses away in Washington D.C.

June 11, Tuesday

Ruby Hodges phoned yesterday to thank me for the nice pudding I took to her last week on June 1. She said it was delicious. She phoned again this morning to see if Lou could take her to her beauty parlor at 11:30 a.m. and he said yes. I made a Jello fruit salad this morning to take to Relief Society in the morning. Lou wanted me to go with him to take Ruby for her appointment. We left Ruby off at her beauty shop and then we drove to the Pantry Market and bought a basket full of groceries. It is a nice market, clean and cool; I enjoy shopping there. We also bought a few items Ruby wanted. We went to her home and watched TV until she phoned that she was ready to come home. Lutie phoned, she wanted some ground sirloin, so Lou got it when he went for Ruby. We brought it to Lutie on our way home. She wanted to make a hamburger sandwich for us, but we wanted to get our perishable foods in the refrigerator out of our hot car. We ate sandwiches at home and rested. I meant to record that Ruby's hair looked very pretty; too bad she wasn't going somewhere special. She goes to a Bible school tomorrow morning. She hopes the hairdo will stay nice. No mail for us today, darn it. I wrote a letter to Lydia and one to Violet this evening.

June 12, Wednesday

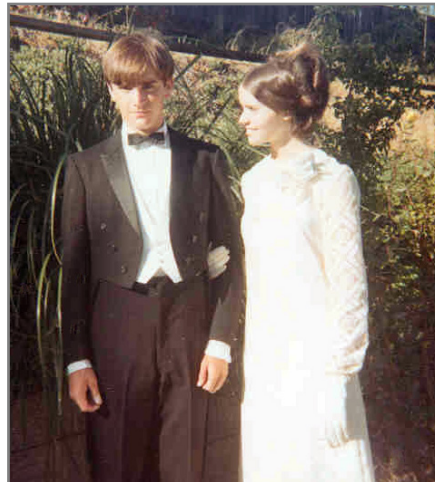
Today was sunny and bright; Marie Doezie phoned to see if we'd take her to Relief Society. Lou was going to take us, but Nora Williamson phoned to say she'd pick Marie and me up at 10. Lou drove over to visit with Clifton Manlove. We had only three quilters today, so we didn't get very much done on the little animal blocks; this is a difficult quilt to work on, I'll be glad when we've finished it. Addie Strang and I worked alone while Geneva Musser gave her lesson on Home Education. We learned to be alert for common symptoms of illness occurring in the home. We ate our salad lunch about 12:30 p.m. There were lots of good salads; I enjoyed my lunch. I took a fruit jelled salad; they ate all of it. I brought my clean dish home. I was disappointed we didn't hear from Donna, it has been 12 days since we last heard. She usually writes once a week; I surely hope all is well with all of them. I was really weary this afternoon. Lou and I both took a nap. Vilda Manlove has moved back to the Manlove home. She has a Ford car; I think Lou said it was a 1948, but not sure. Anyway, she hasn't learned to drive yet, so he has to drive it until she learns how. I wrote this on a postcard and mailed it to Donna. ⇒⇒⇒



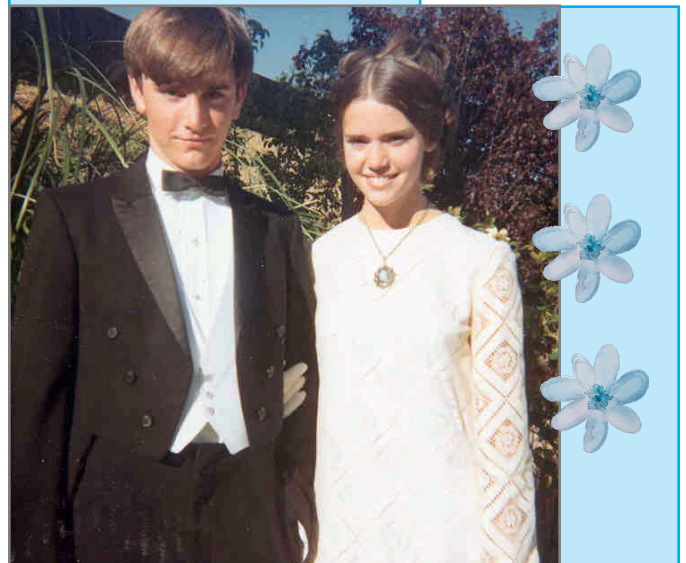
*Say, what is going on there in San Rafael?
You've got us worried, aren't you well?
Golly, I hope we'll hear from you soon.
We haven't had a line since the 1st of June.
You know we love you very much,
And we like to keep in touch,
We're not the kind to weep and wail,
But gee wiz, we'd like some mail.
Sure you're busy, that is true,
Still we long to hear from you.
Love Mother and Dad.*

June 13, Thursday

We received a tape from Donna today; she started it out singing "Happy Father's Day dear Daddy." She said she had mailed him a box of candy. Jon and Rex have the little VW car repaired with the new motor, it works like a charm. Tuesday, Rex and Donna had time off from work. They had a lovely day together; they went to the Oakland Temple. After the session, they went to the store on the temple grounds and Donna was measured for her temple robe. Rex is buying it for her birthday gift; she ordered her veil with the money we sent, \$10.00. Mother Marsh and Florence Oates sent her a lovely temple apron, so she is happy to have her own lovely temple clothes. Mary may make her a white dress for the temple. The family celebrated Donna's birthday on Sunday June 2. Mary and Kathy decorated the house with colored paper strips, place cards, paper hats, birthday cake, and they had a delicious dinner after fast meeting. Little Donna and Julie were delighted with Grama's birthday party. Two missionaries ate with them, too. Donna told about George's graduation and the prom he took Kathy to. She had her hair dressed at a beauty shop for \$6.50. George rented a tux. The Prom was at the Hilton Hotel in San Francisco. He gave Kathy an orchid corsage. It is exciting and a bit amusing to have Kathy relate it to you, bless their hearts. Growing up can be a little sad, but



The story Elvie hints at was about Kathy getting her hair done up for the prom. Kathy selected a salon in Sausalito because she thought they would know how to do a fancy job. The only "benefit" of going to Sausalito was that it was expensive. The stylist took a very long time, and in the end she took out scissors and trimmed the pieces of hair that were sticking out of the up do. Kathy was too intimidated to speak up but came home with a story to tell.



wonderful. David took little Donna to New York last Saturday morning. They flew there. Janet and Gardners met them at the airport. They'll fly back to California next Saturday. Dave went to Boston for his company on business. Janet and Donna stayed with Joan and family. Janet and Joan sent Donna a \$20.00 gift certificate for Macy's Store for her birthday. Kathy and George gave Donna a lovely oil painting he had painted. John Marsh is sending some Scottish plaid to Kathy for her birthday, enough for her to make a skirt for herself and one for her mom. Jon Tibbets graduated from Sonoma State College with honors. There was a nice write-up in his college bulletin and in the Petaluma paper (Argus Courier) telling of Jon's achievements; we're all proud of him. Rex and Donna received a lovely letter from a lady in Peterhead, Scotland where John is serving on his mission at present. Her name sounds on Donna's tape like, Maurine Begmy. Anyway, she said they all loved Elder Marsh; he is a wonderful missionary, teacher, and etcetera. It was indeed a fine tribute to John. P.S. I gave the bedrooms a good vacuum cleaning this morning.



Headstone for Elizabeth Wallner

I got up early and vacuum cleaned the two front rooms before we went to Highland Park to pick up Lorene and go to Andersens' for Annie. Lou stayed with Bill. Beverly got off work for half a day; she drove her car to Forest Lawn

Cemetery. Elizabeth had a very nice service; about 18 people came. Dale came from Ontario, Irene from Pacoima, so we had six from our family. Elizabeth has no relatives in our country; she has two nephews and a niece in Sweden. Today's mail brought a lovely card and note from Rex and Donna and a two pound box of See's Chocolates for Father's Day. I must be tired; I make so many mistakes in my recording. *[Don't worry Grama your granddaughters are trying to correct them as they find them and the proof reader, Vanessa Adams, helps with the ones they miss!]* We received a nice thank you note from Elder Ronald Jones for attending his farewell meeting and the contribution. He is such a nice young man. We are thinking of you Kathy, and we do hope you are enjoying your 17th birthday. Donna said in her tape that Kathy received our card and the \$5.00 check and she was pleased. Mary is in San Jose with her children, looking after Janet's boys and the home until Janet and Dave and little Donna fly back from New York, tomorrow, I believe. We played Donna's tape three times yesterday, as there was so much news to digest so that I can answer her. I thought of making

a tape, but I know a letter is better for her. She is so very busy and she can read my letter in the time it takes to set up the machine for listening to said tape. It's hard for me to find news enough to fill a tape on both sides anyway. I can't begin to record all that she said in her tape, but I will keep the tape. I can't bring myself to erase the precious tapes from my family to record my jabbering, so, I'll write a letter to Donna tomorrow. I'm just too weary tonight. It's a lovely cool evening but it was rather hot today.

June 15, Saturday

It has started out like it is going to be another hot day. I wrote a letter to Donna in answer to her wonderful tape recording that came yesterday. It took me a long time because I had a lot to tell her and I had a lot of comments



The Gardners picked up the Shattucks at the airport in New York. Dress for air travel in 1968 was a lot different than it is today!

June 14, Friday

Happy birthday to you, Kathy. Here is the little verse I sent in her card:

*Seventeen, endowed with charm and grace,
A sweet teenager, with a lovely face,
Gifted with ability and talent galore,
Opportunity is knocking at your door.
With loving parents to help you choose
And the Gospel's light, you can't lose.
It is the time to feel merry and gay,
And to enjoy a very "Happy Birthday."
By Grama Elvie*



to make about her news on the tape she sent us. Daddy has been enjoying the delicious See's chocolates Donna and Rex sent for Father's Day gift. Today's mail brought a nice note from Mary. She is expecting Janet and Dave and Donna home tomorrow from New York. She is getting along fine with the boys. I telephoned Florence Marsh; she is feeling well, but very lonesome. She is anxious for Florence and Ernest to come home from their trip to Washington DC, where they're visiting son Ernest and family. Elaine Woolley and children came to visit Grandma Marsh this morning. She fixed lunch for them. I think she is lucky to have some of her grandchildren here to call on her. I wish we had some of our precious grandchildren living in our vicinity. Lewie and Miriam Marsh were going to take Florence to a wedding reception tonight for someone in their ward. She told me the names, but I've forgotten; I do not know the people. We received a postcard from McDonald's eating-place; if we'd take the card in, we could have one 100% pure beef hamburger sandwich free. Lou took the card over this afternoon; they gave him the hamburger, plus a nice serving of French fries. He bought a fish filet sandwich and chocolate milk shake for me. We enjoyed them at home, nice eh? The big milkshake is enough for both of us. (The old folks have fun, eh?) P.S. Marie Doezie left by airplane today for a visit with her family in Holland. She'll be gone several weeks. Happy landing, Marie.

June 16, Sunday

It is a lovely day. Lou went to priesthood and then took me to Sunday School. We picked up the ward babysitter, Bessie, at her home. We had a nice Sunday School as always. I treated my husband to lunch after Sunday School; we ate in Bob's Restaurant. He wanted some of their shrimp salad; he says no one cooks it as well as they do at Bob's. I never eat shrimp. I had a bacon and avocado sandwich and a chocolate milkshake. We had a little excitement this morning while our Sunday School was in session. Br. Christ Meier had a heart attack in the cultural hall. Bishop Oakley came in our meeting for a doctor. The ambulance came for Christ, I hope he is all right now, or out of danger. We could hear the siren and see the doctor leave with Bishop Oakley, but we didn't know what had happened until our bishop told us before we separated for our class work. Sorry I do not know the doctor's name, he is new in our ward, but he's a heart specialist. Br. Morgan says that he is the best, and Br. Miller agrees. We received a sad shock in sacrament meeting this afternoon. Bishop Munns announced that Sr. Madge Fowler, of the East Pasadena Ward, died in her sleep this morning while her husband,

Russell, was at church. She wasn't feeling well, so said she'd stay in bed and rest while he went to priesthood and Sunday School. He thought she was asleep when he got home, but he couldn't wake her. Oh, what a shock for him, the poor man. She will surely be missed. We had a nice service this afternoon. We had two lovely vocal trios honoring fathers, "A Prayer for Dad," and "I Love You, Dad," by Florence Manwaring. She was the accompanist, also. Jeanne Marsh arranged the first song, "A Prayer for Dad." The trio was Leeandra Marsh, Cherilyn Bacon and Nancy Startup. The youth speaker was Dan Gonzales and he gave a very good talk. Returned missionary Geary Younce and High counselor DeVirl Kunz were the speakers. I telephoned Clifton and Vilda Manlove to tell them about Madge. We drove to Hodgeses' to tell Ruby about Madge, but she wasn't home. The Fowlers were her visiting ward teachers; she was fond of them. *[Madge was only 61 years old.]*

June 17, Monday

It was cloudy when I started my washing this morning but we had hazy sunshine by 10 a.m. I telephoned the Manloves last evening to tell them about Madge Fowler's passing away yesterday morning. I talked to Cliff and to his wife Vilda; she was a very good friend of Madge's, it was a shock to her. Well, it was a sad shock to everyone that knew her. I'm glad that Christ Meier is feeling better; he had a heart attack yesterday before Sunday School. Lou and I ate brunch after I got through with the washing. He gave the gardens and lawns a good watering while I was busy this morning. We both rested this afternoon until time to get ready. We had a lot of excitement in our neighborhood tonight about 7:30 p.m. We heard the big fire department truck drive in our street; it stopped at Barneses' house across the street. Next came the fire chief's car and the sheriff's car with the red lights blinking. Lots of people came out to find out what the commotion was all about. The next siren we heard was the Lamb Ambulance. It came to take Mr. Barnes to the

hospital. Mrs. Barnes went in the ambulance with him.

This is the second or third time they've had to rush poor Ariel Barnes to the hospital in an ambulance in the past few months. He was operated on for cancer several months ago and he hasn't been well since. I feel very sorry for him and the family, they're fine people. Tonight's excitement recalled the day Annie's neighbor passed away, June 2, we were over at Annie's and saw the fire department and all arrive at her home. Lou phoned to tell Ruby about Madge Fowler passing away and to tell her we'd take her to the funeral on Thursday if she wants to go. She wants Lou to take her to the Pantry Market tomorrow.



*Madge Fowler as Queen for a day in Relief Society.
On June 16, 1968 Madge died.*

June 18, Tuesday

It was overcast and cool this morning but I like it cool when I have an ironing to do. Lou went over to take Ruby Hodges to do her shopping at the Pantry Market this morning. He got a few groceries for us, also. Today's mail brought a nice little thank you letter from Kathy. It was on pretty turquoise blue stationery; she thanked us for the \$5.00, the card, and little verse I composed for her. Kathy thought the little girl on the front of the card we sent her was "just darling." She has it where she can look at it, isn't she a cutie! She said she was going shopping for a bathing suit and shoes with her birthday money. Her parents gave her money for her birthday, too. (Have fun, sweetie!) On her birthday, she went swimming with friend George. Rex cooked barbecued steaks for their birthday dinner. They went to George's graduation at school and in the evening they invited George's parents over for some birthday cake and ice cream after the graduation. Rex and Donna gave Kathy a sweater and a ring, plus the money, so our sweet seventeen year old had a happy birthday. I talked to Marian Barnes Stanford this evening about 5 p.m. She said her father is in a coma at St. Luke's Hospital. The doctor told them it is just a matter of days; he is dying from cancer. I felt so sorry for Marian and her mother and brother Kenny. They are lovely neighbors and so devoted to each other, it is really sad. I talked to Beverly, via phone tonight, she has been summoned for jury duty. She went to court today to be assigned. She starts next Monday morning. Cannon Electric Company will pay her regular wages when she serves on the jury. Well, it'll be a change for her anyway.

June 19, Wednesday

We have a warm day, a bit humid and smoggy. I shampooed my hair and pin curled it. Lou did some watering of the lawns and gardens. Today's mail brought a thank you note from Margaret Flannery for stainless steel flatware wedding gift we sent to them with the Andersens, Lorene, Blanche H. and Sue H. Margaret is the bride of John

Flannery, Ellen Scott's grandson. We really do not know the bride or groom, but of course we know his mother and grandmother. Clifton Manlove phoned this evening; he wants to go to Madge Fowler's funeral tomorrow if we'll pick him up. Lou told him we'd call by for him. We're going to take Ruby Hodges to the funeral, also. Lou didn't feel very well tonight, he went to bed soon after 9 p.m. I couldn't find out what was hurting him, he just got in bed and said he hurt all over but he thought that bed rest would take care of his troubles. He wouldn't let me do anything for him; that's my man, he ignores aches and pains, and won't tolerate illness unless it really gets him down like his heart attack did 10 years ago in 1958.

June 20, Thursday

Lou enjoyed a dish of peaches and milk for breakfast; he picked the peaches from the Edgecombs' tree yesterday. Stanley always tells him to pick as many as he wants before the birds get at them. I enjoyed oatmeal mush. We left home about 12:15 noon, picked up Clifton Manlove, then drove to Ruby's house to pick her up. We got to the chapel in plenty of time to see Madge before the casket was closed. She really looked very lovely, a peaceful look. There were lots of beautiful flowers. The chapel was full of friends, plus

family. The speakers were Bishop Claron L. Oakley, Bishop Eric J. Smith, and President Richard Summerhays. They all paid such fine tributes to Madge and her husband Russell. Walter Chamberlin was the organist. The soloist was Kenneth Jensen who sang "Till we Meet Again" and "Abide With me." Bishop Oakley conducted. The invocation was by Donald G. Mortensen and benediction by Ernest H. Reed. Her interment was at the Mountain View Cemetery with grave dedication by John T. Hanson. We didn't drive to the cemetery; Clifton went with someone else and we took Ruby home. Lou and I called on the two sisters, Sarah Bates and Aretta Smith. They always seem happy to see us.

Queen Madge Fowler

A very special coronation, dear sisters,
Is planned for us today.
The crowning of a beloved queen,
One worthy in every way.

Very few here can equal the record
Of this Sister, you'll agree,
Twenty-seven years of faithful service
In Relief Society.

Three times a Relief Society President,
Over Wards, she presided,
A term in Long Beach, two in Pasadena,
Before we were divided.

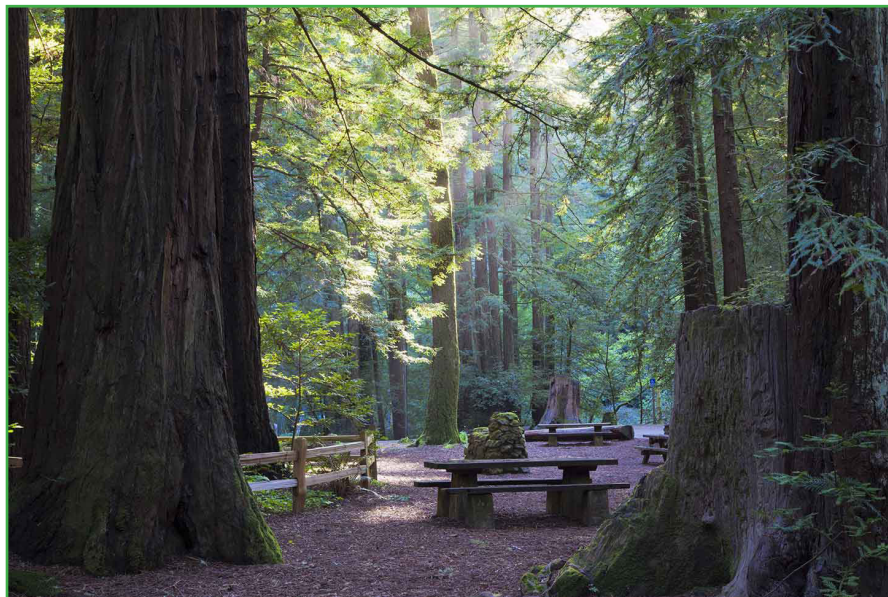
Our Stake presidency saw her value then,
And recognized our treasure.
With Madge Fowler at the helm, they said,
Problems will become a pleasure

Ten years, a Stake Relief Society President,
A record for a queen to hold.
Her charming and lovable manner
Wins friends both young and old.

It's an honor and a pleasure to pay tribute,
Beloved "Queen Madge" to you,
May your reign be one of joyous splendor
With loving subjects, loyal and true.

Tribute poem Elvie wrote for Madge in 1954.

Sr. Bates showed us a picture of her great granddaughter, Sandra K. Watts, 17 years old. She just graduated from high school. They live in San Rafael; her mother's name is Rose Marie and the father's name David. The district they live in is Santa Venetia in San Rafael. We wondered if they know our family? I'll ask in my next letter. Lydia Smith couldn't go visiting teaching with me so Lou took me



Samuel P. Taylor park was a favorite place for the Marshes to go cook breakfast and have the park all to themselves.

on my district this afternoon. We did his district first, then mine. I found four out of my six families at home. I was so happy to find Fern Nichols home from the hospital; she came home this morning. She broke her hip in a fall a couple of weeks ago. I took a get-well card to her. Lou found three of his four families at home. I'm very glad we could do both districts this afternoon. It's a pleasant feeling. Beverly phoned tonight; she had a problem. She wanted to know if Uncle Lou would take her mom to the foot specialist tomorrow morning. Annie has infection in her toe again; it started to drain again. Yes, of course, he will take her. She'll call for an appointment in the morning. We were distressed to learn that Bill fell yesterday morning when Annie was trying to get him out of his little chair in the corner. Annie couldn't get him up without help, so she phoned the police. Two policemen came and got him up and into his bed. They were very nice about it and said to call them anytime she needs them. Bill has been in bed the two days, but he feels fine; he wasn't hurt in the fall. Lorene is with Annie.

June 21, Friday

Annie phoned at nine this morning. Her doctor's appointment is at 3:15, so we'll be over there by 3 p.m. and Lou can take her to the foot doctor. Lou picked a dozen Babcock peaches from Edgecombs' tree to take to the Andersens. I took the hand sweeper over our rugs and dusted the rooms this morning. Lou watered the lawns and gardens. Today's mail brought a nice letter from Donna. She had been home a couple of days with a miserable cold (Tuesday and Wednesday). She said she felt better and hoped to go back to work on Thursday. They enjoyed my postcard in rhyme. She also said my hippie sketches and the verse was cute. They enjoyed hearing about Ron Jones's farewell program and glad we could go to it. Doug Shattuck and

Sherman Gardner are visiting with Marshes for a few days. Janet and Dave brought Sherman back to California with them. Janet said Sherm was undressed and in their pool as soon as they got him to San Jose. Janet brought Mary and her children home on Sunday with the two little boys, Sherm and Doug. She is going for the boys on Friday (today). Sherm will stay a week with her and then he'll

fly to Colorado Springs to his other grandparents. Gardners will take him with them to New York via plane. Jon, Mary, Kathy,

and George took the children to Samuel P. Taylor State Park to see the beautiful redwoods. They ate in a picnic area there.

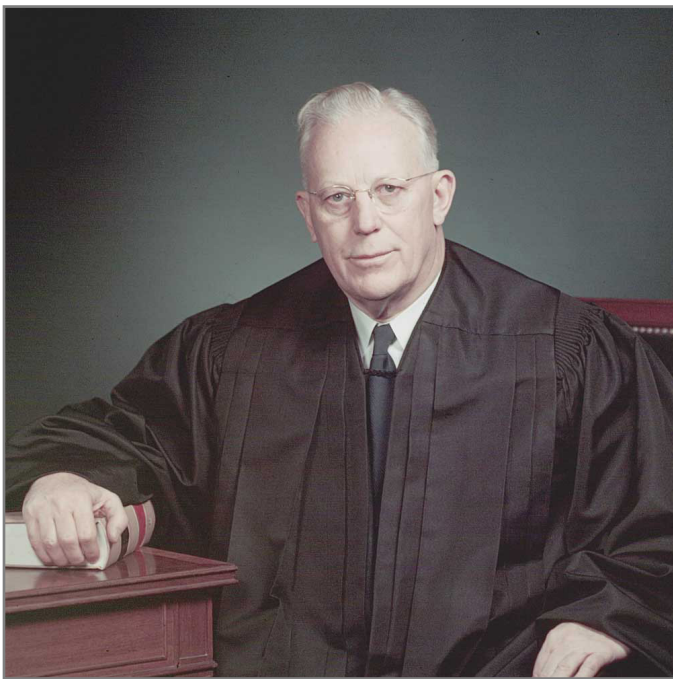
Donna kept baby Greg home with her. Rex had his picture taken Wednesday night with the high councilmen; she thinks it's the last time this group will be together in that stake. They may divide their stake soon. I visited with Bill while

Lou took Annie to her foot doctor at 3:15. Bill was sitting up in his bed painting one of his oil pictures by numbers. I got Annie's clothes in from the lines. Lou watered Annie's and Elizabeth's gardens and lawns when he brought Annie home. I answered Annie's telephone several time. May Garshier phoned to say she is going to fix a money tree for the Ernest Nordstrom golden wedding on June 28. She wondered if Andersens and Lorene wanted to put a \$1.00 bill each on the tree. I told her I was sure they would and I would also like to have our \$1.00 on the tree. I left my \$1.00 with Annie. I bought one pair of garments for Lou, \$2.40. We ate dinner with the Andersens. I helped Bev make the tuna salad. We enjoyed our afternoon and evening with them, we always do. P.S. Diane Oates Nolen has a new baby girl, born yesterday, I think. Grandma Marsh couldn't remember the day for sure. Anyway, it's another girl, all of their five children are girls.

June 22, Saturday

We have another warm summer day. I put my house in order and recorded some news from Donna's letter in yesterday's diary page. I answered her letter this afternoon. I phoned Florence Marsh; she slipped and fell this morning while watering her backyard. She hasn't felt very well since. Dr. Allred gave her an adjustment, which helped her to feel some better. We received a letter from Violet; she had been

up to Salt Lake with the Joneses to take Ron to the mission home. Grandpa Jack Jones was with them. He stayed for the special school at U of U on alcoholic problems. Otto is working at his store in the mountains. Violet stayed with Owen and Lydia. The Joneses got a motel. They all had a happy visit with Owen and Lydia and their children in the evening (Bob, Betty, and family, Jim, Andrea, and family). On Father's Day Jack Jones was with them, he says he knows now why everyone likes to visit "Aunt Lydia." We read in the obituary notices this morning of the passing away of one of our ward members, a Br. Edwin B. Kester. He died June 20. Lou used to go home teaching in their home a few years ago. He had a termite business. Beverly phoned this evening to tell us that she and Annie got Bill up on his feet this evening and with their help he was able to walk to the kitchen and sit in his chair and eat his dinner. He was so happy to get out of his bed and walk again after his fall last Wednesday. I read Violet's letter to Bev and to Annie. Annie read the letter Violet sent to them to me. She wrote about Elizabeth's passing to Andersens. She knows Andersens will miss Elizabeth so much. P.S. Chief Justice Earl Warren of the Supreme Court has resigned after 15 years in that office.



Chief Justice Earl Warren in 1954.

June 23, Sunday

Betty Paulson phoned last night to tell Lou he didn't have to call for her son Steve anymore. She said his father would take him to priesthood. She was happy that Br. Paulson would go and take his son. It's a bit cooler today and I like that. We had some visitors in Sunday School that we were happy to greet again. Dolly Gallagher, from up north in California, Joan Sidlow from the beach area, Irene Valentine from the Arcadia Ward, and Elvinia Summers from her beach home. All of them are former members of our ward. I always enjoy Sunday School, especially Bob Gordon's class. Before I got ready for Sunday School, I put some lamb shanks with

chopped onions on to simmer. I made a fruit Jello salad so our dinner had a good start. It didn't take long to get it ready to eat when we got home. Inez Anderson phoned this morning to let me know she has been in the La Vina Hospital or sanitarium for 10 days. She'll be there another month or longer. Her doctor is trying to locate her trouble in her lungs and throat, in fact, she isn't at all well, says she feels weaker all the time. We took Inez to Sunday School when she was well enough to go. We had a nice sacrament service this afternoon. Our youth speakers were Serge Moore and Sue Evans who both gave excellent talks. Eldine Stephens sang two lovely soprano solos, "No Man Is An Island" and "I Believe." She was accompanied by Janice Stephens (her daughter, I think). Our speakers were Glenn Williamson and J. Ronald McDonnell Jr. I talked to Beverly via phone this evening; Bill is feeling better, he ate in the kitchen with them again today. I also talked to Lorene on the phone. She told me some news not to be recorded now, maybe later. A couple we know have separated, if there is any truth in the rumor? I surely hope not. [*Elaine and Tink Woolley divorce in December 1968.*]

June 24, Monday

It was cool and cloudy this morning, the heat felt good in the house. I didn't wash because I wanted to go to Br. Kester's funeral at 1 p.m. I had several things I wanted to do this morning and the mornings go fast when we get up late. Br. Kester had a very nice service; Bishop Oakley conducted. The speakers were Elder Hideo Kawai and Elder Harold Thomas, a nephew. The invocation was by Elder Allen Sheppard and benediction by Elder Horace Herbert. We found a letter from our grandson, Elder John L. Marsh, and a package from granddaughter Joan Gardner. She sent an adorable photograph of their beautiful children. We're so very thrilled with this lovely picture; they are indeed pretty kiddies, all three of them. Joan said they loved Janet and Dave's visit. Janet was so much help. Joan said she felt like she had a maid. Janet was in New York four weeks. It was lonely when she left; they let Sherm go home with Janet and Dave and little Donna. He'll fly back to New York with his grandparents the Gardners, from Colorado Springs, in a couple of weeks. Joan was busy making plans for a Trail Builder Round Up on June 21. She was going to cook Sloppy Joe sandwiches for about 30 people. Joan was going to phone Jerry and Janet Haddock and invite them to visit them. They're spending the summer in New York. It was such a happy surprise to get a letter from John, our ole southpaw grandson from Scotland. He wants to know if we have any Scottish ancestors on our family tree, or our descendants? He wants to buy a kilt by the right clan. Sorry lad, but me thinks there's no Scottish blood in our veins. Grandma Marsh doesn't know of any relatives. John is first counselor to the branch president in Peterhead, Scotland. He has a junior companion who is the second counselor. John wants his mother to send him their recipe for homemade ice cream. He thinks of the good things he had to eat when he was home, eh? Our neighbor Ariel Barnes died this evening from cancer; he was in the hospital. Bev is serving on the jury for a few weeks. She started this morning.

June 25, Tuesday

It was cold and cloudy when I got up at 7:40 this morning. I put the furnace on for my comfort. I answered John's letter and wrote a little verse about the gum and dollar bill I enclosed:

*We know chewing gum in public is not right,
Especially when one endeavors to proselyte!
But when your busy day to the end has come,
Kick off your shoes, relax, and enjoy your gum.
Make yourself as comfy as can be
Close your eyes and chew and think of me.
The dollar will buy a stamp or maybe two,
How to spend it, me lad, is up to you.*



Marshall, Janet, and Sherman Spring 1968. Joan sent this photo to Elvie.

I sent John's letter to Donna and a postcard to Joan telling her how thrilled we are with the lovely photograph of their beautiful children. I told her I'd write a letter soon. We have to take Ruby to her dentist and Annie to her foot doctor. We picked Ruby up at 1 p.m. She gave Lou a nice big watermelon that her nephew gave her; she said she couldn't eat it. We left her off at her doctor's office; she said she may go to Nash's Store after she gets through with the dentist, or she may walk home from his office, it depends on how she feels. We arrived in time to get Annie to her foot doctor at 2:15 p.m. Annie was disturbed because one of her lovely diamond rings is missing; she had three rings with diamonds in. I surely hope she'll locate it soon. I visited with Bill while Lou and Annie were at the doctors. Two ladies from Elysian Park came by to buy LDS garments. They waited until Annie came home. We came home with Annie's seat cushion in our car, darn it. We stopped at the Safeway Market in Pasadena and bought a supply of groceries before coming home. I was tired this evening, glad to get into my robe and slippers and relax.

June 26, Wednesday

It was another overcast morning with some sunshine this afternoon. We read in our paper's obituary notice this morning that our neighbor Mr. Ariel Barnes passed away on Monday, June 24. His funeral is tomorrow at 2 p.m. at Stump Mortuary. We are going in with the Edgecombs to get some flowers. Lou gave Helen \$3.00; she is ordering an \$8.00 piece and Mrs. Low, her mother, is paying \$2.00 on it. I did my washing this morning. Today's mail brought a nice long letter from Lydia. They had some bad luck Monday evening June 17. They went to the Grand Central to get some new clothesline and they thought they'd take a little drive around the park after. It was such a lovely evening. Owen drove to the 13th South entrance where they could drive down the center of the park and stopped for the stop sign. Just as he

started up some gal come whizzing through the entrance fast, Lydia said she screamed at Owen to stop, but he had no time, she had run into them. It took his left fender off and wrecked his bumper and the grill and light on that side. Thank God no one was hurt, but the gal was belligerent and hollering at Owen. They learned from the policeman that she'd been drinking and she didn't even have a driver's license. The irony of it is just last week they renewed their car insurance and took off the collision clause to save a little money. So they'll have no help from the insurance. Isn't that too bad? Well, it's being repaired now. They could drive it home, no damage to the engine. Jim Bailey is first counselor to the bishop in their ward. He has also got a new job for Addressograph, Multigraph Company. He is training for this job

now. Mr. Ellis, his father-in-law, is going to sell out so he had Jim get another job before he sold out. There is a new group of real estate men trying to sell Owen and Lydia's home. She said nine of them came to look the place over last Thursday. They complimented them on how nice they keep the place inside and outside, and they do! P.S. Our new Chief Justice of the United States, to succeed Earl Warren is Abe Fortas. Judge Homer Thornberry will succeed Mr. Fortas.

June 27, Thursday

It was cool and overcast again this morning. I did the ironing before we had breakfast. Lou had a bad chill early this morning so he hasn't felt very well today. Our nice neighbors the Edgecombs took us in their car to Stump Mortuary, 60 N. Daisy Avenue, not far from our home. It was a very nice short service; the chapel was full of friends, the family was in the family room, there were lots of beautiful flowers. We didn't go to the cemetery, Rose Hills Memorial Park, in Whittier. The Reverend Quincy K. Hamilton was the only speaker and gave prayers and all. Soloist, Merwyn Bergquist

sang "This Is My Task," the organist Charlotte Reveley played lovely music. We received a nice typed letter from Donna. She enclosed three adorable pictures of George and Kathy in their formal dress, ready to go to George's graduation prom, banquet, and dance, I guess. Anyway, they look lovely with him in a tux, and her in a full-length white lace gown; they are sweet kids. Donna says they know Sandy Watts and her mother well. Sandy was one of her Laurel girls in Mutual, she graduated in George's class from Terra Linda High School. Donna was surprised to learn that Sr. Sarah Bates is Sandy's great grandmother. (See June 20 recording.) It is a small world! Donna received the darling picture of Joan's three children, like she sent to us. Rex is going to have a booth again this year at the Marin Art and Garden Fair the week of July 4th.



Kathy made the dress. It was off white lace with a light blue lining.



He'll display seamless flooring and the Mapco Decking and etcetera. Janet came last Friday to pick up Sherm and Doug. She brought their black and white TV for Rex and Donna. They have a new color set in their San Jose home. She brought some clothes she had in her closets to see if Kathy or Mary could wear them; she also brought some darling dresses her little Donna has outgrown, for little Julie to wear. She has given Julie a lot of nice clothes that Donna has outgrown. Janet gave her parents a \$50.00 check to help with John's mission. Well, she is a darling girl. They are all sweethearts; I love them all. Elder John Marsh needs a new suit, so his folks want to get him one for his birthday this summer. P.S. I phoned Sr. Aretta Smith and read what Donna said about knowing Sandy Watts. She was pleased and said she'd tell her sister, Sarah Bates. P.S. Our ward teachers, Jim Valentine and his wife and baby, called on us this evening. The darling baby girl can almost walk, she is 11 months old.

June 28, Friday

Mrs. Barnes has had so much company this past two weeks; I know she is feeling very sad and lonely today. The family has gone home. Her beloved husband was laid to rest yesterday, now, the almost empty house must be dreadful for her, the poor dear. It is cold and cloudy this morning. Lou did some yard work. My Relief Society visiting teacher, Jeanne Marsh, came this morning. She has been sick with the flu; she looks pale and thin. I answered Violet's letter today. We received a wedding invitation to Julie Ann Little's reception on July 25. She and Lloyd McNiven Taggart will be married in the Oakland Temple. The reception is at 371 West Portola Avenue on Los Altos. I'd love to be there, but it's too far for us to drive now. Maybe Donna and Rex will be there; I hope so. Karen Bird sent us a nice little thank you note for the graduation card and money we sent to her. She said the class went to Disneyland after graduation. They got home at 6:30 the next morning, tired, but had a lot of fun. It

was a big occasion for the kids, eh? The golden wedding reception for Ernest and Idell Nordstrom is tonight, in their home, 4605 Mont Eagle Place, Los Angeles 6 to 9 p.m. We picked Lorene up at 7:10. Lou stayed at Andersens' with Bill. Bev drove her car and took Annie, Lorene, and me to Nordstroms'. Oh, what a place to park a car on the hillsides. We met friends we haven't seen in many years; everyone was delighted to greet old friends. Idell looked so pretty; they both looked happy and the house looked lovely. There was a beautiful wedding cake, delicious punch, mints, and nuts. I didn't eat anything, but I enjoyed watching others eat. Annie and Bev didn't partake either, but Bev brought some home for Dale's kiddies when they come. I brought my plate to Lou, as Bev suggested I do. Some of the old friends we were so happy to see were Wilda Laneer, her son, his wife,

and young son, Estella Wilmar and husband (she sang a few old love songs). We also saw Joe Sharp and wife, Paul Bailey and wife, Gwen Scott, her mother and her sister Gloria, The Nordstroms' three children Marlene, Melvin, and Don, all middle aged with teenage children of their own. I'm sorry Lou missed it; he'd have loved it. We each received a scroll of white paper, tied in gold ribbon, at the reception; it had a lovely thank you poem and an "Our Creed" poem printed on it. It is in my scrapbook.

June 29, Saturday

It rained in the night and is cool and overcast today. I phoned Andersens' this morning to ask about Bill. He seemed to be feeling a bit depressed last night. Bev said he feels better this morning. He was painting flowers on a dresser scarf. He just finished an oil painted picture; his work is lovely. I'm glad he has this nice work to keep him busy now that he can't walk without help. I wrote a long letter to Donna and enclosed a \$20.00 check; \$10.00 for John's mission fund for July and \$10.00 to help pay for his new suit. I also enclosed the cute pictures of Kathy and George, plus \$1.00 to have some made for my scrapbook. Donna said I could keep the ones she sent but I returned them in case Kathy wants the first copy for her book. I sent the one of the scrolls we got at the golden wedding last night so they could enjoy the lovely verse. I mailed Inez Anderson a get-well card at the La Vina Sanatorium in Altadena. We received a nice letter from Ethel Newbold; she is in Los Angeles visiting with her son Harold Elton and the family. She is having a wonderful time, going places every day. We've had very little sunshine today; it has been a bit chilly, too. I enjoyed my sweater when I walked to the mailbox to mail my letters.

June 30, Sunday

Our last day of June was cool and pleasant. Lou's alarm clock failed this morning; I woke him up at 7:40 a.m., too late to shave and dress and be in church by eight to lead the

priesthood group in singing. He was sorry, but he couldn't help it. We went to Sunday School, picked up Bessie on the way. We had a nice Sunday School as always. Bob Gordon's class is always interesting. The lesson this morning was on "The Brightness of Hope." I baked a frozen apple pie this morning and simmered some lamb chops and steamed cooked potatoes in jackets, so it didn't take long to have a nice hot dinner ready to eat. The pains in Lou's neck and back of head were painful. I rubbed his neck with Deep Heat; he took a couple of aspirin tablets and went to bed after dinner. I cleared up the dishes and read the paper. I wish Lou felt better. I rested for an hour before church time. Lou didn't get relief from his neck pain so I phoned Hy Rosen and asked him to please pick the ward babysitter, Bessie, up on their way to church. He said he'd be glad to do it. I'm always disappointed when I have to miss sacrament meeting. Br. Mel King has been our Sunday School chorister all the month of June, in Ray Marsh's place. He said he enjoyed leading such a fine group. I guess Ray will be on the job next week? It just doesn't seem possible that almost half of the year, 1968, is numbered in the past now. "Life is short at best," eh? 'Tis said, "Where there's life there's hope." I like that. We do have hope of life after so called death. Ethlyn Glancy's mother and some of her children (the Madsens), came to Sunday School; they were visiting Glancy's yesterday.

July 1, Monday

Good morning! We have a brand new month and a new day. Here is my thought for today, "This is the most important day in the rest of my life." Ye like that? I do; think about it. Our Sunday School teacher, Robert L. Gordon, suggested we start each day out with that thought. He also said, instead of saying, "Where there is life, there is hope," say, "Where there is hope, there is life." I like that thought, too. Br. Gordon is such a fine teacher. We're indeed lucky to have him for our teacher. I answered Joan's letter this morning. After lunch I wrote to Ethel Newbold. She is in Los Angeles visiting with her son and family. I also answered Lydia's letter; I'm always weary after writing letters, but I love to receive mail, sooo! I'm getting anxious to see our sweet Mary again. She and Jon are coming to our southland sometime this month, I think, to try and find an apartment they can move into



*Oh Glory be, little Marshall McKay
July sixth is your birthday.
We haven't even seen you yet,
But we love you, you can bet.
In one short year, dear little boy,
You've given your family a lot of joy.
We have an adorable picture of you
With yellow hair and eyes of blue.
We long to hold you in our arms
And enjoy your sweet baby charms.
May the dear Lord bless you through the years
To grow strong and happy, without fears.
Happy Birthday! Grama Elvie*

while Jon goes to college at U.C. Irvine. It is not far from Tustin. I wish it was near Pasadena, but we hope to see them and their darling children once in a while anyway.

July 2, Tuesday

I spent my morning patching Lou's underwear on my old sewing machine; I also put some new garters on my old girdle. I used the hand sweeper on rugs and dusted up the house. I took a damp mop to my beautiful kitchen floor, oh; I do enjoy this lovely seamless floor Rex put down in our kitchen, bathroom, and service porch. It looks so clean and shiny always. Little Marshall McKay Gardner will be one year old on July 6. We haven't even seen him yet, but we have some darling pictures of him we love to look at. We enjoyed TV dinners tonight (Swanson's Fried Chicken). I composed this little birthday verse to Marshall Gardner for his birthday. ⇐

July 3, Wednesday

It is payday! Hallelujah! We have a beautiful sunny, but cool, July 3 morning. I made oatmeal mush for breakfast. I was out of stamps so had to go to the post office to mail little Marshall Gardner's birthday card. I enclosed \$2.00 plus some dimes and gum for the other two kiddies. His birthday is July 6. He'll be one year old. I bought some vitamin E capsules in the Health Store. I did some scrapbook work this morning, too.

Our Social Security check came this afternoon. They were having a big sale at the Pantry Market and we cashed our check there, \$215.40, and bought a supply of groceries, about \$30.00 worth. They gave double Blue Chip Stamps with an order of \$30.00 or more. We both rested this afternoon. You know what? I'm beginning to enjoy my afternoon naps. I didn't think that day would come to me, but it has, oh hum.

July 4, Thursday

*We hung our flag out in the breeze, and watched
Old Glory wave,
We played some patriotic records, and thought of
our country's brave.*

*We sat in our platform rockers, rocking to and fro,
Thinking of some exciting places we'd really like to go.
But our freeways are all crowded with the traffic flying by,
So we stayed at home to celebrate a quiet fourth of July
"The Old Folks at Home"*



Beverly telephoned to tell me they bought a darling little blue and white outfit (rompers and T-shirt, to send to Shonnie's baby boy, from us. (Andersens, Lorene, and me) It cost about \$6.00; Ivers Store is mailing it out for us. I'm glad that is taken care of. I must get my share to Andersens. I asked Bev what they are doing to celebrate the fourth, she said, "nothing, why don't you come over and do nothing with us? Ha ha! I telephoned Sue, she is feeling fairly well, but she gets so lonesome, the poor dear. She said, "Elaine wants me to come to their house today," so I guess they'll go get her later. Sue spent last weekend in Carlsbad with Shirley and family. I got birthday cards ready to mail to Billy Andersen and Florence Oates. I composed a verse for Bill's card (see July 7). Lou suggested we drive to Highland Park this evening. We did and had a happy visit with Andersens and Lorene; we took Lorene home later. Beverly brought Lorene to their home this evening. I paid Annie for my share of the gift, \$1.50. We ate our dinner before going to Highland Park, but Lou ate some of Andersens' tuna salad. Later Bev treated us all to a delicious diet ice cream in a cute little round patty. It was good!

July 5, Friday

It was a pretty clear morning; Lou left about ten to go to the bank and to Mutual Savings and have his hair cut; he ate his breakfast out. I enjoyed myself composing verses to put in birthday cards, one for Beverly, one for Bonnie, and one for Lydia. I mailed Bill's card last evening. Today's mail brought a letter from Violet. She wasn't feeling well; the kidney pus cells won't clear up, more medicine! Her letters are cheerful, in spite of her misery. She has a good sense of humor. Dolores and family came to Cedar City on July 1. They went up in the mountains the 2nd of July, the day Violet wrote. The Joneses have a family from their ward coming July 3 to visit them. They've never seen the Cedar Mountains, and Joneses are going to show them around. Violet wasn't well enough to go up the mountains with Dody and family. They can't stay long this time; they are leaving for home on Saturday. Violet is expecting Yvonne and family some time this month. She may come back to California with them. I hope she can. The Joneses got a lovely letter from their son, Elder Ron Jones. He is at the Missionary Training Center at BYU studying Spanish. Violet enclosed a clipping with a picture of Athalia Barker Ash. She passed away on June 30 at the age of 86. She was our neighbor in Strong's Court when we were girls. The weather is lovely in Cedar now, but last Saturday and Sunday it was so cold the water in the hose and sprinklers froze solid. They had to turn their furnace on again, isn't that something? Arthur Fife has rented his three homes in Albuquerque that he wanted to sell, but no market now. A man is taking care of the places for him. Arthur is 81 years and he drives all over the place, even to Albuquerque. Violet says he is the "going-est" person she knows. He got married a few weeks ago. Otto twisted his leg or foot while in the mountains. It was paining him a lot, but he went to work and to a session in the temple. P.S. We received two wedding invitations today. Nancy Renshaw (Roland and Donna's daughter) and Jan Hoadley will be married on the 20th of July. Sheila Keller and Garry McCern's marriage is the 27th of July.

July 6, Saturday

It was cloudy and cool this morning. Lou worked too hard in the yard yesterday afternoon; he has been laid up with a backache today. He has spent most of the day on his bed, darn it! He knows he shouldn't over do like that! He tries to do it all in one day and then he is always down for a day or two. I put my house in order and then composed a verse for Rex's birthday card. I have all of the July cards ready to mail now. I'll put \$5.00 in Rex's, \$2.00 in Beverly's, \$1.00 in Lydia's, but no money in Bonnie's. She has everything lovely, home, cars, and etcetera. I'm happy for her. This is a month of output for sure; we have three wedding gifts to buy, too.

July 7, Sunday

Happy birthday to Billy Andersen and to Florence Oates.

To Billy

*In all of my most fantastic dreams,
I didn't see you painting artistic scenes.
But behold, you sit there day after day
Brush in hand and painting away.
You see, it only goes to show
You had a talent I didn't know
The lovely paintings you'll leave behind
Will be here to cheer and please mankind.
Composed July 4, 1968 EBR*



We had a few drops of rain on our way to church this morning, but the sun was getting through the haze when we came out after Sunday School. I enjoyed the fast day service very much; we had two infants blessed; Paul Sidlow blessed his infant daughter. I think he said her name was Leslie Ann. The Sidlow family and Joan Sidlow's mother all came to see the baby blessed. I didn't get the name of the other young father that blessed his infant son. They do not live in our ward, but are here in California temporarily. A full time missionary, confirmed a young man that he baptized last night. I just get used to a pair of full time missionaries and they are sent somewhere else and we have new ones. I'm not too good at remembering names anyway. We had several lovely testimonies born this morning. I surely did enjoy Br. Robert Gordon's Sunday School class; he gave us an address on "Devotion to One's Country." He gave this same address to a large group of Jews; it was very stimulating and also appropriate for this patriotic month. Lou brought a couple of Colonial Sanders Kentucky Fried chicken dinners home after church. We surely enjoyed eating them. I phoned to wish Bill a happy birthday. Bev said he was pleased with our card, the \$1.00, and my verse to him. Lou's back hurt so he went to bed after our dinner. Andersens were expecting Glen and family there to eat dinner with them and celebrate Dad's birthday. I rested for a while. I didn't sleep very well last night. Mrs. English brought some peaches from her tree; she took a bag of them to Glancy's, too. We have nice neighbors, eh?

July 8, Monday

It was cloudy until about noontime, but 'twas warm and muggy. I put out the washing before we ate our breakfast,

so it was a brunch for us. Lou worked in the yard a little until I was through washing. I stewed the peaches Mrs. English brought us last evening. She said they are delicious stewed, and they are. Today's mail brought a nice letter from Donna. She was on her 20-minute break at work (July 5). She said she would send John the birthday money for his suit (two pair of pants) and some new shoes, and sign our names. She thanked us for the \$20.00 check, \$10.00 for the fund, and \$10.00 toward the suit. Janet and Dave gave \$50.00, with our \$10.00 and Rex and Donna's \$20.00, he should have enough for a suit and shoes in Scotland. The missionaries have to almost live in their suits, so they do wear out quicker. Donna is having the three colored pictures of Kathy and George (dressed for his prom) developed for me with the \$1.00 I sent. Donna said she'd buy a wedding gift for Julie Little and sign our names. She said not to send her any money; she is such a dear. Kathy made a whole wheat birthday cake for George; he was 18 years old on Sunday. *[George was very interested in healthy eating.]* She gave him a nice leather bound book (a three in one) with his name engraved in gold on the front. The fair was beautiful. Jon worked in their church booth 2 to 10 p.m. making peanut brittle, on the 4th of July. Donna helped Rex in his booth. Mary and Julie went to the fair with Donna in the morning; she took Julie home for her nap about 2 pm. She got a sitter and went back to the fair in the evening. Kathy and George went to the fair in the evening and then they went to a show. Kathy helped her dad with the booth on July 5. We received a thank you note from the Barnes family for the flowers we sent for Mr. Barnes's funeral. We went in with Edgecombs to buy flowers.

July 9, Tuesday

It's a typical July day, sunny and warm. I did the ironing after breakfast. Annie phoned this morning. Bill had another fall last night while Annie and Beverly were trying to take him to the kitchen; it upset all of them. Annie phoned for Harry Christenson to come and help get Bill off the floor. Bev is going to bring Aunt Lorene's wheelchair after her jury duty this afternoon to try and get Bill to use it so he can get out of his room into other parts of the house. Annie read a letter from Lydia. She is still concerned because Owen isn't as steady on his feet as he should be. He has had two more falls. His doctor wants him to lose more weight so they are on the diet again. Lydia says his face looks thin. He has lost a lot of weight, but the doctor thinks he must lose even more. Oh dear, I wish he felt better and Bill, too. In fact, I

Getting a wheelchair for Bill was a blessing. It gave him mobility and a more normal life.



wish we all felt better. While Lou was enjoying his nap this afternoon I cooked a pan full of ground beef with onions, tomato sauce, and wide macaroni. I also made a jelled salad and cooked some carrots. I have to take a salad to the Relief Society luncheon tomorrow. I answered Donna's letter this evening and mailed it at the corner mailbox on Virginia Avenue. It was a beautiful evening. Lou and I sat on the front porch until almost nine. I phoned Andersens when we came in; she said they got Bill in the wheelchair and he ate dinner with them at the table in the kitchen. For the first time in many months, he was able to watch television in the wheelchair. Beverly and Annie are happy that they can get him in and out of the rooms with ease now. Bev wants to have a ramp made so they can get the wheelchair, with Bill in, down the front porch steps to the car so he can go for a ride again.

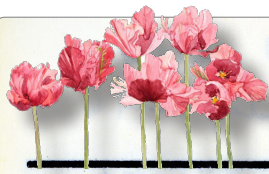
July 10, Wednesday

Today was warm from the start and got hot by two o'clock. Lou took me to Relief Society, then he said he'd visit Clifton Manlove. Geneva Musser, Atha Baddley, and myself were the only quilters, so of course we couldn't finish the animal blocks today. It is a difficult one to work on, I'm glad it's only a crib quilt. The two full time missionaries came to eat with us, Elder Rich from Idaho, and Elder Potter from Utah. Elder Rich sat at the quilt and talked to us as we worked. He is a relative of Elder Ben E. Rich, Aunt Ida's father. The luncheon was refreshing with nice cold salads. Geneva M. brought me home. She had Sr. Myrtle Halliday and Heidi, the little German sister, too. It was really hot by the time



This is the home Elvie grew up in with its big front porch. She mentions enjoying sitting on this porch when she was young. In 1968 she and Lou enjoyed sitting on the porch of their Vinedo home.

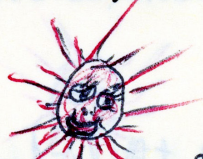
we got home. It was cool in the church however. My little house felt cool after coming in out of the hot sun, but it warmed up by evening and Lou and I were glad to sit in the chairs on the front porch until about nine. It was such a delightful evening. The sky in the west was a beautiful orange pink color. The huge trees looked almost black with that colorful background. Oh, how thankful we should be for our eyesight. I've never seen anyone in our neighborhood sitting on their front porch enjoying themselves as we do. Maybe they all have air-conditioned houses, eh? People surely enjoyed their front porches back in my home town, all summer long. P.S. Lou went to see Ruby after he left off at church. She fixed a sandwich for them; they watched television stories and then he went to see Clifton Manlove. Poor Cliff has his frustrations, problems, and etcetera.



Thursday, July 11, 1968



193rd Day—173 days to follow



<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	CLEAR
<input type="checkbox"/>	CLOUDY
<input type="checkbox"/>	RAIN
<input type="checkbox"/>	SNOW

It started out this morning bright & sunny, It was warm all night,

July 11, Thursday

It started out this morning bright and sunny. I was warm all night; a sheet was all I had over me. Lou slept on top of his bed covers most of the night. I wanted to get our ward visiting done, but Lou didn't feel like going today, so I spent the afternoon patching some of his garments. He slept all afternoon. After dinner this evening he felt ambitious, he got Edgcombs' power mower and cut our lawns. I wasn't eager for action; I did a little scrapbook work and then I relaxed on top of my bed for a while. I had a backache from sewing so long. There was a dreadful fire in Highland Park last evening; it destroyed eight homes in the Aldama and Holland District. Beverly said they could see the flames from their home and smell the smoke. I feel so very sorry for the poor folks who are homeless now. Isn't it sad?

July 12, Friday

We have another hot July day; I do not like the real hot weather, it takes the sap out of me. Lou and I did our visiting, ward districts, this morning. We visited his families first, Aretta Smith, Sarah Bates, Maude Williams, and Greta Donaldson. We found all at home. Sr. Donaldson is on my district, too; so one visit takes care of both districts there. I found only two home out of my six families. We ate a bite of lunch in Bob's Restaurant while waiting for the Fedco Store to open at noon. I spent \$4.63 in the drug department on One-a-Day multi-vitamins and eye drops (Estivin and Visine). I also bought Jergen's Lotion in the main store department. Lou bought a Toastmaster electric fan for \$15.47 plus tax. It has 3 speeds and it rotates. We do not want to fuss with the old water cooler this summer. I hope the fan will cool us off. I bought Dutch apple bars, bread, and ice cream, in the grocery department. We got home before it got real hot outside and happy to have accomplished all we did this morning. We received a letter from Donna; she enclosed the pictures of Kathy and George, and Mary sent a darling picture of Julie and Doug by the Shattucks' swimming pool. ⇨⇨⇨ The pictures of Kathy and George in their formal dress for his prom, are very nice; such a handsome couple, sweet kids. Donna said she'd take care of the wedding gift for Nancy Renshaw, too. I wonder if she received an invitation to Sheila Keller's wedding? I think they will. I must get some money off to Donna for our share of

the gifts. The pretty Scotch plaid John sent from Scotland arrived for Kathy to make herself and her mother a skirt. Donna is going to work on the MIA stake board as a Mia Maid leader to instruct the ward Mia Maid teachers. She'll be released from her Sunday School class. Their stake has been divided. We have enjoyed our new electric fan this hot afternoon. P.S. I mailed a birthday card to Bonnie Jean this evening. Her day is the 16th of July.

July 13, Saturday

Yes, it is hot again today, but our new Toastmaster electric fan will help keep us cool. I answered Violet's letter and Donna's letter. Lou wrote a check for \$10.00 to send in Donna's letter. She is going to buy the two wedding gifts for us, one for Julie Little and one for Nancy Renshaw. Today's mail brought another letter from Donna; she didn't get invited to Sheila Keller's wedding; she says she is sure they will not receive an invitation because they didn't get one for the sister's reception (Marlene's wedding). In that case, I'll send a gift from Lou and me to Sheila and Donna can take care of the two up



north. Jon and Mary may come late in August to look for a place to live. His school begins late in September or the 1st of October. Jon is working for Allied Van Movers, daytime; he still has the evening job of cleaning doctor's offices. The dear boy works hard while getting his college degrees; he is going for his Doctor's Degree now. Kathy is in the MIA Road Show; she is making her own costume. Penny Clark is directing the show; her mother, Nettie, is overseeing the whole thing. I answered Donna's second letter with a postcard. My sister Mildred would be 68 years old if she had lived. She was born July 13, 1900. She was such a beautiful girl. She died April 7, 1922, just 22 years old. It was a sorrowful experience for all of us, her family.

July 14, Sunday

It has been such a lovely day with a nice cool breeze. Lou came home for me after priesthood. Bessie phoned to say she has a miserable cold and couldn't babysit for our wards today. The mamas will be disappointed when Bessie isn't there to take care of the tots for them.

Br. Bruce McGregor is on his vacation. I missed him; he is such a pleasant person. Vilda Manlove came to Sunday School again this morning and sat up in front with Clifton. Br. King led our singing in Sunday School. Ray Marsh is our chorister; I don't know where he was? I really do enjoy our Sunday School class; Br. Robert Gordon is an excellent teacher. Today's lesson was "A Purity of Love, Faith, Hope, and Charity." It didn't take me long to get our dinner on the table today. I prepared most of it this morning before going to Sunday School. I simmered lamb chops, made a jelled salad, and Whip and Chill dessert. Marilyn and Glen Andersen stayed at Andersens' since Friday evening so Beverly could take them to the open House at Cannon Electric Company this afternoon. Glen, Irene, Jim, and Beverly Jean came to Andersens' to go with them. Beverly and Annie are going to take Marilyn and Glen home to Ontario this evening. Lorene is going to stay with Bill while they are away. We had a lovely program this evening in our sacrament meeting. Lynnae Startup was the youth speaker and gave a fine talk. Theron Robison sang two baritone

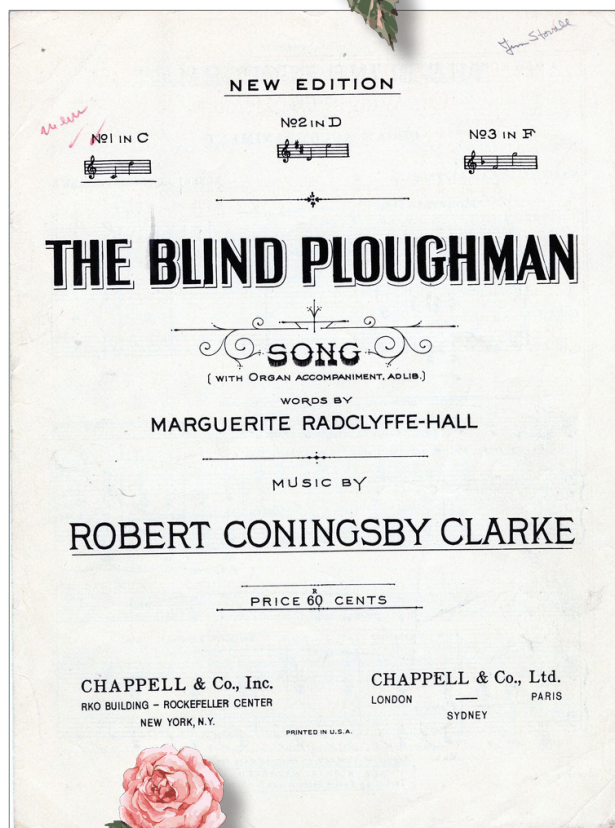
solos, "In My Father's House are many Mansions" and "The Blind Ploughman." He has a lovely voice. Our speakers were Karen Kratzer and Ray F. Marsh. They both gave excellent talks. We stopped at McDonald's eating stand on our way home; Lou bought two of their delicious fish filet sandwiches and a tall chocolate milk shake. We came home and enjoyed our snack. One milk shake is enough for the two of us. We're really full and well satisfied. It was a happy Sabbath Day.

July 15, Monday

I enjoyed the nice cool overcast morning. The sun got through about noon. I did some scrapbook work and Lou repaired a broken chair for our Relief Society room. I mailed Lydia Bailey's birthday card, \$1.00 was enclosed for fun. I didn't wash because Lou wanted to take his alarm clock to Hertel's Watch and Clock Repair Shop where he bought the clock a few years ago. I went along so I could

buy a gift to send to Sheila Keller. They were having their July sale; I had them mail a kitchen towel set to Sheila. I thought it was pretty; two towels, one apron, and two pot holders in terry cloth with bright red flowers and trim. It cost \$4.57. I'd like to have sent a lovely tablecloth and napkins, but I didn't have that much \$\$\$.

We had three wedding gifts to buy out of this month's check. We feel the pinch since Lou went on retirement. We manage nicely on Social Security unless of course something extra comes along. We even manage to send our grandson John, \$10.00 a month to help with his mission in Scotland. We are blessed indeed. We do not want to dig into our savings unless we have to. We stopped at the Safeway Market on our way home for some groceries. Lou got gasoline at the station across the street from Safeway. Lou and I made a tuna salad with lettuce, tomatoes, onions, and cucumbers. We received a nice little thank you note from Shonnie for the gift we sent to her baby boy, Chad David. She said it is a darling little outfit and she can hardly wait to dress him in it. He is too small right now. I'm glad she is happy with it. Beverly and Annie bought it at Ivers Store and had the store send it to Shonnie.



*Set my hand upon the plough, my feet upon the sod
Turn my face toward the east and praise be to God
Ev'ry year the rain does fall, the seedlings turn and
spring
Ev'ry year the spreading trees shelter birds that sing*

*From the shelter of your heart, brother drive out sin
Let the little birds of faith come and nest therein
God, who made the sun to shine on both you and me
God, who took away my eyes—that my soul might see!*

Above are the words to The Blind Ploughman.

July 16, Tuesday

I hope Bonnie is enjoying her birthday. This is the little verse I sent to her;

*May your birthday be a happy day, all sunny and bright,
May you feel peaceful contentment, knowing all is right.
May the dear Lord bless all of you in a special way
Bonnie dear, we wish for you a very "Happy Birthday!"*

Ruby Hodges phoned to see if Lou could take her to the Pantry Market to do her grocery shopping. He did and I put out a couple of runs of washing while he was gone. My Relief Society visiting teacher, Jeanne Marsh came; I always enjoy her visits. We received a nice long letter from Lydia; she is very concerned over Owen. He had another fall last Tuesday. She walked over to the barbershop on 9th East with Owen. After he got his hair cut and went to go out of the shop, there was just one small step from the shop to the sidewalk, but he fell on his back. Both barbers came running out to help get him back on his feet. Oh, it's such a worry for fear he might break some bones; he can't even go to church because of all the steps there. Owen walks with a cane, but his equilibrium is so unbalanced he falls. He gets panicky for fear of falling, he has had several falls because of this dreadful condition. The doctor has him on a strict diet and says he must lose 30 more pounds to get his blood pressure down. He has lost 30 pounds. They had excitement in Laker Court last Wednesday when the old home that poor old Mrs. Benson used to live in burned. The dry June grass caught fire; they think some kids set fire to the grass. It was a hot fire and too close for comfort, but the firemen got it under control before other homes were damaged. A Mrs. Berry owned the old Benson home; the news got the name wrong, they said it was the Bailey home that burned, so Lydia was beseeched with phone calls from friends and family asking about the fire. She said Garry Strong phoned; he said he was going to offer them his mother's home and furniture until they could find a place if they were burned out. Nice of him, eh? Thank God it wasn't Bailey's home.

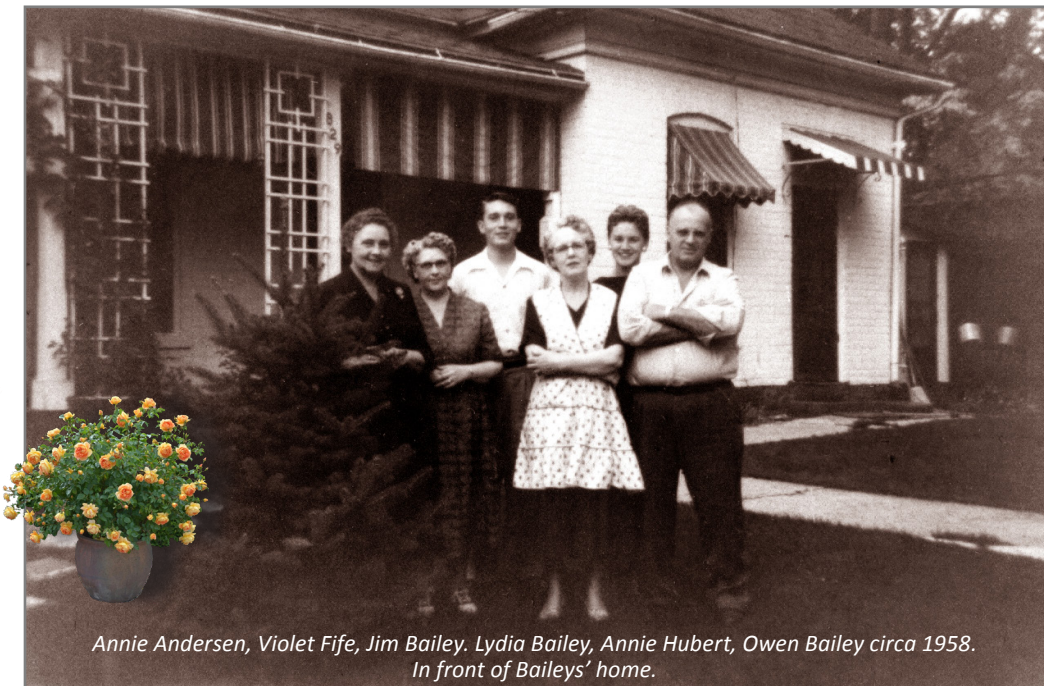
July 17, Wednesday

We started out with a sunny, bright morning so we knew we'd have a hot day. I got my ironing done as soon as breakfast was over. Lou enjoyed the cool inside while he read the paper and napped in his chair. I did some patching on my sewing machine after ironing. (I patched a shirt and underwear for Lou.) I phoned Lorene and read Lydia's letter to her. She had a checkup by her doctor in Glendale yesterday. Her grandsons Lynn and Kenny came from Van Nuys to take Lorene to her doctor's office. Lorene has a checkup every six months since her operation a few years ago. She goes back in December. Her report was good yesterday; I'm thankful for that. I wish that Violet would get as fine a report on her checkup for the kidney trouble, and brother Owen for his equilibrium troubles. Oh me, we all have some frustrations, eh? I talked to Beverly via phone, this evening. She asked if we could come to their home on Monday morning early and stay with Bill while she and Annie go out to Ontario to have Annette give them a permanent wave each. Annette wants them by 8 a.m. Wow! It takes about an hour to drive there. The Renshaws will have to get up early next Monday, eh?

July 18, Thursday

It is another warm July day, sunny, but a breeze helped. Lou and I spent all morning cleaning the top burners of our stove. He took them all apart and gave them a good scouring. I was delighted to have his help on this job; I've always dreaded it. Lorene phoned to say Bette and Sue were at her house and they'd come and see us if we'd be home. We were happy to have them visit us; she said they'd had their Metrical lunch, so not to fix anything to eat. It was so nice seeing them again. Lorene came too; Annie had to stay with Bill. Lou treated them all to a black cherry soda drink; we always have fun when we get together. Sue had a letter from Violet; Bette read it to us. I read my letter from Lydia to them. Bette and Ray have their home in Burbank up for sale. They will move to Upland if they sell. It is too

strenuous for Ray to drive that long distance morning and night every day to his work and home again. We have many changes as the years go by, eh? We received a letter from Ethel Newbold today. She is back home in Salt Lake. She said she had a lovely visit with her son and family in Los Angeles. She has a cat she calls "Callie," because it's a calico cat. She says if it has kittens she'll know it's a female, ha ha! Doris Davies gave Ethel a lovely pin that was Elsie's. Ethel is very pleased with her keepsake, 'twas nice of Doris. I'm thankful for our electric fan. It does help keep us cooler. We'd just turned out the lights and got into bed



Annie Andersen, Violet Fife, Jim Bailey, Lydia Bailey, Annie Hubert, Owen Bailey circa 1958.
In front of Baileys' home.

when the phone rang at 10:30 p.m. It was Glen Glancy; he wanted Lou to come over and help him administer to his wife, Ethelyn. Lou got dressed and went across the street. Ethelyn had some severe stomach pains.

July 19, Friday

I hope you are enjoying your special day, Lydia dear. I wish we could wish you a happy birthday in person. After breakfast I telephoned Glen Glancy to ask about Ethelyn; he said she was feeling a little better. His mother was coming to take care of her and the little boys. He thanked me for offering to help. I didn't feel very well so I was thankful that his mother was coming. I telephoned the La Vina Hospital and talked to Inez Anderson. She is feeling a little better, but she is a bit disappointed that she isn't feeling a lot better after the tests and special care she has had for the past five weeks in the sanitarium there. She says they may release her next week. Lou and I went to Hertel's Store this morning. The clock repairman said our alarm clock would be ready on Friday, but he hadn't started to fix it. He said he would bring it to our home on Saturday on his way home from work; he lives in Glendora. I went in the Owl Drug Store next door, and bought a few items I needed (Maalox tablets, Vicks Formula 44 cough mixture, and Tums). We came home; Glen Glancy turned into his driveway suddenly, and Lou had to slam on his brakes to avoid crashing into him. We didn't know it was Glen ahead of us. Oh, that really gave us a scare and did our brakes screech. We were almost home, yet so near to a tragic accident. We have a lot to be thankful for. We received a nice letter from Violet.

She enclosed a real cute poem she composed for her grandchildren about "Jimmy the Squirrel." It is really clever; I'll put it in my scrapbook. She said Bruce expects her to send him a poem each time she writes. Otto's schedule for last Sunday was high council meeting at 6:30 a.m., then priesthood meeting, then Sunday School, a special meeting at 2, one at 3:30, choir at 5 p.m., church at 6 p.m. Then he was a speaker at a fireside at 8 p.m. He said he was tired at night. They are expecting Yvonne and family around August 11. Violet may come back to California with them for a visit. Yvonne and children are taking swimming lessons. P.S. I composed a little silly poem to put in Lydia's next letter. ⇒⇒⇒⇒



*No sister-in-law in all this world can be any
nicer than you,
Take that smirk off, Lydia Dorothy, and
don't say, "Pooh."
It isn't phish, or nonsense either; I meant
every word I said,
Now is the time to tell you dear, it's too late
when I am dead.
May July 19 dawn sunny bright and your
troubles flee away,
With your family gathered around you, for a
"Happy Birthday."*

July 20, Saturday

We have a hot July day today. Clifton Manlove phoned yesterday afternoon; he was very depressed; he wanted "Louie" to come over and talk to him. Lou was too tired after our trip to town; he said he'd come over this morning, so he did. I gave the tile on our kitchen sink a good cleaning; it's the small tile and really gets dark between the tiles. I need Purex to bleach it white again. I steam cooked some carrots and potatoes. We had some for our dinner, plus some plums I stewed. We received a nice letter from Donna; she returned the \$10.00 check Lou sent. She says she wanted to buy the two wedding gifts this time, bless her. Dad said, "send the check back to her for John's August payment." He sends her \$10.00 a month to help keep our boy in Scotland on his mission. I hope we can keep on doing it until John is released. Donna bought two lovely Belgium linen tablecloths with six napkins each; they were on the July sale, marked down from \$7.00 apiece, to \$4.49. The napkins were six for \$2.99, with the sale and Donna's 10% discount, they came to \$7.00 each. I wish she had kept our check, but she didn't, so she paid the \$14.00 for our gifts for Julie Little and Nancy Renshaw. They plan on going to Julie's to reception, but Donna and Rex will both be working the afternoon of Nancy's wedding. Joan phoned them from New York on Monday night and talked for half hour. Little Julie had a wonderful time in Kathy's room with a new tube of toothpaste while the folks were talking to Joan and Mo. The Gardners had been to New York and had gone back home after a nice visit with Joan and Mo and kiddies. Little Marshall had a happy birthday (one year old). Donna's package was badly torn, some little cars and some Life Savers were missing, but the baby's clothes were there okay. Dave and Janet have bought a beautiful half acre lot; they hope to build on it in about two years. They are bringing the children to see Disneyland about August 8. They plan on staying in the Disneyland Hotel two days while they enjoy Disneyland. I'm so happy for them. Mary and Jon may drive down with Shattucks. They said Mary and Jon could use their car to look around for a place to live in when they move down for Jon's college in the fall. Mary and Jon are in the MIA Road Show with Kathy. The theme for their skit is "What if People Lived in Cans." It sounds like a fun skit. Jon made a can costume for Mary

and himself to wear. The show was presented Friday night in their ward and Saturday night in the Novato Ward.



One of the songs from the roadshow had a chorus that went like this:

**We live on can can Cannery Island
In the mid mid middle of the sea
And all the inhabitants come in cans
As you can can can see.**

Mary and Kathy can still sing this part of the silly song.



George's sister Patty came to visit him and the father. Wednesday morning Kathy went with Mr. Brown and George to get Patty at her aunt's home in Los Altos. Kathy ate dinner with the Browns and then they went to Mutual. P.S. Br. Robert Austin came this evening to get Lou's visiting ward brothers report. We enjoyed his visit. Beverly is through with her jury duty. She worked at her old job at Cannon Electric today. P.S. The clock repairman didn't bring Lou's alarm clock this evening as he said he would. We left our porch light on until almost 10 p.m.



Little girl on left is George's half sister, Kathy Marsh, George, and Patty Brown by the neighborhood pool near George's house.

July 22, Monday

I was up at a few minutes to six this morning. Lou went to a little eating-place for his breakfast while I got myself dressed, hair dressed, and the beds made. I ate some applesauce and Rice Krispies. We were over to Andersens' by 7:10 a.m. Annie and Beverly were all ready to leave for Ontario. Annette gave them each a permanent wave, their "birthday gifts," she said. I visited with Bill all morning; he was sitting on the edge of his bed with his little table and paints, his feet on his little stool. He is painting a lovely rose pattern on a pair of pillow slips for Lorene; he really does some beautiful work. It amazes me, he is so patient, enduring his affliction without complaint, bless his heart. Lorene bought the pillowslips. Bill told me to buy some too and he'll paint a pretty pattern on them for me. Lou gave Andersens' lawn and flowers a good watering and cut some of the dead out of the flowers and shrubs. Bev and Annie had

a delicious lunch prepared in the refrigerator for us, potato salad, cold cuts of meat, cheese, and etcetera. Bill rested a couple of hours before lunch. Lou rested, also. Lou went for Lorene about 1:30 p.m. so she could visit with us and have lunch with us. We had such a nice visit. I took Bill's lunch to his little table at the bedside. He didn't want to get in the wheelchair until Beverly was there to help get him in it. We were surprised to see Annie and Beverly come in about 2:30 p.m. I didn't expect them before 3:30 or 4 p.m. I answered the phoned a few times, once it was nephew Glen Andersen; he was so surprised to hear me on the phone so early in the day. He didn't know his mom and Beverly were going to Ontario today. P.S. I read my letter from Violet to Andersens; Annie received a letter from her today, so we heard that one, too.

July 21, Sunday

I was sorry to read of the passing of Aunt Ida R. Strong's relative Stanford G. Smith, age 55, former bishop of the Wilshire Ward, Los Angeles. He died from a heart attack in Salt Lake City. He was the son of Nicolas G. and Florence Gay Smith. I also read in the little Intermountain News where Paul Y. Dunn gets a Regional Scout Post. He will serve in Utah, Nevada, Arizona, California, Hawaii, Southwest Wyoming and the South Pacific area. He is Kathy's friend, Marie Dunn's, father. It was hot for our men in Sunday School with their coats on. I wonder why they don't take them off. Our teacher, Bob Gordon, was really too warm; he suggested the men take their coats off, but not one of them made a move to do it. I know he wanted to take his coat off. I thought Lou would take his off, but no, he sat there like the other martyrs to a stupid tradition. It is stupid when they're so d--- hot. While Lou enjoyed his nap this afternoon, I started a letter to Donna. I didn't get it finished before church time so I finished it this evening. Lou mailed it at the corner mailbox. We had a nice sacrament meeting. High councilman, Br. Clayne Robison and his son, Theron, a returned missionary, were our speakers. They both gave fine talks. Our Primary kiddies sang two Pioneer songs. Our ward is celebrating the 24th of July tomorrow at Lacy Park; a Pioneer Day picnic. The ward will supply watermelon and homemade ice cream. The families take their picnic lunch. We do not plan on going. We'll be at Andersens' at 7 a.m. to stay with Bill while Annie and Beverly have their permanent waves. I talked to Paul Duncombe after church.



Gregory Tibbets 5 months old.

July 23, Tuesday

It is a warm July day. I wrote a letter to grandson Elder John Louis Marsh. I enclosed it plus \$2.00 in a birthday card for our boy. He'll be 23 years old on August 4. He is in Scotland on his mission. Rex and Donna have mailed him some money, \$80.00, I think, for a new suit and shoes. Janet and Dave gave \$50.00, we gave \$10.00, and Rex and Donna \$20.00. Joan and Mo have paid \$50.00 per month for John's mission ever since he went to Scotland, isn't that wonderful? God will bless them, I'm sure. August 4 will be Janet and Dave's wedding anniversary, 13 years I think. I have an anniversary card ready to mail to them in about a week. We received a letter from Mary; she enclosed two darling pictures of baby Gregory taken May 14. He was 5 months old. Oh, he is a sweet looking baby. He looks something like his mama did when she was that age. Mary says they're coming south with Janet and Dave (that is Mary and Jon), when Shattucks come to Disneyland August 8. Mary wants to stay here

and borrow our car so she and Jon can look for a place to live in, somewhere in Orange County, while he is going to college next year in Irvine. I sent her a postcard telling her we'd be happy to have them sleep here and use our car. Mary is going to be a camp counselor the week of the 19th to the 24th of August. Janet will keep baby Greg and Kathy will take care of Julie while Mary is at camp with the girls.

July 24, Wednesday

Lou celebrated Pioneer Day by mowing our lawns this morning. He used Edgecombs' power mower. I mailed Beverly's birthday card today. With our new post office ruling there'll be no deliveries on Saturdays now. Saturday and Sunday no mail delivered, unless it's special delivery. Uncle Sam finds it's costly to fight wars and fly to the moon and etcetera. I answered Lydia's letter. I sent a little silly rhyme about the little quip she sent to me; "Don't put it down, put it away."



**Don't put it
down.
.....
Put it
AWAY.**

I simmered some lamb chops this morning. Lou smacked his lips over them at lunchtime. Today's mail brought a nice letter from Joan. She liked the little poem I wrote in Marshall's birthday card; she said it was darling. Mo's folks were there when it came and they thought it was nice of me to compose my own verses for the children's cards and etcetera. The kiddies enjoyed the gum and dimes I enclosed for them. Joan says she keeps all the little rhymes I write to the children in their special Books of Remembrance, or keepsake boxes. She added money to the \$2.00 we sent and bought a little red wagon for the baby. Sherm and Janet pull him around the yard in it and he loves it. They took movies of Little Marshall and some snapshots, too, on his birthday. He had a cake, too. It has been two years since we've seen Joan and family, thank goodness for letters. Sherman is taking a reading class in

Saturday Delivery

From the start, letter carriers delivered mail six days a week, usually Monday through Saturday. In May and June 1947, Saturday deliveries were temporarily eliminated in some cities due to budget shortfalls. In 1957, Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield decided to end Saturday deliveries nationwide because of a budget crisis. On one Saturday – April 13, 1957 – there was no mail delivery. Public outcries prompted President Dwight D. Eisenhower to sign a bill more fully funding the Post Office Department three days later, and the next Saturday service resumed. In May 1964 the Post Office Department ended Saturday delivery of Parcel Post in 6,091 cities where carriers made deliveries on foot – again, to save money. Delivery resumed in January 1966 after President Lyndon B. Johnson promised to seek increased funding from Congress. Johnson considered "a good, stable, dependable postal system . . . vital to the well-being of the nation's economy."

<https://about.usps.com/who-we-are/postal-history/delivery-monday-through-saturday.pdf>

Pasadena may have made a short term exception to the Saturday delivery of mail?

*Our house will be more neat, and tidy out here,
Now that little old man is whispering in my ear!
You knew his small voice I couldn't avoid,
No matter how much I was annoyed.
Because of that crazy little whispering ape,
My sweater, on the chair, I no more drape.
I tossed my purse on the bed as I used to do
Right away I heard him and I thought of you.
So I picked it up, with a frown on my face
And put the d--- thing in its proper place.
My Lou's room is often in a mess,
Believe me, he could not care less.
His "clothes rack" is my sewing machine
When I complain, he thinks I am mean
To spoil my darling's comfort would be a sin,
So I close his door and we can't see in
But your little old quip is here to stay,
"Don't put it down, put it away."*

summer school and he enjoys it. They haven't seen Jerry and Janet Haddock yet; after Mo's family came they were too busy, but they've gone back home to Colorado Springs now so Joan hopes to get in touch with them soon. They had their stake Pioneer Day picnic on July 21. They thought they might see Jerry and Janet there, but they didn't go. Mo had new tires put on the car; they are going to the church pageant in two weeks and take a few side trips to

see parts of New England. I answered Violet's letter after dinner this evening.

July 25, Thursday

It was a warm day and 'twas warm all night, but comfortable. I got up about eight and started my washing. Lou wiped the lines off for me and then he went over to see poor old Clifton Manlove, who phoned last evening and wanted to talk to Lou. He is miserable and has made up his mind to get a divorce from Vilda. Oh, that couple! "On again, off again" some romance, eh? Lou enjoyed his breakfast out before going to see Clifton. My washing was on the lines by 10:30.

Then I could relax and enjoy my Cream of Wheat and toast. Lou came home at 12:30 noon. He'd had his hair cut and had been to Hertel's Department Store for his alarm clock. It wasn't ready, but the man gave him another clock just like the one he took in, one he had repaired for someone else. Lou stopped at the Safeway for a few things we needed, bread, milk, and etcetera. I had a blind spell with my eyes, so I took an aspirin tablet and lay down for 30 minutes until it cleared up. I wonder what causes the darn spells? I think Beverly went to Disneyland with the Dale Andersens this afternoon. I hope they had a fun time. I mailed a birthday card to Rex today; I enclosed \$5.00 and a special verse to him. Composed for Rex's birthday card his day July 29:

*Tucked in the midst of a year of work and meetings,
Comes your birthday dear Rex, with gifts and greetings.
May you relax and be happy, enjoy your day,
Remember this one will never again come your way.
We're glad our daughter is married to you,
You're a fine husband and a good father, too.
We'll think about all of you and heave a sigh,
Cause we're not with you on the 29th of July.
Happy birthday.*

**Happy
Birthday!**

July 26, Friday

More warm July weather; our electric fan does help keep our little house cooler. I did my ironing this morning. Lou did some watering and he cut back some ivy; that pretty green ivy grows so fast it keeps him busy and I'm the culprit that planted the stuff. I'm glad he has the new electric cutter anyway. Grandma Marsh phoned for Elder John Marsh's address. She forgot where she put the one I gave her a day or two ago. Like me, she puts things away so good she can't find them herself. I answered Ethel Newbold's letter this afternoon while Lou had his nap. I talked to Beverly this evening via phone. She said they had a real happy time yesterday with Dale and the children; all but baby Susan Lorene. Annette stayed home with the baby. Beverly and her niece Beverly Jean met Dale and family at Disneyland. They had fun celebrating Aunt Beverly's and Marilyn's birthdays. They saw the fireworks and parade at night and had lots of fun. Beverly Jean stayed overnight with Aunt Bev and family. Oh, I think she went to a Road Show with Carol and Janet Clayton this evening or tomorrow, so she may have stayed in Pasadena with them. Her parents are coming to get her tomorrow at Andersens'. I'm almost sure the Road Show was Saturday, so she stayed at Andersens' tonight. Florence Marsh had new neighbors move in the corner house yesterday. She hasn't met them yet. I hope she'll be happier with them than with the old gal that used to live in that house. I read our Sunday School lesson to Lou this evening, "The Physical Death." It is a very interesting lesson. I'm anxious to hear Bob Gordon give it next Sunday.

July 27, Saturday

Our neighbors the Edgcombs went to their desert house this morning for an overnight stay. Beverly, dear niece, I surely hope you enjoy your birthday today. We've been thinking about you all day. I know she was expecting her brother Glen and family today. I told her last evening we wouldn't be over today. She thanked us, via phone, last evening, for the birthday card and \$2.00, plus the verse I composed for her:

*Beverly you are a precious jewel, and I've told you this before,
But the longer I live, dear niece, I realize it more and more.
Your entire life has been devoted just to serving others,
Parents, aunts, uncles, neighbors, friends, sisters-in-law,
and brothers.
Your nephews and nieces are indeed lucky to have an "Aunt Bev" like you.
We often say to each other, "Without Bev, what would we do?"
We wish good health and happiness dearest Bev, for you
Enjoy a happy birthday dear; we surely hope you do.*

Beverly said she received a pretty box of stationery and a lovely linen handkerchief from Donna, a card from Aunt Violet, Aunt Sue, Lorene, and us. All had \$2.00 in them. She bought herself some new shoes today. I'd planned on doing some dusting up in our house today, but Lou announced this morning he wanted to take a ride up to Mt. Wilson. He



Mount Wilson is a peak in the San Gabriel Mountains, located within the San Gabriel Mountains National Monument and Angeles National Forest in Los Angeles County, California. With only minor topographical prominence the peak is not naturally noticeable from a distance, although it is easily identifiable due to the large number of antennas near its summit. It is a subsidiary peak of nearby San Gabriel Peak.

has wanted to go up there for a long time, so I thought I'd please him and go. We left here about ten o'clock and really enjoyed the drive up the mountains. They've surely made a lovely road up to the top. I didn't realize how high it was up there, about 5,000 feet. We didn't go into the picnic area, \$2.00 was more than we wanted to pay just to walk around and see the zoo and other attractions that children love. We did enjoy the drive back down the mountains and the nice lunch at Bob's Restaurant. We bought a few groceries at Fedco Discount Store and came home. Today's mail brought a nice thank you note from Julie Little and Lloyd Taggart for the wedding gift from us, and the Marshes. She said the linen tablecloth and six napkins were just beautiful. Donna took care of the gifts for us, for Julie and for Nancy. I sent Sheila Keller's gift from Pasadena. I wish it were as nice. I love her just as much, but couldn't send that much alone. Irene Andersen cooked dinner for the Andersens this evening. She is a sweet girl.

July 28, Sunday

We had some rain in the night and a few light showers this morning, but for the most part, it has been hot and a bit sultry today. I surely did enjoy our Sunday School lesson this morning on "The Physical Death." Bob Gordon was, as always, well prepared, an excellent teacher. Our little Intermountain Newspaper had a picture of Ernest and Idell Nordstrom with a nice write up about their golden wedding plus their activities in the past 50 years. We both took a nap after dinner and then got ready to go to the 4 p.m. sacrament service. We picked up the ward babysitter, Bessie, again this afternoon. We take her with us in the morning and the afternoon, too. We had a very nice meeting this afternoon. Our four young speakers all gave fine talks (Ted and Betsy Schmidt and Rolayne and Douglas Richards) brother and sister teams. Br. Nick Shumway played two nice organ solos. Our main speaker was Br. Chet Gilgen. He is our new seminary teacher. He is a school principal in San Marino,

I think. He was a very interesting speaker with a cute sense of humor. We enjoyed our cold snack at home this evening. Edgecombs came home about the same time we did. They said someone broke into their mountain cabin and took their oil stove and a few other things. That is the second time their cabin has been broken into; the culprits broke a window to get in. So many dishonest people in our world, it is sad. We've surely needed our electric fan this day.

July 29, Monday

Happy birthday Rex! I hope you are enjoying a nice birthday with your beloved family. It has been a hot humid day; a day like this makes vacuuming a miserable job. I gave the two bedrooms a good cleaning. It took most of my day; I had to force myself to work. Lorene telephoned about noontime; she read a letter from Violet and one from Lydia. Violet enclosed a news clipping telling of the passing of Aunt Ida Strong's brother, Ben L.

Rich. I think he died in Los Angeles but was being buried in Salt Lake City. He was well along in his eighties. *[Ben was three months away from his 90th birthday.]* He was an attorney, but retired a few years ago. Violet and Otto went to Salt Lake City on Friday and back home on Sunday. Otto was a delegate to the Democratic Convention there. Owen has had a few more falls; his doctor can't understand what is causing him to fall. He says he is not to even go out in the yard until he can get control of this baffling condition. It's amazing he hasn't broken any bones with so many falls. He always falls on his back! It is a big worry to Lydia and all of us, but she has to work twice as hard now with yard work, plus housework, and taking care of Owen. She isn't very strong herself. Violet's tests show more pus cells in her kidneys. Isn't there a lot to worry about? Lorene says that the Ray Haddocks have sold their home in Burbank; they'll be moving to Upland in about three weeks. Elaine and Sue went to see Beverly on her birthday last Saturday. Elaine made Bev a pretty tote bag. We received a thank you note from Glen and Susie Kunz for the wedding gift we sent with the ward group (linens).

July 30, Tuesday

It's amazing how fast this year is getting away from us. July has been for the most part a pleasant month, some days were a bit too warm for comfort, but we got through them okay. I gave our two front rooms a good vacuum cleaning this morning. Lou didn't rest very well last night; he had stomach cramps. He didn't get up until I was through with the cleaning and had some music playing on the Magnavox. Our breakfast served as lunch today. We received a nice



Franklin and Shirley Little were married in 1941. They had three children and later divorced. They both attended daughter Julie's wedding reception. Billy, mentioned on July 30, was Franklin's second wife.

letter from Donna. Rex received his birthday card and the \$5.00 from us; he was pleased. Mary and the children went with Rex and Donna to Julie Little's wedding reception. Donna said it was lovely. Franklin and Shirley were both in the reception line together and seemed very happy to see them, kisses all around. Julie told them she loved the beautiful tablecloth and napkins we gave them (Marshes and Renshaws). Donna paid for both gifts (Nancy's and Julie's). Mary's little ones were very good. Little Julie was saying "Hi" to everyone and baby Greg smiled for everyone. Janet Little Seamons was in the reception line, also. She has a two-week-old baby girl. She left the baby with her Grandma in Southern California and flew to the reception. Franklin's wife, "Billy," was helping serve in the kitchen. She is a sweet gracious person. Aunt Lillian and Uncle Jack were glad to see Donna and family. They were in the studio room; Lillian was playing the organ. Donna also played a few songs on the organ. Charlie Renshaw and Mary Tibbets stood there and sang them. The refreshments were lovely, a buffet with sliced ham, hot rolls, rye bread, salads, nuts, luscious big strawberries, punch and wedding cake. Sounds good, eh? Donna sent John \$75.00 for his birthday gift for a new suit and maybe shoes. Lou and I both rested this afternoon. I wish Lou felt better; it isn't like him to stay in bed most of the day.

July 31, Wednesday

*Farewell July 1968. You arrived and departed so fast
You'll soon join other months, referred to, as, "In the past."*

It looked almost as if it was going to rain when we got up at 8 a.m. but the sun got through to us by ten. I put out two runs of washing before I ate breakfast. Lou enjoyed his breakfast out and then went to visit Clifton Manlove. I had the pieces in and ironed by 11:10 a.m. There were not many pieces to iron, so I did them from the lines. Annie phoned and said Bette and Ray expect to get moved to their new home in Upland in about three weeks. Ray is taking some items to the new place every morning when he drives to his work. Our insurance man came to collect Lou's payment, we paid for July and August, \$8.06. My policy was paid up several years ago. I phoned Andersens this evening to learn when it was they expected David to fly home from Germany. Bev said they thought it would be August 7, on a 10:00 p.m. plane. I offered to stay with Bill if Annie and Bev wanted to meet the plane, they do. But she said she thought Aunt Lorene would come and stay all night; it would be too late for Lou and me to wait up. They'll have Bill in bed for the night, but of course do not want to leave him alone. Beverly said that Garry Lewis

Strong phoned from Tustin. They are visiting with Elaine's sister there. He said they'd come to see Andersens tomorrow afternoon. He wants Bev to help them locate some relatives he'd especially like to see, Aunt Loretta Speight in Pasadena, Uncle Gordon's wife, Lona, in Temple City, and Elaine Vandergrift in Burbank. I phoned Haddocks this morning; Bette was at Primary, I talked to Brad.

August 1, Thursday

Lou went with Stanley Edgecomb for a little ride in his camper and truck; he is all set for their three months vacation to the "home town" in Maine. He and Helen are leaving tomorrow; we'll surely miss them. I was surprised with a phone call from Ada E. Quinton. She is a half sister of Mother Renshaw; she lives in Seattle, Washington. She is visiting relatives in South Gate; they're bringing her out to visit with us today. I was about to write letters, but another time will do. I want to look up a few things, pictures, and etcetera that would be interesting to this Aunt Ada that we've never met. She phoned about 2 p.m. to say they were lost. They were at Huntington Drive and San Gabriel eating lunch. Lou told them how to get here. It didn't take long for them to find us. Ada had her two sisters and a grand niece with her. The sister, Susie, lives in South Gate, the 16 years old niece, Louise, was driving. She is sweet; she made me think of our Kathy. She lives in South Gate; Susie is her grandmother. The other sister, I think they called her Em, anyway, her home is in Maryland. We had a nice visit. Ada had some family group sheets. She told us about her father, William Moore. I showed them a picture of Mother Renshaw and Pa Renshaw and our Marsh family. Em took pictures of us in front of our house before they left. They're very nice, friendly, people. I'm glad they came. The niece took a picture of the three sisters and us, Em took us with the niece and Ada and Em. We'll never see the pictures, I guess, but I hope they turn out good for Ada. They wouldn't let us treat them to anything, they'd just had lunch. Andersens were expecting Lewie (Garry) and Elaine Strong this afternoon. They'd been visiting her sister in Tustin. They had been in San Francisco before coming to Southern California.

August 2, Friday

Our neighbors left about six o'clock this morning. Lou got up about 5 a.m. and he waved them off with best wishes and etcetera. He went back to bed after reading our morning paper. I got up about eight and I phoned Annie at nine. She said the Lewis Strong's came last evening. Beverly took them to see Elaine Vandergrift and Sue Hoglund in Burbank and to Pasadena to see Loretta Strong Speight. It was after 10 p.m. when they got back to Andersens'. They didn't stay all night but went back to Tustin, I guess. They've been away from home for three weeks. They said they'd be going back in a few days. I answered Donna's letter and Joan's letter today.

August 3, Saturday

A nice breeze helps to take care of our summer day today. I had my bath this morning before getting dressed. The paperboy

left Edgecombs paper again this morning. Mrs. Edgecomb had asked them to cancel their paper for three months, as they'd be away from home. The man said they would take care of it for sure, we'll see, eh? Beverly went to Los Angeles to buy herself some dresses to work in. (She is spending her birthday money). I was so sorry to learn that Dennie Oakes has to have an operation for a tumor in her uterus. I surely hope she gets along okay and the tumor is benign, not malignant. It is our payday, our Social Security check, for \$215.40 came today. We received a postcard from Lydia thanking us for the birthday card and money (one little old \$1.00). She said she loved my verse to her. She has been miserable with arthritis and no improvement in Owen's condition either. Oh, I wish they both felt better, poor dears. Annie telephoned this afternoon with good news; Beverly found the diamond ring that Annie lost several weeks ago. It was on her bookshelf under a book she took out to look at. They're delighted and so am I. Lou and I went to the Safeway Market this afternoon for a supply of groceries. We cashed our Social Security check there. Lou cooked our dinner this evening and I enjoyed eating it (ground beef and fried potatoes). I had cooked the potatoes in their jackets yesterday. I fixed a fresh salad, green onions, tomatoes, and etcetera for Lou. The man that had the apartment over Lorene's apartment moved out today. She said he was a nice quiet person; she hopes they will rent it to someone as nice. The party who lived in it before this man caused a lot of distress for Lorene at times with noisy party making and etcetera. Inez Anderson phoned this afternoon. She has been home from the La Vina Sanitarium in Altadena a week. She was there six weeks. She wants to go to Sunday School with us in the morning. I was glad to know she is feeling better.

August 4, Sunday

Happy Birthday!



Elder John Marsh in Scotland.

Happy birthday, Elder John L. Marsh and happy anniversary to Janet and David. We're thinking of our grandson on his birthday today. We hope he is happy and enjoying his day in Scotland. We are also thinking of Janet and David Shattuck; it is their 13th wedding anniversary. Lou came back from priesthood meeting to take Inez Anderson and me to Sunday School. We took the ward babysitter, Bessie, with us, too. I enjoyed the lovely testimonies in fast meeting. Br. Robert Gordon is out of town for three weeks. Dr. William Pettit gave our Sunday School lesson "The Post Mortal Spirit World." It is a very interesting subject and very well presented. Lou and I enjoyed fried chicken TV dinners (Swanson's). We both took a nap after looking at the newspaper for a while. We drove to Highland Park and visited with the Andersens. Annie and Bev were watching Joan Davis in "Harem Girl," so we enjoyed that comedy and the drama, "The Swan," with Grace Kelly. They are lovely in color. They got Bill up in his wheelchair later and we visited. Lorene was out with her son Ray and wife Miriam to help them celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary. Annie and Bev insisted on us eating a sandwich with them, so I helped make them. We had tuna sandwiches. There was a piece

of steak left; Lou enjoyed that in his sandwich. We had ice cream, sweet rolls, and milk, also. It's always fun to be with the Andersens, God bless them. We are very thankful for this lovely Sabbath Day and its many happy blessings.

August 5, Monday

It is a lovely summer day. I got up first and recorded yesterday's activities in my diary. A strange habit, isn't it? This is my 40th diary book. I've never missed recording a day in the past (almost) 40 years. Lou went to have our dirty car washed this morning while I washed the clothes. Clifton Manlove phoned to tell Lou he had a lot of ripe figs on the tree if Lou wanted to go over and get some. I mailed Jon Tibbets a birthday and \$2.00 for a treat on his day. We received a nice letter from Violet written July 31. They'd had a couple of rainy days with lots of rain in Duck Creek where Otto's store is, which isn't good for his business. There were cloudbursts and floods in some of the towns near Cedar City. Otto and Violet went to Salt Lake City on Friday, August 26, to a Democratic convention and arrived there at 10:40 p.m. Lydia and Owen were up watching television, while waiting for them to arrive. Owen is some better, but still can't go outside without help. His three sons take turns going over and cutting the lawns and trimming shrubs and etcetera. Jim and Andrea were at the folks with their two darling children. Little Jimmy has stomach cramps once in a while, the doctor is trying to find out what is causing them. Violet phoned Bonnie and Doris, but got no answer. They were both out. On Saturday Jim took Violet and Lydia to town. Violet had some shoes rebuilt at Broadway Store (smaller heels, and the toes made rounder, they were pointed). Bonnie, Darrell, his mother, Mrs. Reynolds, Sherrill, and Leslie called on Violet in Cedar. They came to register Sherrill in the Cedar College; She'll be staying in the Manzanita Hall. I guess Dad left Elsie well off with stocks and bonds money and etcetera. Her three children all have new clothes, cars, vacation trips, and etcetera. They haven't sold the home yet, however. I'm glad they're doing so well. I wish Dad's first family were doing as well, ha ha. I'm not at all envious, just having a little fun.

August 6, Tuesday

I had myself a busy day. I shampooed my hair first thing while Lou was still in bed. I washed my white coat sweater and a couple of my Shelton Stroller dresses. I made a fruit jelled salad, cooked a tapioca pudding, boiled eggs, and cooked potatoes for salad and put the house in order and cooked dinner. I was really tired this evening. It doesn't take much work to make me feel exhausted. I read Violet's letter to Lorene and to Annie; Lorene was at Andersens'. I was so sorry to learn that Annie had a painful fall on Sunday night after we left there. She was getting Bill ready for bed and she caught her toe in a chest of drawers and fell flat on her back. Beverly got her up on her feet; she was shook up but seemed to be okay. She had a bad night with aches and pains, could hardly get out of bed. Beverly phoned Irene and she came from Pacoima about 8 a.m. She did the washing and took care of Annie and Bill. Isn't she a darling? She went over for Lorene before she went back home so Lorene stayed all night. Beverly is working every day. Annie feels better today;

she can get around okay now. I'm so very thankful she didn't break a bone or sprain her back or something. (Bill, Owen, and now Annie, all falling down!) Lou cut our lawns and watered. He cleaned up in the yard when it was cooler this evening. We listened to several speakers at the Republican National Convention in Miami Beach on the TV this evening; Richard Nixon, Governor Ronald Reagan, Barry Goldwater, and others. They all seem to think they can do a much better job than President Johnson is doing, I wonder?? Looks like it's going to be a landslide for Richard Nixon.

August 7, Wednesday

Happy birthday to Jon Tibbets, I mailed his card on Monday. David Andersen arrived home from Germany via airplane at three o'clock this morning. His plane was expected about 10:20 last night. Beverly, Glen, and family, waited at the airport until he landed. The Andersens drove to Highland Park with Bev, so she wouldn't be alone at that hour. Annie, Bill, and Lorene got up to see David. Annie says he looks fine. She is feeling better today. Her fall last Sunday night really bruised her body. The City Park Department cut some of the low hanging branches off our big trees in our front parking lot. Lou enjoyed the activity from his patio chair on the front porch. It is interesting to watch that big machine grind up the big branches. I took the floor sweeper over the rugs and wiped the kitchen, bathroom, and service porch floors up with warm water. Oh, I do enjoy our seamless floors; they are so pretty and easy to keep clean. Lou and I went to the Safeway Market this evening. We got some fresh vegetables and some items I wanted to have on hand for our children to enjoy eating tomorrow. We're expecting Janet, Dave, and children, and Mary and Jon, sometime tomorrow. I get excited just thinking about it. We ate after we came home from the market. It has been warm again today. We had some lightening and thunder in the night last night and a few drops of rain fell. Headlines: Richard Nixon scores a landslide victory for the Republican Party at the Presidential National Convention in Miami Beach. Nixon chose Maryland's Governor, Spiro Agnew, to be his Vice President.



Nixon was voted GOP's candidate in 1968.

August 8, Thursday

Lou ate his breakfast at a little place he likes to go for a special kind of doughnut he calls a "spud" and then he went

over and visited with Clifton Manlove. I put clean linen on Lou's bed, ready for Mary and Jon. I made a bowl of potato salad and prepared some food ready for our kids. I dusted up the house; Lou brought a sack of figs home from Manloves'. Our family arrived about 3:30 this afternoon. We were surprised and happy to see Mary had her baby, Gregory, with them. It is the first time we've seen the darling. Oh, he is a good baby, such a sweet looking little fellow, too. Janet brought her little dog Minnie, too. She is a cute little Chihuahuas. Lou went for the bucket of Kentucky Fried Chicken, 21 pieces in the bucket for \$4.19. It is delicious. It was so wonderful to see our precious children enjoying their dinner around our dining table, eight of them. Janet and Dave and children left about 5 p.m. for their motel near Disneyland, where they'll stay a couple of days and have fun at the wonderful land of fantasy. Greg has his own little crib up in Lou's room. Minnie has her little basket/bed on our back porch. Mark was a big help getting the dishes cleared off the table. Janet helped wipe; I washed. Mary surprised us by telling us that Miller has resigned his job in New York. He wants to go back to college and get his doctor's degree so he can teach college. The Church put in a new boss over their holdings in New York, Miller wasn't happy with him, so he wanted out and he resigned. He and Joan are on their way to Salt Lake City to see about another job. He may stay in New York and work for another year however, time will tell. P.S. Oh it was something to watch baby Greg in his bath in the big tub. Wow, fun. Lou and I both got a kick out of watching him try to swim in the big tub; he loves his bath. P.S. Miller was the manager for the church radio stations in the East; he has resigned.

August 9, Friday

We had a nice quiet night's rest, not a sound out of baby Greg, or the little dog Minnie. I got up at 7 a.m. and took Minnie out in the backyard for a while, but a big tomcat was so interested I was afraid he'd pounce on that tiny dog, so we came back in without Mother Nature's call having a chance. Jon took her out for a walk later and she "did her stuff." Lou and I cooked bacon, eggs, potatoes, and toast for breakfast. Jon and Mary took the baby with them this morning. He looked so darned cute. Oh, he is a good baby. They took our car; they were going to look in Orange County to see about renting a two-bedroom place near the college that he will be going to for the next five years. They were going to call on Dolores Jones in Tustin. Janet's little Minnie dog is so cute, well trained. She doesn't quite know what to make out of our quiet house without the Shattuck kiddies. I've held her in my lap several times today. She is such a darling pet, no wonder they all love her. Grampa, Grama, and Minnie all took naps this afternoon. Mary, Jon, and baby Greg had a big day. It was around midnight when

they got back here (Greg was all smiles). I got up and talked to them for a few minutes. They went to Dolores Jones's first and she was helpful with maps and etcetera. Jon went to keep his 2 p.m. appointment at the Irvine College. They looked at some apartments and think they found one they like. They are going to talk to the landlord in the morning at eleven. Dolores took care of Greg for them when they went to meet the Shattucks in Disneyland at 6 p.m. (Wasn't that sweet of Dody?) Jack Jones came to Dody's while Mary and Jon were there. Mary brought a delicious package of turtle chocolates and nuts home to Grampa; they said his car is a pleasure to drive. Little Minnie dog was overjoyed to see the Tibbetses tonight. She sleeps in her little bed on the back porch. Dody put a pair of her little boy's sleepers on Greg and told her to keep them. Her little one outgrew them. Mary rented a stroller cart for Greg, \$4.00 per week. She and Grampa got it last evening. Donna and Doug took turns giving the baby a ride in the little cart last evening.

August 10, Saturday

Little Greg was awake early and got us up and going about seven. Oh, he is such a happy baby. I cooked oatmeal cereal for breakfast. We had blueberry muffins, toast, orange juice, and jam. I talked Mary into leaving baby with us this time, as they will not be away all day. After his bottle he slept a couple of hours. I was feeding him when the Shattucks came about 12:30 noon. Greg almost jumped out of my arms he was so overjoyed to see the children. Minnie dog was delighted, too. They'd all eaten so no lunch to get for them. Mary and Jon came soon after Shattucks. She fixed a sandwich for herself and Jon. They all got ready for a trip to Marineland. Beverly and Annie came by just before our

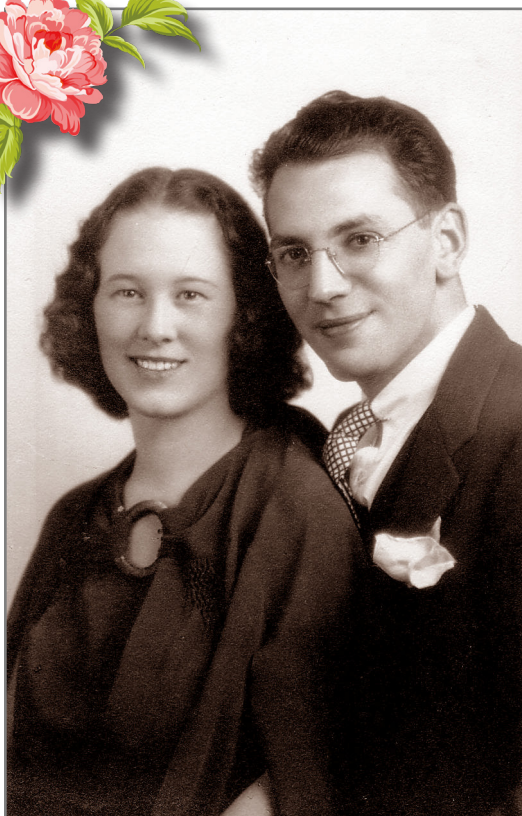


Janet Shattuck with Minnie on her lap.

children left for Grandma Marsh's and then Marineland. Bev had been to Fedco Store to get something Jim wanted for his birthday; it is his birthday today. Glen told Bev what it was that son Jim wanted. Dave's station wagon drove away full of happy excited kids, on their way to another thrilling experience. Minnie dog would like to have gone with them, but she rested at home with the "old folks." Ha ha! We received a Giant postcard from Joan (Garden of the Gods, Pikes Peak, Colorado). They were in Colorado Springs with Mo's folks, and were leaving there today (Saturday) for Salt Lake City. Miller has business to

take care of there. If they have enough time they may come as far as California and see us, not sure of that yet? I hope we do get to see them; they are driving all the way from New York. She said they're seeing our "beautiful country." Our family arrived home from Marineland happy and hungry this evening about 5:30 p.m. They didn't see Grandma Marsh; she wasn't home. They left a note for her. Mary and

Janet helped me get the food on the table; we made a tossed green salad, we had sliced ham and hot wieners and etcetera. David and Jon got the station wagon packed. It was amazing how quickly they got ready for the homeward trip. Janet gave baby Greg a bath. Grandma Marsh phoned; she talked to Janet and Mary and some of the kiddies. She was disappointed that she wasn't home when they came to see her. Irene and Ray and family are in Los Angeles and she was out somewhere with them. We waved our precious children "farewell" at eight o'clock this evening. They expect to arrive home in San Jose about 3 a.m. Our house was very quiet and a bit lonely after they all left, but we'll have a lot of happy memories. Lou washed and I wiped the dishes. We wouldn't let the girls do them before they left. Isn't it strange, the visit with our precious children we looked forward to is all over now; they're on their way home. I had a special prayer for their safe journey home.



*Naomi and Leslie Weber, Naomi was Ray Haddock's sister. She was five days younger than Donna Marsh and only 55 years old when she died.
Image from Family Search.*

August 11, Sunday

It was a lovely day, not too hot. Lou went to priesthood and came back to take Bessie and me to Sunday School. We always enjoy Sunday School. Dr. Harold Kratzer was our teacher today. Br. Bob Gordon is out of town. We had enough leftovers for our dinner without any cooking this day. I've had our precious children in my thoughts; we surely enjoyed their visit. We hope they got home safe and sound this morning; they drove all night. We had a very nice meeting this afternoon at 4 p.m. It was a farewell service for Stanley Anderson; he is going on a mission to Northern California. He leaves for the mission home in Salt Lake City tomorrow. The Anderson family furnished the program. Two lovely piano solos were by Jackie A. Sheppert, Stan's married sister, remarks by Louise Anderson, Dr. Don Anderson, and Elder Stanley Anderson and remarks by Bishop Orlin Munns. The benediction was by Douglas Anderson. It's been a nice Sabbath Day. We have happy memories of our sweet granddaughters and their families visit with us this past weekend. It was wonderful to see all of them again. I mailed a birthday card to Janet today plus \$2.00 for fun spending.

August 12, Monday

'Twas clear and cool this morning. I put out three runs of washing. Lou took the little stroller cart that Mary rented back this morning. He paid a couple of our utility bills while out. He watered Edgecombs' lawns, back and front. I phoned the gas company and they said they'd send a man out today to try and find out why we smell gas in our house. Dave and Janet both said they could smell gas and others

have said so, too. I can smell it at times. The paperboy keeps leaving Edgecombs' paper. Helen called before they left and told them to stop the paper. Lou has phoned a couple of times too, but the paper is still there every morning. Annie phoned this afternoon to tell us about Naomi Haddock Weber. She said that Sue phoned her and said that Naomi was playing the organ in Sunday School yesterday when she had a stroke. She went into a coma and didn't come out of it. She passed away this morning at 1:30. I'm so sorry to learn this sad news. The Webers live in Saugus. *[Saugus is a neighborhood in Santa Clarita, California. Saugus was one of four communities that merged in 1987, to create the city of Santa Clarita. -Wikipedia]* I'm sorry for Leslie, her husband, he'll be so lonesome now. The children are married; I think they had three (two boys and a girl). I think Naomi was about Donna's age, perhaps a little older. The man from the gas company came about 3 p.m. He found the gas leak right away. It was in the line going into the oven; the flair was even larger than

the pilot light when he lit it. No wonder we could smell gas! He got it fixed okay and the oven working smooth. He said our stove and kitchen was so nice and clean, it was a pleasure to work here. He was very interested in our flooring job, and asked all about it. I wrote a letter to Donna this evening.

August 13, Tuesday

We have some noisy activity in front of our house today. The city workmen are doing something in the street. Dad is pleased with the entertainment from his special seat on our front porch. They worked on Virginia Street last week and he had to walk a block and stand to watch them. Lou said this work is getting ready for the big job of widening Del Mar Boulevard. I did my ironing early while Lou was in bed. We ate later, about ten. Lou walked to the corner mailbox on Virginia Street to mail my letter to Donna. It was cool and cloudy this morning so I baked a dish of brown beans with onions and bacon and tomato sauce. Golly it feels like fall weather today. Annie read a letter from Lydia to me via phone. Owen is feeling better; he can walk without his cane. They had a rail put on the porch so he can go down the steps without someone helping him now. He hasn't had a fall in three weeks, so he is encouraged. The poor man has had a rough time of it the past several months. Lydia's blood pressure is too high. She has arthritis in her arms and legs, the poor darling, and she works far too hard. We received a nice thank you letter from Mary and Jon. She said they arrived in San Jose at 2 a.m. on Sunday morning, only six hours from our house to Janet and Dave's house. They slept at Janet's until about 9 a.m. and then went home to San Rafael.

In the afternoon they went for Julie; she was happy to see her mama and daddy and baby Greg. Kathy was helping her dad last Friday night and she ran a long splinter in her finger. Ouch! Rex took her to Uncle Dick (Dr. Deal) and he pulled it out and dressed the wound. *[Kathy was sanding along the edge of baseboard. The sliver went through her finger. It could be seen under the skin an inch away from where it entered her skin. Kathy saved the inch long sliver for a long time. It wasn't very painful. It was just curious looking to realize how long it was and how deep it was in her finger.]* We also received a letter from Ethel Newbold. It has been so hot in Salt Lake City she said. Ethel has lost a lot of weight; she only weighs 114 pounds now. She weighed 150 pounds the last time we saw her. Dennie Oakes was operated on this morning for a tumor in her uterus. Annette was with Dennie at the hospital. Annie phoned this evening to tell me that Dennie came through the operation fine. They are relieved to know the tumor was not malignant. Dale was at home with the kiddies while Annette was with Dennie. P.S. I made a jelled salad to take to Relief Society tomorrow.

August 14, Wednesday

I hope Janet is enjoying her birthday today; she looked so pretty when she was here last weekend. It was real cool last night; I was glad to use the little light blanket. I rest a lot better in the cool weather. Nora Williamson took my lime salad and me to Relief Society this morning. We had our sewing downstairs in the Scout Room because the floor in the Cultural Hall is being refinished and we must not walk on it. We didn't have the quilt up; Sr. Musser was away. I did some tube painting on a dishtowel. I enjoyed the change. We had a nice lunch in the patio upstairs at 12:30 (potluck salads). Lou went over to visit Clifton Manlove, and then to take his cousin Ruby to the Pantry Market for her supply of groceries. Vera Smith gave the lesson on Home Nursing, for Sr. Musser. I hope I'll never have to use any of that special training, believe me. Caring for the infirm invalid is not "my cup of tea." If I ever get helpless like that, I hope they'll put me in a hospital or nursing home. I surely do not want to be an oppressing burden to my sweet Donna or Lou. I'll count my many blessing while abiding my time, eh? I've surely enjoyed this lovely cool summer day. I wish I knew something about Joan and Miller, where they are in their cross-country drive! I'm anxious to know that all is well with them and the kiddies. I heard in Relief Society today that Harold and Lydia Smith have rented their home here and have moved to Logan, Utah. We'll miss them. I'll have to have a new R.S. partner next term. Lou will

take me on the district this summer; he took me in June and July. Every one of our Relief Society presidency is on vacation. Our secretary, Clare Smith, had charge of our society today. She did an excellent job.

August 15, Thursday

It was cool last night, I was glad for the blanket. We have a pleasant cool sunny day with no smog. Lou spent the morning watering Edgecombs' lawns and flowers. Their neighbor on the south cuts the lawns; I can't spell their name, it sounds like Schmidts. We received a postcard from the Edgecombs; they were in Maine, arrived there on August 10. The cross-country trip was hot and humid most of the way, but it was a good trip. The card was a



Dr. Richard Deal was very generous and good to the Marsh family.

colored picture of Provo Canyon in Utah. We got a little thank you note from Sheila and Larry McGrery for the wedding gift of towels. Sheila is Ralph and Dorothy Keller's daughter. We received a letter from Donna; she typed it on Janet's birthday, yesterday. Kathy was in San Jose with Janet and family. The weather has been cold and cloudy. She hopes it'll warm up so Kathy can enjoy the swimming pool. Joan phoned from Colorado Springs; they have

bought a new Ford. Miller was to talk with the big boss in Salt Lake City on August 13. Their plans are still indefinite. We all hope things will work out for their best good. They may come as far as California. We'd surely love to have them visit with us. Dr. Deal (Uncle Dick) wouldn't let Donna and Rex pay him for taking the splinter out of Kathy's finger, or taking care of Donna's bladder infection. He surely has been good to them. Donna was called to the office in Macy's and offered another job in the store for \$5.00 more a week. She will have charge of the Stationery Department. It includes electric razors, typewriters, and etcetera. She will also authorize checks and exchanges and etcetera. She liked the girls in the Handbag Department and enjoyed working with them. I hope she'll be as happy in the new department. I answered her letter this afternoon. Naomi Webber's funeral was today in Saugus. A helicopter carrying 21 people, adults and children, on its way to Disneyland, broke apart yesterday, killing all 21 aboard. It crashed in Compton. So tragic.

August 16, Friday

It has been cloudy and cool all day. Lou and I did our visiting of districts; he took me around my Relief Society District first. I found three of my six families at home. We did his next; we found three of his four ladies home. Fern Nichols is able

to get around with the help of a chair walker, the poor little soul has had a bad time since she broke her hip about four months ago. Sr. Aretta Smith is feeling a little better; she was operated on for cancer about seven months ago; she is very thin. We always enjoy our visit with her and her sister Sarah Bates. We had a nice visit with Sr. Maude Williams, too. I'm glad our visiting is done for this month. I telephoned Bette Haddock, she wasn't home, but I talked to Ricky. He said Aunt Naomi Webber's funeral was yesterday in Saugus. She had a lovely service; two bishops spoke, lovely music, flowers, and etcetera. She was buried in Glendale, Forest Lawn, I guess. Ray Haddock dedicated Naomi's grave. Rick said the moving van is coming next Wednesday to take their furniture to the new home in Upland. I talked to Annie and Lorene via phone to tell them what Rick told me. I wonder where Joan and family are? They were in Colorado Springs the last time we heard from them (last week).



The Gardners visited Elvie and Lou on August 17. In the photo above: Elvie, Marshall, Sherman, Janet, with Mo and Lou behind.

August 17, Saturday

It is another cool cloudy day. Florence Marsh phoned and read a nice letter she had received from Elder John Marsh. He said he had ordered his new suit and her birthday money helped to buy it. He told her to tell us he'd be writing to us soon. I was happy to learn from Florence that Joan and family are in California at Diane and Phil's home; so we'll be seeing them soon, I'm sure. Irene and Ray are still in Los Angeles; two of their boys sleep at Grandma Marsh's place. The Cattanis took Grandma Marsh to Disneyland and to Marineland with them last Friday and Saturday. They have her with them today somewhere, maybe the beach? Joan, Mo, and their beautiful kiddies came in their pretty new Ford about 2 p.m. Their car is maroon red. Oh, it was wonderful to see them again and especially to see baby Marshall McKay for the first time. He is a darling, a blue-eyed, yellow headed cutie. They wouldn't have me fix a lunch, but they did eat a sandwich and fruit and etcetera. We had so much fun

talking to them. They went back to Diane's about 4:30. They are going out with Diane and Phil and another couple or two tonight to some entertainment in Chino. They have two babysitters coming. They're coming back to go to sacrament meeting with us tomorrow afternoon and stay overnight. They will leave for San Rafael on Monday morning. Annie phoned; she said Lorene got up from her chair to answer the phone this afternoon; she had such a pain in her foot she couldn't stand on it. She tried to hobble to the phone but she fell. Her foot is swollen and painful. She has no idea what caused this trouble in her foot or leg? Joan went to see Aunt Lydia and Uncle Owen while in Salt Lake City a few days ago. She said Uncle Owen looks very bad. Lydia is very worried over him. She thinks he may have had a slight stroke. Oh dear, I am concerned about him.

August 18, Sunday

It is amazing how cool our weather has been most of August. I've been tempted a time or two to put

on the furnace, but I put on my little sweater instead. We took Inez Anderson to Sunday School and Bessie, the ward babysitter. Lou went to priesthood at eight. Dr. William Pettit gave our Sunday School lesson. It was very interesting, "The Judgment Bar." I made a potato salad and got things ready for our dinner after church this evening. Joan and Mo and children met us at church. They had lunch with Grandma Marsh at Aunt Florence's house. Irene and children were there. We had a nice sacrament meeting. High Counselor Keith Neilson and a returned missionary, Robert Neilson, Keith's son, gave fine talks. Joan left baby Marshall with the babysitter, Bessie. Sherm and Janet sat with us in church; they are such good children. Joan and Sherm drove home from church with us. We stopped at Colonel Sander's Kentucky Fried Chicken for the bucket of chicken I had ordered, 15 pieces for \$3.99. I had the table all set and food in icebox ready to serve, so we didn't have long to wait. We were all hungry and we had a happy

time eating about 6 p.m. We were too full for dessert, so we ate that later, about nine. (Chocolate Chip ice cream and cookies.) Joan got Marshall asleep on the big bed; she made his bed on the floor at the foot of their bed. I had plenty of blankets so he had a nice soft bed. Sherm and Janet went to sleep on the big bed. We four adults enjoyed visiting and looking at movies of their lovely home in New York and etcetera including a roll of little Lorri and we were even on it. Mo brought the children in the couch bed later. We were all tucked in for a good night's rest by 11 p.m. It was a very happy day for the grandparents. Mary Tibbets telephoned this evening; she talked to Joan. (Little Janet answered the phone.) Mary wanted to learn if Joan had arrived yet. Mary leaves in the morning for girl's camp, where she'll be a counselor for a week.

August 19, Monday

Grampa Lou helped me cook breakfast; in fact I helped him. He cooked bacon and sausages, potatoes, and eggs. Sherm shredded the potatoes for frying. I made raisin toast, and white toast. Sherm made the frozen orange juice; he was a big help, cute little guy, so darn much like his Uncle John Marsh. Mo packed the car. Joan took pictures of us in the house and outside, too, including some movies. It was fun to see the pictures, a minute after taking them. We waved our little Gardner family "fond farewell" at 10 a.m., on their way to San Jose to spend a couple of days with Janet and family. Janet telephoned about 11 a.m.; she wanted to know what time the Gardners left here, and if they had any sleeping equipment for the baby. I told her we made a bed for him on the floor. She said she would rent a little crib for him. She has Mary's baby Greg while Mary is at camp, so he sleeps in her baby crib. Janet said she had a nice birthday. She thanked us for the card and money of \$2.00. I put out four runs of washing after the children left. I took the hand sweeper over the rugs. We are back to normal again, but we surely enjoyed our precious children. We received a letter from Lou's cousin Vinnie. She wants the names of Ralph and Winnie's children. She gave us the address of her son Steve (Stephen James Royall). He is in the automobile business in Santa Ana on Main Street, Dunton Motors. His home is in Newport Beach, 2827 Catalpa Street. Lorene is out with Mary and family for a few days. Mary came to Los Angeles to get her yesterday. I hope her leg is healing up okay. She strained it somehow last Saturday. We received a big surprise this evening. I went to put Lou's underwear in his chest of drawers and there I saw it, a note with a \$10.00 bill under Joan's picture. The note said, "We love you, thank you for being so good to us. Miller and Joan." The darlings, we loved having them here. P.S. Miller got up on our roof and fixed our TV antenna

last evening. Now we get an excellent picture on all stations we turn on, I'm so glad!

August 20, Tuesday

More fall like weather, felt like it was about to rain any minute. The sun did get through to us in the afternoon. Today's mail brought a thank you note from Nancy and Jan Hoadley (she is Roland and Donna Renshaw's daughter). She said thanks for the beautiful tablecloth and napkins. It is the wedding gift that Donna bought for us to give them. I did my ironing this morning and a little scrapbook work this afternoon. It has been a little warmer this afternoon; maybe we'll get our summer time back again, eh? I have happy memories of our precious grandchildren's visits with us these past few days. Oh, it was so good to see Joan and Miller and their children again and baby Marshall for the first time. They are all beautiful children. It was wonderful to think they drove all the way across our USA from New York to California to see all of the relatives enroute. We had the happy pleasure of seeing Janet and David and their lovely children and Mary and Jon and baby Gregory for the first time the week before the Gardners came. They are all adorable kids and oh so good looking. I'll have happy memories for a long time; I am indeed blessed. Russia, Poland, East Germany, Hungary, and Bulgaria, crossed the Czechoslovak border tonight with their tanks, troops, and planes to invade their country. It was a dreadful shock to the people of Czechoslovak. What now? Former President Dwight Eisenhower's failing heart suffered further spasms yesterday, he is in a grave condition.



August 21, Wednesday

Well, what d'you know? We had sunshine this morning for a change. Almost all of August has been cold and cloudy in the mornings. I wrote a little thank you note to Joan and Mo for the \$10.00 and the note they left on Lou's chest of drawers last Monday. I hope it will be in their mailbox to welcome them back home in New York. We received a nice long letter from Lydia today. I read it to Annie via phone. I hope that Bette and Ray and the children will be very happy in their new home in Upland, they moved

there today. I know that Sue will miss them a lot; she is so very lonely living alone in Burbank. She does have a nice apartment there at 327 San Jose Street, but it's lonesome for her all the same.

August 22, Thursday

I'll record a few things from Lydia's letter. She'd tucked my letter away in the birthday card I sent so she hadn't answered sooner. She wondered why I did not write to them. I'm glad she did notice it when she was going through her cards again. She liked my verse to her about "putting things away." Lydia has suffered so much from her sciatic



2827 Catalpa Street, Newport Beach was Stephen Royall's home in 1968. In 2018 the home at this address is not for sale, but Zillow gives it a sales price of \$1,947,791. It is a tract home with 2,499 square feet.



Rex, Donna, and Kathy went on a Bay Cruise.

nerve; it is very painful. The doctor gave her a couple of heat treatments with a lamp and some shots and pills. She did some doctoring on her own, too. She was feeling better when she wrote. Lydia's doctor thinks maybe Owen has had a couple of light strokes; she thinks so too, but doesn't want him to know anything about their thoughts about his condition. She says Owen feels much better, he hasn't fallen down for a month; he can get out in the yard now that they have the rail to help him go down the porch steps. Owen isn't able to drive his car anymore, so son Bob bought it. Lydia said they had such a nice surprise when Joan and Mo and children came to see them while they were in Salt Lake City the first part of August. She had Bill's children and Jim's two, so Joan's kiddies had fun with the kids, toys, and etcetera. Joan was glad she got to see Jim and Andrea and the children. Lydia says that Shonnie's baby is a doll, a very pretty little boy. The whole family is crazy about that baby. Lydia bought the baby a tiny pair of Levis and a polo shirt. Annie phoned Sue; she was feeling very depressed because Bette and family have moved from Burbank and Elaine was visiting with Sharon in Carlsbad. Sue was really feeling low. I feel so sorry for her; I wish she lived nearer to us. Annie also phoned Mary J. in Van Nuys; Lorene is with her; her foot is healing up nicely. She can walk around okay. Ray is going to bring her home this evening when he takes his little Janet out to Pacoima. She is going with the Glen Andersens on their vacation to Yosemite National Park. Clifton Manlove phoned to thank me for the casserole dish I sent to him this noontime with Lou (macaroni, cheese, and tuna fish). He said it was delicious. After Lou visited with Clifton he went over to see Ruby. We received another notice from the Senior Citizens Property Tax Assistance; they wanted my signature, as I am a joint owner. I answered Violet's letter and mailed Joan's letter that I wrote yesterday. Lou walked to the corner mailbox with the letters.

August 23, Friday

Well we have another clear, sunny day, a normal August day. Most of this month has been cool, cloudy weather, more like our winter seasons. Lou spent the morning watering Edgecombs' lawns and flowers. We received a nice letter from Donna today; she is on her vacation and enjoying it. They've had a lot of rainy weather. Mary is with the 12 year girls at camp as a counselor. They are at a beautiful Scout camp beyond Guerneville; only it has rained so much it has been a disappointment. Jon is with the Boy Scouts in the High Sierras. Grandma Tibbets had little Julie on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, her days off work. Janet has baby

Greg. Rex took two days off to spend with Donna on her vacation. They took Kathy with them on the Bay Cruise on Monday. It was damp and foggy, but lovely in spite of the weather. It takes 2 hours and 15 minutes. It goes under the Oakland Bay Bridge, under the Golden Gate Bridge, around Angel Island and Alcatraz, and by Tiburon, Belvedere, and Sausalito. They met an LDS family from Salt Lake City on the cruise. He is a stake mission president in Murray, Utah. They bought Kathy new shoes in Hillsdale. They went to Marine World and enjoyed watching dolphins and seals and water skiing. They met the same LDS family here also sightseeing. Tuesday morning they went to the Oakland Temple for one session. Kathy waited in the temple lounge reading. They got permission to take her into the lunchroom to eat in the temple with them. They all drove to San Jose to see Joan, Mo, and children, and Janet, and family. Dave bar-be-cued a big steak; Janet prepared a lovely dinner to go with it. Dave took them to see their lovely lot. Joan and family were going to San Rafael today to spend a few days with Rex and Donna. Happy Reunion! I answered Vinnie Royall's letter today.

August 24, Saturday

Today we have more sunshine and a summer day. I telephoned Sue; she was feeling fairly well, sounded cheerful, more like her old self. She told me about the lovely party and gifts the ward friends gave Bette and Ray. She had been out to see the lovely home Haddocks have moved into in Upland. Ray took her through the hospital he works for; I think he is the manager for the enterprise. Elaine is still in Carlsbad with Sharon and family. Ann Webster is looking in on Sue every day. She did her washing (sheets and slips). She is such a dear sweet girl. I'm so glad she lives near her Grandma Sue; she is so good to Sue. We all have wonderful grandchildren which is a blessing indeed. Sue said that Br. LaChemant passed away in his sleep. His funeral is today she thinks. He was at Naomi Webber's funeral on August 14, seemed to be feeling fine then. One never knows when their call will come, but isn't it wonderful to pass away in one's sleep? I wrote letters to Lydia and Donna today. I walked to the Virginia Avenue mailbox this evening. Oh, such a beautiful evening. A 9,000-acre Foothill blaze above the San Gabriel Valley took the lives of eight people. Seven of them were teenage boys from a juvenile detention camp, who had been called to assist firemen. Flames and smoke rage in the canyon off of Highway 39. 1,000 men battle for control. Former President Dwight Eisenhower suffered a serious setback in his battle for life today. He had another attack of heart spasms. Lou spent the day in bed; he has a cold.

August 25, Sunday

I'm happy that Lou felt well enough to go to priesthood this morning; he was in bed most of yesterday. He took Bessie and me to Sunday School later. We could see the smoke from the dreadful fire in our foothills above the San Gabriel Valley. It's bad enough to have smog without this extra smoke. I was happy to have Br. Robert L. Gordon back to teach our Sunday School class; he has been away three weeks. The Gordons have been to Canada. Of course, we've had excellent teachers in his place, Dr. William Pettit and Dr. Harold Kratzer. We surely do have some talented people in this ward. I prepared some meat and potatoes before Sunday School so it didn't take long to have our dinner on the table. We both rested for an hour or so before going back to church. We didn't have to take Bessie this afternoon; her son was going to take her. She went to an Armenian park picnic after Sunday School. We had a nice sacrament meeting. Our returned missionary, Elder Paul Duncombe, played two organ solos and gave a report on his mission to Scotland; it was a very fine talk. It surely made me think of our own grandson, Elder John L. Marsh, still in Scotland on his mission. The Alvin Duncombes (parents of Paul) and Jan Perkins and Lou Layton visited our ward to hear Paul's remarks. I was very sorry to learn that Edna Duncombe is ill. Alvin prayed for her in his closing prayer. Edna is his father's second wife. We took Mabrye Phillips home from church this evening. Lou and I had a sandwich and chocolate milk shake at Bob's Restaurant before coming home. It was a pleasant Sabbath day to be thankful for.



*The Democratic (and Republican) Convention of 1968
was tiresome for Elvie at times.*

August 26, Monday

Today was a hot summer day. I had a little trouble with my washing machine on the spin dry cycle. It may have been because Lou was using his electric cutters on the same circuit. Anyway I got through okay when he stopped the cutting job outside. I surely hope that was all the trouble was or what was wrong with my washer? I only had two runs today. Erma Rosen phoned to ask if I could go to the church in the morning at 9 a.m. for a special quilting to try and finish up the crib quilt for Carol Christensen. I told her I'd be ready at nine. Lou worked all morning watering at Edgecombs' and cutting our lawns and watering them. I hope he hasn't overdone himself, like he did last week. He had to spend a day in bed on Saturday. After resting an hour I ironed the few shirts and pillow slips in my basket, so I can quilt tomorrow, with the happy thought the washing and ironing is done. Lou and I listened to the delegate's talks and casting of votes by the states in the Democratic National Convention tonight. It's a bit tiresome to me, they go on and on and it is irksome to say the least. We listened to the Republican Convention, also, on August 5 and 6 and it was just as tiresome. I'll be glad when it's over with and we have our president elected.

Oh Hum! "May the best man win." 1,500 weary fighters are still battling the blaze in the Angeles National Forest above Azusa and Glendora. It is now a 19,000-acre brush fire.

August 27, Tuesday

Today is a sunny, bright day. Erma Rosen came for me this morning at nine. We put the little animal crib quilt up in the conference room at the stake center. It was very pleasant in there; a nice breeze was coming in the windows. Addie Strang came about

9:30. The three of us finished the quilting job in about 2 hours. It's a pretty little quilt with cute little animals painted on the squares. The Relief Society sisters painted them one workday a few months ago. I painted one of them; it was fun; I liked that job. Quilting them is another story, now that is work! Lou left home just ahead of us this morning. He had breakfast at his favorite little eating-place and then he went to visit Clifton Manlove. After that he went to call on Ruby Hodges; she said the fire got so close to Betty Matthews home in Glendora yesterday the firemen told her to be prepared to move out at a minutes notice. She had a friend take her car out of the garage ready to go. She was really frightened for a while, but the wind changed and sent the blaze in another direction; her lovely home was saved. (A wonderful blessing for sure.) Lou was home working in our yard when I got home at 11:45. I patched a shirt for Lou on my sewing machine, ate a sandwich and took a nap. Our electric fan keeps our front rooms cooled off fairly well, I like it much better than the water cooler we have used in the past summers.

August 28, Wednesday

Today was a warm, clear day. Lou tied up the branches he cut yesterday from overhanging hedge trees. Lorene phoned to give me Bette and Ray Haddock's new address in Upland; Sue mailed it to Lorene. I answered Lillian Keller's letter and Ethel Newbold's letter. Today's mail brought a letter from Lou's cousin Vina Royall. I was surprised to hear from her again so soon; she wants the Family Group sheet of Lou's parents for her record. I filled in a Family Group record and mailed it to her this afternoon. I'm glad that is taken care of. These family records make me a bit weary. The many dates make my eyes tired, oh hum! I'm also weary of the darn convention on all of our television stations. Ugh! It seems so upsetting to hear them all shouting "We want so and so!" I want peace and quiet for a change. Vice President Hubert Humphrey won the Democratic presidential nomination tonight with 1,761 votes for first ballot win. U.S. Ambassador John Gordon Mein was machine gunned to death today in Guatemala, Central American capital. The unknown assassins escaped. The 54-year-old career diplomat was cut down as he tried to escape after the ambushers stopped his chauffeur driven car. Isn't our world in a dreadful turmoil?

Thanks be to God, we have the Gospel of Jesus Christ with us to bring hope and comfort.

August 29, Thursday

It was warm and clear this morning. It was rather warm last night, but not bad. I enjoyed a sheet and light spread over me. Lou spent the morning watering Edgcomb's lawns and flowers. I used the hand sweeper on rugs and dusted up in our house. I'm glad the conventions are over, now to find out who is going to be the Vice President candidate or running mate? Well, that will be Mr. Hubert Humphrey's choice, eh? At this point, I'm not sure who I'm going to vote for, for president? I'll listen some more to both sides.

We listened for an hour or more tonight to the Democratic convention and learned that Senator Edmund S. Muskie of Maine will be the running mate for Vice President Hubert Humphrey. I enjoyed listening to both men make their acceptance speeches; they were very fine talks. I went to bed at 11 p.m., my hair up in pin curls. Golly, I wish I had natural curly hair. I dislike sleeping in a lot of pin up curls, but that is how it is, darn it.



August 30, Friday

I tried to help Lou get one of the sprinkler heads unscrewed but it was frozen tight. He had an awful time to get it off. I gave up when I started to get some pains in my heart region and my breathing was a bit labored. Lou went to the hardware store and bought two new sprinkler heads, now all are working very well; our lawn gets an even watering. Today's mail brought a letter from Violet. She enclosed a news clipping of a Violet M. Fife, aged 86, passed away in Van Nuys, California, on August 15. She was a former resident of Ogden, Utah. Shipley was her maiden name. Isn't that something? She was married in the Salt Lake Temple. Yvonne and the children are visiting in Cedar with Violet and Otto. The children take turns going to the Cedar Mountains with Otto to work in the store. Yvonne bought the kids new shoes in Cedar; she says they are cheaper and better than she can buy in the California stores. Friday (today) Otto is taking the children up on the Beaver Mountain and showing them Puffer Lake and let them fish; they're all excited about it. They'll have a wonderful time. Grandma Violet isn't going, she and Yvonne's dog, "Herr Schultz" will relax at home. Violet



Violet and William Fife, image from Family Search.



says they're the "smartest of the bunch," ha ha! Yvonne and family are leaving for home on Sunday. Violet will come to California with them for a visit. She is still having trouble with pus cells in her kidneys and bladder. The doctor has increased her medication. Oh, I do wish that trouble would clear up. Donna telephoned tonight; she has been too busy to write. Joan and family are still up north, they were at Janet's when Donna phoned. Mo flew to Provo last week;



their plans are still unsettled! Rex will have a big truck to move Jon and Mary. ⬅ P.S. Actor William Talman, a district attorney on the Perry Mason TV Show, died of cancer today. We'll miss the old boy!

August 31, Saturday

It was a warm day. We had wondered about our folks up north until Donna phoned last night. Rex and Jon are going to move someone today for no pay so they can use the company's big truck tomorrow to move Jon and Mary's furniture to Santa Ana. Donna says she might see us Sunday evening; the darlings are all in a mess or unsettled is better. Joan and Mo are wondering where they'll live and etcetera, Mary and Jon are moving to Santa Ana and etcetera. Lou made out a grocery list this morning and went to the market to shop. I received my payday a few days early. He had enough to give me \$30.00, nice, eh? We'll get another Social Security check on the 3rd of September, but I've got my share now, in advance. Lou found a note that was written to our neighbor Alice Barnes. It was on our front lawn. I took it over to her; she couldn't understand how it got over to our place? She had not seen it so was glad I took it to her. She wanted me to come in and talk to her. She is so very lonesome since her husband died on June 24. I feel sorry for her. They were a devoted couple. Mrs. Barnes has a cute baby poodle and she is full of life. They named her Lucky. That was the name of the old dog they had for many years (14, I believe she said). This afternoon while Lou was resting, I made a meatloaf, a jelled fruit salad, a tapioca cream pudding, and cooked potatoes in their jackets, so we'll have food prepared in case we are lucky enough to have some of our family from San Rafael. Rex and Jon are going to have a busy moving day. Dale and Annette Andersen's son, Glen, was baptized this evening. Beverly and Annie went to Ontario to see the baptism service. Lorene stayed with Bill. They were just going to enjoy a TV dinner when I phoned at 5:45. We had just finished eating our dinner. I'm weary tonight; I didn't sleep well last night. P.S. Movie hero, Dennie O'Keefe, died tonight in Hollywood at the age of 60. He had lung cancer.

September 1, Sunday

We were surprised and sad to learn this morning that our beloved bishopric was going to be released. Bishop Orlin Munns, first counselor, Bruce McGregor, and second counselor, Jay Linderman. President James Ellsworth took care of the business in our fast day services. Our new bishop will be Bruce McGregor with counselors Harold P. Morgan and Theodore Davey. Br. Morgan was the Sunday School superintendent and Br. Davey was the elders' president. So the ward will have more adjustments to make, a big job for the new bishopric to start out with. We all hate to see Bishop Munns and counselors released, but we'll have a very fine trio in the new bishopric. Br. Ted Davey is in the hospital; he was operated on yesterday for an infected appendix. We had talks from the out going bishopric and incoming bishopric, President Ellsworth, and sister Opal Munns. Roy Christensen's infant son was blessed by Roy. We enjoyed a short but interesting lesson in Bob Gordon's Sunday School class after fast meeting, "The Road to Exaltation." Next Sunday will be our stake conference. We drove over to Andersens' this afternoon. I paid for five boxes of Christmas cards and one box of cute animal note stationery from Annie, bless her heart. She lets me have her discount, \$1.25 a box, for 99¢, so it cost me \$6.28. Well, I paid \$6.50, I wouldn't take the change, big hearted me, eh? We came home before 6 p.m. in case Donna and Rex and the children came from Santa Ana. We both enjoyed a piece of Annie's delicious baked ham while over to Andersens'. We waited until 7:30 to eat this evening hoping Donna and family would come and eat with us. Rex phoned Florence Oates at 8 p.m. They were in Los Banos. They got a late start from home; he asked her to phone us that everything is okay, but they'll be late getting here, in the wee hours. He wanted Florence Oates to make a business phone call for him in Los Angeles. We made up the two beds and one on the floor and left the back porch light on all night.

September 2, Monday

We had a restless night thinking about our children on their way here. We were both up and down several times. Twice Lou jumped when he heard a truck drive in our street, she said, "They're here!" But it wasn't them; it went past our place. Florence Oates phoned at 11:30 a.m. to ask if Rex and family arrived. She was surprised at "no word" from them yet. I feel in my soul that they went to Santa Ana as Donna had said they would do when she phoned Friday night. She thought they'd see us Sunday evening after they had unloaded Tibbetses' furniture, but getting such a late start they couldn't come here last evening. That is why Rex phoned from Los Banos at eight last night. Beverly phoned to ask if the folks had arrived? Every time the phone rings, I think it is going to be Donna. They did arrive about 3:15 this afternoon with the big truck and U-Haul trailer (empty), and with the VW car. Oh, such tired people. After driving all night with a big load of furniture and etcetera,



Olivia de Havilland above. Donna Marsh on the right. Julie saw a picture of Olivia and was sure it was her Grama Donna.

then unpacking and putting everything in the Santa Ana apartment, no sleep or rest. They didn't want anything to eat. They left Mary and two children off here and then left for the long drive home. They stopped in to see Florence Marsh for a few minutes. Mary gave her children a bath and took one herself and then we all drove to Upland where Mary's dear friend Joy Black lives. She is going to take care of Mary's little Gregory for a few days while Mary gets her place in Santa Ana in order. Jon went back to work a few days with Rex to earn the \$100 or so for his college tuition, so Mary and the children will be down in our southland without their Daddy Jon. These dear young people amaze me with all they undertake to do. P.S. Rex bought some fried chicken and food before they left Santa Ana. P.S. Our precious little Greg didn't make any fuss when we left him with Joy. We ate dinner here and went to bed early.

September 3, Tuesday

Mary slept in one of my twin beds, Julie in the little playpen. Lou was happy to have his own bed. We got up early and went to Santa Ana to be there by eight this morning so the telephone man could install Mary's phone. He came about 9:30. He put a wall phone in the kitchen and a princess phone in her bedroom. Lou looked over the stove situation; it was one he didn't care to tackle. It is an old stove he didn't understand, so he had Mary phone an appliance service man. He came out and connected the stove; got the burners and oven going okay. Grampa paid him for the job, about \$15.00 I believe. We're all happy to have it done. Mary worked hard getting things put away; the house looked a lot better when we left to come home. It is really a nice little apartment. I think they can be very comfortable there. Mary will have it looking pretty when she gets through. Grampa and Mary went to McDonald's eating-place and bought us each a fish filet sandwich and chocolate milk shakes. It tasted good. We had our dinner at home this evening. Mary drove home from Santa Ana. After dinner she drove to Sear's Store and bought some material to make curtains for the children's and her and Jon's bedrooms. She bought something she needed to connect up her dryer machine. The Maytag washer needs something done to the dialing cycle. She tried to spin dry a run of diapers this morning but it wasn't working at all right so we brought them home and hung them on my

lines. I entertained Julie tonight with pictures in some magazines while Mary went to Sears. Julie saw a picture of Olivia de Havilland, the movie star. She thought it was her Grama Marsh; she kissed it several times and said "Gramma." Donna should be happy her little Julie loves her so much!





A few photos from moving day for Jon and Mary. Top left, Mary and Donna, top right Rex, Joan, and Marshall.

Middle left Rex and Mary loading the truck and VW, on right Jon and Rex loading the truck.

Below Joan, Marshall, Donna, Julie, Donna, Janet Gardner, Kathy Marsh, Janet Shattuck, with Rex and Jon in the background.

It sounds like it was a typical moving day: darn hard work with a long slow drive after packing.





Julie, Greg, and Mary Tibbets in the backyard of the Marshes' Miller Creek home in San Rafael. Image from Mary's scrapbook.

September 4, Wednesday

We've had some anxious frustrations today, but all is well this afternoon. Julie has a little head cold and she was not very happy, which didn't help any. Mary took her to the Safeway Market to buy a few things she needed, groceries, a floor duster, and water pail. Because Julie was so cross Mary was anxious to get her baby Gregory from Joy's home in Upland and get her two little ones home to Santa Ana. I'd planned on a nice dinner for them before they left; Mary was going to Highland Park to see her Grandma Marsh and then come here and eat dinner and be on her way. Her little VW wouldn't run. We were all upset; I felt so darn sorry for sweet Mary. Lou wasn't feeling well, so he stayed in bed until he heard Mary trying to get her VW to run. He got up and took his car to the Shell gas station on Colorado Boulevard. The serviceman came back with Lou; he followed in his truck. He got Mary's car running in about 15 minutes. He said the points got stuck. The VW needs a tune up very badly. Mary paid

the service man \$2.00 to get her little VW running okay. He thought it would get her home all right. Mary phoned to tell Grandma Marsh she couldn't come; she had car trouble and was anxious to get her baby and go home. She got her car packed, too nervous to wait for dinner. I was anxious for her to miss the evening traffic. Oh, I really wept to think I couldn't go with her and help with the babies, the unloading, and everything, but I couldn't, no room and no way to get home, not feeling well, and etcetera. It was then about 11 or 11:15 a.m. I've been blue and depressed I so wish I could have gone with her. She phoned this sad anxious grandmother about 2:30 to tell me she got home without any trouble. The kiddies were both in their beds and Mary was going to unload her VW. Oh, I was relieved to know that she was home safely. My prayers were answered again. Lou took me to the Safeway Drug Store to buy a little nursing bottle. We borrowed one from Ethlyn Glancy and Julie had her juice in it. It got broken. [Glass baby bottles were common in the 1960s.]

September 5, Thursday

Lou went to town after breakfast to deposit some of our Social Security check. I put out four runs of washing. This afternoon I telephoned Mary; I felt better after talking to her. She said little Julie felt better; both babies slept well and so did Mary. She had washed the dust off the tile floors and had talked to the Maytag washer repairman. He is coming out tomorrow to look at her washer. She has about \$25.00, but may need some of it for food. We surely hope the washer will not cost a lot to fix. It is \$7.15 just for the service call! I told her I'd sent \$10.00 in case she had to spend all she had for the repair job. I mailed her the \$10.00 and a note this afternoon. Mary is such a darling girl, I wish she lived nearer so I could be of some help to her, but that's life, eh? We do have so many blessings in spite of our frustrations. I was weary by the time I had the clothes in and folded. Time for my rest period; Lou is asleep. It has been rather warm today. I turned on the electric fan and that helped to cool off our two front rooms.

September 6, Friday

We've had some smog to mar our otherwise lovely day. Lou walked to Colorado Boulevard to have his hair cut. He brought home a couple of quarts of milk. I did my ironing and patched a shirt for Lou and I mended his work pants and darned his socks. After Lou's rest period, he got the power mower out and cut our lawns. I've had Mary and her babies in my thoughts all day, bless her heart. I hope she got her Maytag washer and the dryer repaired and in good working condition. It was too warm for comfort this afternoon. I enjoyed the electric fan. We received a telephone call from Mary this evening. Her washer was repaired; she had put out three runs. It was so warm today she hung them on the lines. She didn't ask the service man to connect up the dryer because Jon will be home Sunday evening and he can take care of the dryer okay. The washer cost \$10.00. The dialing cycle was out of commission. Jon phoned Mary again this evening; he told her that he and Rex (and Kathy) had been staying at Janet's in San Jose because their work was near there. Donna has been at home alone. Their San Rafael home has been rented to a family of eight; Marshes are moving to a rented home in Fremont, California. This is all exciting news. Our children are always surprising us. Joan and Mo are moving from New York to Provo, Utah, this fall, Mary and Jon's move, and now Rex and Donna's move. I was happy to learn that Mary got my letter today with the \$10.00 enclosed. She received a note from her mom, too. I'm glad Mary and the babies are fine and Jon will be with them soon. I'll rest a lot better myself now. Jon will be there to have the work on their VW taken care of. It's time for this excited weary Grama to go to bed.



The Tibbetses just moved, the Gardners plan to move in the fall, and the Marshes are moving to Fremont. It's all overwhelming for Elvie!

September 7, Saturday

Oh how I wish I could be there to help Donna with the packing job. I know what a big job that is. Beverly phoned this morning; I was taking my bath. Lou answered; she said that Aunt Violet came to California with Yvonne. She is with the Joneses or was when Bev called Yvonne last Thursday, but Yvonne was going to get her mother on Friday and take her to her home in Claremont for a week, so she is there now. Next weekend she will go to Dolores's and stay with the children while Dody and Bevan go to Salt Lake City to see Ron off on his mission to Uruguay. They'll have three hours with him before his plane takes off. When they come back home, Dody is going to bring her mother to the Andersens where she can visit with her sisters and the Andersens before she goes back to Cedar. Bev was sure surprised with our news that Donna and Rex are moving to Fremont today, and Joan and Miller will be moving back to Utah to live in Provo. All these changes in my family are a bit overwhelming to this frustrated Grama. Blanche H. phoned Annie and said Oscar is very ill. The doctor told her he couldn't live long now. Well, the poor man has suffered for many years, it will be a relief for him and all concerned when he is released from his sick body. Their home has been sold and is in escrow now. I wonder if Oscar will live to make the move to Long Beach as they'd planned? We picked Lorene up this evening about five; she took a blueberry pie she had baked with her to Andersens'. We all enjoyed a piece of it and delicious baked ham sandwich at Andersens' tonight, plus ice cream. Beverly suggested we phoned Lydia and Owen. Annie had read the letter Lydia sent to them. Owen had had a couple more falls. The doctor thinks they're caused by a blood clot on his brain, "minute strokes" he calls them. We're all so concerned about our brother and his darling wife. It was good to hear Owen and Lydia's voices over the phone tonight, the next best thing to seeing them. I wish they were both well. We took Lorene home from Andersens' after our TV programs about 10:30 p.m.

September 8, Sunday

It has been hot today, but we surely did enjoy a wonderful conference session. Our beloved former stake president, Apostle LeGrand Richards was our official visitor from Salt Lake City. Our stake center was just packed with people, even on the stage, plus an overflow in the Relief Society room and Scout room. Br. Glen Glancy had the sound system all hooked up. Br. Funk gave the opening prayer. Br. Carl Warnick sustained the church officials. The Monrovia and Las Flores Ward choirs furnished the music. President James Ellsworth spoke on Love in our Gospel. C. Warnick spoke on patriotism; a devotion to our country, Jack McCune gave a fine talk on overcoming our handicaps. Br. N.K. Berry was released from the high council and was made a stake patriarch. He gave a fine talk. President Richard S. Summerhays spoke on Building the Kingdom of God on the Earth (good as always). Br. Tanner's remarks were on helping our missionaries with their assignments. Then our Apostle LeGrand Richards (84 years old) gave a powerful discourse on our wonderful gospel, missionary work, Word of Wisdom, Home Evenings and etcetera. It was just beautiful, so stimulating. The choir sang "If With All Your

Heart." The closing prayer was by councilman Keith Neilson. I'm thankful I could attend this spiritual session. We went back at 4 p.m. to our sacrament service and took Bessie. It was a nice meeting, the first one for our new bishopric. It seemed strange to see Bishop Munns in the congregation. Our speakers were LeeAndra Marsh, Paul Proctor, Tom Henry, and Elmyah Doezie. There were two nice piano solos by Karen Guymon. I hope Jon Tibbets is with his wife and children tonight in Santa Ana. Mary was expecting him.

September 9, Monday

It is another hot day. I'm looking forward to cooler weather, but we haven't had a real hot summer.

August was cool for the most part. We have much to be thankful for. I thought I wanted to go to town and shop, but not in this heat, thank you. We received news from Mary, via phone, Jon flew home last night; she picked him up at the airport in Orange County not far from their home in Santa Ana. They are glad to have Papa home. Saturday Jon helped Rex move the big pieces of furniture to Fremont; he said Rex had to go back for a few things today. Jon said that Janet went to the Fremont place and cleaned and waxed it nicely for her parents to move into. (Sweet, thoughtful daughter, eh?) It's about a 30-minute drive from Janet's home. Mary talked to Dolores on the phone; she told Mary that her mother (Violet) will be at her home next week to stay with the children while Dody and Bevan go to Salt Lake City to see son Ron off on his mission to Uruguay, September 18, I think. Joan phoned her folks; Mo is going to have his old job back in Salt Lake City at KSL, he isn't going to work for the Y in Provo as expected. She left Sherm and Janet in Orem with Mo's sister, Leslie Ann. She took baby Marshall to Colorado Springs to Mo's parents while she went to New York to be there when the movers come to move the furniture to Utah. Mo will be in Salt Lake City on the job. (I hope I've got it right, but at this point, I'm a bit confused myself.) There are too many changes in my family to keep up with 'em. We received a letter from Donna; it was written last Thursday before they had rented their house. She was showing interested people through it, but Mary gave us the latest; the San Rafael house is rented and Rex, Donna, and Kathy, are moved into a rented home in Fremont. Donna has quit her job at Macy's Department Store in San Rafael. They've surely had a lot of moves; I hope they'll find the right home soon. Oscar Hoglund went into a hospital this afternoon, he is a sick man, the poor dear.

September 10, Tuesday

Helen Obremski phoned Lorene at 6 a.m. to tell her that her father, Oscar, was taken to the hospital yesterday afternoon. He walked into the hospital, greeted the nurses and doctors cheerfully, but he passed away at 2:30 this morning. It was a surprise to the family, yet, I'm sure they all knew he was a very sick man. His passing is a blessing to him and all concerned. His funeral will be Friday at the Snyder Mortuary; I don't know the time yet. Lou took me up on the boulevard; I got our Vitamin E tablets at the Health Store and a few things I wanted at Manor Grocery Store. Oh, it is another hot day. I telephoned Yvonne's home and talked to Violet. Bette

Haddock had phoned to tell them about Oscar's passing away. Violet can't go to the funeral on Friday; Dolores is coming to take her to Tustin and Yvonne has to have the car to pick Don up at the airport and the children up at school and etcetera. Elaine phoned to tell Aunt Lorene that the funeral will be at 1 p.m. Friday. We're all wondering how we can get to the funeral; I do not want Lou to drive into Los Angeles, a way down to W. 94th Street in all that traffic and busy freeways, to the Snyder Mortuary. I made a jelled salad this afternoon to take to Relief Society in the morning. Ruby Hodges phoned to ask Lou if he could take her to the Pantry Market tomorrow for her grocery supply. He'll take her after he takes me to Relief Society.



Helen, Blanche, William, Oscar, with Prejetti and Clara in front. Photo taken 1933. Image from Family Search. In 1968 Oscar died in the hospital after a fall.

September 11, Wednesday

Los Angeles former mayor, Fletcher Bowron, died today at the age of 81, from a heart attack. It was a warm day with nasty smog. Lou went over to visit with Clifton Manlove; that poor old man regrets starting divorce proceedings, so he has canceled them and he is trying to get his bride to return to his home. Ah

me! Nora Williamson took me and my salad to Relief Society this morning. We had a small turn out; we were happy to have our president back from her vacation (Sr. Eunice Stout). She has been away most of the summer; they have a home in West Yellowstone Park. We had four young sisters help us quilt; they were all learning to quilt. We finished a crib sized quilt today. We quilted the border three rows, and then tied the center. We enjoyed a nice luncheon of salads. Lou took Ruby to the Pantry Market to do her grocery shopping. Yvonne was on the phone when I got home; she is bringing her mother in the morning, to pick Lou and me up and take us to Highland Park. Lou is going to stay with Bill, and Yvonne is going to take Annie and me out to Burbank to see Sue. Bette Haddock may be with her and Violet; I hope

so. I'm sorry Lorene can't go with us, but she has promised to go with her partner to do Relief Society visiting. Next week Lorene will be up to Ray and Miriam's with Carol and Janet while Ray and Miriam are on a second honeymoon, for their 25th wedding anniversary. They are going back to Texas (I think it is Texas) where they were married 25 years ago. Violet will not be able to attend Oscar's funeral on Friday; she'll be in Tustin with Dolores's family. Beverly is going to take Friday off of work so she can drive and take Lorene, Lou, me, and maybe Florence Marsh, if there is room, to Oscar's funeral. Blanche phoned Lorene today; she was very upset. She told Lorene that Oscar tried to get out of his hospital bed and fell, causing a big gash in his head, which may have caused his death. They had to have an autopsy on his body; it is sad. Br. Elias Smith is in a coma and not expected to live. He is in the hospital in Pasadena somewhere.

September 12, Thursday

It was much cooler this morning; I was thankful for that. Yvonne came for us about 10 a.m. I was glad to see Bette with her and Violet; they came in for a few minutes, long enough for Violet to give me a pair of shoes that she got from Doris and Bonnie, some almost new that Elsie had. They were too big for Violet, but just fine for me, 8-A, I wear 8 AA, but I can wear them a little wide. They are black, I'm sure Elsie didn't wear them very much; they're like new. Lou stayed at Andersens' with Bill, bless him, so Annie could go with us to Burbank. We surprised Sue; she was pleased to see us. We had such a happy time together, laughing and talking over family quirks. Oh, it is so much fun to get together; we all missed Lorene. She felt sorry she couldn't go with us, too. She'd made an appointment to go out Relief Society visiting today. Sue wanted to send Bette to the store for some food for our lunch, but we

wouldn't let her; we'd rather talk. She insisted we all have a chocolate Sego drink and it was delicious and filling; I felt like I'd had a big lunch. Yvonne and Bette had to be back in Upland and Claremont when their children came home from school, so we couldn't stay too long anywhere, but it was fun. We left Annie off at her home and picked Lou up there. They left us off here, and were on their way home. Both Lou and I rested this afternoon. I can't answer Donna's last letter, I do not have her Fremont address yet. Lydia flew to Los Angeles today; Blanche's folks picked her up at the airport and took her to Blanche's. P.S. Annie showed us the lovely paintings Bill has done before we went to Burbank.



September 13, Friday

We picked Lorene and her granddaughter, Marilyn, up at Lorene's about noon and then drove to Andersens'. We had a delightful surprise to find that Bonnie and Darrell Reynolds were at Andersens'; they got there in time to go to Oscar's funeral. Lorene and I drove in Darrell's car with them. Lou went with Beverly and Marilyn in Bev's car. Beverly led the way to Snyder's Mortuary, 1010 W. 94th Street in Los Angeles. The funeral service was lovely. Bishop Charles M. Astle officiated; a man sang two solos, "Count Your Blessings" and "I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked." Tom Hodges, Ray Haddock, Bryan Bunker, and Bishop Cullings all paid very fine tributes to the memory of Oscar (and Blanche and the family). It was a really lovely service. We saw many relatives; Inez Judd's three sons, Clint and Tottie Strong, and Ruth C. Peirce and her daughter Merilyn Goodwin. Bette and Ray brought Violet with them from Yvonne's home in Claremont. She had her suitcase and Ruth and Merilyn took her to Dolores's home in Tustin after the funeral. It was so wonderful to see Lydia again and Violet, too. I'm so glad they could both be there. The chapel was filled with friends and relatives and oh, the flowers were just beautiful; so many of them. We visited with relatives at the graveside in Inglewood Park Cemetery. Bryan Bunker dedicated the grave. Blanche invited us to her home to eat after the funeral. The Relief Society had taken a lot of food to her home. We didn't go; they have a large family of their own there to eat. Lu Layton is staying a few days with Blanche to help with the thank you notes and etcetera. I'm glad she will be there. Bonnie drove home in Bev's car and Lou came with us in Darrell's car. We all enjoyed Bob's Big Boy hamburgers; I helped buy them. I gave Bev \$3.00. Annie stayed home with Bill, but she enjoyed the buns, onion rings, and French fried potatoes with us after we got home from the funeral, so did Bill. We had a very pleasant evening with Andersens and Reynoldses. Bev took Lorene and Marilyn to Lorene's house. Bonnie and Darrell stayed at Andersens' tonight. They're leaving for San Diego in the morning. Lorene went to a wedding reception tonight after resting at her home this afternoon. We got a letter from Donna today. I'm glad to get her new address in Fremont, plus the nice letter telling about their move and Janet's wonderful help. George also helped them to move and of course Jon, too, before he came to Santa Ana. It was a nice letter and so welcome. We also had a nice letter from Ethel Newbold today.



Marshes' rental home at 4677 Porter Street, Fremont, CA.

September 14, Saturday

Mary tried several times to get us yesterday via the telephone, so at last she phoned Aunt Annie's. Bonnie and Annie thought it was Mary Jorgensen so Bonnie came to the phone to talk to Mary; they were both confused for a few minutes, as they've never met yet. Bonnie phoned to tell us that Jon and Mary would be here at ten this morning. We left Andersens' last night just before Mary phoned them. The precious little Tibbets family drove in our yard at a few minutes to ten. Jon got busy right away preparing the bathroom for the paint job. Lou had enough of the light eggshell shade paint to do the bathroom. Lou and Jon went to the hardware store and bought a paint roller and the pan to do the walls. Mary took the curtains down and I had her put them in the wastebasket (too old and dirty to do up again). She helped get things out of the bathroom and she prepared our lunch. She baked some au gratin potatoes (a package deal). She sliced some ham and tomatoes, cooked frozen lima beans and we ate about 12:30. I played with the children to keep them out of the worker's way. After dinner Mary took Julie with her to the Sears Store in the Hastings District. Greg had a short nap, but he is such a good baby, we tied him in on one of the kitchen chairs on a pillow; He was happy with his teething cracker. I prepared a casserole of ground beef, onions, tomato sauce, and wide noodles. I made some Jello for salad. Mary brought a few things I wanted from the market (tomatoes, milk, and bread). She got some material to make a dress for herself and a couple of cute dress patterns and some sewing machine needles. She broke her machine needle. Julie was cross and tired when they got home so she had a nap while Mary, baby Greg, and Grama Elvie, went to Highland Park in Grampa's car to see Aunt Lydia, Aunt Lorene, Aunt Annie, Uncle Bill, and Beverly. Babe [*Lydia's sister Belenda Orabelle Hoglund Sullivan*] phoned and talked to Lydia for 15 or 20 minutes. Elaine and Sue brought Lydia to Annie's this afternoon early. We didn't see them. Lou, Jon, and Julie, had eaten their dinner before we got home this evening. We had such a lovely visit with our family in Highland Park. Jon and Mary left after Mary had some dinner. Our newly painted bathroom looks so lovely. Ruby Hodges had her house roofed today. P.S. The Ernest Nordstroms came to Annie's for garments. Idell showed us their golden wedding pictures they are very nice.

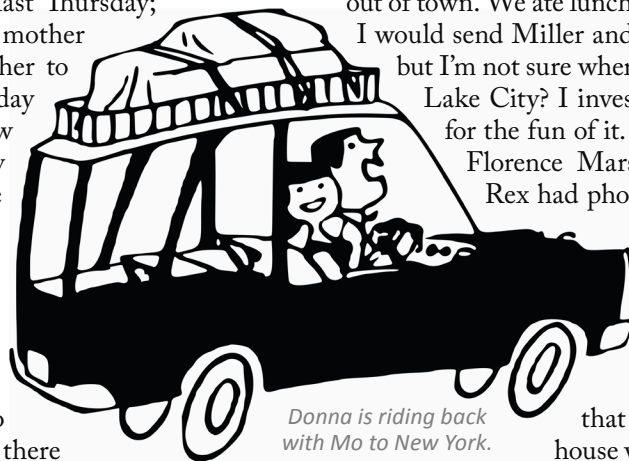
September 15, Sunday

It was cool and overcast this morning; my knit blue dress felt good with my fur stole on this morning. Beverly took Aunt Lydia to the airport in Los Angeles for her 10 a.m. flight. I'm so glad she could come to her brother's funeral. It was nice seeing cousin LaPriel Bunker yesterday, too. She is such a sweet lovely person. We took Inez Anderson to Sunday School, and Bessie, too. We learned today that Br. Elias Smith passed away on Friday. He'll be buried next Tuesday; he has been ill for several months. He was a fine man; we'll miss him. Marie Doezie is back from her visit with family in Holland. She has been gone

all summer. I bought a new Sunday School lesson book this morning for \$1.00. We'll be studying the Doctrine and Covenants next term, and for maybe a year or two. Bob Gordon is an excellent teacher. I'm looking forward to his class and lessons. Lou slept until time to go to church this afternoon. His new organist, Br. King, played for his leading in priesthood this morning. Br. King is almost blind, but is an excellent musician. We ate our lunch at home; Lou and I both rested before going back to church for sacrament meeting. We had a nice service with two soprano solos by Florence Manwaring, "If Christ Came Back" and "Eternal Life." The youth speakers were both good, Sandefur Schmidt and Trey Pettit. Our speakers were Allen Funk and his father, Verl Funk, of the high council. Allen has recently been released from his mission in Scotland. I talked to him after church; he said he was with Elder John Marsh in Scotland for a short time; they worked together. The Funks both gave fine talks. *[While living in Orem the Calkinses' bishop was Allen Funk. Too bad they didn't know the connection at the time.]* I phoned Beverly this evening to see if Aunt Lydia got away on time. Her plane was scheduled to leave at 10:30 but the plane needed servicing more, so she left on another plane at 11:40. Bryan and LaPriel Bunker didn't show up for that plane. Lorene went to the airport with Beverly and Lydia. Her flying time is 1½ hours. I hope she had a pleasant flight back to Salt Lake City. P.S. We brought Ethlyn Glancy and her two little boys home from church this evening.

September 16, Monday

Today is our 54th wedding anniversary. We bought new bathroom curtains! Mary phoned this morning with some surprising news! Janet had phoned to tell her that Joan and Mo had phoned her because Donna and Rex's phone wasn't in the new place yet. This was last Thursday; they wanted Janet to ask her mother (Donna) if it were possible for her to fly to Salt Lake City on Saturday morning so she could drive to New York with Mo, in his car. He'll fly back to Salt Lake City and leave the car with Joan. Donna had one day to get ready (Friday). Janet did everything she could to help her mother with clothes, suitcases, and etcetera. Mo paid for the flight. They were in Colorado Springs in time to attend church with Mo's family there on Sunday. Isn't that wonderful? Golly, I was almost as excited as if I was going along. I'm so happy that Donna will be with Joan to help her get the household belongings together for the move back to Salt Lake City. I was concerned about Joan being there alone with the children and so much to do. I'm glad Donna will see Joan's New York home and the big city and etcetera. Janet told Mary she is going to help Kathy paper her bedroom and fix up a few things in the Fremont house while Donna is in New York. They're precious children for sure. Today's mail brought a pretty wedding anniversary card from Donna; she



Donna is riding back with Mo to New York.

was in San Francisco about to fly to Salt Lake City and then drive to New York with Mo. She said that Mo and Joan are paying her way to New York and back to California. This afternoon we drove to Sears Store in Hastings. Lou bought some pretty pink Dacron and nylon curtains for our bathroom and a pretty white shower curtain with pink roses in it. I cleaned the bathroom tile and the window and we hung up our new curtains. The one panel isn't full enough, so we'll get another one tomorrow. The valance is okay, nice and full. We ate dinner in the Ontra Cafeteria.

September 17, Tuesday

We went to our stake center to Br. Lyle (Elias) Smith's funeral today at 11 a.m. It was a very nice service with lovely organ music by Desmond Armstrong, a duet, by Florence Manwaring and Barbara Pettit ("Lead Kindly Light"), accompanied by Louise Anderson. The invocation was by Joseph S. Miller, poetic readings by Clive Halliday, a piano solo by Joan Villalobos (she is Lyle's daughter) and speaker, Adam Y. Bennion. Bishop Bruce McGregor conducted and gave splendid remarks in tribute to Br. Smith and wife Alice. The benediction was by Daken K. Broadhead. The dedication of the grave was by Harold P. Morgan. We didn't go to the graveside; it was for the family anyway. Lou and I went to Sears and got the other pink panel so our bathroom window would look better. I bought a few small items (refills for two of my pens, and etcetera.) We shopped in the Thrifty Drug yesterday. We did our visiting teaching after we left Hastings. We did my district first; I found someone home in all six of my families. In Lou's district we found two home out of his four families. It is the first time we haven't found Aretta Smith and her sister Sarah Bates at home. We always enjoy visiting with them, but we had a nice visit with Maude Williams and Greta Donaldson. Sr. Abby Hays is out of town. We ate lunch at home and rested this afternoon.

I would send Miller and Joan a wedding anniversary card, but I'm not sure where they'll be, in New York or in Salt Lake City? I invested in this green 19¢ Bic Pen just for the fun of it. I may want to use it in December.

Florence Marsh phoned tonight and said that Rex had phoned her. He told her about Donna going to New York with Mo in his car. He wants Florence to come up and visit them when Donna gets back home. I told her she should plan on going; it will do her good. The little bunny that has been staying under Andersens' house was killed some time Sunday night.

Beverly found its body with the head almost eaten off. She put it in a box and a bag for the garbage man to take yesterday.

September 18, Wednesday

I put out five runs of washing this morning, sheets and slips from both beds, plus two bathroom rugs and the blue rug Joan made for us. I didn't do any washing last week, so it was extra large for me. They all dried nicely; the rug Joan made looks lovely. It is the first time it has been washed. I was delighted how pretty it looks; I just love that rug. It is blue and white

with fringe around it. I was ready to rest this afternoon, believe me. I wonder if Mo and Donna have arrived in New York yet? Joan and the children will be happy to have them with her. I read in the obituary notices this evening that Vinna Hale Cannon passed away on September 16 (on our 54th wedding anniversary). Interment was private in the Forest Lawn Mortuary, Slumber Room visitation from noon to 9 p.m. today. Mary phoned this evening; she said Jon can come next Saturday and paint for us. We've got to make up our minds which room we want done next. It will either be the kitchen, service porch, or the living room and hall. And we need to have the paint bought and ready to go. Our bathroom looks very pretty with the new curtains, new paint job, and clean throw rugs. I wish the rest of our house



looked as clean, but with Jon's energy, and Grampa's financial support, we may make it a reality, eh? Mary received a letter from her mother; it was written while she was on the plane flying to Salt Lake City last Saturday. She [Mary] said she'd bring it with her when they come this next Saturday. Stage and film veteran, Franchot Tone died today in his East Side Manhattan apartment, age 62.

September 19, Thursday

It has been cloudy and cold all day. Lou and I went out to make the second call of sisters, Aretta Smith and Sarah Bates this morning, but no one was at home. Now I'm wondering if they are away on vacation? I hope Sr. Smith isn't back in the hospital. We bought two quarts of milk and came home. I did my ironing. Today's mail brought a letter from Donna, airmail from Effingham, Illinois. It was written on the 16th of September, our wedding anniversary. She told about Mo picking her up at the airport in Salt Lake City and then driving to Colorado Springs. It was a beautiful drive, gorgeous colors in the autumn leaves in Utah and Colorado. They arrived at Grace and Rollie's home at 7:30 p.m. She said they have a lovely home; she had a room and bath to herself. The next day was Sunday and it was their stake conference. Elder Harold B. Lee and Elder Bryan S. Hinckley were the general authorities there. Gardners' home is just two houses away from the stake center. Rollie G. was the stake president for a number of years and was released four years ago. He has been on the high council since. He was released from the high council in the morning session and in the afternoon sacrament meeting he was sustained as the new bishop of their ward. Miller and Donna enjoyed the Sabbath Day activities with Mo's family. After church, Miller and Grace took Donna for a tour of the city of Colorado Springs. She was impressed with the beauty of its homes and mountains, with Pikes Peak in the background. She saw the wheat fields of Kansas on into Missouri, past St. Louis, over the Mississippi River, into Illinois. They drove about 13 hours that day. They expected to be in New York the next night the

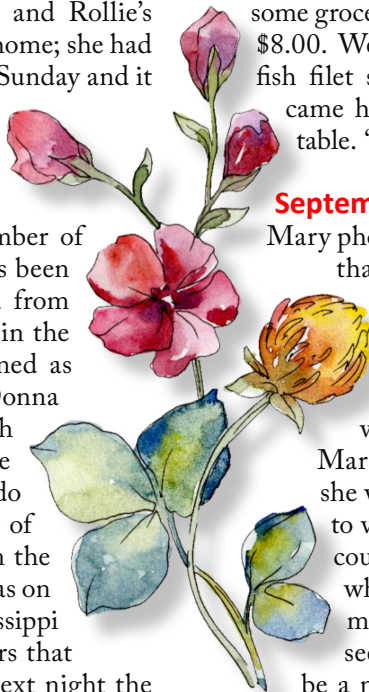
17th. They are really making good time and enjoying every minute of it. Of course, she wishes Rex and Kathy could be with her. Donna says it is all like a wonderful dream. She says she is going to enjoy her dream until she has to wake up. I'm very happy she can have this lovely experience.

September 20, Friday

We had some sunshine this morning when I got up at eight, but the clouds came by ten and it was overcast all the rest of our day, but not as cold as it was yesterday. I washed woodwork in the kitchen getting dust and marks off ready for Jon to paint tomorrow. Dolores brought her mother to visit us about 11:30 a.m. I was delighted to see them and visit while resting. Violet had some earrings and beads that Doris and Bonnie gave her from Elsie's collection; she gave me a choice of the ones I'd like. I took a pair of the earrings with little moonstones and green glass sets in them, as a keepsake from my Step-Mama. Dody took a couple of flash pictures of Lou and me sitting on our couch. Florence Marsh phoned and read a card Donna sent to her from New York. I read her the letter Donna sent us from Illinois. We received another letter this afternoon from Donna, from Joan's home in New York (Yorktown Heights). She said Joan and Mo's home is very lovely, carpets are so thick and luxurious; they wish they could take it to Salt Lake City with them. The trees and green grass everywhere are like a beautiful park. There are lots of trees on Joan's property. Donna and Miller drove through Indiana, ate breakfast in Greenfield, Indiana and she saw the home where James Witcomb Riley was born. They drove through Ohio, Pennsylvania, part of New Jersey, and a corner of West Virginia on their way to New York. They surprised Joan about 11:30 p.m. on September 17. Donna wrote on the 18th. Joan didn't think they would arrive until the 18th. I'm so happy Donna got to see Joan's lovely home and all of the states enroute to New York. I wish Rex could have been there with her. Lou and I went to the Lamanda Hardware Store for a gallon of ivory paint for our kitchen paint job. We also bought some groceries at the Safeway Store. The paint cost over \$8.00. We stopped at McDonald's eating-place for a fish filet sandwich and a chocolate milk shake. We came home to eat and enjoy ourselves at our own table. "Home Sweet Home."

September 21, Saturday

Mary phoned from Santa Ana this morning to tell us that the children both had colds. Little Greg was sick, so they couldn't come to paint today. I'm so sorry the little ones are not well. Jon said he would come alone if we wanted him to, I told him no, next weekend would be fine with us. I phoned Grandma Marsh to tell her that Mary couldn't come as she was expecting her to bring the children over to visit with her today; she was disappointed of course. Lorene stayed with Bill this morning while Beverly took Aunt Violet and her mother Annie, for a ride to Long Beach to see the queen Mary Ship and etcetera. It will be a nice outing for them; it was nice of Lorene



to stay with Bill so Annie could get out for a change. She is really in the house a lot now; poor Billy, he can't get out at all, the dear man. Lou and I worked all morning in our kitchen. He disconnected our stove. I washed the wallpaper back of it and the refrigerator; we have the washable paper. Lou painted the woodwork, baseboard, and side of the cupboards, so the stove and refrigerator could be put back in place. Lou painted the towel racks and some drawers out in the garage. He was exhausted by 2:30 p.m. so he took a nap in the cabaña swing. I put the house in order and wrote to Donna and Joan in New York and to Rex and Kathy in Fremont. Loretta Speight phoned this afternoon; it is always pleasant to talk to her. I sent Donna's letter to Mary with a note. I'm weary tonight, so sweet dreams. P.S. We received a postcard from Edgecombs; they started for home from Maine on September 18. They expect to arrive home about the end of September. Today was Joan and Mo's 11th wedding anniversary.

September 22, Sunday

We have a very beautiful, smog free day, a joy to be alive on a day like this lovely Sabbath day. Lou went to priesthood meeting and came back to take Bessie and me to Sunday School; I love Sunday School. After, we called on sisters, Aretta Smith and Sarah Bates; it was our third call this month before we found them at home. Now Lou's district is visited for September and mine is, also. We called by to see if Clifton Manlove was ill; he wasn't out to church this morning. He was all smiles; his bride Vilda is back home with him again. We visited there for a few minutes; she has been there one week and the honeymoon is on again. We ate Swanson's Fried Chicken dinners at home and rested until time to get ready for church. I talked to Violet, via phone; she was at Andersens'. Yvonne is coming for her this afternoon. She'll stay with Yvonne's children a couple of days while Yvonne is with Don in San Diego (Monday and Tuesday). Lorene is staying at Ray and Miriam's while they are on vacation in Texas for a second honeymoon, where they were married 25 years ago. It is their silver anniversary anyway. I hope they have a happy time on this special vacation. Lorene will be with the girls, Carol and Janet. Marilyn will be back in college at BYU in Provo. Lou and I enjoyed the sacrament service this afternoon. The Youth speakers were Mary K. Ellsworth and Robert Ratliff; they both gave excellent talks. There were two lovely tenor solos by William Julschke, with Florence Manwaring as accompanist. The speakers were Julia Asplund and her son in law, Weston Edwards. The Edwardses, a family with ten children, recently moved into our ward. Sr. Edwards was home with a new baby boy a few days old. They both gave very fine talks. The Edwards family will be an asset to our ward. It has surely been a pretty Indian summer day.

Clifton C Manlove

California Divorce Index, 1966-1984

Name:	Vilda A Tucker
Event Type:	Divorce
Event Date:	Jul 1968
Event Place:	Los Angeles City, California
Spouse's Name:	Clifton C Manlove

The honeymoon is on again? The above image is from a Family Search Source.

September 23, Monday

Today is another lovely autumn day, smog free! Lou and I spent all morning taking the knobs off of our kitchen cupboards and drawers so they'll be ready for painting. Oh man, what a job! They were sealed tight. Lou had to cut some of the little nuts off to get the bolts and knobs off. You couldn't use a screwdriver to these bolts. They had a rounded smooth head. The last time the kitchen was painted the knobs were left on and painted around (a big mistake) so we'll have it done right this time. Lou painted the fronts of the drawers out in his garage and the cabinet framework in the kitchen. They'll be dry tomorrow so we can put the knobs and the handles back on. I patched a sheet with my sewing machine. We were both ready for a nap and rest period by 3 p.m. I do hope Mary's babies are feeling better today. We did some more work on the kitchen, preparing for the paint job. I cleaned up all of the doorknobs for the cupboard and drawers. They look nicer. They're black glazed porcelain or some material like that. They really do clean up shiny bright. I just had to find out how Mary's little ones are feeling so I phoned her tonight. She said they are both much better. She and Jon took them to the doctor's office on Saturday. He gave them some medication, a prescription. I'm so glad the children are feeling better.

September 24, Tuesday

Oh me! Summer is having a last fling, golly; it went up in the 90ties today. Lou and I worked all morning in our garage; he put all the handles back on the cupboard drawers; the paint was dry. I washed the drawers out inside, eight of them. I discarded a lot of stuff we do not want; It is amazing all the junk one will stick in a drawer thinking "someday we may need this." Well, they're all nice and clean now and the new light Ivory paint looks pretty, too. I mailed

Sister Sue a birthday card and \$2.00 with this little verse.

*We'll be thinking of you on Thursday
Cause we love you, Sister Sue
And we'd like to be there, dear sister,
To celebrate with you.*



We received a letter from Lydia today. I also mailed a birthday card to Joan with \$2.00 enclosed. Here is Joan's verse.

*Oh where will you be on your birthday?
We cannot know just where,
Driving westward in your new car,
Or flying through the air?
Anyway, we'll be thinking of you darling
And wishing you happiness galore.
May you soon be settled in your home in Utah
And - live happy for evermore.*



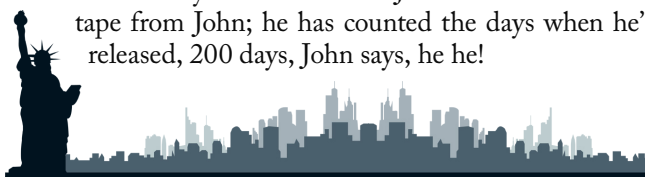
Lydia, Bill, and Bob took Owen to a Dr. Taylor last Saturday. He gave Owen a lot of peculiar tests and gave Owen a good talking to. He told him there is not a thing seriously wrong with him. He told him it is all in his head. He is making

an invalid out of himself with fear and wrong thinking. [I wonder how Owen felt about this appointment with Dr. Taylor?] He said Owen has sort of hypnotized himself into thinking he's going to fall every time he stands up. The doctor said, "It's true Owen has a heart condition that could make him feel like he's going to fall, plus he has high blood pressure, but he must train himself to think, I'm not going to fall and I can walk," (Mind over matter)? I'm a firm believer in positive thinking to myself, "I'm okay, this feeling will pass, and it does. Lou painted the doors under our sink this evening. We're getting our kitchen done by degrees.

September 25, Wednesday

It is another hot summer day. I washed and tinted (yellow) the kitchen and service porch curtains this morning. They'll be ready to hang after Jon has painted the walls and woodwork. I read Lydia's letter to Annie and Lorene this morning. It is the Relief Society opening social for Garvanza Ward today. I'm sorry I can't be there to stay with Bill so Annie could attend. Someone is going to pick Lorene up at Ray's house so she can go. Ray and Miriam are away on vacation. Today's mail brought a giant postcard from Donna, of New York City's skyscrapers. She purchased the card at Macy's Store in New York. It is known as the biggest department store in the world. Mo and Joan took Donna to the big city on Thursday the 19th. They rode the train from Gardners' little town to the city. They rode the subway twice (down under the city). Miller bought them a delicious prime rib lunch. They went to Rockefeller Center and the huge St. Patrick's Cathedral, where Senator Robert Kennedy lay in state. They went inside the immense cathedral, saw some people dip their fingers in the Holy Water and cross themselves; others were kneeling and sitting in the pews. They went to the top of the Empire State Building and saw a magnificent view of the city from all sides. They went to Radio City Music Hall; saw a movie and a stage show. It was indeed a fun day. The trees on Gardners' lot are gold and red. We also received a nice letter from Rex. It was a happy surprise; he said they were happy to get my letter. He didn't think I'd write while Donna was away. Doesn't he know we're interested in them, too? He said he is glad that Donna is having this lovely vacation, but he'll be glad when it is over. He said Kathy is doing a good job of housekeeping. They like it in Fremont. He thinks we'll like it here, too. Janet has been a jewel to help since they moved to Fremont. She has painted and cleaned, hung wallpaper, cut lawns, trimmed foliage, and brought them a TV. David put up a new

antenna and etcetera. They've been a wonderful help. Rex says he'll fly down here and drive us up to see the place and visit them anytime we say; bless him. P.S. Rex says he surely misses Mary and babies and Jon. He said he received a tape from John; he has counted the days when he'll be released, 200 days, John says, he he!



Both of these photos are from Joan's scrapbook. In the lower photo Donna is holding the top photo in her hands.

September 26, Thursday

Happy birthday to my sister Sue; she is 77 years old today. It was hot and smoggy today, ugh! I spent my morning washing the cooler out. I took all the shelves out and washed them and got rid of a lot of jars and stuff I've saved thinking I may need them. Well, I won't need them, so out they go. I do need the space they took up. The insurance man came to collect for September (Lou's insurance). My visiting teacher, Jeanne Marsh, came with the Relief Society message. Lou went to McDonald's eating-place and bought some fish filet sandwiches and a chocolate milk shake for our lunch. Oh, they do taste good and I didn't have to fix lunch. My Lou is a darling. We both rested after lunch. Lou put the knobs back on the cupboard doors under the sink this morning. He painted the doors on Tuesday. Sue phoned to thank me for the birthday card and \$2.00. She read a darling poem that her grandson Brad Haddock composed to her. I told her I wanted a copy of it for my book of remembrance so she is going to mail a copy to me. She said she had a lovely birthday; lots of cards, some money and her girls took her out to dinner. I'm so glad she had a nice day, bless her heart. I telephoned Annie and Lorene this evening to tell them thanks for Sue. I told Sue I would call the sisters and give them her message of thanks. Lorene says they've had several postcards from Miriam and Ray. They didn't go to Texas as planned; they decided it would be too hot, so they went to Portland, Oregon, and Vancouver B.C. It was much cooler in Canada. This afternoon I cleaned out the cupboards under our sink and drain boards. Wow! What a job for a 75-year-old gal. I'm sure it is the last time I'll do that job. I was down on my hands and knees reaching back in the cupboards. I'm surely (pardon the expression) "pooped" tonight.

September 27, Friday

It was real foggy when we got up this morning at 8:30 a.m., but the sunshine broke through by ten. Ruby Hodges phoned to tell Lou her appointment is at 3:30 p.m. at Dr. Allen's office for her flu shot. She gets the shots every spring and every fall. Papa and I "take our chances" with the cantankerous germ. Ruby insisted that I come with Louis; she wants to take us both to Beadle's Cafeteria for dinner, nice, eh? I worked too hard yesterday so I'm taking it easy today to recuperate. Lou went out for his breakfast and to have his hair cut. He cleaned the leaves off of Edgecombs' lawn and our own, they're falling fast now. We're expecting Edgecombs to come home any day now. I took a nice



Sue Hoglund



warm bath before getting dressed this morning. I baked a casserole of brown beans; tomato sauce and onions with bacon strips on top. It smells good. I hope it will taste as good. We picked Ruby up at 3 p.m. She had several things to leave at the cleaners. We had about a half hour wait at doctor's office; there were a lot of people there for shots and etcetera. We drove to Beadle's from the doctor's office. We enjoyed a very nice dinner. Ruby and I had the leg of lamb and Lou had ox joints in rich brown gravy, plus other goodies. We called to see Lutie Solem on our way back home. She is in the midst of house cleaning her living room. After leaving Ruby off at her home we did some shopping in the Safeway Store. No dinner to cook tonight, so I could relax and enjoy my evening, isn't that nice?

September 28, Saturday

The smog got in today, but it has been cooler, which was nice. Our little Tibbets family arrived about ten this morning. Jon got started on the kitchen. We tried to keep the children out of their way, but the kitchen was the most interesting place. We took them to Highland Park to see Grandma Florence Marsh. We enjoyed a nice visit with Grandma. She fixed a nice lunch, which Mary and the children enjoyed. I wasn't hungry because we ate our breakfast too late to eat again so soon. I did enjoy a glass of orange juice. Jon did a beautiful paint job; he worked hard all day. Lou and Mary went to McDonald's eating-place and bought some fish fillet sandwiches, French fried potatoes, and chocolate milk shakes and root beer. Mary and Jon got the kitchen put in order before they left. Lou painted the little spice cabinet this morning out in the garage. Mary left a little playpen and a stand swing here, so we'd have a place for Greg to sleep and to sit in and swing when they are here. They left for home about 7 p.m. Lou paid Jon \$20.00, bless him, Jon didn't want to take that much, but we're delighted with the lovely job. A painter would have charged a lot more for that job. Lorene called to tell us that Mike Vandergrift's wife Shirley had a baby girl on September 27. I was happy to hear this happy news. They named their baby girl Julie Ann. (Mary and Jon's little daughter is Julie Annette.) I took the hand sweeper over the rugs to pick up the cookie and cracker crumbs. We had our house looking tidy before we went to bed (tired but satisfied). Mary and Jon are going to be the speakers in their ward's sacrament meeting tomorrow afternoon; it is their stake conference in the morning. They are in the Garden Grove Stake. Their ward is the Garden Grove Ward.

September 29, Sunday

Happy birthday to David Andersen, he is turning 26 years old. There was a light mist when Lou came back from priesthood to get Inez Anderson and me for Sunday School. We picked up the babysitter Bessie, also. We had fast day in our stake today because of the general conference in Salt Lake City next Sunday. There'll be no Sunday School here, so the members can stay home and watch the morning session via TV. We enjoyed a fried chicken TV dinner at home after church. Beverly phoned to see if we'd come over and have Uncle Lou stay with her dad, so she could take her mother, Aunt Lorene, and Janet and me out to Pacoima to wish David a happy birthday and give him some money from them (Aunt Bev and the grandparents). Isn't it sad that Bill has to stay in the wheelchair or bed all the time? The poor darling.

We had a nice visit with the Glen Andersens; they had sacrament meeting at 6 p.m. Their fast day will be two weeks from today, after general conference. Glen and David gave Annie a blessing; she developed a severe pain in her hip this morning. It was difficult for her to walk. We went to Cal's Discount Store in Van Nuys, when we left Glens. Annie and Lorene stayed in the car. Bev, Janet, and I shopped. I bought vitamin C tablets, 250 tablets for \$1.49. Bev bought several things they needed, pills and medication, some cookies and etcetera. I stayed in the car with Annie while the others shopped in the Eagle Rock Center for groceries and some number painting for Bill to work on. We had a real nice lunch at Andersens' when we got back there. Janet and I helped get the TV trays up and we did what we could to assist Beverly. Lorene was feeling rather fatigued, so she rested a while on the bed. Of course Annie wasn't able to get around very well with her painful hip and groin ailment, but we had an enjoyable time in spite of aches and pains. Little Janet seemed to enjoy being with the "old folks." She was a big help, too. Of course Beverly isn't "old folks," all of the kids love to be with her. Janet Clayton is really a sweet little girl. Lou and I took Lorene and Janet home about 9 p.m. (Poppy Peak Drive). Carol was there alone, she had worked somewhere today, I've forgotten where? Lorene expects Ray and Miriam home about Tuesday. P.S. Irene treated us to delicious



Gregory and Julie in 1969. October 3, 1968 is Julie's second birthday.

eggnog. She invited us to eat with them, but they were in a hurry to get ready for church, and we wouldn't stay long.

September 30, Monday

It has been cold and cloudy all day long. I got the washing dry in spite of the day. Lou cleaned the leaves off our lawn and Edgecombs' lawn. We expected them home before now; they said they'd be home the last of September. We had a lot of noisy activity on Del Mar Boulevard today. A big machine was breaking up the curbs and other machines were taking out the big trees. I washed the kitchen windows and hung up the clean curtains. Lou put the knobs back on the doors in the kitchen. We have a pretty new kitchen now. I phoned Andersens' and was glad to learn that Annie feels better. She was able to get up and walk without a lot of painful distress. Beverly is on her vacation for two weeks;

Andersens are going to take care of Annette's two little children while she goes to Relief Society Conference in Salt Lake City. They expect the children this afternoon. I wrote a little verse in Julie's birthday card and enclosed \$2.00, plus gum and dimes. I wrote this little verse:



*The verse above is for grownups, not for a little girl of two,
So, I'll write a verse in red letters, especially dear, for you.
The little white kitten on your card, with a ribbon tied in blue,
Says, "I came to tell you, Julie dear, that we all love you!
Happy birthday!"*

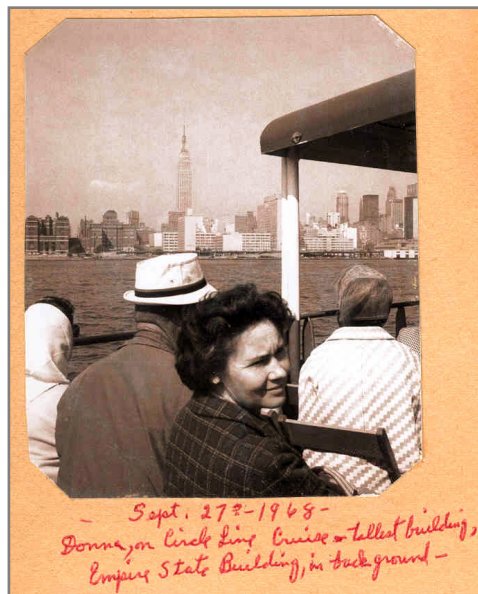
Mary brought her letters from her mother and from her father, in to read to us. Donna told about her wonderful trip to New York, what she had been doing there and etcetera. It was very interesting. Joan and Mo took Donna with them on their 11th wedding anniversary the 21st of September, to an open house reception honoring a young couple that had returned from a temple marriage in the Idaho Falls Temple. Donna had a lovely evening in the beautiful old home in Scarsdale, New York, with Joan and Mo's nice friends. She said they all told her how much they liked Mo and Joan and

they would surely miss them a lot when they move back to Salt Lake City. It was an 8-page letter, full of the many happy and interesting experiences she is enjoying in New York. Miller was going to fly to Salt Lake City on September 23 in the evening. Donna would leave on Saturday the 28, by plane. Joan and children will stay in New York to get the business of moving to Utah taken care of. Oh, that'll be a big job, but she'll manage it all okay. Mary also had a letter from her brother John Marsh. He wanted to know if Mary knew of anyone in California that would like to help a young 18-year-old girl get to the states from Scotland. She has saved for her fare, but she can't leave there unless someone over here has a job lined up for her. Our government will not let them into the states now unless they are coming as domestic servants. I hope someone can help her to immigrate here. In Rex's letter to Mary and Jon, he said that both he and Kathy are invalids. She sprained her ankle and Rex smashed his finger. He went to his brother-in-law, Dick Deal. Dick took him to the Providence Hospital. In the operating room he grafted a piece of skin from Rex's arm onto the tip of his finger; other wise the end of his finger would have to have been amputated. They've had their troubles while Donna is away, eh? Farewell September 1968.



October 1, Tuesday

We had a cold, cloudy day with no sunshine at all. It was pleasant to do my ironing anyway. We had a lot more activity on Del Mar Boulevard at Vinedo Street. Lou was up at the corner several times this day watching the working of the men and their big machines. It is interesting; I went out a few times myself. I watched the big crane lift the big cement box into the huge square place prepared for it and saw the crane lift the top for the box and set it in place. It looks so strange to look up and down Del Mar Boulevard and see all of the big trees gone. I'm told that the telephone polls are all coming down on Del Mar, too. The wires will be underground; that is why the huge cement boxes are being placed in the ground now. I guess it is for the electric light polls and wires, too? Golly there is an awful lot I do not know about the whole deal, but I do know we'll have a nice wide boulevard up there in a few weeks. One of the men said they'd be through with this job by Christmas. Well, our neighbors the Edgecombs didn't make it home by the end of September as they said they would in the postcard they sent us. We are now in October. I phoned Andersens this evening; Beverly said her mother feels much better today. The pain has gone from her hip. They have Dale and



Annette's little Steve and Susan while Annette is in Salt Lake City for Relief Society conference. Our Relief Society president phoned this evening to ask if I'd be to the teacher's report meeting in the morning at 9:30. She wants me to give the opening prayer.

October 2, Wednesday

The sun tried to get through today, but didn't quite make it. Nora Williamson phoned to tell me she would pick me up at 9:15. We picked Marie Doezie up at her home. I gave the opening prayer in the teacher's report meeting. Vera Smith gave the visiting teacher's message, "Today is Part of Our Eternal Life." It was a nice message to take into the homes. Nora Williamson's Spiritual Living lesson was on "The Law of Tithing." It was very lovely; she is an excellent teacher. Several sisters bore their testimonies, myself included. I was disappointed that they didn't give me a partner for my district. I've gone alone all summer since Lydia Smith moved to Utah. Lou has taken me around the district, but I don't like to impose on him every time. Lorene received a letter from Lydia. It had distressing news about Owen. He had a fall in the bathroom and cut a bad gash in his head. They had to get

the police officers to help get Owen up and in the ambulance to be taken to the LDS Hospital. Bill helped Lydia with his dad; she phoned him and he rushed over to her. They're going to give Owen x-rays to try and locate his trouble, what is causing him to fall like that. I wrote a letter to Lydia and mailed a get-well card to Owen to the hospital. Lydia sent his room number and the hospital address. We received a nice long letter from Donna. It was sent airmail and written September 27, but got waylaid at North Vinedo, even though Donna had written South Vinedo. It went to Dresden Barns on North Vinedo. (Can't they read?) I'm mad! Donna told of the interesting things she had been doing and seeing there in New York. She was leaving New York the next day at 6 p.m. It will be a 6-hour flight. They will serve dinner and show a movie while in flight, nice eh? (She is at home in Fremont now, of course.) Joan and Donna spent their last day together in New York City, on Friday the 27th. They left the baby with the branch president's wife; Sherm and Janet were in school. They took the Circle Line Cruise around Manhattan Island, a three-hour cruise. It goes close to the Statue of Liberty. Janet phoned them on Thursday. She and Dave have been working in the Fremont house, which is a big help to Rex and Kathy. They've done paper hanging, painting, and etcetera. Joan wrote a letter, also.

October 3, Thursday

Happy Birthday to you, dear Julie! We enjoyed Joan's letter enclosed in Donna's letter yesterday. She said she enjoyed having her mother there and showing her around New York. She is glad they're moving back to Salt Lake and Mo is working for KSL again. She thanked us for her birthday card and \$2.00. She said she spent it on lunch for her and her mom while on the Circle Line Cruise of the Hudson River. I hope dear little Julie is happy and enjoying her 2nd birthday anniversary. Lou helped me wash the walls and

woodwork in our service porch this morning. I was up on our little kitchen table to do the ceiling and the upper part of the walls and woodwork. Lou handed the washcloths up to me. We were through and I had the clean curtains hung by 12:30 noon, just in time to rest and listen to the TV stories that we enjoy, "As The World Turns," "Love is a Many Splendored Thing," and "Another World." I wanted to write to Donna today, but we went to the Safeway Store for a supply of needed groceries and to cash our Social Security check. It rained hard while we were in Safeway, but had cleared when we came out, nice, eh? By the time we got home it was time to cook our dinner and then I was too weary to write. I did phone Mary and she had talked to her mom on the phone this morning. Donna

said she is very happy in the Fremont place; it looked so nice when she came home from New York last Saturday. Janet had even painted the front of the house white, with a pale yellow trim. She had papered one wall in the kitchen and one in Kathy's bedroom. Kathy's friend George had painted woodwork in Kathy's bedroom. They'd all worked hard to get the place looking nice. Janet brought the TV from her boy's room to her parents. David put up the antenna so everything was fine. Julie received our card



Kathy eating strawberry ice cream in the Fremont living room. This was during the year that Kathy went without chocolate. Janet's painting is hanging above the sofa.



Kathy in front of wallpapered wall that Janet did while Donna was in New York. Kathy is wearing the matching robe that Donna, Elvie, Mary, and Joan had. She also has her hair set for ringlets.



Rex relaxing in the living room of the Fremont house. Front door is behind Rex and gold sculpture carpet on the floor. Here are some details about the photo: Oil painting of Joan and Janet done by George leaning on the table, grape picture created by Janet in Relief Society in previous years on the wall, Rex is sitting in the rocker that came with the Mt. Baldy house and is now in Kathy Calkins's home. Plus assorted furnishings that the Marshes have had for years.

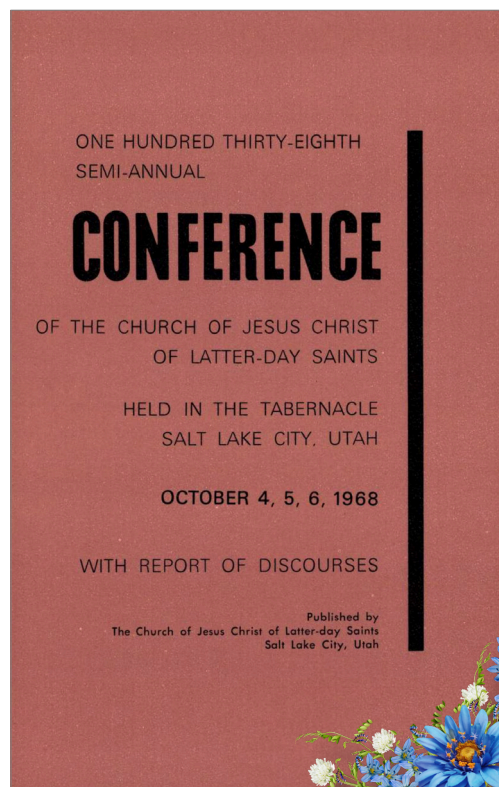
and \$2.00. Mary bought her some toy with it. The gifts from Donna and Joan didn't arrive as yet (a magnetic puzzle).

October 4, Friday

The telephone men are working on the lines in our neighborhood, so our line has been out of order all morning. They're putting the lines underground. We have a lot of activity on Del Mar Street; they've taken out trees and curbs. The light and phone polls are all coming out, too. Del Mar is going to be much wider when they're finished with it. Lou wrote a \$15.00 check last night for me to send to Donna; \$10.00 for John's mission fund, and \$5.00 for Rex and Donna's 33rd wedding anniversary. Lou fixed our garden hose for the backyard; he cut the bad spots out and etcetera. He went to the bank to deposit some money and to buy something for the hose. I wrote a letter to Donna and family. (I sent an anniversary card.) We were happy to see our neighbors the Edgecombs drive in their drive way this afternoon, in their camper truck. They both looked well and happy. We have missed them; they've been gone for two months. They left here on August 2. We can't get through our street to Del Mar Boulevard because of the men working, big trucks, and etcetera. Lou took me to the post office to mail Donna's letter and card. I bought \$2.00 worth of 6¢ stamps there. We both rested this afternoon. It has been cool and cloudy all day with no sunshine. I wish I knew how my brother Owen is feeling; if he is still in the hospital or at home? I'm very concerned about him, I telephoned Annie this evening; she had a letter from Lydia. She read it to me. The news is very disturbing; Owen is still in the hospital, undergoing tests. He sweats so much they have to change his clothes and bedding often. He takes spasms, sudden violent contractions. His kidneys are not functioning properly. The doctor fears he may have a serious prostate-gland condition. I can't help but feel depressed about him and dear Lydia, too. Dale and the children are at Annie's today; they expect Annette home tomorrow. She phoned from St. George today. She's been to Salt Lake to Relief Society Conference. P.S. The activities on Del Mar Boulevard at Vinedo Avenue have been very interesting to the men in our neighborhood. I even walked up once to see the exciting operations going on.

October 5, Saturday

Beverly phoned this morning to tell me that the Christmas cards that I ordered through Annie's collection arrived today. I'm glad they're paid for, too. Dale and children slept at Andersens' last night. He took them all home this morning about eight. They expect Annette home from the Relief Society Conference sometime today. She phoned from St. George yesterday. We had so much interesting activity in our street this day. I found it hard to get my housework done.



Four big trees on Vinedo and Del Mar were lifted out of the ground by a powerful machine; the four trees, one on each corner, had to come out, so Del Mar can be made wider. It's amazing what the men can do with that powerful equipment; take the trees out, cut 'em up, and haul 'em away. Lou is surely enjoying the excitement and entertainment of these past few days. I had to go out yesterday and again today, to watch that big machine with iron jaws lifting heavy cement boxes and pipes, and today trees; it is marvelous! It's nice to see activity at Edgecombs' house again; I'm glad they're back home safe and sound. I wish I knew how my brother Owen is; I'm so very concerned about him.

October 6, Sunday

Lou and I enjoyed the television session of general conference this morning. (138th Semi Annual Conference, Channel 11, at nine this morning.) Clifton Manlove phoned to ask the time and channel for the broadcast; he doesn't take a newspaper. (Vilda has left the Manlove home again, too bad.) This morning's session opened with the choir singing. The invocation was by Elder C. Roberts. Elder N. L. Tanner conducted. President David O. McKay was presiding. He was there in person, but didn't speak. He is 95 years old; his body is frail but his spirit is strong, bless him. The choir sang "Life Up Thine Eyes." First speaker was President Alvin R. Dyer, on "The Destiny of America" from the Book of Mormon. The choir sang "Let Their Celestial Councils All Unite." The second speaker was Elder Franklin D. Richards, from the assistants to the twelve. He spoke on "The Spirit of Christ, Light of the World" and teaching the LDS youth the true Gospel of Christ. The choir and congregation sang, "How Firm a Foundation." The choir sang "Glory to God in the Highest." The third speaker, Marion D. Hanks, spoke on "Infant Baptism." He told how Jesus blessed children at the accountable age, and etcetera. The fourth speaker was Victor L. Brown, a counselor in the Presiding Bishopric. He spoke on our LDS men in the service in Vietnam. He just returned from visiting the LDS boys in Vietnam. He saw the fruits of the gospel at work with these wonderful boys. The choir sang "All People that on Earth do Dwell." The fifth and last speaker, Joseph Fielding Smith, from the council of the twelve, spoke on "The Power of God Unto Salvation," turn away from evil and learn to do good. Know that Jesus is the Christ. The choir sang "Our Father's Love Begotten." The benediction was by Elder Beecraft. We got a glance of President McKay, our beloved prophet. Our bishop, Bruce J. McGregor went to conference in Salt Lake City. Br. Harold Morgan conducted our sacrament meeting this afternoon. We took Clifton Manlove and Bessie to church.

October 7, Monday

Today is Rex and Donna's wedding anniversary, 33 years. I hope our children are enjoying a happy anniversary. It has been cloudy and cold all day. I had to dry the heavy pieces in the house; they were too damp to fold up, but okay for pieces to iron. We received a card from Lydia. She said Owen feels much better. They may bring him home from the hospital on Sunday. She wrote on October 4. The doctor is trying a new hormone drug that is supposed to help Owen's condition. I surely hope it will do a good job for him. Owen has lost a lot of weight, but that is good; he was too heavy. I read the card to Annie and Beverly and to Lorene via phone. All are happy that Owen does feel better. Lorene says that her Mary has a new assignment at St. Joseph's Hospital starting October 16. She will be lecturing and teaching student nurses in a special course on the trach operation, the emergency operation of opening up a patient's throat in case they can't get their breath. She has other important responsibilities, too. Mary is a very capable little person. Lou went to the Standard Paint Store in Pasadena this morning; he got some paint thinner, some wallpaper cleaner, and some mastic. He got up on our roof this afternoon and put the mastic around our fireplace chimney so it will not be leaking down the front porch when the rains come. We've had a lot more noisy activities on Vinedo Avenue and Del Mar Boulevard today. It is surely a huge project to widen a road like Del Mar.



Mary Clayton Jorgensen in 1963.

October 8, Tuesday

It was pleasant to see the sunshine again after a few gloomy days. I had my ironing done before Lou got up and dressed. I cooked his breakfast; he gave our bathroom woodwork a second coat; it will be lovely now. The yellow leaves from our elm trees are falling fast now. Every little breeze brings them down. Our lawns are covered again; Lou cleaned them all off a few days ago. There are a lot more to come down yet. We got a letter from Donna today. She thanked us for the \$10.00 for John's mission and the \$5.00 for their 33rd wedding anniversary. She enclosed four pictures of her and Joan taken last month in New York. One was taken at the top of the Empire State Building showing the breathtaking view below. Another on the cruise, showing the Empire State Building towering above the other tall buildings and a picture taken on the cruise around Manhattan Island showing the beautiful Statue of Liberty. She wrote on their anniversary, October 7. She and Rex were going in the evening to have Dr. Deal remove some stitches from Rex's finger. (What a way to celebrate, eh?) She said they'd have an ice cream treat after and then come home. She went to the opening social of Relief Society in the new ward. It was a very nice program and lunch. The sisters were all friendly.

The president is a young woman with a Swedish or Danish accent. She wants Donna to be a visiting teacher. She played for the Primary children to sing on Thursday afternoon and enjoyed it. She and Rex enjoyed a sealing session in the temple on Friday night. George stayed overnight on Saturday so he could listen to the TV broadcast of General Conference from Salt Lake City. He went home in time for his own sacrament meeting at five. That dear lad needs a car; he hitch hikes to see Kathy most of the time. Donna told of the many things Janet did to help make the Fremont place look nice, it is amazing. P.S. Our neighbor Gladys Stacy came over tonight; she had the zipper in her dress caught and she couldn't get it undone. I got it working okay.

October 9, Wednesday

Donna mentioned in her letter that Janet fertilized the front lawn while Donna was in New York. It looks pretty and green now. She had to work fast to get so much done. She had to have little daughter Donna in school in San Jose by noon everyday, so she'd come early and work fast and then back to San Jose to get Donna in school. Oh, the many things she did; painted inside and out, hung paper, hung curtains etcetera. Dave and his dad are going hunting in Oregon and Washington for a week. Janet says she'll come to her parents' house and do more to pretty it up. Janet and Dave have a new Buick Riviera auto with all new features; everything is powered. I'm so happy for them. Today was a hazy sunshine day and rather on the cool side. Lou took Marie Doezie and me to Relief Society. I helped Geneva Musser and Addie Strang put the little quilt on the frame. It was an easy one to quilt, little kittens in soft seersucker material. It was a pleasure to work on and we finished it today. The young mothers did a small sized bassinet quilt to be used in the nursery where their babies are taken care of. They plan on doing nine of them. They quilted the border and tied the center. We had about 20 to 25 sisters out today. We were served a nice luncheon about 12:30. It was after 2 p.m. when Erma Rosen brought me home. She helped Geneva and me finish the baby quilt so we could take it off the frames. Lou took Ruby Hodges to the Pantry Market this morning to do her grocery shopping. I was so weary when I got home I had to rest on my bed for an hour before I could start dinner. Our Del Mar Boulevard is all torn up and blocked off. I guess it'll be a mess for several weeks. I walked home from Virginia Avenue on the boulevard, because Erma couldn't get through to our street. It was only one short walk anyway. Clifton Manlove phoned this evening; he was disappointed that "Louie didn't come to see him today." He expected him.

October 10, Thursday

It was cloudy and cool this morning. Beverly and Annie went to Ontario this morning; Lorene stayed with Bill. She phoned me from Andersens', Blanche had phoned her. She has her problems, too. She'll have to move out of her home soon, it has been sold. She had phoned Harriet in Salt Lake City; Hattie is going to the hospital for some more tests, she is not at all well. Hattie told Blanche that Owen is home from the hospital. I answered Donna's letter. Lou walked over to visit with Clifton Manlove. I phoned Mary to find out if they'd be coming here on Saturday. She said Jon's parents are

coming Friday and they'll be there Saturday and Sunday and go home on Monday. They are bringing several things Mary and Jon left up north. She thinks they'll go to Disneyland on Saturday; they haven't seen it. Our Senior Citizens property tax assistance check came today from Sacramento, \$55.98. It was a nice welcome assistance, eh?

I put the pictures Donna had taken in New York in my scrapbook for safe keeping for her. She enclosed them in her letter. We received a little note from Mary today. She told me what she said over the phone; they can't come to paint on Saturday or October 19 either, as they're going to the temple for a witness to Jon's friend's sealing. It'll be October 26 before they can come again.

That is fine with us, no hurry anyway. I was happy to learn that the children are well, coughs cleared up, and Mary and Jon fine, also. Her bladder infection cleared up. I surely hope all of our children are well and happy. We are anxious to hear news from Joan and Mo, where will he work? And where will they be living this next year? He has three offers for employment, which will he choose? I pray that they'll be guided to make the right choice.

October 11, Friday

It was cloudy most of the day, with some hazy sunshine at times. I studied my Relief Society visiting teachers message, "Today is Part of Our Eternal Life." It's a nice message; I hope I can deliver this lovely message to the sisters on my district. I haven't got a partner yet; Lou has taken me around my district for several months. We went to the bank to cash the check he received yesterday and deposit some of it. Lou paid our telephone bill at the office and then he took me to the Penny's Store to buy some hose; I got three pair for \$3.15 and a short strand of beads for \$1.00 (pearls). We had planned on doing our ward visiting this afternoon, but time ran out on us. We did visit Aretta Smith and her sister Sarah Bates. They always make our visits so very pleasant. We stayed longer than necessary there, they seem so happy to see us every month. We went to the Pantry Market and bought three of Johnston's frozen pies, on sale today, for 59¢. The regular price is 79¢. We got one apple and two red rhubarb. We bought a few other things, raisin bread, coffee rolls, ice cream, and etcetera. We came home to put frozen things in the freezer. We decided it was too late to do the rest of our visiting; we'll do it next week. Our car wasn't working just right, a bit jerky at times. Our good neighbor Stanley Edgecomb tried to locate the cause. He found a little spring in it was broken. He found one at his place that may work. If it doesn't, Lou will have to buy a new one. There was a blast off at Cape Kennedy, Florida this morning of Apollo 7 with



The astronauts of Apollo 7.

three astronauts on board. This is the first test of whether America's newest, biggest, spaceship has the stamina to carry men to the moon. Veteran Command Pilot Walter M. Schirra, Air Force Major, Don F. Eisele, and Walter Cunningham, were on board for an 11 day voyage of 163 times around the Earth. (A fantastic world!)

October 12, Saturday

I'm glad it's a nice, sunny day for the Tibbetses to enjoy Disneyland. Jon's parents were supposed to arrive at his home in Santa Ana yesterday evening. I hope all is well and they'll have a happy visit with Mary and Jon. Lou took our car out this morning to buy a new spring, something to do with proper idling of the car's engine. What I don't know about it could fill a book, except without that little spring we have a somewhat jerky ride. My rugs need vacuuming, but they got the hand sweeper instead, oh me. Lou cut some ivy with electric cutters; it really grows fast and gets out of bounds.

A big old diseased tree was cut down this afternoon. The old tree that Stan and Lou have talked about taking out for a long time came out today. Lou was digging around the roots and found out it was spongy, it had decayed and was rotten and about ready to fall anytime. The big old tree was very dangerous; it was leaning eastward. Stan sawed off some big limbs; Lou assisted, best he could. They put a chain around the tree near the top and cut away at the rotted base of the tree. One tug on the chain brought it down. Stan had the chain attached to his truck. The only damage in the fall was to Helen's clotheslines. They'll have to be repaired, but Stanley can do that all right, in fact, he can do most anything we think. Our sample ballots for the presidential election came today. I'm not sure yet who to vote for; I'm not satisfied with any of the candidates this time. Stan's neighbor Mr. Schmidt came over and helped him cut up the big tree trunk for fireplace logs; he had a gasoline chain saw. The big tree is out and cut up and we're all pleased because it was a dirty tree shedding little leaves and other debris all year. The roots broke up our cement driveway, too. Sorry old tree, but no regrets over your downfall. I do not know the name [*variety*] of the tree. Lou took a shower while L. Welk's program was on TV and he went to bed. He must have been tired, eh? Lou had a fall today, his foot caught in some debris; he scratched his face and bent his glasses. Today was a ward workday at our stake center. Sorry I couldn't go and do my share of cleaning, I just didn't feel up to it.

October 13, Sunday

Lou phoned Bishop McGregor at 6:30 this morning to tell him he wasn't well enough to come to priesthood and lead the singing or to pick up Bessie. In fact, he just said he couldn't take care of his obligations and wanted the bishop to ask someone to do it for him. The bishop had forgotten that Bessie was one of Lou's obligations, so Glen Glancy phoned here about 9:30 to ask about the babysitter, Bessie. I guess he went for Bessie; I gave him her address. I was

disappointed to miss church today, but I had a strong feeling last night that Lou would be out of active service today after his strenuous workday yesterday, and then his fall on his face that scratched his face and bent his eye glasses. Stanley straightened the glasses. So Lou and the big old tree both had a fall. Something broke in our toilet box this early morning. We can't flush the darn thing, until Lou can buy a new piece of equipment, problems, eh? Later: I'm glad to report that our toilet works okay. Lou got in his car this afternoon and drove to Fedco Store. He bought the rubber plunger needed to repair our toilet box. We ate dinner about 3 p.m. Lou helped me with dinner and dishes. We fried some lamb shoulder chops. He went back to bed after dinner. The Deep Heat rub I gave his back this morning seemed to help it a lot. He says it doesn't hurt nearly as much as it did. It is about time for our sacrament meeting to start at 4 p.m. I really feel unhappy when I can't go to church on the Sabbath Day, but I'm glad Lou feels better anyway. I composed a little verse for Ethel Newbold's birthday card:

*October's a pretty month, falling leaves a
colorful red and gold
And some lovely Indian summer days;
not too hot and not too cold.
It's life's beautiful autumn season before
winter's ice and snow,
May your birthday be a happy day, and as you older
grow,
May the dear Lord bless and keep you, in his loving care
May you always find happiness with true friends everywhere.*

I also wrote a little note in answer to her little note to us and enclosed it in her card. (Saved a stamp, eh?) Ethel is really a lovely person; everyone that knows her loves her.

October 14, Monday

It was cloudy this morning and it rained a little in the night. I mailed a birthday card to Ethel Newbold with a letter and verse enclosed. This morning I worked in the backyard with Lou. We got all of the ivy cuttings in the trashcans, ready for the garbage man to take. I also helped Lou to dig out some of the rotten wood in the center of the big tree stump. That old stump was a lot more work for Stanley and Lou to take out than the big tree itself was to bring down. Stan loaded his truck with the tree branches and he and Lou went to the dump to unload the truck. It rained lightly about noon so I came in the house and put my house in order, beds, dishes, and etcetera. After Lou and Stan came home from the dump, they worked on the old tree stump. Oh, what a job! They took it out in four pieces; put chains around them and tied to Stan's truck. He pulled them out by their roots. Mary called from Santa Ana this afternoon. She said that Jon's parents left for Petaluma this morning. She said that Jon would like to come next Friday afternoon and start the painting. She said they'd stay all night and he'd paint on Saturday, "if I could look after the children for a few hours while they went to the sealing session in the Los Angeles Temple on Saturday. I said I could. Mary offered to pay for a babysitter, if I didn't feel up to looking after the kiddies, but I'm sure I can manage okay. Lou was almost too tired

to eat his dinner this evening; we ate about 5 p.m. and he went to bed after eating, the poor man. Lou got up later and listened [*old expression from "listening" to the radio*] to television. I composed this little verse to Ricky for his birthday on October 20:

*Is it fun to have a birthday in October, when you're
eleven years old?
Is it fun to see the pretty autumn leaves, falling,
red and gold?
Is it fun to scatter them all around, shouting as
you go?
It must be fun to be a boy eleven, to work, to
play and to grow!
Happy Birthday, Ricky.*



October 15, Tuesday

It was a beautiful, clear day with no smog. Stanley Edgecomb was out this morning putting in the new cement curb, where the old tree was. We'll have to have our driveway repaired one of these days. The roots from the old tree broke it up. Lou and I went to the Blue Chip Stamp Store this morning. I got two fitted sheets for Lou's double bed and one for my twin bed. They cost 1½ books each. I had enough stamps to get a little doll for Julie when she comes this weekend. My 4¾ books just made it, plus tax. Lou went to an oculist in town and had him straighten his eyeglasses frame. They were bent from the fall he had last Saturday. We stopped at the Safeway Store but they didn't have the shade of green paint we wanted (sprout green) so we went to Fedco Discount Store; Lou bought a gallon for walls and a gallon for trim or woodwork. The wall paint was \$5.99, and trim was \$7.49 so close to \$15.00 with the tax. I bought a few items in the store. We did our visiting teaching before coming; we're happy to have both of our districts taken care of for October. I found only two home of my six families and only two of Lou's at home. We did some of his district last Friday. I got Ricky's birthday card addressed and ready to mail in a couple of days (See verse to him on October 14).

October 16, Wednesday

Ruby phoned this morning to see if Lou could take her to her beauty shop at 11:45 a.m. Marie Doezie phoned; she wants us to take her to Relief Society. Nora Williamson phoned to tell me she'd pick me up at 9:45 a.m. I was kept busy answering the phone while trying to get dressed. It rang four times in a half hour. Ruby called twice. Erma Rosen was with Nora; we have to detour because of Del Mar Boulevard being blocked off in spots now. We had a very lovely Cultural Refinement lesson, given by Shirley Rogers; she is such an excellent teacher. I'm so glad I could hear this beautiful lesson. She gave each of us a little Barometer Reading Chart, "Discover a new friend," neighbor, book, or change for the better. "The Excitement of Discovery." Nora brought Cora Hartshorn home from Relief Society. It was nice to see Sr. Alice Smith out to Relief Society; it's the first time since her husband died. I donated \$1.00 for the gift fund, for our retiring bishopric, Bishop Orlin C. Munns and Counselor Jay Linderman. The ward birthday party will be October 25, when the ward will

honor them. When I got home, I changed clothes and started to clean the wallpaper in our dinette. I had about half of it done when Lou came; he took over and finished, while I washed the golden wedding dishes that we keep in the little cupboard in the dinette. Then Lou painted the baseboards and wainscoting a sprout green; it looks very pretty. We were both tired this evening but happy to have accomplished so much today. Lou called in to see Clifton Manlove; he was surprised to see that the bride was back and they were both very happy and going to try and make a go of their marriage. I surely hope so, time will tell, eh?

October 17, Thursday

I mailed Ricky's birthday card today. We had a busy workday. Lou painted the door frames in the dinette. I cleaned the wall paper in the living room; just one wall is papered. The leaves are coming down fast; we have to clean off the front porch and lawns often. The street work on Del Mar Boulevard surely makes a lot more dusting for me in our little house. We got a letter from Lydia today. I was so happy to read that Owen is much better; he can get into his wheelchair without help and he can take a few steps while pushing his wheelchair. He has been getting dressed since last Sunday and he feels so much better. His legs are getting stronger; we are hopeful that he will get back to normal soon. They are going to have a rod put up in the bathroom so Owen can have something to hold on to; he needs it for a feeling of security. His last bad fall was in the bathroom and it put him in the hospital. Lydia says he takes six pills, all different, every day. He was taking eight pills before. They have a new orthopedic mattress for their bed and he is sleeping a little better now. They are expecting their daughter Mick the end of the week. Her son Mark goes in the mission home on Monday. He is going to the North Western States Mission. Lydia gave the lesson on J. Reuben Clark in Relief Society on Tuesday, October 15. It was her first Relief Society lesson. She said she worried about leaving Owen alone for the hour and a half, but he got along just fine. I hope she can go to Relief Society every Tuesday, she needs to get out and she loves Relief Society. I read Lydia's letter to Lorene, to Annie, and to Sue via phone. Lorene wasn't feeling very well, she had a headache from trying to make out her welfare papers; a report expected once a year. Sue was lonesome and a bit blue. Elaine and Ernie are going up north to visit Carol Sue for a week; she'll be alone she says, but I'm sure Ann will look in on her. Bill has been busy painting the little cloth books for babies that Dolores sent to him to do for her ward's bazaar next month. P.S. Lorene received a letter from Violet a few days ago. She is back in Cedar, her blood count has gone way up and she isn't at all well. I do worry about her.

October 18, Friday

Happy birthday to Ethel Newbold, see her verse on October 13. I spent this morning vacuuming the two bedrooms and getting beds ready for our little Tibbets family. Lou did a little yard work watering and getting leaves off the front yard. Jon started the painting in the dinette soon after he got here. He and Grampa Lou went to the store for new rollers for the wall painting. Later, Mary, Jon, and Julie went to the boulevard for Jon to get his hair cut and to buy some

items. We had our dinner about 5 p.m. Jon painted in the hall for a few hours. Lorene phoned and read Lydia's letter; Owen is feeling better, I'm so happy he is improving. Our little ones are adorable; feeling fine and happy. Baby Greg took a nice nap. Mary and I have both felt a little stuffiness in our nose, the nasal passage closed. I took a Dristan tablet last night and it helped me a lot, so I gave Mary one this evening and it cleared her sinus cavity, also. Mary gave the babies each a bath in our kitchen sink, because of the painting going on in the hall next to the bathroom. Greg went to bed after his bath; oh, he is such a good baby. Little Julie sat up and watched TV. She went to sleep on Grampa's bed and Jon brought her (sound asleep) to the bed we had fixed for her on the couch. Jon brought a tape from Elder John Marsh. We enjoyed hearing our missionary boy talking about his activities in Scotland. Lou slept in the twin bed and Mary and Jon in his bed.



October 19, Saturday

Mary and Jon left here this morning about 8 a.m. to go to the Los Angeles Temple to meet their friends, Ron and Linda Lervold. They went to witness the sealing of the Lervold's little adopted son, 2½ years old. Mary got her little ones dressed and fed before she left. I fixed a light breakfast for her and Jon, fruit and toast, blueberry muffins, applesauce, and orange juice. Little Julie was very upset when she learned that she wasn't going with Mama and Papa, but I got out the new doll that I got with Blue Chip Stamps. She was all smiles and kissed her parents goodbye. I kept it until they were leaving so I'd have something to attract her attention and interest. Baby Greg was back in his bed; he slept a couple of hours after his breakfast. Lou was surely a big help entertaining the children while I did some cooking and housework. He took Julie and her new doll for a walk around our block while Greg was asleep. The children were very good and we managed nicely. Mary and Jon got back here about 12:30 noon I think. They had stopped for a hamburger sandwich and a milk shake or malted milk. After resting a while, Jon finished painting the hall; he had started it last night. It looks so pretty and clean;

it is the new sprout green color. We ate our dinner about 5 p.m. Our precious baby Greg was asleep in his playpen bed, so Mary could eat in peace. Mary and I took Greg for a walk in his stroller cart while Julie was asleep. The little family left for their home in Santa Ana about 7:15 p.m. Everyone was tired but happy. I'm still fighting a head cold. Jon wasn't going to take the \$20.00, but Grampa insisted. Jon tried to give me \$10.00 back, but I wouldn't have it either. He insists the next paint job will be for free, we'll see.

October 20, Sunday

Happy birthday to you dear Ricky, 11 years old today. I hope Ricky is enjoying his 11th birthday. Oh, how fast they do grow up. My head wasn't any better today, eyes and nose leaking, feeling too miserable to go to Sunday School. I had to miss last Sunday because Lou wasn't feeling well, darn it! I hate to miss church on the Sabbath day, but I can't take a chance of this cold getting to my throat and lungs if I can help it. Inez Anderson phoned; she wanted to go to Sunday School. I was so sorry to tell her that Lou wasn't coming back for me today. I told her I'd see if Hy and Erma Rosen would stop by for her, but she said, "No thank you, I'm not very well myself, I had a poor night's rest, so I'll relax at home and listen to television or radio." I'm very sorry to disappoint that dear little soul. I got up and dressed in time to fix some lunch for Lou when he came home. I didn't stay up long, oh my miserable sinus cavity; one uses a lot of tissues with a head cold. I hope Mary feels better; she says her discomfort is hay fever. We took Greg's playpen bed out to the Cabaña, and also his little stand swing. They'll be ready for his next visit with us. I spent most of my day in bed. I got up to eat a bite with Lou at 5 p.m. I've switched medication to Bromo Quinine; the Dristan made me feel better for a few hours, but the trouble was back when it wore off. I've got to get rid of this misery; I just can't let it get into my lungs.

October 21, Monday

This has been a most miserable day for me. The cold in my sinus cavity is painful; my upper jaw hurts. (I guess they call it neuralgia.) The jaw has ached like a toothache today. I stayed in bed most of the day. Lou painted the little corner cabinet and telephone stand today. Our dinette is all done, except the window now. So many things I should do and here I am too sick to get out of bed for more than a few minutes. Ugh! Lou walked over to the Manor Market for a loaf of bread. I wonder why the Hellman's Bread wagon doesn't come on our street anymore. The former Mrs. John F. Kennedy married Aristotle Onassis, a multi millionaire-shipping magnate, today in a chapel on the Greek isle of Skorpios, owned by Onassis, oh hum!



Mrs. John F. Kennedy married Aristotle Onassis in October 1968.

October 22, Tuesday

I feel better this morning; I did get up and dressed. Annie phoned and read me her letter from Violet. It is deer hunting season in Utah. Otto and his brothers, Wilford and Arthur, have a camp up in the Cedar Mountains. They'll have a happy time together up there the next two weeks. Otto will take care of his mail job, too. Lorene phoned and read me her letter from Violet; it was written after the letter she sent to Annie. Violet was really upset about Owen's illness; she had just heard that he'd been in the hospital and he is now in a wheelchair. She wants to know more about his illness. We all do, but Lydia asked us to be careful what we say when we write to them; she doesn't want Owen to know just how serious his condition is, and we do not know for sure what the condition is. I answered Donna's letter and wrote one to Violet, also. I had to lie down for an hour before I could answer Lydia's letter. Lou walked to the Manor Market to get me some lemons. He didn't do any painting today. I guess he needed a rest.

October 23, Wednesday

It was a very lovely day; I felt so much better, but I didn't go to Relief Society. I felt weak and not completely over my cold. Nora Williamson phoned to tell me she'd pick me up. Marie Doezie said she'd call Erma Rosen and see if she'd take her today. I felt much better this afternoon so I undertook to do a little hand painting on the wallpaper on the east wall in our living room. I touched up the pattern with the sprout green paint that we are going to paint the walls and ceiling with, just to give it a touch of the shade of green we want to use in there. It was interesting work and I enjoyed doing it. The paper is perked up and will blend in nicely with the sprout green now. Lou was amazed at my project, but he was pleased with the results. Lou painted the window woodwork in our dinette. Our painting is all done in the dinette now. It really looks lovely; we got the Venetian blind and the drapes hung back up. Ruby Hodges wanted Lou to take her to Dr. Allin's office at 4 p.m. for her second flu shot, but she phoned later to say that her head ached so bad she would not go for the shot. Clifton Manlove phoned and wanted Lou to take him to the market if Lou was going to the market today, but Lou wasn't going today. Clifton said Vilda has left him again. Oh my, what a stormy life they do have. He thinks he'll go on with the divorce. (Don't be surprised if they're back together next week.)

October 24, Thursday

It was a warm, summer like day. I had a large washing, five runs so I was happy to have a good warm day. Lou took Ruby to Dr. Allin's office for her flu shot; he also took her to the market to do some grocery shopping. He bought a few items, also. This afternoon I did some hand painting on the wallpaper in the living room (just one wall

is papered). I'm touching it up okay without getting new wallpaper. Some of the light gray leaves and design in the pattern I've painted sprout green and I think it looks pretty. It perks up the pattern. I used the regular paintbrush that comes in the children's paint box set. What do you think of a 75 year old grandmother that will do a stunt like that? (Don't answer that one.) I was down on the floor for the lower section, up on the stepping stool for the top sections. I almost finished my project today; a couple of hours more will complete the job. I've enjoyed doing it. It is a unique idea, eh? Try it sometime, ha ha! I wouldn't undertake to do the whole room, one wall is enough for this gal. We're enjoying our pretty newly painted dinette; I do love the pretty wallpaper in here. It cleaned up nicely with the wallpaper cleaner. It goes perfectly with the sprout green woodwork. Our living room has been gray walls and trim for several years, we wanted a change, so have green paint, a light shade. Jon will come and paint it in a couple of weeks.

October 25, Friday

I did my ironing and finished the touch up job on the wallpaper. We received a nice letter from Joan today. Miller hasn't decided yet where he will work; in Dallas, Texas, where he has the opportunity to manage an FM station there, or in New York, where a few other offers interest them, or in Los Angeles for CBS. Miller's father would like him to join him in his real estate business. Time will tell, eh? They had a lovely trip to Massachusetts to a place called Old Sturbridge Village, a unique place. They took Sherm and Janet, but left Marshall with a neighbor. Joan was in the White Plains Hospital for tests concerning a bladder infection that she has once in a while. Mo was home with the children. We also received a letter from Donna; she wrote it on October 24. She mentioned that it was Elaine and Ernie's wedding anniversary and also Sue and Al's. She is very happy living in Fremont. It is like living in a small town, with everything close by. They like it and are anxious for us to see Fremont. Last Thursday, October 17, Donna enjoyed a day at the church welfare farm. They hand picked some beautiful tomatoes. The vines were filled. It was a hot day; she was tired after four hours of work, but she enjoyed it. Donna's bishop asked her to take the Laurel class in Mutual. She had that same job for two years in San Rafael, so is familiar with it. Kathy is in that class, too. She had ten girls last Tuesday night. The bishop asked Rex to be secretary to the adult Aaronic class. He is familiar with that job, too. Dr.

Deal took the last stitch out of Rex's finger on Wednesday the 23rd and then Donna and Rex went to the Oakland Temple for the 5:15 session. They met Ruth and Dick after the temple session for an ice cream treat [*At Fentons Creamery*]. The Deals bought a home for Kay and the children; she is getting a divorce. They paid \$20,000 cash. Lou and I really enjoyed the ward's birthday party tonight. It was a very good dinner and a nice program. There was a nice big crowd out, about 500 members. Kirk Kirkman, TV's "Jack Jones magician" entertained us; he is very good. Bishop Bruce McGregor presented Bishop and Sr. Munns and Br. and Sr. Linderman with lovely silver trays. Frances Morgan was the hostess at our table. Dr. Don Anderson was the MC for the program. Florence Manwaring sang a solo, "My Friend." The MIA youth choir sang two numbers. E. Glancy won first prize for the best birthday cake.

October 26, Saturday

We have another warm day with smog. Lou was going to paint the fireplace mantel, but he didn't feel well enough. I put the house in order and recorded in the diary from Joan's and Donna's letters that came yesterday. I put the golden wedding dishes back in the little dinette cabinet; it is painted nice and fresh. Lou did it a few days ago. I wish the living room was done, also, but we'll get at it in a week or so. Jon and Mary are having company this weekend; a dear friend of Jon's I believe. I talked to Florence Marsh this afternoon on the phone. She has been sick with the flu but says she feels better today. Florence and Ernest Oates are away on a little trip somewhere. She isn't sure where, but she expects them home tonight or tomorrow. I also talked to Annie; she said Beverly worked overtime today at Cannon's

Electric. It was for a big job they had to get out on schedule. Glen Andersen is going to be ordained a high priest tomorrow; he asked his stake president for permission to have his own father ordain him to the office of high priest, as Bill has ordained him to the other priesthood offices he holds. The president said it is all right if Bill will get the consent of his own ward bishop; he has it. Glen and Lloyd Pack, a high priest in Glen's ward, are coming to Andersens' tomorrow for the ordination. It is so nice to see the young men in our family advance, as they are doing, in the priesthood I'm very proud of them. Lou set our electric clocks back an hour before we went to bed; we go off the Daylight Savings Time tomorrow, so we can stay in bed an extra hour, how about that? P.S. Jon's friends couldn't come today, the wife was sick. They told us about it when they came here on Sunday afternoon.



Donna relaxing with curlers and a hairnet in the Fremont house.

October 27, Sunday

I surely hope that Hattie is feeling much better and enjoying her birthday today. I mailed her a birthday card and also one to David Shattuck. Lou came back from priesthood to take me to Sunday School; we took Bessie, the ward babysitter, too. It has been a warm Indian summer day. We had some smog to mar our otherwise lovely Sabbath Day. Dr. William Pettit gave our lesson today; he is a fine teacher, too. I guess Br. Bob Gordon is out of town again. I had to leave our class a few minutes early because of a coughing spell. I have such a time to get over a cold, darn it. Lou came out a few minutes early so we came on home. We enjoyed Swanson's Fried Chicken TV dinners at noon. I wanted to write letters, but I wasn't in the right mood, so I rested, like Lou does, between church sessions. I'm not back to normal yet, languid, no energy, it is sad, eh? We were both asleep this afternoon when Mary, Jon,



Similar to Tibbetses' new 1968 van.

and the babies arrived in their new 1968 VW station wagon.⇒ We were delighted to see them and their lovely new car. It is very good looking, a nice shade of beige tan and so roomy and nicely upholstered inside. They took us for a nice ride in it to Altadena. We stopped at Frosty Freeze for ice cream cones (Grampa's treat). We had a bite to eat here later this evening. We talked about going up north with Mary and the children about the 18th of November. Jon will fly up a day or two before Thanksgiving and he'll drive us back home. Sounds like fun, eh? I phoned Rosens' before we went for the ride. Erma said that they would take Bessie to church this afternoon. I'm sorry I didn't hear young Creighton Horton II and his parents give their talks this afternoon; he is leaving for a mission, to the Franco Belgium Mission soon.

October 28, Monday

Happy birthday to David Shattuck today. It is a nice Indian summer day, but that d--- smog came along to mar its beauty. I put mastic tape around the fireplace on the brick and on the floor around the rug, where Lou painted the baseboard on the north half of the room. He painted the front door inside and the hall door on the outside. He'll do as much as he can of the living room woodwork and leave the walls and ceilings for Jon when he comes again. Our leaves are falling fast now. We'll be glad when they're all down. Our front yard looks a mess now; they come down faster than Lou can rake them up. This was my letter-writing day. I answered Donna's letter, Joan's letter, and wrote birthday cards to Otto Fife and to Miller Gardner. Lou and I went to the Health Store for my Garlee Tablets, and then to the Safeway Store for groceries and Vicks Rub, 44 Cough Syrup, nose drops, and cough drops (all Vicks). Darn this old cold, I wish I could clear it up completely, ugh! I'm tired

of pills and lemons, every night. I read Violet's, Joan's, and Donna's letters to Beverly this evening via phone, and then Annie came to the phone and I read them to her. Annie told me about Bill ordaining his son Glen, to the office of a high priest. Glen's stake president gave him permission to have his father ordain him and Bill's bishop gave his consent. Lloyd Pack came out with Glen, Irene, and Beverly Jean, to be witnesses to the ordination. Lloyd is a high priest in Glen's stake and a life long friend. Annie said Bill ordained Glen and gave him a lovely blessing. Bill has ordained Glen to most all of his priesthood quorums and he wanted him to have this special honor. Before Bill's illness he was active in his own high priest quorum. Now he is confined to his bed or wheelchair. Lloyd and the Glen Andersens ate dinner with Annie, Bill, and Beverly.

October 29, Tuesday

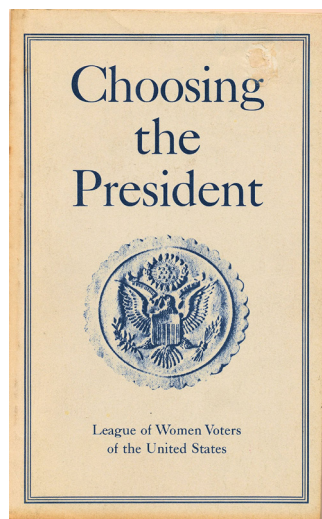
There is more smog again today, isn't it a shame? I took down the drapes in the living room and gave them a good brushing and airing on the clothes lines. I washed my pretty plastic carnation flowers and vase and the roses and vase. They look good as when new. Lou was too tired from his labor yesterday to do any painting today, so he took it easy. He went to the Fedco Store for a quart of the trim paint; he ran out of paint yesterday. The gallon wasn't enough; he thought it would do all of the trim. Mary phoned this afternoon; she had a letter from her mother. Joan had phoned them from New York and said Miller was going to work in Dallas, Texas. He will start work on the 4th of November. Joan and the children will stay in New York until the home is sold. The FM station in Dallas will pay for the moving of Miller's furniture when the New York home is sold and Joan can join Mo in Dallas. Mary gave me Elder John L. Marsh's new address. He has been transferred to Nansewood, Old Perth Road, Cowdenbeath, Scotland. Mary said she wrote to John today. We received a letter from Lillian Keller. She was with Jack in Nogales on a business trip. She'd been to Louise's home and helped her tack a couple of quilts. Jack went to Salt Lake City to be with his brothers. Lillian and Jack made a trip to Kingman, Arizona to take inventory of some machinery there. Jack is having some trouble with his eyes. He finds driving a bit tedious now. Julie and husband, Tag, have moved to Provo. They are both going to BYU. She expects a baby in May. Marlene is expecting her baby in February and Janet's baby is 3 months old now, so Lillian and Jack are great grandparents now with more on the way. I put some mastic tape around the baseboard in the living room, so Lou can paint without getting paint on the carpet. Good night, and sweet dreams.

October 30, Wednesday

It started to rain last night about 8:30 p.m.; our television picture went out about the same time. Oh, how exasperating. Lou went to bed depressed. I read for a few minutes and then I went to bed too, about 9:30 p.m. Golly how did we manage without a television before we had one? Ha ha! It rained lightly most of the night and when I got up this morning it was raining. I wondered if I should go to Relief Society but



when Marie Doezie phoned to see if she could go with me I decided to go in spite of a backache and etcetera. We had a special program today. A lady from the League of Women Voters of California came. She went over the pros and cons of the propositions to vote on this November 5 presidential election. I understand it a little better now, but I'm still in doubt as to which is the best for all concerned. Each side puts up some good arguments for and against the measure. I brought home some election literature she gave us on the candidates and the propositions. Nora Williamson brought Marie and me home from Relief Society. It was cloudy but not raining. We received a letter from Donna. We should have had it yesterday, but the crazy postman took it to Dresden Barns, 250 N. Vinedo. Donna had South spelled out, too. They don't read well. Donna told us what she told Mary about the Gardners moving to Dallas, Texas. Mo would start to work on his birthday, the 4th of November. Joan and children would go later when the house is sold. I hope that won't be too long. Miller said the job would start at \$15,000 per year and a new car. The Rex Marshes membership records were read in their sacrament meeting last Sunday evening and they were sustained in their new callings. Donna sent John's new address in Scotland. Dave Shattuck got another raise of \$125 per month, wonderful, eh? We're happy to know our children are doing so well. Lou painted the two windows in the living room today. I gave a helping hand here and there. Lou put the Venetian blinds back up tonight. This paint surely dries fast, has no odor, and is dry in an hour (Lucite Paint). I like it! P.S. Simpson's TV repairman came out this afternoon and put in two new tubes. We are delighted that it wasn't the big picture tube, as we'd feared it was. The bill, plus the tax, was \$15.58. The repairman said the picture tube costs about \$70.00.



October 31, Thursday


It was cold and cloudy until almost noontime. Lou was going to paint today, but he didn't feel up to it, so he cleaned the leaves off the front lawn and that was about it for today. Well, there is no hurry with our painting project anyway. He worked hard at it yesterday. I wrote a letter to John and a postcard to Donna. My Relief

Society visiting teacher, Jeanne Marsh, came this afternoon. Well, she made it this month anyway, ha ha! I walked up to the post office and believe it or not; it cost me 40¢ to mail that little old letter to John in Scotland. I sent it airmail. Golly, it must cost his parents plenty of postage to send tapes and letters to him as often as they do. (Well, we've got to fly to the moon and that costs Uncle Sam a lot of money.) I cut through the empty lot on Vinedo Avenue. I surely wish they'd put a street through that vacant lot, it would save a lot of steps for people on our street. I bought some molasses chews at the Health Store and some chocolate malted milk disks, for my pleasure. We served forty Halloween trick or treat guests tonight. I gave each one a junior sized Hershey milk chocolate bar. We didn't have as many children come this year as last year. We treated fifty-six kids last year. It seemed rather quiet in our street tonight; maybe because of Del Mar being so torn up and blocked off. Papa and I will enjoy the extra Hershey bars, but not the extra weight, ah me! Glen Glancy brought his two little sons to our place to trick or treat. Oh, they looked so darn cute. Ethlyn had made them each a cute little Halloween costume with red hats and red trim on costumes. They looked so tiny. I think they are 1½ and 2½ years old. I always enjoy seeing the happy kids dressed up and treating them, too. Farewell October 1968. You do have a happy passing with the gay Halloween fun for young and old, it is a nice month.

November 1, Friday

We've had a cool, hazy day, but a pleasant reminder that winter is just around the corner. Lou finished the woodwork painting in our living room today. He finished the baseboard and did the two doors. All that is left are the walls and ceiling, and that is waiting for Jon Tibbets to do. I baked a rice pudding with raisins this morning and a casserole of macaroni and cheese and tuna fish this afternoon. We received a letter from Donna; it was written October 31 on Halloween day. Janet drove over on Dave's birthday to get an apple pie Donna had made for him. She also gave him a nice tie. Janet and Dave planned on playing miniature golf in the evening, but it turned so cold they went to a show instead. Donna said it has turned cold and they've had rain the past two days. Rex is working a few blocks from home for a few days, so he goes home for lunch. He is putting in some new decks in an apartment house. They had the Mutual Halloween party last Tuesday. Kathy won a






Hallow'een

Thursday, October 31, 1968

305th Day—61 days to follow

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> CLEAR	P.M.
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> CLOUDY	A.M.
RAIN	
SNOW	



Trick or Treat!

It was cold and cloudy until almost noon time, Lou was going to paint today, but he didn't feel up to it, so he cleaned the leaves off the front lawn and that was about it for today, well there's no hurry with our painting

prize for originality. She made a long sheath out of an old white bedspread and she wore a lampshade on her head, tied on with ribbon. She carried a light bulb, the cord and plug draped around her. Donna went as an old witch, with a long black skirt, black suit top and she bought a witch's hat and pair of glasses with a big nose attached. She had a red yarn wig that Mary had made and wore once. Donna said it was a very nice party; she thinks the young people in this new ward are very well behaved and more respectful than in the San Rafael Ward. She says they are looking forward to us coming with Mary on the 18th of this month. I hope we will keep well so we can all go up north for Thanksgiving. Donna did some stain painting on the redwood fence; Janet bought a can of stain for the job, and she did some of the painting herself. Donna wants to buy some temple clothes for Mary's birthday gift (garments, apron, and hose). Mary made a lovely white dress for her to wear in the temple. The Edgecombs went to their desert cabin today for the weekend. President Johnson ordered full bombing halt of North Vietnam this morning. Peace talks are scheduled.

November 2, Saturday

Our county tax bill came yesterday of \$325.08. Our city tax bill this year was \$55.25, \$10.00 higher than 1967 taxes. The county taxes are higher, too, about \$20.00 more if I remember correctly. I took a bath this morning before I got dressed. I was getting dressed when Mary, Jon, and the children came. We were surprised and delighted to see them. Jon came in to go to the UCLA College for some research for his school studies. I had a happy day with Mary and children. We went to Helen's Variety Store to see if they had a sweater for our baby Gregory. They didn't have what Mary wanted. We drove to Sears in Hastings but nothing there either. The sad part was Mary left her purse in their car so it was with Jon; and we had Grampa's car. We went to Highland Park to visit Grandma Marsh. She looked fine and insisted on fixing a little lunch for us. Baby Greg had a nice nap in the car; he was asleep when we arrived at Grandma's. We enjoyed our visit and lunch with Grandma Marsh. She says she is going up north in a few days to visit Ruth and Rex and families. Lou phoned Marshes' to tell us Jon was home. Mary talked to him; he was disappointed because he couldn't find a place to park his bus, it was crowded at the college, so he came back to Pasadena. Jon and Julie had a nap. Mary took Greg and me in their new VW bus to Sears Store; she had her purse and credit



Mary and Julie Tibbets

card this time so she had fun buying a few needed items (a raincoat for Jon, training panties for Julie, and some toys to take on our trip up north to entertain Julie. We had the baby in his stroller cart at the store. We rode in the big work elevator, cause you can't go on escalators with the carts. The clerks are nice to take the mother with the baby carts up or down in the work elevator. The Tibbetses wouldn't let me fix some dinner for them. Jon was anxious to start out for their home in Santa Ana. I enjoyed my day with Mary and babies. They left for home at 5:30 p.m. Lou and I had a bacon and egg sandwich for our dinner at 6 p.m.

November 3, Sunday

We were told to expect rain this morning but the sun was shining when we left for Sunday School. Lou came home from priesthood to take me and Inez Anderson and babysitter Bessie to church. Our fast day service was first. It is cooler today. We had a full house this morning; a lot of new families are moving into our ward so membership is growing fast. Just one infant was blessed this morning; the Edwards' infant, this family is new in the ward. They are a large family with one whole row of children to see the baby blessed. We had a lot of very lovely testimonies born; I surely enjoyed all of them. I was happy to see our Sunday School teacher, Robert Gordon, back again. He has been in the hospital; he was operated on for a hernia. He is such a fine teacher; I gain a lot from his classes. It has been cloudy and chilly this afternoon. We ate Swanson's Fried Chicken TV dinners after church at noon. Br. Hy Rosen called in to visit for our ward's brethren visit, a bit late for October, but he didn't learn until today that we hadn't been visited. He has charge of the ward districts. It really upsets him when the men fail to take care of their districts properly. Erma waited out in the car. After Lou's nap, we drove to Highland Park. Andersens had just finished their dinner about 3 p.m. Lorene was there; I enjoyed looking at Beverly's lovely picture albums, three of them. She gave me the negatives of pictures with Lou and me and some of our family, in case I want to have some developed. I think we have most of them. Lou and I enjoyed some of Andersens' salads, a jelled salad, and green vegetable with tuna. I brought my Christmas cards home; Annie ordered them for me. I paid for them last month. Lou brought Bill's little footstool home to repair it. We took Lorene home about 8:30 p.m. It had been raining a little in Los Angeles and in Pasadena, but wasn't raining when we came home.

November 4, Monday

The sun was shining when we got up, but it was cloudy all afternoon. Lorene, Andersens, and Florence Marsh all got their Social Security checks on Saturday. Lou was upset when ours didn't come in today's mail. He went over to Dresden Barns, on 250 N. Vinedo Avenue and sure enough it was there on the secretary's desk. Lou went to the post office then and put in his complaint. We've had so much of our mail go to that business place on North Vinedo. It is the same address as ours, only it is North and we are South. The post master said he'd try and correct the mistake; he kept a couple of Donna's envelopes, addressed to us, with South written on them and he kept the envelope of our Social Security check, too, so he can talk to the post master in the main office in Pasadena to see if they can do something about our mail going to Dresden Barns. We're getting a bit perturbed at the delay in our mail. Blanche Hoglund phoned this morning from her new apartment home in Arcadia. She moved from her S. Berendo, Los Angeles home on Saturday. Helen, her daughter, was helping her to get things put away and get the apartment in order. Helen took the day off from work to help her mother Blanche. She says she is in our San Marino Ward, but she is going to church with her friends, Lu Layton and Jan Perkins, to the Arcadia Ward, because she knows more people over there. I don't blame her; she lives close to Lu Layton anyway. We received a letter from Lydia; Owen is feeling better but he had another fall last Sunday, October 27. Bill came and got Owen up on his feet. He was trying to get in his wheelchair when he caught his foot on the chair leg and it caused him to fall. Lydia gets so frightened; Owen struck his head on the wheelchair and that caused a large bump to come. She put the ice bag on it and the swelling went down. The prostate gland trouble causes some blood spots to come on Owen's underwear. The doctor told Lydia they could expect that. Aunt Ida Strong had phoned Lydia to ask about Owen. She is concerned over his condition, too. Blanche phoned again

tonight; she got a letter from Lydia, too. She has found out she is in the West Arcadia Ward. One of the Relief Society sisters is taking her to Relief Society in the morning; she is the president I think. She called to see Blanche today. Blanche said she got the money for her home today. Her son Bill phoned to tell her that someone broke into the home. They broke down part of the strong fence that Oscar built to get in the yard. Blanche is really upset about it. She will be happy when the colored people move into the home they bought from her. She said she left it nice and clean for them. It really worries her that someone broke into it. She still has some things there for her children to get.

November 5, Tuesday

Today is Election Day for our new president and vice president. Blanche sent Lydia a little locket that Oscar had with a picture of his mother in it. She said Oscar wore it under his coat lapel when he was a young man courting Blanche. She thought that Lydia would appreciate it. Lydia wrote a lovely letter to Blanche thanking her for sending this precious locket with the picture of her dear mother in it. That was so nice of Blanche. I got up before eight this morning and composed a little verse to go in Donna Shattuck's birthday card. [Below.] Lou and I went to vote this morning about 10:30. Our polling place is 184 S. Virginia Avenue, a block and half from home. After voting we drove to Highland Park to take Bill's foot stool home. Lou repaired it for him. I stayed with Bill while Lou took Annie to the bank to deposit her LDS garment money and cash her Social Security check. Bill has done some more lovely oil paintings; he keeps busy with his painting. Lou and I enjoyed a very nice lunch in Beadle's Cafeteria about 12:30 noon. I sat in Beadle's parking lot while Lou walked across the street to the Bank of America to cash our Social Security check and deposit \$100.00 of it. We then drove to the Safeway Store and bought a large supply of groceries, over \$20.00 worth. It was 3 p.m. by the time we got home; we were both tired by the time we got

Birthday verse to Donna Shattuck (6 yrs. old Nov. 15th)

*" I was once a happy little girl - playing in the sun -
Dreaming lovely day-dreams - having lots of fun -
I was born in the winter time too - where there was ice + snow -
But of course, dear little Donna - 'twas many years ago -
Now, you're a pretty little girl - dreaming sweet dreams too -
May your life be one of happiness - and your lovely dreams come true -
"Happy Birthday!"*



our groceries put away. I defrosted our Frigidaire refrigerator yesterday morning while Lou was repairing Bill's little footstool. Bill was glad to have it back today. I'd planned on answering letters today, but golly, the time gets away too fast and I can't write interesting letters when I'm so weary. Oh me, how many times I answer them in my thoughts. My loved ones are always on my mind anyway. Lou felt a cold coming in his throat so he took a couple of aspirin tablets and went to bed at 8:30 p.m. We'd been listening to the election returns since 6 p.m. It is a close run between Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon for president. Mr. Nixon has a short lead so far. When Lou went to bed at 8:30, I turned off the TV and wrote a letter to Violet.

November 6, Wednesday

Our new president will be a Republican, Mr. Richard M. Nixon. Our vice president will be Mr. Spiro T. Agnew; it was a real close race. Vice President, Hubert H. Humphrey and running mate, Edmund S. Muskie, gave them a run for their money. I believe if Mr. George Wallace had kept out of the race, Mr. Humphrey would have won. Anyway, it's over and I surely hope Mr. Nixon can do a good job of running our country. He'll have my prayers even if I didn't vote for him; "time will tell" and it will be interesting to see what develops from now on. I gave Lou a hot lemonade before I left for Relief

Society. He stayed in bed until I returned. Erma Rosen took Marie Doezie and me to Relief Society. Nora Williamson asked Erma to pick us up; aren't they thoughtful? I enjoyed Vera Smith's lovely visiting teacher's message, "Let Every Man Esteem His Brother as Himself." We had a very lovely Spiritual Living lesson in our regular meeting given by Nora Williamson. It was from the Doctrine and Covenants, "The Fruits of Apostasy." Erma is a fine teacher. President Stout introduced me to my new partner, Sr. Julie Asplund; she is new in our ward and is a very pleasant and sweet looking lady. She'll drive us to go do our teaching. She says we'll go out visiting next week. I did enjoy the lovely testimonies born this morning. I got up the courage to stand and bare my testimony. Lou got up to eat some lunch and went back to bed until evening, when he got up to eat some dinner. Our ward clerk, Br. Richard Stoddard, called on us tonight to check our records for dates and etcetera. He says he has to go to every home and check their records for dates and etcetera. Oh, isn't that a job? He was once a stake president somewhere, and he says this job is a lot more work and I can believe it, too. Blanche Hoglund phoned again tonight; the poor soul, she is so very lonely since Oscar passed away. I hope I can cheer her in some way. I answered Donna's letter tonight after Lou was tucked in with his hot lemonade and pills. I hope he'll feel all right tomorrow.



VISITING TEACHER MESSAGE

Message 2—"Let Every Man Esteem His Brother As Himself" (D&C 38:24, 25.)

Alice Colton Smith

Northern Hemisphere: First Meeting, November 1968
Southern Hemisphere: April 1969

OBJECTIVE: To realize that there is a universal need to be esteemed and to esteem.

In the summer of 1966 a young Salt Lake teenager sat in a garden talking to new-found friends. Several of his teeth were missing. His clothes were well-worn, and his shoes were patched. Suddenly his face was radiant as he said, "I never knew before this summer that there was any hope for me." He had lived with a deepening sense of failure and lack of self-esteem until someone had taken the time and effort to help him. He had grown up certain that he was a "nobody," uncared for, and that a life of poverty and low esteem was to be his.

Wherever men and women gather together, they establish values that give prestige and esteem to some and not to others. They rank each other on some scale indicating degrees of worth.

Jesus was born into a family that did not rank high on the

social-economic scale. In his mortal life, he was well aware of the problems created by poverty, wealth, rank, and distinction. Again and again he taught his disciples of another kingdom of values. "I am among you as he that serveth." (Luke 22:27.) When his disciples contended for position, Jesus said, "... they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you . . ." (Matthew 20:25-26.) Jesus continued, "... whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister . . ." (Matthew 20:26-28.)

When the Church was less than a year old, at a conference held in the home of Peter Whitmer, the

saints were taught by revelation, "And let every man esteem his brother as himself . . ." (D&C 38:24.) So important is this truth that the Lord reiterated it, "And again I say unto you, let every man esteem his brother as himself." (D&C 38:25.)

Half a year before, the Lord had said, "... the worth of souls is great in the sight of God." (D&C 18:10.) Indeed, hadn't he graphically demonstrated this when he suffered and died agonizingly for them—for each man and woman born on this earth?

Analysts of human nature attribute many of our present day ills to a lack of self-respect and self-worth, which may not have

been implanted in a child by his family and developed by his friends as he grows older. All through life there is need to be esteemed by others.

All men and women are our brothers and sisters, sent to earth to work out their salvation, each beset by problems, each in need of help and compassion. We are carrying out God's plan when we esteem them and help them feel by words and actions that they can achieve, that they are of worth, and that we are all children of God. When we live this commandment of God, esteem returns to us as a gift from those we esteem.

DEW-SWEET INTERIM

Morning wears cool, crisp fabric, beauty spun.
Night has stored her velvet folds of blue
Behind diminishing stars, and shadows strew
The lawn with emerald lace and prisms sun.
Morning hears lark song in the new-bloomed sky
And nimble wind on lengthening willow limb;
The music of this dew-sweet interim
Will keep me singing after sun is high!
Morning sees hill mist greening. Darkness gone,
My tasks are roses blooming bright among
A dozen blue-white hours, garland strung.
Surely such loveliness, transcending dawn,
Will thread a melody through curves of care
And fashion robes of joy for heart to wear.

—Maxine R. Jennings



November 7, Thursday

We have another beautiful, clear, smog free, day to be thankful for. I got up a bit earlier than usual to answer some letters. I wrote to Lydia Bailey and to Lillian Keller. I mailed the three letters today; the one, I wrote to Donna last night. Lou feels better; he got up about 11. I cooked bacon, eggs, potatoes, and toast for him, "brunch" I call it. (Breakfast and lunch) I'm glad that he feels a lot better today. He stayed up and listened to television for a while and walked in the sunshine a little in our yard. He went back to bed at 2. I wrote a letter to Ethel Newbold so now I'm caught up with my correspondence and it's a nice feeling. I surely hope that Joan is able to sell the New York home and join Miller in Dallas, Texas soon. I walked to Virginia Street to mail Ethel's letter. The mailman took the other three for me. I took the hand sweeper to the rugs and washed the windows and cleaned the Venetian blinds when I got back from mailing the letter. Lou got up and dressed and ate dinner with me at five. I'm so glad he feels better; his throat isn't sore now. He even washed the dishes and I wiped them. A happy old couple, eh?

November 8, Friday

♪ ♪ Oh, what a beautiful morning!
♪ ♪ Lou went to get his hair cut this morning and he ate out. Lucky me, I didn't have to cook breakfast. I ate my favorite, Cream of Wheat, and a blueberry muffin. I composed a little verse to Joan; she is in my thoughts so often now. I'll be happy when she and the children can join Miller in Dallas, Texas. [Poem is on this page.] When Lou came home he took me up to the post office to buy my Christmas stamps. I got 150 of them (\$9.00). I mailed Joan's cute Friskies animal card with the rhyme in it. I bought our Vitamin E tablets in the Health Store and came home. We expected Jon about 3 p.m. Mary phoned to tell us he was delayed at the college so he'd be coming along soon. I told Mary to come along with the kiddies. Lou and I had all of the pictures down and the little whatnot shelves, too. I washed the bric-a-brac articles and glass in the pictures. They're clean and ready to hang up again. It was about 5 p.m. before Jon got started. Lou put some 100-watt globes in the pole lamp so he had good light. I had a big pan of wide macaroni, ground beef, onions, and tomato sauce, all ready to feed our little family. I'd baked a pumpkin pie and made a chocolate pudding. Jon went over the walls and ceiling twice to cover up that old gray color. It took a little over the gallon to finish the job. Mary and Grampa went to Fedco for the extra

quart of paint. Greg slept a couple of hours; I entertained Julie while Mary wrote to Joan and to her mother (Donna). The children were both sick last week; the smog is bad in Santa Ana. The doctor says they may be allergic to smog. Julie has developed a cough. That d--- smog, I hate the stuff. Mary and Jon helped get our living room in order. That new paint dries so fast that the pictures could be hung and the drapes hung. Everything looked so nice before they left. I love the new look. The sprout green or ice green, brings out the colors in the wallpaper; we're real pleased with it. Jon wouldn't take any money, but we made Mary take \$10.00. It is worth a lot more. P.S. Mary left baby's diaper bag tonight; I'm sorry about that. Julie's play shoes were in it, too.

November 9, Saturday

It was after midnight last night before we got to bed. We put the baby's playpen and swing out in the cabaña. I took the hand sweeper over the rugs. This morning was just gorgeous with no smog. I put out three runs of washing; I washed Lou's light gray trousers; I put them on the pants stretchers. I hope they won't shrink, so he can't wear them. Well, he wouldn't send them to the cleaners as before; he only wears them round home sooo, I'm not concerned too much. I phoned Mary; she said Julie had other shoes to wear and she could get along all right without the diapers and things in the bag. I told her I washed the two soiled wet diapers in the plastic bag. She said she thought about them and hoped I'd see them and wash them. Jon went to the college in Los Angeles for some research work. He left on the school bus early this morning. Lou and I are sure enjoying the pretty new paint job in our living room (the new look). Jon does lovely work. Lou slept all afternoon. I got the clothes in from the lines and folded. I was ready to rest by then so I took a nap. We enjoyed our evening at home with dinner and television programs.



Joan is in New York with the kids and Mo is starting a new job in Dallas.

*Letter in rhyme to Joan
on November 8, 1968
You are in our thoughts constantly,
Concern for you almost wrecks us.
Boy! Will I be glad to learn that you
Are with Miller in Dallas, Texas.
Without Mo, there in "Old New York"
And business to look after, too,
I'm ashamed of how sheltered I've been
But I'm so very proud of you.
We've both been down sick with colds but
Okay now, happy among the living.
We'll go up north with Mary and family
In their new VW bus, for Thanksgiving.
Your mom is anxious for us to see them
In their home in Fremont
And you know without a doubt,
That is precisely what we want.*

November 10, Sunday

We've enjoyed a beautiful, clear, smog free, day. Lou went to priesthood. Inez Anderson phoned to say she was not going to Sunday School because she has a head cold. Clifton Manlove phoned to ask if we'd pick him and Vilda up and take them to Sunday School, so we picked them up and Bessie, the ward babysitter, too. Dr. William Pettit gave the lesson in our class today. It was a very nice lesson on "The New and Everlasting Covenant." I was very sorry to learn this morning

that our regular teacher, Robert Gordon, is home in bed for a heart rest for a few weeks. I'm afraid Bob is trying to do too much. He has so many executive offices in his busy life, plus his church work. We told the Manloves we'd take them to sacrament meeting this afternoon. When we got home we found \$2.00 Vilda had left on our car seat; she can't do that! She'll get it back. After dinner we rested until time to go back to church for the four o'clock sacrament service. We picked the Manloves up; Lou made Vilda take her \$2.00 back. We picked Bessie up and went on to church. We had a very nice meeting. The youth speakers, Tara Kratzer and John Alder gave fine talks. We had two lovely violin solos, by David Margetts, accompanied by Barbara Allinski. The speakers were a young couple that has just moved in the ward, Clairann and Gordon Garrett. They have three little boys. She is a niece of Clarice Warnick and Zona Strong. They are a lovely family. We enjoyed their talks. We took the Manloves home. Mary phoned this afternoon; her parents had phoned her. Rex is flying to Los Angeles on Friday evening after work. He'll go to his mother's and stay all night. He wants us to go back with him on Saturday morning. He'll drive Mary's bus; she can help with the children, so we are all delighted he is coming. Jon will take Grampa's car to Santa Ana with him.

November 11, Monday

We are happy with the new plans to go up north on Saturday, November 16, in the morning instead of Monday the 18th. Mary will not have to drive and she can be all packed ready to go to Highland Park to pick up her Daddy Rex. He will drive and she can help me take care of the babies in the bus, nice, eh? She will not stay here all night as we'd planned. I mailed a birthday card to Clifton Manlove and one to Donna Shattuck. Hers had gum, dimes, and \$1.00 in it. Lou took things kind of easy today. I did my ironing and some mending. Sr. Julia Asplund phoned to say she could go visiting teaching on Wednesday or Thursday afternoon. She wants a map of how to find our place; she is new in Pasadena. I'll talk to her at Relief Society on Wednesday. Lou got the leaves off of our lawn and watered the lawns and flowers this afternoon. Our TV weather reporter says we will have rain tonight and tomorrow, well, we do need it. Today was Veteran's Day (or Armistice Day). Our flag waved on our porch. It was the only flag in our neighborhood that I could see.

November 12, Tuesday

We had cloudy weather, but no rain today as promised. I'm glad because we accomplished a lot of things we had to take care of before going up north. We went to town and bought a few items I wanted, lip stick, tweezers, and scarfs, and a toy to entertain Greg on the trip. We have several things for

little Julie. I got animal crackers and some Sen Sens today. I shopped in Hertel's and in Kress; Lou paid the telephone bill. We picked Ruby Hodges up at her home and took her to the Pantry Market, near her place. She had her list; Lou and I helped her find the things she had on the list. After we took Ruby home we went to visit the sisters in Lou's ward district. We had a nice visit with the two sisters, Aretta Smith and Sarah Bates. Abby Hays is still away, but we had a nice visit with Maude Williams, a short visit at the door with Br. Donaldson. His wife has had her foot operated on, she was in bed, he said. We received a nice letter from Violet. She and Otto had been on a lovely trip of the Utah Canyons; they went to the south rim of the Grand Canyon



Mexican Hat Rock is a balanced hoodoo formed from eroded sandstone along the banks of the San Juan River near the town of Mexican Hat, Utah.

and to Monument Valley, to Needles Outlook, to Moab and saw National Arches Monument, to Goblin Valley, to Capital Reef monuments (Wayne Wonderlands), stayed overnight at Mexican Hat, so named because of the huge monument that looks like a Mexican sitting down with a wide sombrero on head. She was amazed at the colorful and fantastic sights to behold in our country (Utah and Arizona mostly). Violet composed a lovely tribute to her brother Owen and wife Lydia. She sent me a copy of

it. It is really lovely and in rhyme. We bought a fish filet sandwich at McDonald's eating stand and a chocolate milk shake on our way home from visiting our district. Ummm good! I read Violet's letter to Bev and to Lorene via phone. Andersens got a letter from Violet, also. Bev says the ramp is built, ready for Bill's wheelchair. It has to have two more coats of deck paint and then Bill can be taken outside for the first time in his wheelchair, bless him. Blanche Hoglund phoned; she is so lonesome the poor dear; she misses Oscar so very much. Florence Marsh phoned again for Mary's address in Santa Ana; she is another lonesome lady. There are lots of them. We never know when our turn will come, eh? My sweetheart Lou and I have been abundantly blessed so far. Lorene's nice neighbor Mrs. Phillips brought a nice cooked dinner to her this evening; bless her heart.

November 13, Wednesday

There was no rain this morning; the sun is shining. Marie Doezie phoned to tell me she was going to Relief Society if we'd pick her up. Nora Williamson phoned to say she'd pick us both up. I was glad I didn't have to get Lou up and out. I helped Geneva Musser put the crib quilt on; it was a pretty little top with embroidered baby figures in the blocks. Cora Hartshorn embroidered the babies on white squares set in pink material. We had a young sister from San Jose quilt with us and Sr. McBride and Atha Baddley; more quilters than usual, so that was nice. My new visiting teaching partner, Julie Asplund, brought me home so she would know where to come for me tomorrow morning when we do our visiting

teaching. We have a new family added to our district, Karen Ilene Jones, 3790 E. Sycamore Street. I didn't know where Sycamore Street was so Lou and I went out in our car to locate it so I can find it tomorrow. Sr. Asplund is new in California so I'll have to direct her around our district and I'm not too good at that. It was sweet of Lou to take me over the district to help get the streets in my mind. I think I can find the right streets okay now. We were served a very nice luncheon in Relief Society at noon. Br. Clifton Manlove phoned to thank us for the birthday card; he said he had a very nice birthday yesterday. I think he was 83 or 84. [He was 84.] I read my visiting teacher's message over a few times to get the thoughts in my mind for tomorrow's message.

November 14, Thursday

I went out this morning with my new partner, Sr. Julia Asplund, to do our Relief Society teaching. We have seven in our district now with a new one added, a Sr. Karen Ilene Jones. She lives in the rear at 3790 East Sycamore Street. She is young, with a little girl about 2 years old. She doesn't look over 18 or 19 herself. I couldn't give the message because her television was going strong and the baby was fussy. We found someone at home in all but one place, so that was nice. Sr. Asplund took me to her daughter's lovely home on Lombardy Road. She lives with her daughter there. It is a beautiful big home; the daughter's name is Edwards, I think. She has a new baby a few weeks old. They have a large family of eight or more beautiful looking children, girls and boys. I was very happy that I had no trouble finding the homes in our district, even by going a different way to locate the Sycamore home. (Thanks to my dear husband for taking me over the new route yesterday afternoon!) Julia Asplund came to Pasadena from Canada; she was a schoolteacher there for the past 10 years after her husband died. We received a nice letter from Donna. She said that Kathy has been jogging around the block every evening for several weeks. So Donna decided to jog around the block with her. She couldn't keep up with Kathy, but she is getting better. Then Rex said, "This I've got to see," so he jogged along with them.

Donna said Rex was surprised at how quickly he ran out of breath. He thought because he gets so much exercise at work, he could jog along without any or little effort. Rex was the main speaker in church on Sunday. Donna said he gave a fine talk, but his little granddaughter Donna said, "Grampa, how come you talked so long?" Rex wrote and told his mother he was coming to see her Friday evening and stay overnight. He'll fly to the International Airport from San Jose. He'll take the bus to his mother's in Los Angeles. We'll pick him up on Saturday morning at his mother's



Joan Mentions in her letter the photo of Elvie that came in a package from Donna. It is confusing to know if it was the teenage photo Donna had restored for Mother's Day in 1968 or the photo above with Elvie's pretty hairdo. Or maybe Joan is talking about both photographs framed and on display in her home?

and he'll drive Mary's bus back home. Happy Day, eh? P.S. Clifton and Velda Manlove walked over this evening; they brought some of his birthday cake, a large bottle of soda pop, and a half-gallon of ice cream. We had a nice little party, the four of us. Lou took them home in our car.

November 15, Friday

We had a nice gentle rain all night and this morning. We both took a bath this morning. I washed out a few things I want to take up north with us tomorrow. I dried them in the house. We've had a cold wind all morning. Parts of our USA have lots of snow and ice now. I have our sweet Joan and family on my mind. I surely hope we'll hear soon that she sold the New York home and is in Dallas, Texas, with her beloved husband Miller. I got some things together for the trip, vitamins and etcetera. I do not enjoy the packing job, what to take? I hope it clears up by evening for Rex's flight to Los Angeles from San Jose Airport. I think his plane leaves at 5:50. Well, my wish came true; the mailman brought us a letter from Joan. She hasn't sold the home yet; she misses Mo a lot. He phoned her the day she wrote to us; she is flying to Dallas this weekend to look for a home with Mo. The children will stay with a good LDS friend. She hopes we can find a nice duplex in a year or so up north, where we can be near her parents. I'd love to live in a nice duplex with Donna and Rex, but leaving my dear little home and my sisters down here somehow upsets me? Joan has two invitations for Thanksgiving dinner in New York. She said they'll be well taken care of. She hasn't had any bites on selling the home yet. She received a package from Donna and Rex, birthday things for her and Miller. She was surprised to see my photograph in the package, one taken about 18 years ago. I had one for each of the grandchildren done. Kathy wasn't born, so she didn't get that photo, but I did give her another one later on. Joan says she has my teenage picture in a pretty frame her mother bought for her, a square frame with a gold insert in oval for the picture. She drew a sketch of it. Joan says they get up about 5:30 a.m. and go to bed at 7:30 or 8. It's not fun to sit up alone, so she goes to bed with the children. Rex phoned at 8 p.m. He had just arrived at his mother's home. We'll see him in the morning. He said it was raining up north when he left, and raining down here when he landed. He had to wait for the plane and buses, but the flight was okay.

November 16, Saturday

We left Mother Marsh's in Los Angeles at 9:15 this morning after picking Rex up there. We stopped at Andersens' to say bye bye to them and let them see Mary and Jon's new VW bus. Florence Oates was at Marshes' to see Mary and family when we came to pick Rex up. Jon drove over with Lou in our car. He saw us on our way and then he drove back to Santa Ana in our car. Rex drove Mary's bus. It was a pleasant trip.

Little Julie has happy with the surprise packages from time to time to keep her entertained on the long trip. The little baby Pee Wee doll, with a bottle, pleased her most of all. We stopped at a Richfield Station near Bakersfield for gasoline and water for Tang drink for the kiddies. The next stop was in Tulare at the Chuck Wagon Restaurant at 1:10 p.m. for lunch. It was all we could eat for the amount paid, and it was good food, too. The next stop for refreshments was at a Frosty Freeze off the highway. We arrived at Rex's home in Fremont at 5:10 p.m. Donna and Kathy gave us a warm welcome. The house looked pretty, as did Donna and Kathy. We ate a delicious dinner of beef stew, jelled salad, cookies, and ice cream. Tonight Mary showed some movies she'd taken of the children. Kathy, Donna, and Mary jogged around the block for exercise; I didn't care to jog so I sat there like a bump on a log. I slept in Kathy's room in one of the twin beds. Mary was in the other bed. Kathy slept on the couch in the living room. Lou slept in the room that will be John's when he comes home from his mission.



*The Renshaws
arrived at the
Marshes' home
on November
16.*

November 17, Sunday

Both babies had coughing spells in the night; I slept so sound I didn't even hear Mary get up with Greg. Rex got up early for his priesthood meeting. We all went to Sunday School in the Fremont 5th Ward at 11:45 a.m. They have a nice new building and friendly people. I enjoyed their Sunday School. Donna led the singing, plus did singing practice. She and Mary brought the children home after the opening exercises. The kiddies were restless. Rex, Lou, Kathy, and I stayed for the class work. We enjoyed the Gospel Doctrine class. Kathy went with her friends to class. Donna stayed with the children while Rex, Mary, Lou, and I went to watch the gliders go up, towed up by a motor plane, and then glide back to the Sky Sailing Field alone, after being cut loose from the motor plane. We had a lovely dinner; a rolled beef roast; it was a bit rare, because Donna forgot to put it on before Sunday School as usual, but it was good. We had mashed potatoes and hot rolls, jelled salad, green peas, apple pie, or chocolate cake, and ice cream. A ward visiting brother, Dr. Atkins, came to visit the Marshes. We all went to the 6 p.m. sacrament meeting service. A returned missionary from France was our speaker. Rex kept Greg quiet. Donna sang with the Singing Mothers, "Abide With Me." Mary and Kathy kept Julie entertained by drawing some pictures for her. We enjoyed a snack at home this evening. Kathy had an officers meeting with her two friends in the kitchen, a girl and a boy, for the seminary class. Kathy, Mary, Rex, and Donna all went jogging. I slept with Lou tonight so Kathy could sleep in her own bed.

November 18, Monday

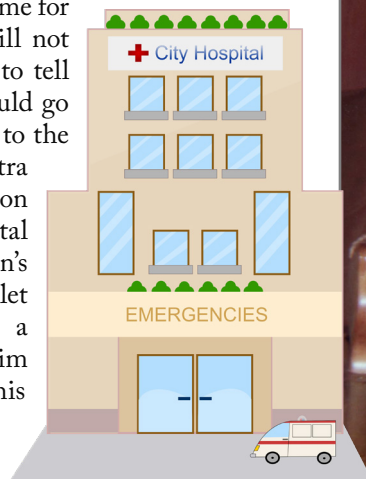
It was a pretty morning with blue sky and white fluffy clouds in it. Kathy was up early and off to her seminary class at 6 a.m. Lou and I stayed in bed to keep out of the way of the family until Rex was off to work, Kathy off to school, the babies fed, and etcetera, and the washing was in the dryer. Mary had phoned Janet; she was going to stay with Janet and family for a few days. We drove to San Jose with Mary and kiddies in her VW bus. We enjoyed a nice visit with Janet, Ricky, Douglas, and little Donna. Mark was in school, David at work. The three younger ones go in the afternoon, only half a day. Janet looked so pretty in her lovely home. The children are beautiful, too. We drove back to Fremont in time to miss the busy traffic. Donna drove Mary's VW bus. We left Mary and children with Janet. We had some of Donna's good beef stew for dinner this evening. Rex fixed the vent to Donna's clothes dryer so the moisture would not be in the house while clothes were drying. He and Lou went to the Montgomery Wards Store and bought the flexible hose for the job. A tape came from John this morning. We enjoyed hearing it before we drove to San Jose. John talked to the family about his boyhood days, things he recalled right up to the present time. It was recorded to be read to the family at Thanksgiving when we are all together. I felt a lump in my throat and I saw some tears in Donna's eyes a time or two. We watched television this evening. Kathy took her long jog as usual. I slept in Kathy's room in her twin bed.

November 19, Tuesday

It was quiet around here this morning without our babies. Donna made waffles for our breakfast; they were good. We three enjoyed relaxing and talking at the kitchen table. It was a beautiful day, yet we stayed home and just got caught up on the family news. Lou did fix a kitchen chair for Donna; it needed some glue. A lady came to get some Primary music from Donna. She is the new chorister for Primary. Donna has been playing for them until they could locate someone to do that job for them. Donna leads the Sunday School singing and she teaches the girls in the MIA Laurel class. She is giving the Spiritual Living lesson in Relief Society in December for the regular teacher who will not be there to give it. They got the Marsh family to work as soon as they moved into the Fremont Ward. Kathy was pleased with a couple of letters from friend George Brown today. She went to the market for Donna when she came from school this afternoon. Tonight Lou went to the company shop with Rex to put up some shelves in the shop. This afternoon Kathy and I went to the post office for stamps; I bought her \$1.00 worth of 3¢ stamps, she likes to use two 3¢ stamps instead of one 6¢ stamps. She mailed a letter to George. It has been a beautiful warm, sunny day. The bishop of Donna's ward came over this evening and brought a lot of packages the ward people had collected to send to the ward boys away in the service on their missions, nine in all. He asked Donna and her MIA Laurel girls to take care of boxing and mailing the gifts to the boys. Oh, what a job to have put in your lap! The cost of mailing the packages to the missionaries overseas is terrific, cost more than the gifts cost, so the bishop said that for the two missionaries on foreign missions he would send a check of \$15.00 and send the collected gifts to the other boys.

November 20, Wednesday

It was cold and cloudy today. We were ready to go to Relief Society when Janet phoned to tell us that Mary was having a hemorrhage and she had to get her to the emergency hospital as soon as we could get there to stay with the children. Janet had phoned her doctor. We went to San Jose in Mary's VW bus. Janet phoned from the hospital to say the doctor was going to operate on Mary at 1:30 p.m. He put her to sleep and scraped her uterus, to stop the bleeding; it was a miscarriage. The doctor said she should stay overnight in the hospital. Janet came home after Mary's operation and she was resting in her bed. I took a walk with little Donna Shattuck and her doll and buggy. She took me to see where she goes to school around the block from their home. She and Doug and Rick all go there for a half-day each day. Mark goes to another school all day. He'll be 13 years old next May. Janet took little Julie to her pediatrician after we left this afternoon. Julie isn't feeling well, bad cough, earache, and etcetera. The doctor gave Julie a shot of penicillin. The doctor that took care of May phoned Jon at the college to let him know about her condition. Jon wasn't available at the time so his professor took the message that "Jon's wife was in the hospital in San Jose." Wow! What a jolt that was for him. He thought she'd been in an accident; he phoned three hospitals in San Jose before he located the right one and learned why Mary was there. He called Janet's home later and talked to Donna M. before we left for Fremont. He wondered if he should fly up north. Donna told him Mary would be fine, they'd keep in touch with him so go on with his school and etcetera. Donna made tuna fish sandwiches for all of us; she fed the little ones something, too. I did some of Janet's ironing; some boy's shirts, and little dresses for Donna. We all enjoyed a chocolate covered ice cream bar on a stick that Janet had in her refrigerator. Donna packed Greg's things and we brought him home with us to relieve some of the tension at Janet's. She isn't feeling too well; she has some sores in her mouth. The doctor said she has trench mouth. He gave her some penicillin. Donna's Laurel girls came this evening to wrap packages to send to the ward boys on missions and in the service. One of the boys will be home for Christmas so his gift package will not be mailed. Janet phoned tonight to tell us that Mary's doctor said she could go home tonight, so Janet was going to the hospital to get her and save the extra cost of overnight in the hospital. Jon had phoned Mary in the hospital this evening. Donna phoned Jon's mother, Dorothy Tibbets, to let her know about Mary. Greg is a happy little soul. Donna gave him a bath tonight; he slept most of this afternoon (precious baby).



November 21, Thursday

We awoke to a lovely, sunny morning, we all slept well last night even baby Greg. He was happy and up bright and early. The clouds came in our sky about 10:30 a.m. Donna typed a letter to Joan telling her of the family activities, Mary's hospital experience, and etcetera. This little home

in Fremont is very nice and comfortable. I like it and the town, too. Lou and Donna went shopping at the market for the Thanksgiving dinner; they brought home a big 22 pound turkey (frozen) and other food for the big dinner next week. I stayed home with the baby; he slept in his crib most of the time. Our clouds passed, we had sunshine again. It is cold outside, but so pretty and clear. Rex came home at 12:30; he had his lunch with him, but he made a chocolate drink and ate in the kitchen. His work wasn't far from home today. Today's mail brought a letter to the family from Joan and a nice little thank you note to me for the poem I'd sent to her about their move to Dallas. She flew to Dallas last weekend and she and Mo looked at houses. She left children with LDS friends in New York. Mo and Joan are so anxious to sell their New York home so they can buy a home in Dallas. She surprised us by the news that they'll add another member to their family next summer. She is expecting a baby, bless her dear heart. She is not feeling too good and all this business of selling a home, moving, and etcetera. It's too bad we can't be near enough to help in someway. Donna made a delicious casserole for our dinner tonight with ground beef, potatoes, onions, and tomatoes. Donna and I went to a market nearby (Lucky Market) and got a few things we wanted. After dinner tonight, I went with Donna to see the play at church, "Make Mine Happy." It played for three nights, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. The stake MIA sponsored it. We enjoyed it very much. Rex talked to someone about his adult Aaronic priesthood class; he is the secretary. Kathy and Grampa Lou stayed at home with baby Greg. The baby slept while we were away. Kathy and Grampa enjoyed the TV.

November 22, Friday

Kathy's little alarm clock didn't go off this morning at five, so she missed her seminary class at six. It was foggy early this morning, but the sun got through to us by 10 a.m. Donna made some delicious whole-wheat waffles for our breakfast



Gregory Tibbets thinking about walking to Grama Donna, in November 1968.

after Rex and Kathy had gone. They had some of the waffles, too, um good. Baby Greg was up early as usual, dressed and fed and back in bed when we ate our breakfast. He is such a good little fellow. Donna went to leadership meeting for their Relief Society; she is going to teach the Spiritual Living lesson in December. The regular teacher will be away. Mary phoned from Janet's; she wants Donna to come for her today. Baby Greg slept all the time Donna was at her meeting. Two Relief Society visiting teachers came this morning; I invited them in and enjoyed their visit and nice message. It was the message I gave to my families the week before I came here. I'm sorry I did not remember the names of these nice sisters. We drove to San Jose this afternoon; we all got in Mary's bus and Janet showed us the lovely lot that she and Dave are going to build their home on later. We then looked at some real nice duplex homes in San Jose; they are really nice and brand new. We took Janet, Rick, Doug, and Donna back home and then we brought Mary and Julie home to Fremont with us. We had a very pleasant evening at home. Kathy and her Daddy Rex went jogging. Donna did some washing and drying. That washer and the dryer have double duty with extra towels, diapers, and etcetera. Donna has washed our underwear and Lou's shirts, too. It is so nice to have them all dry too, without hanging them out.

November 23, Saturday

Everyone was home this morning, no work or school. Kathy made the whole-wheat waffles this morning for the family. I ate Cream of Wheat cereal, it is best for me, but I do love the waffles, too. We left Greg home with Kathy. Rex drove the VW bus to Oakland to the temple. We went in the little house on the temple grounds where they sell the temple clothes. I bought a pair of temple ordinance garments for Mary's birthday, \$5.20. Donna and family, (Joan sent \$5.00), Janet and Jon Tibbets got the rest of the temple clothes, the lovely robe, apron, sash and veil. Mary made her own lovely white dress. I think the outfit cost about \$23.00 today. It's a lovely gift and Mary wanted her own temple clothes. Mary was with us so she could try on the robe. We then drove to Mickey Olson's home in Lafayette and visited with her and two sweet daughters, Wendy and Kristy, in their pretty home. It was so nice to see them again. Mickey is a really sweet person. She wanted to give us some lunch, but she was due at work soon and we wouldn't eat but she did treat to some delicious chocolate mints, fudge mints. We stopped at a Frosty Freeze place and ate a sandwich, some had fish, others hamburger. Some had milk shake drinks; it was good and fun. Greg was asleep when we got home. Kathy had made a whole-wheat cake for George's special treat tomorrow. She took Greg to the store with her to buy the things she needed for this special treat. She frosted it with a butter frosting. I really enjoyed our drive today with the beautiful green rolling hills and valleys. Julie took

a nap after we got home. Mickey says that her father does have cancer of the prostate gland; we had feared it was that. God bless him and his darling wife, Lydia. Mickey wants her parents to fly to her home for Christmas. She says she'll pay for the flight. We enjoyed chicken pies for our dinner this evening. Little Julie fell off the piano bench tonight and struck her head on Donna's typewriter case. She cut a nasty gash in her forehead. The blood spurted. Mary and Julie went to Petaluma after she felt okay. They spent a couple of days with Jon's parents. We kept Greg here. Kathy took them up to Petaluma. She stopped in to see George tonight; she brought a lovely painting in oils home, flowers in pink and blue shades; George does lovely work.



November 24, Sunday

We have a pretty morning with some fluffy white clouds in the blue sky. It did rain in the night; we had a cold wind this morning. I felt a smarting in my nose so I took a Dristan tablet when I came home from Sunday School. We had a nice leg of lamb dinner; it was cooking in the oven, on low heat, while we were in Sunday School. Kathy took care of baby Greg in the opening exercises because Donna was leading the singing, plus singing practice. Donna took care of Greg when we had classes. I met Kathy's friend George after Sunday School. He couldn't make it in time for Sunday School. He had thumbed his way to Fremont from his home in Novato. George ate dinner with us; he is a nice looking lad, rather quiet. Donna and I did the dishes. Kathy did the dishes all week, so she could be free to entertain friend George. We'd finished the dishes and then Rex made himself a chocolate milk shake with the electric blender, so I cleaned up his glass and the blender. Donna took a little nap while baby Greg was asleep. I stayed home with the baby while the others went to sacrament meeting; I'm fighting a cold. Greg was so good; he stayed in his playpen all the while they were at church. I sat by the playpen and entertained him with the toys in the pen. Oh, he is such a darling baby. I was rather uncomfortable by night time. Janet came to



Gregory Tibbets
November 24, 1968

Fremont this evening and went to sacrament meeting with the family. David took care of the children at home so she could relax and enjoy her visit. We all enjoyed Janet's visit. She stayed until almost eleven o'clock. Janet left some cold pills for me to take to break up my cold; she said to take two at first, and then one every four hours until I'd taken four of them. She left six, all she had in her bottle. I took five of them (Coricidin Cold Tablets). It was surely sweet of Janet to leave her cold tablets with me. She wouldn't take any money for them.

November 25, Monday

I had a rather restless night. I stayed in bed all day. I ate no food, but I drank fruit juices, orange, grape, and tomato. The family went about their daily activities as always. Dorothy Tibbets brought Mary and Julie home from Petaluma this morning. She ate lunch with Donna and Mary. She came in to say hello to me and to say she was sorry I wasn't well. She brought a box of walnuts to Donna. Janet brought some, also. Lou cracked some of the nuts for Donna and put them in fruit jars. Kathy goes for her long jogging each night after dinner. Sometimes Rex and Donna jog with her. Lou went with Donna, Mary, and Kathy to do some shopping this afternoon. They took the babies I guess. I was too miserable with my cold to do much of anything but doze. The pills made me drowsy.



Greg and Julie November 1968 at the Marshes' Fremont home.

brought tears. We went with Donna to the bank and to Capwell's Department Store, where she bought some boxes to send ward gifts to the boys on missions and in the service. The bishop put her in charge of mailing the gifts. Two of her Laurel girls helped box the gifts tonight. Kathy is one of the class. I went to bed this afternoon; my lungs feel congested. I didn't eat any dinner this evening. I slept with Lou in John's room tonight. Mary went to the airport to pick up her husband Jon this evening and she took Julie with her. He didn't arrive on the plane Mary expected him on; she had to wait for the next plane. The little Tibbets family are happy to have Papa with them again.

November 26, Tuesday.

I felt much better this morning. I got up and dressed and ate breakfast. Lou shelled about four quarts of the walnuts that Dorothy Tibbets and Janet gave to Donna. I helped him this afternoon. He'd crack them and I'd take the nuts out and put them in the fruit jars. Donna and Lou went shopping. Mary went to San Jose to keep her appointment with the dentist to have two cavities filled. She had a short visit with Janet and children before she came home. We took care of Julie and Greg for her. We surely do have a busy household here, but a happy one.



November 28, Thursday—Mary's 26th birthday and Thanksgiving Day

Between my wheezing and Lou's snoring I didn't rest very well last night. Poor little Julie seems to have more cold, is coughing hard, and she was feverish. We surely had a busy household today. Mary and Donna made the ice cream and Rex took care of freezing it in their electric freezer. Donna was up before daylight and had the turkey in the oven early. Kathy and Mary, with the help of Rex with tables, made the place look very festive with the best china, silver, place cards, nut cups with M&M candies in, lovely table decorations, horn of plenty, fruit, and etcetera. Kathy had a huge cardboard pilgrim on the front door and another one on the wall. She asked the man at the market if she could have them for Thanksgiving Day. They had been up in the store for a few weeks. He told her to come for them on Wednesday so she got them yesterday afternoon. They really added to the spirit of Thanksgiving. They are so colorful, about six feet tall. Dinner was cooked and ready to serve when the Shattucks arrived, dressed in their best and happy. We ate about 2 p.m. The turkey was a beautiful golden brown and it was so tender. Rex carved it at the table; everything tasted so delicious. We enjoyed hearing John's recorded tape again. It was next best thing to having our boy with us. We missed Joan and family, too. I hope they enjoyed a nice Thanksgiving dinner, also.

November 27, Wednesday

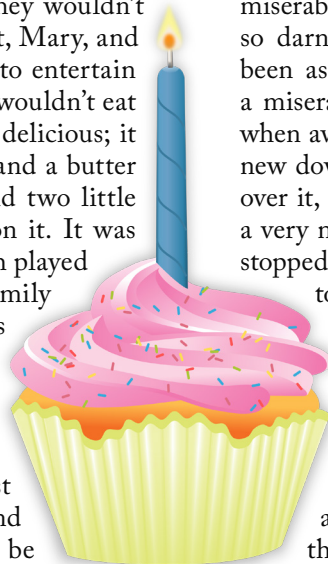
Lou took a walk this lovely morning; he ate his breakfast at some little eating-place along his way. I feel better, I have a little cough, but I am much better. I went to Relief Society with Donna. Kathy made a whole wheat banana nut cake and Mary made pumpkin pies and mince pies for tomorrow while we were away. Lou drove with us to the church; he took a nap in the car while we were in Relief Society. Donna sent Kathy out in the VW bus to look for Grampa this morning. She was afraid he'd walk too far and get tired, but he went with us when we left for Relief Society. I enjoyed the lovely Cultural Refinement lesson, "The Power of Discipline." It made me realize how much I have to be thankful for. The touching tribute to the handcart pioneers

After dinner, Dave and his boys, Rick and Mark, and Grampa Rex, went to the sky sailing field to have a ride in the gliders and to watch the motor planes take them up and cut them loose to glide around the field and back to a field landing. We got the dishes cleaned up. George drove his jeep to Fremont; it belongs to a neighbor. He took Kathy, Doug, and Donna, for a



Rex, Dave, Mark, and Rick went to watch the gliders sail.

ride in it. The two little kids were in the back seat. I have a feeling George and Kathy wanted to get away without the kids but no such luck, ha ha! Donna played the piano and we all sang the Thanksgiving song "Over the River" and some Christmas songs. Poor little Julie wasn't feeling well; she slept all the while we ate dinner. (Nice for her and for us.) I wasn't feeling very well; they wouldn't let me do much of anything. Donna, Janet, Mary, and Grampa did the cleaning up job. I tried to entertain the baby (and Julie after she got up). She wouldn't eat anything. Mary's birthday cake was very delicious; it had a fruit layer of red berry jam inside and a butter cream frosting with a colorful turkey and two little pumpkins and "Happy Birthday Mary" on it. It was on the revolving musical cake plate, which played the birthday song. The little Shattuck family left for home in San Jose after the day's activities were over. Grama Donna saw that they had some of her good rolls and some turkey and etcetera. Mark wasn't feeling very well today; he was coming down with a cold I guess; but for the most part it was a very happy Thanksgiving and birthday celebration. I'm so glad I could be here with our precious children.



November 29, Friday

We were sorry to see little Julie feeling so miserable this morning, sick and feverish. Mary talked to Janet on the phone; she said Mark was sick in bed with the flu. Mary phoned her Uncle Dick Deal (Dr. Deal) in Oakland; he said to bring Julie over to his office and he'd check her over. Jon and Mary took Julie. Kathy followed so she could bring Mary and Julie back to Fremont. Jon was going to spend today with his family in Petaluma and visit some of his friends; he visited his professor, also. We enjoyed the leftovers from yesterday (no cooking and fun eating). Donna and I both did some ironing; she has had a washing every day, but the dryer is wonderful; no hanging out of clothes up here. The girls went shopping this afternoon to get Julie's prescription filled. Dr. Deal gave her a good checking over and talked to Mary and Jon about her. He says she'll outgrow the cough and etcetera. She did feel a lot better this evening. I received a delightful surprise this evening at the dinner table, just as we were finishing dinner; I heard the musical cake plate playing Happy Birthday to you. It had a little decorated cup cake on it with one candle in it. The family sang the birthday song and they presented me with a huge white package tied up so pretty. I couldn't

imagine what could be in that big box. I was delighted to find a lovely down bed pillow. I had told Mary once that I'd always wanted a down bed pillow and she remembered it. I was really pleased. They gave me lovely birthday cards, too, even one from little Julie and Greg to "Bama Obie." A real happy grandmother, that's me!

November 30, Saturday

Donna fixed a nice breakfast for us. We did most of our packing last night. It rained in the night but was clear when we left Fremont at 7:40 this morning. Julie was feeling better, not feverish, but cross and a bit hard to manage at times. Poor little thing, she's had a rugged time with that miserable cold. Baby Greg was just a precious little gem, so darn good, which was a blessing. If both babies had been as cross and unhappy as little Julie, we'd have had a miserable trip home for sure. He slept in the back and when awake he played with his toys there. I took my lovely new down pillow out of the big box; it had a plastic cover over it, and with it and my two feather pillows, Greg had a very nice soft playpen. His blankets were there, too. We stopped for gasoline at the same station we stopped at going

to Fremont two weeks ago. We had our lunch at an A&W Root Beer station. Greg and I ate in the car, a grilled cheese sandwich and orange drink. The others went in the little cafe to eat. Julie was feeling much better; she even ate some food and enjoyed it. Lou stood by the car and ate his lunch and talked to us. He said the air was a bit chilly. We arrived in Santa Ana about 4:30 I think. We put our things in our car. I helped Mary take the babies and a few things in her house before we left. Jon took most of the things in so Mary could warm up the house and keep the little ones inside. We got home in Pasadena at 6 p.m., happy to be in our dear little home again, but glad we had this lovely visit with our precious children. Donna phoned at 7 p.m. She was glad we'd arrived okay. I phoned Mary to tell her Donna had phoned and let her know we were home okay. Mary's hot water tank was leaking all over their kitchen floor, oh, isn't that awful? Jon was trying to get in touch with their landlord to tell him about the water tank. A birthday card from Scotland was in our mailbox when we arrived home yesterday. It was from our grandson, Elder John L. Marsh. It was a cute card, it read on the front; "I've written a poem about your birthday." The poem inside read:

*"Oh happy day, when you were born,
Long ago on a frosty morn,
The world rejoiced and the doctor said,
Whoops! I dropped it on its head."*



John wrote down some scripture references for me to look up. III Epistle of John 1, verses 13 and 14 and Moroni 9:26. In John it reads, "I had many things to write, but I will not with ink and pen write unto thee, but I trust I shall shortly see thee and shall speak face to face. Peace be to thee. Our friends salute thee. Greet the friends by name." Moroni 9:26

reads, "And may the grace of God the Father, whose throne is high in the heavens, and our Lord Jesus Christ, who sitteth on the right hand of his power, until all things shall become subject unto Him, be and abide with you forever. Amen" Isn't he a sweet lad? And here is my response to the cute little poem in the birthday card he sent to me:

*"If it happened the way your poem said it did,
No wonder your poor old Grama flips her lid.
Sooo, don't you look upon me with one degree of shame,
Remember, my dear grandson, the doctor's to blame."*

December 1, Sunday

We stayed home from church today and rested and doctored our colds. Br. Hy Rosen brought the box of Utah apples Lou ordered before we went up north (Jonathan apples). He came over here after church about noontime. We both enjoyed some TV fried chicken dinners (Swanson's) about 1:30. We fasted this morning. I phoned the Andersens' and Lorene to let them know we were back home and to read Lydia's letter to them. Lydia says Dr. Taylor said Owen must not go to California for Christmas. Mickey will be disappointed; she was hoping the doctor would say it was all right for her father to come for Christmas with them in California. Owen has cancer of the prostate gland. He is not in pain; he has lots of pills to take, which keeps him comfortable, but it is costly indeed. We do feel so very concerned over Owen's sad condition. May our dear Lord bless him and his sweet wife, Lydia. I got our grandson Elder John L. Marsh's Christmas card and a \$20.00 money order ready to mail to him in Scotland. Lou rested in his PJ's all day. He didn't get dressed. It doesn't seem like the Sabbath Day when we do not go to church. I love to attend Sunday School and sacrament meeting every Sunday.

December 2, Monday

I was concerned about Mary and her babies, so I phoned her. She said the landlord brought a new water tank and a man to install it yesterday, on Sunday. The old tank started to leak all over her kitchen floor soon after they got home on Saturday. Jon called the landlord and he got the new tank in for them on Sunday. Mary said Julie feels fine, but is coughing at nights as she has ever since they came to Santa Ana. Greg is well and happy as usual. Mary left Julie watching TV and she stepped out to her mailbox with a letter for the mailman. Julie shut the door, or it went shut, and Mary was locked out. Little Julie couldn't understand how to open it from the inside; she was so frightened cause Mama couldn't come in. Mary got a neighbor to help her get in through a window. Oh me! The experiences one does have while raising babies, eh? Lou went to the post office to mail John's Christmas card and a \$20.00 money order. He had some small adjustment in his car at the garage somewhere. He got the window washer working himself for the first time; it just wouldn't work before. Lou went to the Safeway Market for things we needed, he wrote checks to pay some bills and he made out a check to send to Joan for \$20.00 so she can buy a little gift for her family to put under their tree for Christmas. He gave Janet \$20.00 and Mary \$15.00. I think Donna's check was \$45.00, but

not sure. Anyway, he took care of our Christmas gifts with money as usual. They know what is best for their kiddies and each other. We do not shop anymore for gifts. They have to do it for us, bless their hearts. I received some birthday cards and gifts in the mail today. Violet sent \$2.00 in her card and also a note and a news clipping with a picture of Wayne Strong in a new melodrama, "In the Hands of Heaven," at the Silver Wheel in Park City. Lydia and Owen sent a lovely linen initialed (E) handkerchief in their cute comic card. Sue's lovely big card had \$2.00 in it. I phoned Florence Marsh tonight; she spent Thanksgiving with Lewie and family. The Chandlers were with Miriam and Lewie and family for Thanksgiving, with Mother Marsh, also. Florence and Ernest went to Arizona to be with Irene and family.

December 3, Tuesday

I'm thankful for a lovely, sunny, clear morning, but it is cold. I'm sorry that Lou doesn't feel well; his cold seems to have gone into his lungs. He looks feverish and coughs and didn't want any breakfast. He stayed in bed and I gave him more aspirin tablets and lemon juice. I feel better, but I still have congestion in my lungs. There is a lot of the flu going around, our paper says. I made a Jell Well dessert and cooked oatmeal cereal this morning. I enjoyed the cereal with honey. I wrote a note to Joan to go in her Christmas card with the \$20.00 check for their Christmas from us. I hope she'll be with Mo in Dallas for the holidays; if she can only sell the New York home and move to Dallas. I've been recording in my diary the notes I took while up north for two weeks; it takes time. Lou got up about noon and ate a little toast and cereal. He stayed up for a short time watching TV and then went back to bed. Today's mail brought our Social Security check and a pretty birthday card from Florence Marsh with a lovely verse in it.

December 4, Wednesday

I felt much better this morning so decided I'd go to Relief Society. Marie Doezie phoned and I told her Lou wasn't feeling well, so she said she'd see if Erma Rosen would take us to church. Nora Williamson phoned and said she'd take me, and Erma would pick up Marie. We had a lovely message in the Visiting Teacher's Report Meeting at 9:30 a.m. Vera Smith gave it. I can't find my September 1968 magazine with lessons in for December. I've looked everywhere. I'm afraid it was taken to Dresden Barns Business Company at 250 North Vinedo. It's so darned annoying. We had a very interesting lesson in the regular Relief Society meeting at 10 a.m. Nora Williamson is a very good teacher. She had Barbara Pettit and Geraldine Edwards give part of the lesson and Florence Manwaring read verses from the D&C. Before the meeting, Caroline Thatcher asked me to give the closing prayer in the second meeting, so I didn't get up in the testimony meeting, but I surely did enjoy the lovely testimonies born by the other sisters; and I enjoyed giving the closing prayer too. Most of our sisters were going with the East Pasadena Ward on a caravan trip this afternoon through a few of the lovely



homes that have been decorated for the Christmas holidays. The tickets were \$5.00 apiece I think. A prize will be given to the family with the most beautiful decorations. I didn't have a ticket and I wasn't feeling well enough to go. I had a miserable coughing spell in the second meeting and had to go out of the room for a while. Today's mail brought a pretty birthday card from Janet and family. She said they all had to have a throat culture taken, because Mark and Janet had been sick with a sore throat and fever. The doctor said it was scarlatina, something like scarlet fever. Mark felt better after the shot the doctor gave him. Oh, so much sickness. P.S. I paid Kate Austin \$2.00 for my Relief Society Magazine. It is time for a renewal. Blanche Hoglund phoned tonight at 9:20. We talked a long time she is so lonely.



Oscar Hoglund was missed by his wife Blanche.

December 5, Thursday

Happy Birthday to me, I am 76 years old today. In Janet's note yesterday she said she had phoned Mary on Tuesday and little Greg was ill and Mary has taken him to the doctor. He was fine when I phoned Mary on Monday the 2nd. My first phone call about 8 a.m. was from Clifton Manlove. He sang the Happy Birthday song to me, bless his old heart. He was 83 or 84 last month on the 12th. I sent a card to him. He talked to me on the phone for 45 minutes last night after 9 p.m. His bride has gone again, the divorce is on record again and etcetera. They've had one year of this stormy marriage. Lou isn't as good today; he coughed a lot last night and this morning so I put a mustard plaster on his chest. He never should have gone out yesterday to hose the leaves off our front lawn. He wouldn't listen to me, darn it! I've been coughing a little more myself; guess I shouldn't have gone to Relief Society either. Mary phoned to wish me happy birthday and little Julie sang the happy birthday song. Greg has been very sick for two days. It was thrilling to hear little Julie singing "Happy Birthday Bama Obie;" I'm glad she feels better, but so sorry little Greg is ill. His fever was 104 yesterday; he is some better today. Mary took him to the doctor Monday or Tuesday; it makes me so sad when our darling babies are ill. I wrote thank you notes to Sue, to Janet, and to Lydia and Owen this morning. I tried to phone Sue but there was no answer. I received more birthday cards today; one from sister Lorene with \$2.00 enclosed, one from Dody and Bevan Jones; she expects her parents on December 27 or 28. I got a lovely card from Nora Williamson and a pretty card and note from Bonnie, Darrell, and girls. We received a cheery Christmas card from Eltus and Bob Gordon. There was a letter from Donna; she says Kathy is doing some sewing for Christmas. She has a cute sign on her bedroom door, it reads, "Santa's Workshop," Authorized personnel only!" They must get permission to enter, ha ha! She is a cutie. I phoned and thanked Lorene for her card and money, bless her heart. I answered Donna's letter this evening after dinner. I put a mustard plaster on Lou tonight; he was coughing a lot and it hurts his side. That is two mustard plasters today.

Happy Birthday



December 6, Friday

Ruby Hodges phoned yesterday to wish me a happy birthday. She said Pawnee Redborg fell at his home on November 15 and hurt his back quite badly; he was in the hospital until last Monday the 2nd. Pearl isn't very well either; they have a sad time of it, eh? We have a lovely, sunny day; it was cold when I got up at 7:45 a.m. but the house warmed up quickly. Lou feels some better, but he is still coughing. He didn't get up to eat breakfast. I'm still coughing and doctoring for my chest cold. I got started on my Christmas cards this morning. Our good neighbor Helen Edgecomb got lemons, nose drops, and some milk for me when she went to the market, as we can't get out to shop until we feel better. Lou got up long enough to eat lunch and dinner today and then back to bed. He surely has a nasty congestion in his lungs. Oh, I hope he'll be better soon; that coughing hurts his damaged side. Ovena Mayo phoned this evening. She wanted me to help her with a couple of lines in a song. She wanted to change the thought a little. I hope I gave her some help in the rhyming she wanted.

She said my lines were just what she wanted. She seemed happy about it. I hope it was okay. I like to please when I can. I've spent most of my day addressing Christmas cards. I'm weary tonight. I must doctor my husband and myself and go to bed. "Good night." P.S. Poor lonesome Clifton Manlove phoned again this evening; a sad sad story he tells. I know so many dear lonesome old people now, bless their hearts (Sue and Blanche Hoglund, Florence Marsh, Clifton Manlove, and others).

December 7, Saturday

Lou feels a little better but is still coughing. His throat feels dry and scratchy. He stayed in bed all day, only got up to eat a little and go to the bathroom. I'm still congested in my lungs and coughing some. I addressed Christmas cards today most of the day. I received more birthday cards today and more money; \$2.00 in Bev's card and \$2.00 in Annie and Bill's card. They were going to come over and bring it to me, but Bev got a cold so they mailed it. I wrote a little letter in Gilbert Andersen's Christmas card. He's in Brazil on a mission. I'd like to have sent some money in it, but Bev says not to do it, so I hope I can send some through Andersens. They have a safe way to do it. Gilbert will be released in February, same as our boy John. Today's mail brought a letter from Mary Tibbets; she sent six little Christmas tags for me to fill out. She wants the gifts we paid for to have my personalized tags on; that's my Mary. There are two tags for Greg (PJ's and a toy), two tags for Jon (hankies and socks), one for Mary (a carry case for her temple clothes), and one for Julie (a musical box toy). I was happy to learn that baby Greg feels better; his fever has broken. The Christmas cards are coming now; I'll have to put my pretty birthday cards away. I love them; I hope we'll feel well in our household soon.



Mary had this cute little verse in the letter:

*Today was your birthday, but you had no cake
You were sick with a cold, no ambition to bake
You spent the day quiet, many pills you did take
I vote we tell SICKNESS to go jump in the lake!*

Here was my response to that,

*True, for my birthday no cake was baked,
And I took pills and my poor old body ached.
'Twas a quiet day, Grampa was ill, too,
So I cast my vote along with you.
It is so nice when all are feeling well,
I sure wish SICKNESS would go to H---
(jump in the lake).*



December 8, Sunday

The telephone rang twice this morning but I couldn't make it in time for the first call. The second call was Inez Anderson; she wanted to go to Sunday School with us, sorry but we're not over our colds. I told her to phone Hy Rosen and they'd be glad to pick her up; she said she would. I hope she does, she went to Salt Lake for Thanksgiving and had a wonderful visit with her people there. I walked to the corner mailbox this afternoon and mailed my out of state Christmas cards. Lou stayed in bed all day; he got up to eat with me. He isn't coughing as much, but he isn't up to par yet. I addressed Christmas cards and wrote little notes in some. It is a wearisome job for me now, each year I think, "Well, maybe this will be the last time." Ha ha! I surely do enjoy it when they arrive in my mailbox. I love to open and read the lovely Christmas messages from family and friends. Lou got up for a while this evening and ate some dinner with me. He stayed up about an hour and then went back to bed. He is much better and I'm thankful for that. I wish my cough would clear up; I'm tired of it. I ran out of postage stamps, but I have all of the cards on my list addressed. My right arm and shoulder aches. I went to bed early with a BenGay rub for both of us. He rubbed some on my back where I can't reach. Good night. I hope we're better tomorrow; I feel a bit discouraged with our coughing, but tomorrow is another day. We hope to feel better then. I have so much I want to do before Christmas.

December 9, Monday

I had a fairly good night's rest, but had a bad coughing spell this morning about eight. Lou looks better; he got up to eat with me about eleven. He sat in his PJ's and robe to watch our TV stories and then went back to bed. I got some little brads and hung the family photographs up in their frames in the southwest corner of our dinette. Now I can enjoy my own art gallery of lovely family photographs while I sit here at my dinette table (desk) to record in my diary. I have nine pictures to look at and I'll have to admit that the living room is not as cluttered looking now with the mantel and little tables cleared off. I'll be decorating for the Christmas season if I can feel better soon. I have to take the pictures down then anyway. I like this arrangement much better. My nice neighbor Helen Edgecomb phoned to ask if she

could bring anything from the market for us. Isn't that thoughtful of her! She has shopped for us twice since we were sick. Lorene phoned to ask how we are feeling and to get Elder John L. Marsh's address. She said she wanted to send him a Christmas card with a \$1.00 bill in it. She is really precious; she has so little for her own needs. It was so sunny bright this morning; it looks like it is going to rain now at 3:40 p.m. I think I'll rest for an hour if my cough will let me. I'm a bit discouraged with our nasty coughs. We both doctored up and went to bed about nine.

December 10, Tuesday

It is cold and hazy out this morning. Lou was determined he'd go out today and get his hair cut and cash his Social Security check; golly, we've had our check a week. I tried to talk him out of going out until he feels better. I didn't feel very well this morning; the hard coughing made my stomach hurt, darn it anyway. Why can't I snap out of this miserable virus cold? Oh, there are a lot of people down with the flu in our southland. A 76 year old gal doesn't stand much of a chance with the nasty germ. I have so much I want to do but I can't do anything but take care of our sick needs. My nice neighbor Helen Edgecomb got some stamps for me at the post office this morning. I'm glad my Christmas cards are addressed (105 of them). I have to cut down on my list each year; I just can't send one to everyone I'd like to remember. I can't afford it and I get too weary writing so many. Ruby Hodges phoned this morning to ask about us. She'd been visiting with Pearl and Pawnee over the weekend; he isn't at all well, the poor man. Well, Lou did go to the Safeway Market this afternoon and got some groceries we needed. He also had his hair cut and cashed his Social Security check. I telephoned Marie Doezie and Nora Williamson this evening to tell them I couldn't go to Relief Society tomorrow because of this miserable cough. I was surprised when Marie told me that we have a new Relief Society presidency. Sr. Eunice Stout and counselors Caroline Thatcher and Frances Morgan were released on Sunday. Our new president is Jean Simpson and her counselors are Trude (Thody) Bennion and a new sister that moved in our ward from the beach area; Marie could not recall her name. I took some cold pills and went to bed this afternoon. I got up this evening to eat a bite with Lou and then went back to bed. Oh dear, I'm tired of this miserable coughing and cold.

December 11, Wednesday

I was sick in bed all day. Lou answered all the phone calls and waited on my needs. We received Christmas cards from Doris Davies and Bonnie Reynolds and families with some snapshots of flowers at Elsie's graveside; also a darling picture of Bonnie's grandchild. I'm just too ill to record. I think his name is Chad David Stevens; he is 5 months old, a darling little fellow, and from his picture all smiles. I spent my day in bed feverish and miserable. Nora Williamson and Erma Rosen called on me this afternoon. They are sweet sisters. Lou has answered phone calls all day, mostly my family and friends calling to ask about us. There is so much I want to be doing but that is wishful thinking. I'm so thankful for Lou; he is just wonderful to

help me. I'm also thankful I got all of my Christmas cards addressed and stamped before I was bedridden.



Doris Davies, Violet Fife, Bonnie Reynolds behind Violet, and Lydia Bailey at Elsie Bailey's grave May 14, 1968. Elvie received the photo on December 11.

December 12, Thursday

I had a poor night so Lou called Dr. Harold K., a dentist, and asked him about a doctor now that Dr. J. Allen isn't available anymore. Lou made an appointment for me to go to see Dr. McLaughlin at 2:30. We both signed the history card requested at the first visit. I surely felt miserable and looked it. He had two chest x-rays taken of my lungs. He gave me a penicillin shot and a prescription for some medication he says I need. He also gave a prescription for a cough syrup he wants us both to take. We went home and to bed. I had a blood test and etcetera. He says he thinks I have pneumonia. The doctor gave Lou a couple of shots, also, or had the nurse do it as she did for me. The doctor wants me back on Saturday at 9:30 a.m. for another shot of penicillin. I passed out for a moment this evening when I was trying to get undressed for bed. I hit my head on the wall. The thud sent Lou a running. I felt okay after I was in bed on my nice down pillow.

December 13, Friday

It was another poor night's rest. The big pill I was to take every four hours was making me feel very ill. I took four of them before I decided no more of that torture. I felt better the last half of the night. But I was too sick to get up and eat breakfast with Lou. A sad, sad, Grama am I this Friday the 13th. Lou has brought the lovely Christmas cards in to my bed and opened them and we've read them together. There was a letter from Violet and I've been too sick to read it to

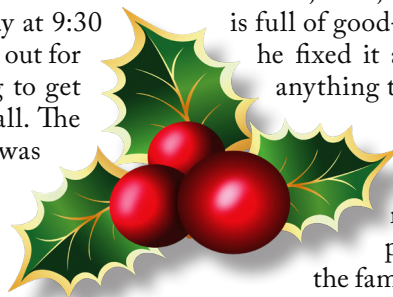
Annie and Lorene. Violet and Otto have been up to Salt Lake to see Owen and Lydia. She says Owen looks better and is feeling better. I'm so very thankful for that. Violet had her checkup with the heart specialist. He says she needs heart surgery but she isn't well enough with the kidney infection she has. Oh dear, we do have problems, eh? Lou is coughing a lot, too, but he says he feels better. I surely hope so; he has been so wonderful to help me with my needs.

December 14, Saturday

Mary phoned this morning to say they'd be by this afternoon to say hello. We had to be at the doctor's office at 9:30 this morning. I felt some better, but weak. I was glad my temperature was normal, but sorry the congestion was not cleared up yet. I told the doctor I couldn't take the pills he prescribed. I don't know what he thought about that. Anyway, I got another penicillin shot: I know they help me. He says I must come in on Monday again or go to the hospital. I talked Lou into taking our clothes to the Laundromat near us; we had three big washer loads, but we had them all going at once. A dear lady at the Laundromat helped me get going with my wash, as this was my first time there. It was nice to bring them all home fluffy and dry. Lou went to the Manor Market for orange juice and grape juice while I was at the Laundromat. I was glad to get back into bed again. That sweet Louise Anderson brought some delicious chicken and veggie casserole, with cheese, and some cranberry and raspberry red jelled salad. Golly I'm so weak I can hardly write. We were anxious to have the little Tibbetses come, cause we had this delicious food to share with them, but when they arrived about 3:30 they had a lot of food for us and the surprising news was that they were on their way up north to Fremont in their VW bus. They were surprised to find me sick in bed, but I'm so glad Jon got away from school early so he could go now. They plan on coming back the 27th or 28th. They looked so happy and the children feel fine. God bless all of them. Mary made a banana nut loaf, some brown sugar fudge candy, and left a lot of things from her refrigerator like lettuce, milk, cottage cheese, and etcetera. Our refrigerator is full of good-looking food now. I got up to eat with Lou; he fixed it and I surely did enjoy it, as I hadn't eaten anything today, only liquids.

December 15, Sunday

In Donna's Christmas greeting letter we received yesterday, she said she'd use this pretty Christmas stationery to type letters to the family instead of sending the traditional greeting cards; I like it very much. It was a nice letter with family news on this lovely white paper with a border of gold Christmas holly. She is working at the Capwells lovely department store until after Christmas. They were glad to find someone with experience. Capwells belongs to the Emporium chain. She went in on Saturday for some training, trained for four hours, and got paid for that. They pay every Wednesday so she'll receive one weeks pay before Christmas and maybe



a pay check on Christmas Eve, but too late to shop for Christmas, eh? The store is pleasant to work in; it is a lovely new store, just opened last March. She worked Monday and Tuesday mornings in the watch repair department and sold watchbands and took watches in for repair jobs. It was pleasant work. Wednesday afternoon she worked in the Hosiery Department and that was familiar to her. She'll work there until Saturday evening December 14. She worked in the bedding department upstairs. She went up to look the department over on her break; the woman working there is LDS, too. That is nice. Janet told Donna on the phone that her children are all well and back in school. Janet is fine, also, so that is happy news. Tuesday night Joan phoned Janet from New York. She says it looks like they have a buyer for the home. The family is in a motel and very anxious to get moved into the place if money arrangements can be made. Joan and the children may be in Texas with Mo for Christmas. Oh, I do hope so. While Lou was taking his nap this afternoon I got up and recorded in my diary and read Violet's letter to Andersens and Lorene. Donna said that Mo is coming to New York to be with his family for Christmas. He'll fly there and help Joan with the packing and getting furniture moved. He has a house all ready for the family to move into in Dallas. He will drive the family to Texas after Christmas. We're all so relieved to know he will be with Joan and children for Christmas and help get moved from New York to Texas. They are getting about \$15,000 more than they paid for it, so they're pleased. Lou says I got the figure wrong, he understood it was \$3,000 more, which is more like it, isn't it. Well, they're happy, anyway. I had to miss church again this Sabbath Day. I'm so sorry I spent most of my day in bed. Donna phoned this evening about 5:30 p.m.

December 16, Monday

Inez Anderson phoned last night to see how I was feeling. My Relief Society visiting partner, Julia Asplund, also phoned yesterday. People are so very thoughtful, aren't they? Blanche H. talked to Lou yesterday, too. It rained most of the night and was raining when I got up at eight this morning. I've been feeling so sick I just couldn't put my hair in pin curls so I had to resort to the old curling irons I've had for over 50 years, to put a little curl in my hair before I could dress it to go to the doctor's office this morning. I was glad it stopped raining so we could go out without getting wet. My temperature was subnormal and the infection has cleared from my lungs. The doctor gave me one more penicillin shot; he says I will not have to come back unless something unforeseen comes up. He gave us another prescription for the cough medicine for Lou to take. We got the cough medicine and came home, ate lunch and we watched our TV programs. It is the first time I've felt well enough to see them for over a week. I phoned Sr. Julie Asplund; she is coming to get the message cards for our district. She says her daughter will go with her. I've been Relief Society visiting teaching for about 50 years. I think I'd like to be released from that

job. It is getting a bit strenuous lately. I'm thinking about asking for a release. I've enjoyed doing it until now. We went to bed early, before 9 p.m. Beverly phoned to ask about us. She is such a sweet, thoughtful, darling, niece. Erma Rosen and Nora Williamson came this afternoon and left a little gift-wrapped fruitcake, or loaf of something with a nice little Christmas greeting card. They'd been out doing their

Relief Society visiting. They are very nice friends, so sweet and thoughtful. I'm so very thankful for my lovely Relief Society friends.



December 17, Tuesday

I couldn't sleep very well last night, but I do feel better this morning. Lou helped me get the Christmas wreath on the front screen door and the little silver pom pom tree assembled and decorated. It is a big job when one is feeling weak and not too well. It was fun other seasons when I felt well. We had lovely Christmas records playing all day and we surely enjoyed them. This is the third Christmas to use our homemade tree decorations. I'll not save them another year, so we'll enjoy them this year and then back to the big satin balls (the pink ones). I've kept them in reserve. My sick bowels caused some trouble for me, and a mess to clean up in my undies. Oh me! There is always something to worry about, eh? But I can count my many blessings, too. I've been thinking about that dear, sweet, Flora Taylor and her beautiful life of service. Now she is very ill in Salt Lake City following a serious cancer operation. Her daughter Alta wrote to us telling about her mother's illness. She said her mother felt sorry because she forgot to send me a birthday card, isn't that something? Bill Taylor's birthday was December 4 and mine is the 5, so she always remembered to send me greetings from them on my day. Bill passed away a few years ago, but Flora remembered my birthday just the same. She is such a lovely person.

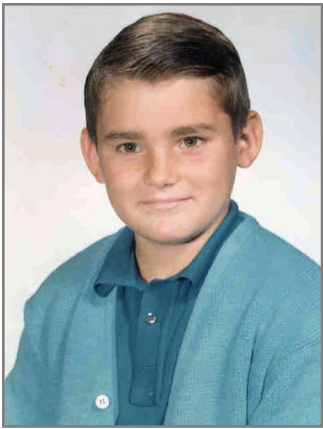
December 18, Wednesday

I was sorry to miss Relief Society this morning, but I wasn't well enough to make the effort. I hated to miss Lucille Martell's lovely lesson, I'm sure it was beautiful. In fact, my visiting teacher, Jeanne Marsh, came this afternoon and she said it was a very beautiful Cultural Refinement lesson. I think that's the lesson she gave. I put out one run of washing this morning. I composed a little verse for baby Greg's birthday card (see December 21). I sent \$2.00 for Mary to buy him a gift from us. I simmered a couple of shoulder lamb chops for our dinner. I've been too ill to do much cooking so this was a treat for two old people who felt the need of a good home cooked meal. It tasted real good. We are enjoying our pretty little silver pom pom Christmas tree.

December 19, Thursday

It was cloudy and cold this morning but our house is nice and cozy as we keep it at 75 degrees since our illness. I phoned my Relief Society partner, Sr. Julia Asplund; her daughter said she or her mother would try to pick up the slips for the December messages, but my dear Lou got in

his car and took them to their home at 367 Lombardy Road, so they will not have to come all the way here to pick them up. Sorry I'm not well enough to do the visiting this time. I



Sherm and Janet Gardner's 1968 School pictures. Joan sent these to Elvie for her birthday.

I wrote a note to Flora Taylor's daughter, Alta Jones, in Salt Lake City telling her how sorry we are about Flora's illness. I sent the note in a pretty get-well card to Flora. I wrote a thank you note to Joan for my lovely birthday card and the two darling pictures of the kiddies, Sherm and Janet, taken at their school. Oh, they are beautiful children. Our nice neighbor Gladys Stacy came over this afternoon and brought a little box of her tangerines with a



pretty Christmas card. She has a bumper crop of the tangerines this year and they are real good, I love them. I did my ironing while Lou took his nap after lunch. I also washed the bathroom, kitchen, and service porch floors. By that time I had to lie down for a rest

period myself. Our Prudential Insurance man came to collect \$4.03 this morning. I'd been resting a few minutes when the phone rang; it was the telephone lineman. Our phone had been out of order; they were calling to tell us it was okay now. Annie phoned a few minutes later; she said she had been trying to get us since last Monday evening. Both Annie and Lorene have reported our phone out of order. They were upset because they knew we were both sick, or not well. I was happy to hear from them. I thought they'd been too busy with Christmas details to phone. No wonder we haven't had any calls! Blanche H. had tried to reach us also and she reported our line out of order, too. All this work going on, on Del Mar Boulevard has caused the mix-up. They're putting the wires underground, going to remove the polls and etcetera. We have new streetlights; some of the new light standards are installed. P.S. Lou had the car washed this morning after he took the Relief Society slips to Sr. Asplund.



December 20, Friday

It rained in the night or early this morning. It was cloudy when I got up at eight, but the sun is shining now at 9 a.m. Blanche H. phoned a few minutes ago; she wanted Ruth and Arnold Peirce's address in Tustin. Lou and I went to the Safeway Market; I bought four packages of Van de Kamp's buttercream mints and four little Christmas greeting cards. We bought some needed groceries. I wrapped the packages of mints in pretty Christmas paper and ribbon. We took them out this afternoon to the families on Lou's district. He wrote on the little greeting cards. We left one with the two sweet sisters, Aretta Smith and Sarah Bates; they always seem so glad to see us. It's a real pleasure to visit them. Sr. Smith isn't as well, her legs hurt and are swelling, and I'm concerned over her condition. Sr. Abby Hays wasn't home so we left the greeting card in her mailbox and we took the mints to Clifton Manlove's home. He wasn't there, but Lou left the package in his front door screen with a note on it (one of Lou's cards). Sr. Maude Williams thanked us for the package and Season's Greetings; she seemed happy to see us this time, too. Greta Donaldson wasn't home but we left the card in her mailbox. Lou and I will enjoy her box of mints. Kathy Saxelby phoned for Sue's address. We had a nice visit via phone. Annie phoned and read Violet's letter. She and Otto may leave Cedar on Christmas morning for a visit to California and their children and family here. I'm glad to be in our nice warm house this evening. I have no desire to go out in the cold. We ate a nice lunch at Big Boy's Restaurant before we came home this afternoon, nice eh? I will not have to cook dinner tonight as it was after 3 p.m. when we stopped there. We both rested for a couple of hours this late afternoon. P.S. We had a strong cold wind this morning. We can see snow in our foothills; no wonder it has been so darn cold today.



Julie and Gregory Tibbets taken December 1, 1968.

December 21, Saturday

Happy Birthday Greg, you are 1-year-old today.

*Gregory Stewart Tibbets, it's your "Big Day"
Precious little fellow, with a winning way,
I'll bet they sing you the happy birthday song
And, you'll run interference before too long.
Little darling we're all so glad you are here,
May you bring joy and happiness for many a year.*

1

I hope our little Greg is well and enjoying his birthday in Fremont, or up north, with the family. We have a nice clear day, but it's cold outside. I'm having a little distress in my stomach, the old colon problem. I've been eating the wrong things again, so back to the baby food, if it doesn't clear up. I vacuumed the living room and dinette (under pressure) oh me! We received a lot more pretty Christmas cards this morning. The special one from Scotland was addressed to "The Wonderful Renshaws." He gave us Proverbs 28:25 to look up, ha ha! That is his subtle way of letting us know he is getting fat! I could tell by his snapshots he has put on weight. By late afternoon I was really suffering from a bad case of diarrhea. Oh, poor miserable Grama Elvie. I went to bed early and left poor Lou alone to watch our favorite TV programs.

**American King
James Version
Proverbs 28:25**

He that is of a proud
heart stirs up strife:
but he that puts his
trust in the LORD
shall be made fat.

December 22, Sunday

I was up and down a lot in the night; I hurt all over and the dreadful diarrhea caused me untold misery, poor me, sick in bed again. Sorry but I have to miss church again this Sabbath Day. Lou got up and went to priesthood; he took Bessie, the ward babysitter, to Sunday School and then came home. Inez Anderson phoned; I was sorry to tell her Lou wouldn't

be coming back for me, but oh, I'm glad she did call because she told me what to take to stop the diarrhea condition. She said to send Br. Renshaw over and she'd send her bottle of Kaopectate - because the drug store wasn't open on Sunday. Lou took Inez's bottle to the Safeway Drug department and got one for me, so he took Inez's bottle back to her. I felt much better after the first dose, what a relief! I stayed in bed all day. Lou baked a TV chicken dinner for himself. I ate some baby food this evening. The doorbell rang about 5 p.m.; Lou was in church. I got up and found a gorgeous big bouquet of flowers in a nice dark green jardinière, from the David Shattucks. The Lake Florist delivered it. Isn't that a lovely gift? Bless that darling Janet and family. I wanted to phone her right then, but I thought she'd be in church. I tried to sit up and watch television, but I didn't feel well enough, so Lou and I were both tucked in bed by 8 p.m. He doesn't care to watch TV alone and he does like his bed. P.S. Lou said they had a very lovely Christmas program in sacrament meeting this afternoon. The combined choir of San Marino and East Pasadena Wards, under the direction of Truman Fisher, with Pauline Chubbuck organist, sang "Glory to God" from the Messiah by Handel, "Lost in the Night" a Finnish Folk Song with soloist Ardella Fisher, and "Away in a Manger." Sorry I had to miss this lovely program.

December 23, Monday

I had a little more diarrhea this morning but I took another big dose of the Kaopectate and was relieved of the misery. I composed a little tribute to Bill Anderson. Beverly says he wants me to have his lovely painting of the Light House on the Hill. It is my favorite. Here's the tribute:

To Billy,

Did I ever tell you, dear Billy, how wonderful you are?

To find a nicer brother-in-law, we'd have to look far.

You're generous and lovable, patient, loyal and true

'Tis no wonder dear Willard that we all love you.

Like your beautiful painting of the "Light House on the Hill"

Your life will reflect it's light forever, dear Bill.



Bill Andersen doing paint by number.

Lou went to the bank this morning to make a deposit and cash the \$25.00 check he got from Mary; he let her have the cash for their trip up north. Lou bought a very lovely Christmas card to, "My Wife at Christmas." He had \$25.00 enclosed in the card, isn't that sweet?

We received two packages in the mail today; gifts from our family up north. We'll open them Christmas Eve. Grampa Lou opened the box of bridge mix that came from Donna and Rex to him; why wait until tomorrow to enjoy it? (The rascal!) We both listened to John's tape; we couldn't wait for that either. We're happy to learn that he received the \$20.00 we sent in his Christmas card. We are sorry he is having some trouble in his leg. The doctor says it is rheumatism. He gave John some medication for it. I surely hope he'll get relief from that painful affliction; he

has to walk a lot and he is so anxious to finish his mission in "high gear." He'll be released in February. I'm enjoying all of the lovely Christmas cards, some with family pictures that are always fun to receive. I telephoned Janet tonight at 8 p.m. It was so nice talking to her, but I was sorry that David came home with the flu this morning. She says they're doctoring him; if he feels all right tomorrow, he'll go to Fremont with them. If not, Janet and the children will go alone.

December 24, Tuesday

Astronauts of Apollo 8 see our Earth from 200,000 miles in space. They have now entered into the Lunar Orbit. Oh me! It's all "way over my head." We had some sunshine off and on this morning. A phone call got Lou out of bed this morning about 9 a.m.; it was Dixie Kratzer. The darling invited Lou and me to their home tomorrow for Christmas dinner. Wasn't that kind and thoughtful? He thanked her and told her we'd been invited to my sister's home in Highland Park. Thank the dear Lord for sisters! Christmas is for the family. I'm so thankful for my own sisters. I hope our children have a happy time together this Christmas Eve at Donna and Rex's home in Fremont. I talked to Florence Marsh, via phone; she said she received a beautiful bouquet of flowers from Janet, Dave, and children, also. Janet told me last night she'd sent her one. Lou and I both enjoyed a nice warm bath this morning. It was the first time in the tub for me, since my illness. I've been sponge bathing because I was too ill to do otherwise. It feels so darn good to get in the water again. We received more nice Christmas cards; Bette Hoglund Haddock, ha ha (I wrote Hoglund instead of Haddock). Anyway, she enclosed a play written by her son Brad. Bette typed a copy for us. The play was part of the requirements for Brad's Theatrical Merit Badge. It is on the theme of Christmas, a story of the innkeeper and his wife and the birth of baby Jesus. It was indeed well done. I enjoyed reading it so very much. That young man surely has a special talent in literature as well as music. We opened our gifts from the family tonight while listening to some lovely Christmas music on the TV. Cozy, eh? They had wrapped lots of little packages for us to open; hair cream, talc powder, foot bath, deodorant, shoe spray glow, and etcetera. Donna and Rex gave me a lovely pin and earring set; they gave Lou a big box of bridge mix chocolates. I got two pair of hose from Kathy. Mary and Jon gave me some pretty stationery and they gave Grampa a two pound box of chocolates. No room to record all the little gifts and etcetera, but it was fun. Good night.

December 25, Wednesday

Joan phoned from New York City this morning, "My cup runneth over with joy." Beverly phoned this morning and told Lou to come over as soon as we could come, as we are their Christmas guests today. Isn't she something? The Dale Andersens came to Andersens' last night. It was indeed a

thrill to hear our sweet Joan's voice, all the way from New York. We talked to Sherm, Janet, and Mo, also. They'll be leaving for Dallas, Texas in a couple of days. They're all anxious to get away from the deep snow and the freezing cold in New York. Mo's company is paying for the moving job; he loves his work and they have a nice home to move into. Sherm told me about his camping outfit from Santa. He is such a cute talker. Little Janet told us something about her Christmas; they're all delighted to have daddy home for Christmas. We went to Andersens' about 11:30 and enjoyed a very happy day with them. Vernon Jorgensen brought Aunt Lorene over for a few minutes to say Merry Christmas and then they went for his mother and his aunt. Mary J. cooked a nice Christmas dinner for them. Sue was in Upland with the Haddocks. Beverly phoned Dolores and we talked to Violet; she and Otto arrived there about 2 p.m. I think. Glen and his family came about 3 p.m. We had a nice time watching them unwrap their gifts. The Dale Andersens came last night on Christmas Eve, for their fun at Grandma and Grandpa's place. We surely enjoyed our good dinner today. We had a delicious roast of beef and all the good things Aunt Annie and Bev can cook. It's so much fun to be with the Andersens; just the five of us ate dinner. Irene brought some of her turkey for Uncle Bill (or Dad to them). I enjoyed some of it this evening. It rained all the way home tonight, so I was glad when we drove in our driveway. Beverly phoned to make sure we got home okay. The end of our day was perfect with a phone call from our own Donna. She told us about their nice Christmas and family dinner on Christmas Eve.

December 26, Thursday

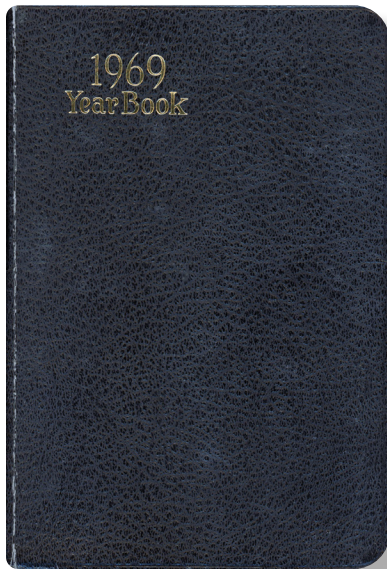
It rained some last night, but the sky was blue and the sun shining when I got up at 9 a.m. I was up at eight, but it looked wet and cloudy, so I went back to bed for an hour. Everything looks green and clean outside. Oh, what Mother Nature's rain bath can do to brighten up our Earth; it's amazing. I read in the Obituary Notices of the passing away of an old friend, Harry G. Beck, husband of Mabel Lucille Beck. His services will be at 2 p.m. on Friday, at Forest Lawn, "Church of the Hills," in the Hollywood Hills Mortuary. Br. Beck has been ill for a long time; his passing is a wonderful relief for him and all concerned. Ray and Bette Haddock and the kids called in to see us on their way to take Grandma Sue home to Burbank. Oh, it was so very nice to have that lovely Haddock family call on us. Gregory wasn't with them, but Rick and Brad had a boy friend along and Susan had her new colorful stocking cap, sweater, and slacks on. She is growing taller and so are the boys. Rick was driving the family car, he is a fine looking young man and so is Brad. They had a one-wheeled bicycle (unicycle?). They can ride that one wheeler thing with ease. It was interesting to watch them perform on it. 'Twas very nice to have this happy family in our home. They called to see the Highland Park relatives too, after leaving here. I love my relatives, I



am proud of them all. We have an angry looking sky now at 2:50 p.m. The big dark storm clouds are covering our sunlight at times; it gets so dark when the sun is covered by them and so very bright when Mr. Sol peeks out again. Our USA people rejoiced with the families of the USS Pueblo men to know they are "Home for Christmas." They returned to San Diego on Christmas Eve.

December 27, Friday

We've enjoyed a very lovely, clear day with no smog, but it was cold outside. After breakfast and putting the house in order we drove to town. We did go over to Louise Anderson's home first to return her casserole dish. She wasn't home, but her young daughter took it from Lou at the door. We went to the Coronet Store first and looked for picture frames. I bought a pretty tie for Lou, \$3.50, marked down to \$1.49. We went to the drug store on the corner (Thrifty, I believe). I spent \$12.17; I got surgical nail clippers for Lou, \$6.00, rouge compact with brush, \$2.50, Jergen's Lotion, 99¢, Noxzema Cream, 60¢, VO5 hair spray for \$1.50, and tax was 58¢. We then went to Woolworth Store to get my 1969



Year Book (Diary) for \$1.49. I bought a picture frame for Bill's Light House painting for \$1.57 plus tax, two ties for Lou, \$1.00 each, on sale, and two pair of socks for Lou, \$1.38. (Christmas things I was too ill to shop for before now. I took the two pair of hose that Kathy sent me for Christmas to Penney's Store and changed them for the long ones, same thing, only longer. She sent medium length. I

bought two white lace neckwear pieces for \$2.00 each to dress up a couple of my old dresses. They are an ornamental frill that women wear on their dress front. When I was young, we used to call them "Gabots." I got everything I had on my list and some extra, so I was happy. We stopped at the Safeway Store for a few items and then home to rest and eat lunch. It was nice to be out and do some shopping. Lou put Bill's painting in its frame; it looks so pretty, I love it. P.S. The drug store we shopped in is now a Rexall, the Thrifty moved out about a year ago Lou said. I was pleased to see Betty Ramish in Penney's Store today. I haven't seen her for such a long time. She was happy to see me too; we kissed and rejoiced. Betty is such a lovely person. They had a nice Christmas with Eleanor and the children. Ellie is divorced from Gilbert Jorgensen.

December 28, Saturday

We have a pretty, sunny morning. Beverly phoned; Annette and the children are all over there. Annette is giving Annie and Beverly permanent waves today, Christmas gifts to them,

Remembering the USS Pueblo — [San Diego

Tribune 2013]

They didn't know what to expect.

For 11 months, the crew of the USS Pueblo had been held captive in North Korea. They'd been beaten, starved, used as propaganda by a communist government intent on humiliating the United States. Now, on Dec. 24, 1968, the day before Christmas, they were flying home to San Diego.

Some feared the trip would end with a bus ride to the brig. They had, after all, surrendered without firing a shot, a violation of the Navy's "don't give up the ship" tradition. They'd confessed to illegal spying. And they'd failed to keep top-secret papers and communication equipment out of the hands of their captors.

A spy mission

Built in 1944 as a cargo ship for the Army, the ship was transferred to the Navy 22 years later and renamed the Pueblo, after the community in Colorado.

Smaller than some Navy tugs, it left San Diego in November 1967 and was sent to the Sea of Japan as part of an ongoing cat-and-mouse game the United States played with its Cold War enemies.

Lightly armed, slow, and thinly disguised as an oceanographic research vessel, it was really a spy ship, ordered to stay in international waters and gather information about anti-aircraft and other defense systems up and down North Korea's east coast.

On Jan. 23, 1968, the ship was surrounded and captured by a half-dozen North Korean gunboats firing shells and machine guns. One crewmember was killed and 10 were injured. The commander, Lloyd "Pete" Bucher, would tell investigators later that he allowed the ship to be seized because he was hopelessly outgunned. "I saw no point in senselessly sending people to their deaths."

Crew members believed military help would soon arrive — "we talked about which guards we were gonna jump when the planes got there," Chicca said — but help was too far away and never came. Alarmed Americans called on President Lyndon Johnson to retaliate. Wary of touching off another war while already entrenched in the quagmire of Vietnam, he opted for negotiations instead.

The talks moved slowly and the crew members suffered: frequent beatings, interrogations, mock executions, starvation, staged news conferences by North Korean authorities who claimed the Pueblo had illegally entered territorial waters.

The captives fought back in subtle ways, peppering their confessions with misinformation and insults and undermining propaganda photos by extending their middle fingers, which they told their captors was a Hawaiian gesture for good luck.

Finally, with Christmas nearing, a deal was struck. In a statement that it repudiated even as it was signing it, the United States apologized for "grave acts of espionage" by the Pueblo.

One by one, 20 paces apart, the gaunt men — some had lost more than 50 pounds — were sent across the Bridge of No Return connecting North and South Korea. It was snowing. "I was about halfway across before I believed that it was really going to happen," Chicca said, "and then I just couldn't stop smiling."

Edward Murphy Jr., the ship's second in command and now an El Cajon resident, was last in line to cross. One of the guards tried to joke with him: "What if your name isn't called?"

It was called, and when he landed with the rest of the crew in San Diego, his greeting party included his wife, his toddler son, and a

Continued on next page.

baby daughter born while he was imprisoned. "I can't begin to tell you how special that welcome was," he said.

In the next day's San Diego Union, a reporter wrote: "This was the nation's Christmas present, and the emotion was almost too big to handle."

Assigning blame

The exuberant welcome in San Diego went on for weeks. One Italian restaurant offered free meals to the crewmembers for every day they'd spent in captivity. The Chamber of Commerce raised more than \$50,000 to buy food and lodging for out-of-town relatives. Actor John Wayne and singer Pat Boone hosted a party for the crew at a hotel.

"People went out of their way to embrace them," said Cheevers, the book author. "That warm reception helped shape the way the rest of the country viewed the crew as well."

That became evident during the court of inquiry, convened Jan. 20, 1969 in an auditorium at the Naval Amphibious School in Coronado. Bucher took the witness stand first in front of a panel of five admirals who seemed skeptical, if not downright angry, about the decision to surrender the Pueblo with nary a shot.

Navy history is full of lore about officers defying impossible odds to win a battle; "Don't give up the ship" is one of its proudest mottos. How did Bucher's actions fit into that tradition?

To many it didn't, and on the third day of Bucher's testimony, a Navy attorney warned him he faced a court martial.

The public outcry was swift and loud.

Letters flowed into newspaper, congressional, and military offices across the country, criticizing what they saw as the scapegoating of a crew that had been sent into harm's way without the proper equipment or protection. One newspaper called a possible court-martial an "appalling demonstration of inhumanity, ill-timing, pompousness, and poor taste."

The court of inquiry went on for five more weeks. Then, meeting in private, the admirals decided that Bucher and four other officers should face possible punishments ranging from letter of admonition to court martial.

That recommendation went to Navy Secretary John Chafee, who also had to weigh public sentiment. In May 1969, he called a news conference to announce his decision. Although mistakes obviously had been made, he said, the biggest one was the assumption that having the Pueblo in international waters would keep it safe. That assumption was wrong, and everybody up and down the chain of command shared responsibility for that, Chafee said.

As for the crew of the Pueblo, he said, "They have suffered enough."

Lingering bitterness

Cheevers' book, "Act of War," is the latest among dozens about the Pueblo. A former Los Angeles Times reporter, he said he's long been interested in "how people respond to extreme duress" — in this case, not just the Pueblo crew, but also the Johnson administration as it played diplomatic chess to bring the men home without starting another war.

"I think as Americans we need to remember the sacrifices our men and women make in our names and in the name of preserving peace and stability around the world," Cheevers said. "The Pueblo men made enormous sacrifices."

In some ways, the sacrifices continue. There are crewmembers who still have nightmares. And in military circles, opinion

remains divided about what happened off the coast of North Korea, and who was at fault.

Chicca said at the last Pueblo reunion, in Annapolis, Md., where the Naval Academy is based, meetings set up with teachers and students "just kind of disappeared. There's still some bitterness out there about the incident."

About 20 crewmembers, including Bucher, have died since that Christmas Eve 45 years when they came home to a surprising welcome in San Diego. Roughly half of the survivors get together for the reunions, held every couple of years at different places around the country.

"It was a life-changing process for me," Chicca said, "and it still goes on today."

The ship itself, still commissioned in the U.S. Navy, remains in North Korean hands, the centerpiece trophy of a war museum along the Pothong River.

<http://www.sandiegouniontribune.com/lifestyle/people/sdut-pueblo-korea-welcome-san-diego-2013dec21-story.html>

nice, eh? I spent my day vacuuming the two bedrooms. Lou cleaned up the yard, raked the last of the leaves up and etcetera. It clouded up this afternoon and feels like we may have a rainstorm this evening. I hope it'll be lovely weather for the New Year's Parade. I wonder if Mary and Jon are back home in Santa Ana? The flowers are dying in the lovely bouquet Janet and Dave sent to us for Christmas. We've had it for one week tomorrow. I cut the dead flowers off each day. We have surely enjoyed this gorgeous big bouquet of beautiful cut flowers. (White and yellow mums, and red rose buds.) The background and base of the arrangement is a cypress like evergreen. It is in a green jardinière flower bowl. There are two gold Christmas balls and some gold spears in the arrangement. It seems such a shame that these lovely flowers must perish. It was nice to feel well enough to sit up and enjoy watching television again.

December 29, Sunday

It was hazy this morning but pleasant. I was so thankful to be well enough to go to Sunday school and Lou to his priesthood. We've missed so many meetings because of illness this past month. I was also happy to see Br. Robert Gordon and wife out; he had to stay home for a few weeks because of a heart condition. I do enjoy his fine lessons. We had a lot of out of state visitors this morning, as always, this time of year. They come to Pasadena for the Rose Parade. Marie Doezie and daughter Ephrea and family were out this morning. President Ellsworth's daughter Christen and family were out. I was sorry to learn that both Jim and Nellie are sick with the flu. Oh, we have a lot of our ward people down with the Hong Kong flu. We took Inez Anderson to Sunday School and the baby sitter, too. We had Swanson's Fried Chicken TV dinners at home after Sunday School. We always enjoy them. I read the paper and wrote in my diary while Lou had a nap after dinner. We had a very lovely sacrament service this afternoon at 4 p.m. Our young people, home from the BYU for the holidays, gave fine talks and opening and closing prayers. Karin Kratzer gave the invocation. Diane White, Norman Noble, Reed Stout, Sam Broadhead, David Kratzer, and Theron Robison

gave excellent talks. Paul Duncombe played two lovely organ solos. Milo Andrus gave the benediction. Wonderful young people like they are makes one feel that all's well with our coming up leaders in the next generation. Paul Duncombe and his family came from the Arcadia Ward to be with us this afternoon. We miss the fine Duncombes; Grandma Edna and Grandpa Ed came, also.

December 30, Monday

It is such a clear, sunny day; the mountains look near to us. I simmered some shoulder of lamb chips with onions; I baked some of Betty Crocker's scalloped potatoes and cooked some Lima beans. Ruby Hodges phoned to ask me (for her neighbor, Mrs. Young) how to make a mustard plaster. Mrs. Young's 19 years old boy is ill with a bad chest cold or the flu. Pawnee Redborg is still in the hospital with a lung infection. Violet and Otto came about 11:40 today. They both looked well and happy. It was so much fun having them here with us. We ate lunch and had a nice visit at the dinette table while eating and after eating. There was a lot of news to catch up on, all about our children and the family, and etcetera. Violet showed me the little gold pencil that used to be Mildred's. Owen has kept it many years; he wanted Violet to have it because he thought she would appreciate it more than anyone. Mildred valued that little gold pencil very highly; I know Violet will, also. The Fifes left for Highland Park about 3 p.m. They'll stay with the Andersens until Wednesday morning when they'll drive to Claremont, California, to visit with Yvonne and family. Dolores and family will spend New Year's Day at Yvonne's with the family and then Otto and Violet will be on their way back to Cedar City after a few days with Yvonne and family. It was really delightful having them with us today. Violet brought us one of her delicious banana nut loafs. She does that almost every Yule Tide season and believe me we do enjoy them; "bless her dear heart."



Violet and Otto Fife in 1927.

December 31, Tuesday

Our last day in 1968 was more like a June day, sunny and warm, no smog. Oh it was a beautiful day. I put out 5 runs of washing before 11 a.m. It was all dry by 2:30. Lou went to the Safeway Store for a few items we wanted. He got a nice canned ham and he enjoyed a ham sandwich for his lunch. I ate a fruit and Jello salad with sour cream, plus a piece of toast. I phoned Rosen's to ask about Erma. He said she is still feeling miserable; has been sick since last Friday. He thinks he is coming down with the flu, also. He feels miserable, the poor man. I asked if we could go to the market for them or do anything for them. He thanked me but said he went to the market yesterday and they didn't need anything. I phoned Mary; they left Fremont on December 27, came home on highway 101, it was a lovely day and drive. Linda and Leon Crowley and new baby boy visited with Mary and family on Sunday and Monday. They went to her mother's in Ontario this morning. Linda's mother had Linda's two older boys. They've planned a picnic tomorrow with Linda and Leon and children; they are going to Mt. Baldy. I hope it'll be as lovely a day as today is. Donna is working part time in the lovely big Capwells Department Store; she is in the silverware and china departments. She goes in the evening and she likes it very well. Lorene stayed with Bill this afternoon while Otto took Violet and Annie out to see Sue and give Sue the banana nut loaf Violet made for her. Lou helped me bring in the clothes from the lines. We both rested this afternoon. It doesn't seem possible that year 1968 is about to pass away with all of the other bygone years. Believe it or not, Grama and Grampa sat up until 1 a.m. to see the old year out and the New Year in. We celebrated with Guy Lombardo, from the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York. The Lennon Sisters were scheduled to be on the program, but for some reason they didn't show up. Lou and I enjoyed a glass of eggnog and some of Violet's banana nut loaf, um good! We kissed for our last time in 1968 and our first time in 1969. Happy New Year!





*Elvie and Lou in December of 1968. Lou and Elvie were ill
and they took turns taking care of each other.*