

Journal – Stake Mission

(1953)

3/2 set apart by Emery S. Willardson

Assigned: Verne Strolz – 338 Gavin
Wayne Williams – So. 39th

Brother Grant Seely is my companion – a fact which gives me much pleasure. I love that man. Of such is the kingdom of Heaven I'm certain.

It was decided I should keep notes on Brother Strolz; Grant took W. Williams.

We visited Brother Williams Tuesday night 3/10 and got acquainted. On Wednesday, 3/11, we called on Bro. Strolz. We talked for a few moments, then I asked Verne if we could explain the Gospel to him – not to “push” him into the church but in order that he might know what his family believes in. Louise is president of the Primary; Franklin is an active Priest; Penny Sue has just been baptized and confirmed a member of the Church. I assured Verne we would insist that he want to join the church before he could get in. He consented to listen to us. We made an appointment for next Friday night.

Friday 3/20. We arrived at Strolz's at 7:30. We had prayer. I know we were both humble because the Spirit of the Lord was with us - I almost cried as I offered the prayer. We went in, asked to use the table and gave the lesson on the Godhead. The Lord inspired me, I know, for I felt very unsure in giving that lesson. Nevertheless, I bore my testimony as I explained the lesson and Grant gave a thrilling testimony when I had finished. Verne is a rather strange fellow in that we could ask a question but, though he looked us right in the eye, he would not answer (or if he did, only after an embarrassingly long pause). We felt somewhat discouraged by this but resolved not to give up hope yet. We made an appointment for next Friday and left – after having prayer and encouraging Verne to pray.

Monday – 3/16 – Attended report meeting (5 hrs.) Had Social afterwards. My birthday – my wife took the entire family out to dinner at Lyda's and dropped me at the Stake Hall.

Thur. 3/19 – Called on Tom Borland – 343 Gavin. We asked for – and received – permission to explain the gospel to Sister Borland. Made an appointment for the following Thursday. Tom showed us his deer rifle. They have three girls – Peggy, Gail, and Irene – and a new son, James T. Borland Jr. – Jim.

Tues. 3/17 We had a meeting where we received these new names:

Tom Borland	343 Gavin
Lloyd Andrews	1637 Colfax

We called on Brother Andrews, and after some small talk, asked him if we could explain the Gospel to him – but not just to have him join. He would have to ask for the privilege of joining. He seemed much reluctant to hear us so we suggested a week's consideration before he decided.

Thursday 3/26. Grant and I met the Borlands at 8:30. It was an interesting experience again to feel the presence of our Heavenly Father in our prayer. We specifically asked His Spirit to go before us – and it did! The family was ready – children in bed, house all tidied up, they were dressed up and waiting. Sister Borland listened attentively as I explained the Godhead lesson. The Spirit was there and Grand and I both bore a strong testimony. We had prayer, made an appointment for next Wednesday and left at 9:30. Tom gave us some cheese. We appreciated his thoughtfulness. This illustrates the friendly spirit in this home. We had a neighbor lady, Louise Gann, in for our lesson and made arrangements to bless her two children, Jennifer and Raymond, next Sunday. Her husband is in Alaska. She is a member of the Church; he is not – yet.

Sunday – March 29. We visited Brother Williams but not at home. We went back to Bro. Andrews (not having found him at home on two previous occasions). After some small talk concerning his injured leg and his son's operation (Bud – hernia), we asked for his decision on hearing the gospel. He said he didn't want to hear it. We explained that hearing it didn't mean he had to join – rather, he must want to join and must ask for the privilege. He still didn't want to be bothered. We left after making an appointment to come and visit him occasionally – whether we talked religion or not. He agreed to this and welcomed us back – anytime.

Tues. April 7 – We visited Bro. Williams and I gave the Godhead lesson. He hasn't been in a Lutheran church for 30 years, yet feels the necessity of defending it. The only difficulty there is that he frequently talks against his church when he thinks he is defending it. How are we to show him that, however, when he is of such a temperament that he would quickly throw us out of the house if we angered him? Our best approach will be to let him convince himself, but we can furnish the evidence with which he does it. He admitted all our points but one: "false doctrine means false church". He agreed to the false doctrine, however. We will try again next Thursday night.

We could get no appointment with Stolz this week. His wife is at conference. I wonder if he is listening to us only because his wife asked him to?

Thurs. April 9 – Our meeting with Bro. Williams was different. We expected some difficulty but not of the kind we met with. After Grand presented the Apostasy he prepared to prove his point. But Williams got out his Lutheran catechism and tried to look up every point we made. It only served to show him more distinctly than ever that our Church had the best (logical) answers. We left before the party got rough. Our next appointment is next Tuesday.

Wed. – (I forgot our meeting with the Borlands). Grant and I made our appointment on time. Sr. Gann was there as usual – also her mother – Sr. Coppersmith – from Yakima, Wash. I taught the Restoration lesson – reviewed everything we had discussed before, too. Sr. Borland shows no emotion - it is very difficult to tell what she is thinking. Through the inspiration of God, I told her she would join the Church. Even as I write this, I feel doubt creep into my heart. Oh! To have the faith of a child! Grant and I both bore our testimonies with fervor. Next apptmt. – Wed. 8:30.

Tues. April 14 - We met at Bro. Williams. Tuesday seems the best night: Verna, his wife, is gone and he unbends more when she isn't there. He is a very proud man and feels the necessity of maintaining that pride. We tried to teach the lesson on the Apostasy but could not. He agrees with us on every point – but claims it is Lutheran doctrine! We brought a chart with us which Grant had had made. It helped a great deal to teach what we cannot because of the danger of offending. Wayne unbent enough to tell us why he hasn't studied Mormonism. It's the same old story – someone offended him the first time he came out – told him not to partake of the Sacrament. That was about 20 years ago – he hasn't been back since. We made an apptmt. for next Tues. and left. There is hope in our hearts.

Wed. April 15 - We met at Bro. Strolz'. I had a speaking engagement at N.T.C. on Word of Wisdom so met Grant at Strolz. Grant gave the lesson on Apostasy. Verne listened to us but said nothing. I felt he was impatient for us to leave. He isn't really interested in the Gospel – just listens because his wife wants him to. I am worried about this one. We had prayer. We will keep coming, of course. Then we went to Borland's. They had company – Jim and Louise Lee – a young Navy couple now living in Coronado. Jim is Lutheran; Louise a Baptist. Because we arrived in the middle of a program, they asked us to allow it to finish so we watched TV until 9 o'clock. Grant tried to give the lesson on Book of Mormon but could not. We told the Lee's about our Gospel and gave them a pamphlet. They are to let Tom know if they are interested. Tom gave us some more cheese and some nice steaks (N.Y. cuts). He expressed appreciation for what we were doing.

Sunday, April 19 – Met Grant & Jack Ek and went to contact Andrews but he was not at home. We discussed our problems, anyway.

Tues. April 21 – We met Bro. Williams at 7:30. He was in the garage working on his boat. We had been warned and felt certain he would remain in the garage – and we would have to give our lesson from there. It was a pleasant surprise when he announced that he would quit and go into the house with us. I gave the lesson on the Restoration and we reached agreement on all but my last statement vix. "God's church would & could only be restored by divine messenger if there was no authority left on the earth". It was encouraging. We noted that the man was more humble – a good sign. He also voluntarily announced he had gone back to smoking a pipe – his "first step" in quitting the tobacco habit. He feels he can quit if he wants

to. We know this to be true. He also told us he must convert himself – we heartily agreed. We had prayer with him.

At 8:30 we visited the Borlands. This time Grant was able to give the B of M lesson and we found that Sr. Borland had already been reading it. I am wondering how sincere she is. She still doesn't make the effort to bring the children to Sunday school. Sr. Gann (her neighbor whom we have invited in to hear the Gospel – she's a member) was ill with a headache. After our cottage meeting Grant & I came home, got some oil, went back and administered to her. She felt better when we left. I believe two things are bothering her – her husband is gone to Alaska; and she is worried that they won't be together in the next life. A job in the Church will help her pass the time more quickly – and also strengthen her testimony.

Sunday, April 26 - A special missionary meeting was held with Elder LeGrand Richards of the Council of the Twelve. He encouraged us to do more missionary work and asked each person to do his best. One couple, Bro. & Sr. Ward of N.C., have been set apart one month, put in 80 hours of labor & made 40 calls. An enviable record. They have three people ready for baptism.

*The following was written on a
piece of stationery of the Los
Angeles Limited – Chicago and
North Western System Union
Pacific Railroad – Enroute*

Dear Lord,

I had not thought when first you called
Me from the sacred, happy heart
Of Life's most cherished group – the family –

That there would be rewards more sweet
Than I had dreamed or dared imagine.

My only prayer was this, dear Lord:
May I, who lovest Thee much more than Life,
Prove thus a worthy bearer of that power
By which Eternal Life can come to All,
Because of Thee.

I only sought to tell it unto others
Less fortunate – the tempest tossed.

I wanted no reward except protection

For myself and loved ones while I did Thy will.

Nor even this if we were needed
In accomplishing Thy Work in other spheres.

How glorious then to learn this truth:
“I will forgive iniquity in thee;
I will remember sins of thine no more!”

Such news doth cause my heart to sing!
My soul doth praise Thee, Savior, King!

And this old truth is giv'n anew:
God never can indebted be to man.

Northern States Mission (1953)

Tues.
Aug. 18

Caught the 8:30 train from San Diego to L.A. I shall remember forever the picture of my Lee, with tears on her cheeks, standing on the platform whispering “I love you”. She held Megan, our 8-months old daughter. Oh how I hate to leave that apple-of-my-eye girl! Roger held on to Mommy’s dress and cried. David and Jenks stood back by the station wall and waved goodbye. I hate to leave my little family. I love them deeply. Our life has been too full of “meetings” and engagements but our love has grown just the same and we couldn’t be happier. I’m leaving them for a year – not that I love my family less but because I love my Savior more. Lee’s words will ring in my ears forever, “I want my husband to go on a mission because I love him so much. I want to be sure we are together in the Eternities to come.” I have a grand wife, I realize. There aren’t many women who take additional burdens upon themselves voluntarily – not of this kind (w/separation). Lee will teach at Pacific Beach Jr. Hi. May God bless her in her work – we all depend upon it – and her.

Aug. 19

Arrived in S.L.C. at 6 o’clock. Took a long walk, then caught a cab to Temple Square. Met Bro. Durham at info. Booth. He suggested I go on to mission home – they would be up. So I did. Met Sister Childs and got located. Others began arriving shortly and have continued all day. Many ladies in this group and several old couples – also two young couples. The “bachelors” seem to be all ex-servicemen. President Frances S. Childs has a wealth of material at his command and can give us a “shot in the arm” in a few well-chosen words. He wears a hearing aid which is never turned on. Everyone has to shout at him when conversing. His wife never raises her voice, however and yet he hears her all right – Hmmm. Routine business matters over, we heard a lecture on “apostasy” by Dr. Lyons. I met a young man – Stanford DeMille – from Parowan – he leaves his wife and two children to go to No. Calif. Mission. His wife will take on 50 piano students to support herself and family and keep him in the field. We still have Saints, don’t we?

Aug. 20

We went through the Temple this morning but oh, Lee, it wasn’t the same! I tried sitting in the C. room but the feeling wasn’t there. I know of a surety that Heaven wouldn’t be Heaven without you, Lee, to share it with. This morning’s experience testifies of that. We toured Temple Square – very interesting – we didn’t realize how much missionary work is being done by these volunteer guides. The tours are all full – about 100 persons – and questions fly thick & fast. I enjoy just hearing questions and answers.

Aug. 21

Bro. LeGrand Richards spoke this morning on Tithing & Fast Offerings – he spoke with authority and experience. I learned more in an hour than I've ever learned on T. & F.O. Then we heard talks on S.S. and R.S. by Gen. Board members. This afternoon Elder Stevenson of the Great Lakes Mission () gave us some info. On meeting, and getting into the homes of contacts. It seems a little too much like high-pressure salesmanship to me. We practiced the Godhead lesson. This evening Dr. Clausen gave a talk on health and how to keep it. I learned more from him that I have all other doctors I ever met. He's an authority on med.

A letter from Dad inserted in his Journal

8/21/53

My darling family -

It has only been two days but it seems like ages. I've meet many people (elders, that is), done many different things and sat through a hundred meetings. And this is only the beginning! It is because of this varied program that it seems so long.

Yesterday we registered - filled out our life history, including a page of questions such as, "Do you get nervous? Do your enemies hate you? Are you misunderstood?" etc. I ordered some Article of Faith cards and finished the shoe-boxx lunch for breakfast. Some of the cookies are still here. Then we had a meeting and went over routine matters. You'd be surprised how many people got here without a temple recommend, without a blood test, without a hat - oops! That's me! I remedied that immediately by getting one at ZCMI. It is dark blue - "caribou" it's called. I like it. They give a discount, too - I also like that!

The travel agent discussed transportation problems with us in the afternoon. We insured our luggage into the field.

Then a Dr. Lyon's gave us two lectures: one on Apostasy; other on Doc. & Cov. Both highly profitable and interesting.

Last evening Brother McKinlay, author of the book, "Life

Eternal" spoke to us on our temple experience (next morn.) He is a dramatic speaker and I enjoyed it very much. I couldn't help comparing Nov. '45 with now. How wonderful if all could hear such a talk before entering the temple.

This morning a special company of missionaries went through the temple at 7 o'clock. There are 101 of us in the home. Hereafter, however, it is expected that 150 will come through at a time - thus 1500 new missionaries in the field by next January. A wonderful thought! The ceremony has changed slightly - we now have a lecture in terrestrial room. Also, cotton or canvas moccasins are allowed (& issued) for shoes.

I'm sorry, Lee, but I could not feel that deep contentment in the celestial room that I have always felt, when you were there. Heaven won't be heaven without you. I always know that but it was emphasized for me this morning. I missed you greatly.

I called on President Young of the Council of the Seventy for a few moments this afternoon. Then I got my collar stays, a leather watchband (the others links were going) and paid my insurance (95¢) on my luggage into the field. We had our picture taken and then went on a temple grounds tour.

We were scheduled to have a session this evening on "How to Lead Singing" but the director was reported to be in the hospital so that fell through.

My meals are costing too much and I must economize somehow. I priced groceries - they are quite high but I think I can save by buying those things that require no dishes to prepared in or eat from. I'm going to try it. My ticket will cost almost 50 dollars so I must live on a little over a hundred dollars till October. This should be easy, however, so don't worry about. After I get into the field I can better tell how much I will need - so enough on finances till later.

We just had a nice shower accompanied by thunder and

lightening. Now the wind is blowing gustily.

Tomorrow is a full day. We hear a lecture on tithing and f.o., purchase tickets, learn how to be a Relief Society President in 1 hour, how to organize and be the Supt. Of a S.S. in another hour, take two hours to study the missionary plan, and tomorrow evening, learn all about "Health and How to Keep It". It is a full day but I'm enjoying it.

There are others here who have left their young families to preach the gospel. I fell like a cheap skate only going for one year. It cannot be otherwise, now, I realize but someday you and I will go together. I hope God blesses us with such a rich experience.

A shower and to bed, Honey. May God bless you all and keep His Protecting Hand over us I humbly pray.

I love you! I love you! I love you!

Toby

I got your letter, Dear Thoughtfulness. Thanks.

Aug 22

First session: Answering difficult questions. Again – very informative. The representative of the Primary spoke to us – (we are all potential S.S. Supts. – Primary Pres. – and R.S. teachers). MIA Supts. Too, I suppose. We practiced the Godhead lesson again – why we don't practice the others I can't understand. Bro. Robinson of the Church Music Committee gave us a lesson on "How to Lead Singing". He is very good and everyone of us is practicing for our next lesson. Then we had a demonstration of the A-V program of the Church. My room companion is Elder John Cutler of Preston, Idaho – a bank clerk. I like him very much. We go to Temple Square each evening and try to learn how to answer questions of investigators. It is really interesting.

Aug. 23

Sunday – but no Priesthood meeting! It seems so strange to no be off without breakfast, trying to get to some ward in time for meeting! We practiced the Godhead lesson all day. Tonight is testimony meeting. Imagine! As I left meeting this afternoon Kenny &

Kathleen were waiting for me! I spent the evening with them.

A letter from Dad inserted in his Journal

8/23/53

Hello, My Darling,

It has been an eventful day. After breakfast, we rushed over to the Tabernacle to hear the choir. How stirring to hear "The Spirit of God Like a Fire" and "Let the Mountains Shout for Joy". All day today we spent on the missionary approach. It was good but most exhausting. I was so tired by 4:30 I just sat there. Presently an elder came up and told me there was a telephone message for me. I went out to the hall and read "Paul and Kathleen will be here at 4:30". I couldn't figure out who it could be and turned to go down to my room when I was turned around and there was Kenny and Kathleen. They took me out to their place and Kathleen fed me - bless her heart, she understands men - and then over to meet her folks. They brought me back about 10. Gee, Jody has grown! He jabbars quite a bit now. I undressed him for bed and he fought like my two hoodlums at home. Ricky crawls and climbs but he weights about 16 pounds. He's the runt - as Kathy says. She should never have gone on that diet, I think. By the way - she never received a letter from you, she says. Try to toss off a line, will you? The address is 3535 West 3500 South, S.L.C. They have an acre of ground. They seem to be in good health and the climate agrees with them. Kathy has promised to pack me a lunch for the train - your influence goes before you see.

There are many wonderful people among the missionaries here. One is blind yet going on a foreign mission. Another has a wooden leg (a sister) and has prayed for this privilege yet hardly daring to hope it could ever be. One elderly couple sent each one of their children on a mission as they reached that age - now the children have all gotten together and are sending them! What wonderful testimonies they can bear!

Tomorrow we study the B. of M. learn about conducting MIA, buy our tickets, and, in the afternoon go through the temple. How I wish you were here for that! Of course I wish you were here anyway - but especially for that session.

The rest of the letter appears to have been cut off.

Aug. 24 Bro. Hinckley spoke on the Book of Mormon – it was interesting but Joe Wilson could do a better job of enthusing me about the B. of M. The MIA rep. spoke to us – disappointing. We had another talk on the B. of M. by Bro. Hinckley. We had six questions to answer: 1) Explain Mosiah 15:2-3. 2) How did we get the B. of M.? 3) Why weren't the plates left so people could see them? 4) How much did the plates weight? 5) Did we lose or gain by the loss of first 116 pp. lost by M. Harris? 6) What is your choice passage in the B. of M.? I flubbed # 4, I learned later. Bro. McKinlay ("Life Eternal") gave us a talk before we went through the Temple again. He can explain Baptism and Endowments in a very dramatic way. It really prepared us for our Temple session. We purchased our tickets. I am berthed with Elder Phillips of Caliente, Nev. – a redhead. There are six of us fellows and one sister going to No. States – I am in charge of group.

Aug. 25 Toured Welfare Square – could be used to better advantages, I think. As we see more and more of Utah, the more I fear for the people (Mormons). Priesthood Quorums are letting their projects go to weeds – the work is being done by the very few busy people. I hope the Mormons awaken to the peril they face – before it is too late. They haven't really practiced the Welfare plan – and when (not if) we must use it there will be much whimpering and complaining. Oh, well, Ma has his free agency. We finally got a lesson on "Authority" – well presented by an ex – G. L. missionary. Bro. Bennett gave us an excellent talk on the Genealogical Society. In the evening another session on leading singing by Bro. Robinson. Afterwards he bore his testimony – it was amazing. All his life he stuttered. One day his bishop asked him to speak in Sacrament meeting. He at first refused but finally accepted. He stammered as he was afraid he would and sat down in a very few minutes. His bishop stood up and in the name of Jesus Christ said he would never stutter again and his voice should be heard in every stake of Zion praising God. Bro. Robinson has no sign of stuttering and has visited all but 4 stakes of the Church! It is a marvelous testimony.

I got all packed up, bought an IP book and insured by luggage.

Aug. 26 Special testimony meeting this morning. I bore my testimony and

thanked God for the Gospel and for my wife who makes it possible that I go out to preach it. Then we all went over to the Church Office Building and were set apart. Bro. Elray Christiansen set me apart and blessed me with wisdom and the health to do my work. This of special worth to me because of my physical condition. What a glorious sight it was to see the Quorum of Twelve and Seven Pres of 70 all at once. Of a surety, <God has chosen well! I paid a personal visit to Pres. Levi G. Young of the 70, and we discussed several interesting topics. He may visit S.D. soon. Pres. H.D. Moyle in his remarks at the setting apart said, "It is a mark of the divinity of this faith that as soon as we get a testimony of it we desire to share it with others." He suggested reading Alma 29. We all felt the Spirit of God blessing us as we went forth. I visited with Kenny and Kathleen until train time. We all got on the train! My main worry is already over.

- Aug. 27 My seat companion is a Catholic Priest (why did I capitalize either?). We had a very interesting discussion on religion – on a philosophical basis, of course. I asked him what Heaven was like. He replied it was the ecstatic joy of contemplating the Supreme Essence of God for all eternity. I asked, "Don't you intend to do any work?" "What for?" he gasped. "There's nothing else to do!" I said, "Well, while you're looking at God, the Mormons will be making new worlds." He didn't like that and began reciting some mass silently. I wish I knew my religion better – perhaps this could be my first convert.
- Aug. 27 We were in Wyoming this morning but soon got into Nebraska. My heart bleeds for those poor saints who walked this land when it was so desolate. Surely God blessed them with much courage! The priest got off at Omaha – he didn't speak much today but we did get around to talking of moral depravity and co-education. Where do they get such ideas!
- Aug. 28 Arrived in Chicago. President Smoot met us at the station. He has a leonine head of hair – grey – and rugged, honest features. I liked him instantly. He has been a Stake President, postmaster (S.L.C.), served two terms in the legislature, is past president of the Postmaster of America Assn. – and in other ways has distinguished himself. He knows how to organize – a boon to a mission field. He came in January and has already brought order out of chaos. The mission home is only two blocks from Edgewater Beach Hotel. A lovely old home with mahogany paneling – much of it hand-carved – it is right on the lake – 6011 No. Sheridan Road. After breakfast a lecture by a former Catholic priest – Bro. Sarver – not too useful but interesting. The meals are on schedule: one bell = dinner in five minutes; second bell = it's on the table! Come & Get it!; third bell =

(seldom rung) we are kneeling for prayers – run! I never got a chance to finish breakfast – Pres. Smoot eats a little fast! – then waits for everyone else – and becomes impatient rather soon. Paperwork (I have to buy many of the tracts I give away!) and business occupied the rest of the day. This evening Bro. Odum came in from Danville with Bro. & Sr. Clark (G.R.). He was ordained an elder by Pres. Smoot so that he could go to the Temple. We had a testimony meeting afterward and Sr. Clark told how she had longed all her life to go to the Temple and finally had given up hope. Now that that hope was about to be realized, she could hardly believe it. They brought some watermelon with them. It was delicious. I was full when the missionaries announced we were about to be initiated into the Cardinal Puff Club. It involves drinking a toast to the second counselor in the mission presidency, M.C. Cardinal. The movements are intricate and much water is drunk. If the novitiate makes a mistake he is allowed to go on with the ceremony until he has used all the water – and then the glass is refilled! Without any explanation as to what you did wrong! I drank till I could hold no more – and finally gave up. The moon is beautiful on the lake tonight my darling! I'm so lonesome for you – oh, that these next 400 days might rush away!

Aug. 29

A wedding this morning – I sang with a quartet. Elder Harmon and Sisters Wood and Farr – “Wedding Day” and “Let me Call You Sweetheart”. A beautiful girl marrying a non-Mormon. Pres. Smoot forgot the ring – had to be reminded of it (by his wife, of course!). Elders Ash, Yorgensen, Staley, and Rands, Phillips and myself & Sister Farr – are the seven who came out. Sisters Farr and Gardner will accompany me to Wausau, Wisconsin, a town of 30,000 where we will join seen others and tract the entire town in the next six weeks. President Smoot expressed regret over my only being out for one year. With my qualifications, he said, he had great plans for me. But only being out a year, “I don't know.” All district and local officers are local people. The only office held by a missionary is second counselor in the mission presidency. I don't want that – too much driving – alone, too.

A postcard dated from Chicago (cost 2¢)

Dearest Lee -

Arrived safely. I'm off in the morning for Wausau, Wisc. - one elder holding down the fort so I'm going to assist him. Send

mail to the mission home, however. Please send some denims (1 pr.) & shirt so I can wash the dishes!

Love to all

Toby

I love you. I love you. I love you.

LETTER SOON.

Later

Arrived in Wausau at 7 o'clock p.m. Met at the station by Pres. Cardinal – 6-4, 200 lbs. – glasses – moustache – fine specimen of manhood. Left his wife and daughter in Utah to come into the mission field. Also met my companion – Elder Jack Martindale of Fillmore, Utah – a young, lean fellow of very few words. We all went to the home of Sr. Schwartz where the lady missionaries (forever after to be called LM's, I find) are staying. They had a nice meal prepared. New elders bet: Berg (Washington) and Moosman (pronounced Mozeman – from Mink Creek, Ida.) and Sisters Straby, Blades (Canadians), Lambert (?) and Millward (S.L., but formerly London.) The latter has a great sense of humor combined with a dramatic ability to use it at the most opportune time. She is older than the others. Sister Straby seems very nice. As we left for our apartment Elder Martindale casually mentioned we had no sheets for the bed. So Sister Lambert loaned us one.

Much later

Our apartment is two rooms, above a tavern! In Wisconsin, everybody goes to a tavern Saturday night, and this joint is really jumping! The juke box is pounding and someone with hobnailed boots is dancing with a fat lady who has wooden legs – judging from the noise! We lay here on the one sheet we have – thank goodness it is a warm night! The juke box is playing “Miss You” for the forty leventh time. I suspect some drunk who has lost his girl friend (or found some nickels) is crying in his beer down there. It is 1:30 a.m. I can't get to sleep with all that noise! “Miss you, Darling, how I miss you!” Oh, Lee, my precious, you'll never know how much! If this is supposed to be the happiest two years (or one) of my life, I'll take vanilla! I'm homesick – lonesome & discouraged. Why did I ever leave home!

***Letter Inserted in the Journal
(Undated)***

Loved Ones!

Another beautiful Sabbath gone and I sit here at the end of it wondering what happened. The weekends fly so fast! But then, the weeks do too - but not as fast. We had one or two bad days - now it is warm again but is supposed to get colder. By next Sunday I should be in Peoria, however - perhaps it is still warm down there.

I can see that one of the great joys of the mission field is the opportunity to study the Gospel. I have read more already than I ever did at home in two or three years! And yet, if I were to do the same at home I could learn quite a bit. From 5:30 to 8 - study & breakfast. I could study an hour before time for school, couldn't I?

I'll be grateful for one thing in Peoria - your letters can come direct. On Thur. the 8th I received Sept. 27's letter. Soon I'll be up-to-date on my family, huh?

By the way, Lee, allow me to be - - - (Page missing?)

Wisconsin is 2 hours different in time from San Diego because of Daylight S.T. Wisc. doesn't have it, of course. They object to everything the New Deal put over on the people.

Signs of the Passed:

On a taxi - "There's no fuel like an oil fuel"

In a baker window - "What food these morsels be!"

On the highway -

"Uneeda Rest"

"The Garden of Eatin'"

My companion is Elder Jack Martindale of Fillmore Utah. He's some cook - just throw everything in the p an left over from the previouws meal and add something else (anything) to it. We have invented some new dishes already. How about Quaker Oats Tuna Flakes Casserole - ooh! That's the way it goes. Friday we

got in early - 7:30 - ate dinner and decided to have some donuts. The elder threw some milk in a pan, poured in what grease we had and a generous helping of sugar. It (recipe ha ha) called for an egg so we threw in three. Then flour. After 10 cups he lost count so put in five or six more. After it rose we started making them and the pan filled as fast as we rolled out more dough. We finished at a quarter to 12. Both of us were dead on our feet the grease was down to the bottom and we had about 200 donuts in every available dish in the house. We took about 8 doz. Over to the sisters tonight and a big sack full to Antigo yesterday and we only have about three dozen left to eat ourselves. I'm losing weight just thinking of it. We eat pretty good tho. A breakfast that will stick to the ribs, some fruit or vegetables for lunch and a good hot meal at night. I haven't lost any weight you can be sure!

I'm glad to know that Grant is looking after the car - I feel better just knowing it runs well and that someone will fix it if it doesn't. Perhaps I can get even with him someday. I'm happy too, that Bob changed the carburetor - it should show a change in mileage now. It shouldn't be using oil, though, because Bob just put rings in last year - remember? I don't know how long they last but surely longer than a year, I imagine.

You might send me Pres. Johnson's address. I want to write to him in a month or so. I won't write to many but I wish to remember the best friends. Dewey Halgren's, too.

I'm quite good at conducting now. I can almost keep up with the congregation. I like it. After one gains confidence that his arm will not fly off and hurt someone, one can get expression in it, can't one? H'm - such English!

Your mentioning Elder N.'s prediction that I would be in the dist. Pres. Is quite funny. Out here, local people hold down all district jobs and the mission presidency works independently but closely with the districts. Oversees them yet, however, I think I like it better - when the missionaries leave, the services

are still held - and while the missionaries are missed, things aren't completely disrupted by their departure.

President Smoot told me when I came through the mission home that he had looked over my record and qualifications and had great plans for me - if only I wasn't going to only be here a year. That apparently changed things for him. However, President Cardinal - our second counselor - goes home next June and it is no secret he is looking for a successor. He asked me last night about my plans and I said - one year. I didn't think it possible to say more. This is in confidence, so say nothing - let them go on predicting. It seems, though, that if I were on a full term mission I would be groomed for the position but as it is, probably not. I'm not sad. I feel I'm really doing my best when I'm knocking on doors. I think I'll learn to like it, but it is very difficult to learn to like something distasteful - door to door selling. Keep praying for me, I need those prayers so much. May God keep you and bless you is the humble sincere prayer of your daddy & I h Toby

- Aug. 30 Attended S.S. in Wausau Branch. Elders Russell Waite and Glenn Davis are the foundation here - with Grandmother Thornberry a good support. Also members - Sr. Empey, Sr. Petty & a young girl (married) Sr. Kriser. I helped with the Sacrament. A good spirit here. The Waite family consists of Russell & Esther (wonderful wife & mother - former school teacher); Gerald - 12 years; Jane 8 or 9 yrs. Bro. Davis & wife, Elvira (good Primary teacher type) & son Conrad - 10 (heart trouble). Bore my testimony.
- Aug. 31 My first day of tracting! Elder Martindale was good to me - he took the first few houses until I got over my "blue funk". I was scared stiff - not of meeting the people nor giving a lesson - but Fear that I might make a mistake - the realization that I was responsible for the Gospel to this person made me tremble with the importance of making a good impression. I hope it soon passes away.
- Sept. 5 We have a week of tracting behind us and I'm glad it is behind, too. I still don't like this kind of work but perhaps I will. We went over to the sisters for the afternoon - had a lovely meal. They take good care of us. Also, borrowed another sheet - now we have one to put over us! The tavern music still goes on but I'm so tired I fall asleep anyway - "Vaya Con Dios" is becoming a familiar tune. I believe that

all that those Wisconsinites do is drink beer and dance the polka – I never heard so many polkas! Even a “Coffee-Pot Polka”!

***A letter from Dad inserted in his Journal
(Undated)***

Hello, my darlings!

It has only been a week but, oh, brother - what a week!! We are averaging twelve hours per day in study and work. I have wanted to drop you a line during the week and let you know I had arrived safely in Wausau, but by the time we got home and hurriedly ate something it was 10 o'clock and five-thirty comes early!

The town of Wausau is about 30,000 people in size. It has been divided into fourths and two missionaries assigned each fourth. We are expected to finish in six weeks or less so the work must be pushed as hard as possible. For three days the temperature has hovered near the 100° mark and I've nearly melted, but today it rained again and the thermometer stayed in the respectable 60's. A drop of 40° overnight made us scramble for the covers.

I have a fine companion. He is Jack Martindale of Fillmore, Utah. He believes in getting things done so I'm happy - although he is wearing my legs off. I asked President Smoot for a red-hot companion and it looks like I got one.

The people are mostly Lutheran in this town but also a large number of Catholics. It is difficult to get audience - and once gotten it is difficult to get an honest hearing. We haven't been thrown out yet but I expect it might happen yet, ha ha.

I close my eyes and I can see every one of you so plainly. Mums hasn't mentioned the Arm in her "notes" - How is it coming? So glad to learn the Symphony ended in a blaze of glory. I saw Nolan Peterson in S.L. & he told me he also saw "Desert S." the same night as you & K. He is going on a mission

soon.

I miss my big David boy - Give mommy a kiss for me, will you Son? And Roger, you keep helping Jenks care for Megan while David & Mommy are at school, won't you? I'm proud of my two big boys who are caring for Jenks & Mommy. Oh how I miss Megan! And Lee - I love you I love you! God bless you all -

Daddy & Toby
XOXO

Sept. 6 Sunday School at Wausau Branch – then after a very nice Sunday dinner at Bro. Davis', we went to Antigo (30 miles) to hold SS. At the home of a Sister McKinney. She has three children: Virginia = in high school, a very bashful girl with a pimply face and much difficulty in speaking; Richard who is probably in 9th grade and is a roughneck! He got in dutch with the local police and they released him to his mother on the condition that she take him to Church. This is why we are holding SS in Antigo. Danny is the third child – 7th grade – a good worker – earns the money to buy the things he owns but Richard uses them more, or destroys them. I like Danny the best.

Sept. 7

***Letter Inserted in the Journal
(Undated)***

WAUSAU

(Keep up the scrapbook.
Others following)

My Darling Lee -

Labor Day! We took the day off because it would have been useless to tract today - the beer really flowed. San Diego has a long way to go to learn to drink - as a town - like these Milwaukee fans. Everybody drinks! Mothers throw the baby into one arm and hoist a stein with the other. And it goes on all day!

The branch held a picnic at the fairgrounds. We all ate together then went to a "variety show" - in reality a circus.

Some acts were good - some bad - some worse. It was pretty good. I took the children.

It seems like I've been in the field a year - and yet I can't remember the long hours of last week. The other missionaries are in good spirits. When we get together it is one laugh after another - it helps morale tremendously. There are ten of us - 6 lady missionaries (L.M.'s) and four elders. One of the Sisters is a Britisher and she has an unusual sense of humor. She has us laughing all the time. They cook Sunday dinner and invite us over - that helps, too, you know! Yesterday six of us took a member's car and went to Antigo - a town about 30 miles from Wausau - to conduct Sunday School. Some of them come from as far as 20 miles beyond that. They are few in number but very steadfast in the gospel. They strengthen our testimony whenever we meet.

It is cool at nights now but I understand (from the natives) that it is definitely supposed to warm up again before winter comes. We have another month's work here yet so I hope it stays mild.

I close my eyes and I see David cleaning off the table and saying, "Mommy, what can I do to help you?" I see Roger's mischievous way of showing off. I shall always remember Megan playing peek-a-boo with me on the sofa. I miss you most of all, Lee, and mostly it is at night. However, I feel that God has blessed me in that I have been able to endure it. I know that without that blessing the agony would break my heart. I sometimes seem to freshly awaken and say, "Toby, what are you doing here? You don't belong with this group of kids." I feel lonesome, and I don't want to mix with their fun - and then someone gets me to do something - and I forget that lonesome feeling, and I enjoy myself. I feel now that the Lord is going to bless me even more than He has - and certainly He has blessed me greatly this past week!

I think it is very kind of Jim L. to want to help. I appreciate

it greatly. Please tell him so. It may cost more than we figured to keep me here. It is one of the most expensive missions of the church, I find. Rent is a little high and food prices are half again what they are in S.D. - seedless grapes 29¢ per lb. for example. Also - I didn't realize it but the missionary buys all his large tracts and books for the investigator. "The Jos. Smith Story" and tracts of that kind are free but the larger - and better, of course - are an expense for our own facing (what grammar!) I understand that we travel about, every month or two months, too - a conference or a new town to tract - so travel expenses are a bit high. However, I feel quite sure that I have enough money to last me till October so don't worry about it. In fact, I'm sure I have enough. My companion gets along fine on \$65.00. Please don't short yourself. You are the key man on this team, Lee. If we lose you from the line-up the game is lost because all our plays are centered around you. Please, watch your health and don't do too much work - don't take chances on wet mornings, etc. Be sure that you remember too - because of my selfish desire to remain away from you.

Lee, I appreciate what you are doing - and I also am aware of what I have just said - but I would like to ask of you that you do the best you can to set a good example. People are going to watch you more closely than ever. Therefore, don't fail to take the children to Sunday School - don't drop them off and come back later for them. There will be times, of course, when sickness will prevent this - but if at all possible, be there on time with the children. You don't realize what an inspiration you will be to the people of the ward.

Also - when it comes our turn to go to the Welfare dinners - go. Or, if you'd rather, send the missionaries. But pay our share. The Lord has blessed us too much for us not to go out of our way to return the favor. I know that I am placing an additional burden upon you but you can take it - I tell you that in an inspirational manner - not joking braggadocio (Sp?). You must do these things in order that "our" mission will not fail. It must touch the hearts of others, Honeybunch, in order that the work

of God may increase in tempo. Everyone must hear the Word - you and I must do everything in our power to see that it comes to pass in our day. May God bless you, that you might accomplish these things in a pleasing way to our Father. This is your husband's humble, sincere prayer. Oh, but I'm proud to be your husband, Lee. Behind every man who is good and doing good is a better woman twice as good. Remember, this is our mission. We always do things together. What is two thousand miles compared with the light years of space through which our future stretches ever brighter, ever more clear, ever more sweet and dear. I love you with every beat of my heart. God bless you. I kiss your eyes closed.

Your adoring, worshipping H. Toby

Sept. 8 We took Monday off because of Labor Day and went to the local (Marathon Country) Park. A free band concert – a variety show (lie a circus) – and a nice lunch prepared by the sisters. I never saw so much beer consumed in one day by these townspeople. No – not even in the Army! The people prepared a good program – for free (in S.D. I could see \$2.00 per, for admission) – but we won't have much luck tomorrow with these people's aching heads! In the evening we held a testimony meeting – Pres. Cardinal quite discouraged – we had no one to Church (investigators). Golly! What does he expect in a week? Baptisms/ - The answer is YES!

Sept. 12 Did our laundry over at the landlady's and mopped the apartment. Elder Martindale cashed a check and we bought some groceries. He is a funny cook – never measures the ingredients just throws things together – yet they turn out all right. Perhaps because they taste good to a very hungry man! We've done quite well on food so far. I've slimmed down some – probably the walking as much as anything – but I feel fine and eat well. We walk about 15 miles per day and contact about fifty people. We try to get in to ten of those homes (1 to 5 ratio). Of these we expect to make one appointment to come back for a second meeting. Of these second meetings, two out of three will default. Then the few sincere ones we have left will break off on some point: W. of W. or polygamy or tithing. Truly the Lord knew what He was saying when H said "one of a city and two of a family". We must bear witness, however, to everyone we meet.

- Sept. 13 S.S. at Wausau. I taught the young people. They are very well behaved. In the afternoon we went to Antigo for S.S. I taught the young people over there too. The boys are rough but little. Sally Murray is a sweet 9 year old. Her mother is trying to rear her a good LDS – they drive 20 miles in from White Lake. Husband Bill isn't a member yet – W. of W. troubles. I like him and believe he has much promise. The drive to Antigo is lovely. Bro. Davis took us past Eau Claire Dells – falls of the Eau Claire river. Not too much to look at but the prettiest sight around here. Maple groves line the highway and are interspersed with farm houses nestled near a huge barn in a protective manner. Dairy herds are grazing in lush pastures near those barns. It looks so peaceful – so secure – so “American”.
- Sept. 19 We got home early last night – 7 o'clock – so decided to make donuts. Elder Martindale misjudged something because we made donuts until 12 o'clock! Every dish in the house was full of donuts. We had round ones, square ones, oblong, twisted, made into wreaths, long johns, bracelets – oh we tried everything! This morning we left early for Antigo and took a great bowl of donuts with us (of course!). We papered and painted Sr. McKinney's home – front room, that is, not with donuts, tho'. We pulled all the old paper off – then plastered great holes – finally papered. Got home at 6 – tired but happy.
- Sept. 20 S.S. at Wausau – taught classes here and in Antigo again. Had help of Elder Berg. The McKinney boys are becoming much more tractable. They misbehaved some yesterday – especially Richard, but he told me in confidence that he liked me best of all in the whole world. I told him next to his mother, maybe, but not best. Then he said, “yes, I love my mother best of all” and put his arms around her and kissed her. I don't believe such a boy can be very bad. All he needs is a man's hand to govern him and some responsibilities to keep him out of mischief. Our first frost this week! The maples are turning and the wild sumac has already become “Wisconsin poinsettias”. We meet some strange people. One woman came to the door and said, “We are all afflicted with the Baptist faith in this house.” I agreed with her but didn't get to give her a lesson! We met a Catholic woman who invited us in, agreed to what I put down that her church taught, then when I showed her church to be false, accused me of putting down false statements and threatened to set the priest on me – I'd like that! Then asked us to leave. All in a very snobbish, contemptuous manner – I was burning! Some newsboys stopped us and asked what we were – one thought F.B.I. and the other tax collectors or assessors. If the people are regular attending Catholics they refuse to let us in or take our lit. If they are converts

or apostates they take our literature and sometimes let us in. There are four different Lutheran churches – Zion, Pilgrim, Trinity, and Evangelical Reformed. They are nearly all of German descent and are Lutherans because their parents were – and they haven't any other reason for believing as they do! They don't see why we don't go convert the ministers and then let them convert these people! Their answer is always the same – "I'm satisfied; why should I look elsewhere?" "Why don't you go to the unchurched and leave the churched alone?" "Isn't this sheep-stealing?" To all of which we reply that our message is for every man and he must choose for himself – minister and member alike – we don't recognize ministers per se.

This is just a bit of a letter the rest having been cut off.

9/20

Yesterday a group of us went to Antigo and papered a widow's front room. It was a real joy. It makes us feel so noble for having done what Christ warned us we must do or all else is vain - have charity. Then back over there today for Sunday School. I've been teaching two Sunday School classes each Sunday - one 30 miles from here. The children are well-behaved but we miss the little things like coloring, black board, etc. - we meet in the kitchen or some other room in the house. They need the Gospel so much.

My thoughts are certainly at home. I set Sr. Davis apart today as a Primary teacher in the California (!) mission, oh, was my face red!

We are doing pretty good according to mission standards - The police stopped us. I understand the best one can do is get a letter from the First Presidency asking for particulars on one's activities. These two - plainclothesmen - were very nice and after getting the details of our activities they commended us and sent us on our way. It seems several people had complained that we were in the neighborhood and they were sure we were up to no good.

Wausau is about 40% Catholic, 60% Lutheran, 15% Presbyterian, and a smattering of Methodists, Universalists and Jehovah Witnesses. So

Sept 26

We had a unique experience this week. After giving a lesson to a woman and her married daughter, we were leaving when the father asked us "By what right do you come in here and intimidate there two innocent females?" We replied we hadn't intimidated anyone. He asked to see our identification and when we present them, he took them and said, "Now beat it!" We assured him we would when we got our identification. He refused to give in to us. When he went to turn on the radio I picked them up. He insisted I had taken them without his consent. I asked to use the phone to call the police. He asked us to leave, which we did. Later in the morning we were stopped by two plainclothesmen who said they had received several calls on us "boys". We explained what we were doing and they gave their blessing to continue. We asked about anyone keeping our I.D. – they can't do it! Our "friend" may have gotten himself in trouble! Certainly we will have to bear witness against him at Judgment Day – a missionary has a great responsibility!!

We met another woman who invited us back. When we returned her husband informed us we had come (she felt) in answer to prayer. They had been seeking guidance and we seemed to have it. When she read our lit. after we left she found we were "Mormon" and she was too upset to see us when we returned. The same thing happened to a Jehovah Witness we were visiting. He agreed to everything we said – then one day when we went back, he would have nothing more to do with us because we were "Mormons". The recent article in "Life Mag." hasn't helped any. The article fails to clearly point out that those Short Creek residents are not Mormons – in fact, a Mormon bishop preferred charges against them so the law could act! These people have never heard of Joseph Smith nor Latter Day Saints – but mention Mormons and they laugh about those "nuts with several wives out in Utah". Whether we like it or not, polygamy is the chief stumbling block to Mormonism. I'm sorry it is so – but I cannot deny the genuineness of the revelation instigating it, either.

***Letter Inserted in the Journal
(Undated)***

Dear Lee & All ---

Received two packages today!!!! Thanks for the cookies -

yummy! I'm glad you sent the levis but the shirt is too summery - oh but it is cold today! Wind is howling - makes my ears ache to be out in it. Seriously, though, I wanted one of my blue work shirts but this one is O.K. Thanks for sending them. (I can't help razzing you a little bit.) It did freeze last night, however - somewhere in the 20's. We have added a quilt to the covers.

Each Sunday we hold a branch Sunday School here in Wausau - two families. This morning we had visitors from Friendship - 85 miles to the South. They drove n for Sunday School! After dinner (at the L.M.'s) we went to Antigo to conduct another Sunday School. It is a beautiful drive on a good road through maple groves and farms. Every farm has a huge barn - usually red. The dairy herd is picturesquely (sp) scattered over the lush clover fields. A beautiful drive. The blackberries are now on but the wild grapes are almost a thing of the past. Many leaves are turning yellow and after last night color should become rampant. Apples are nearly ripe. I've eaten a bushel of these crab apples already but the winter apples aren't ready yet. I've been teaching the little ones in Sunday S. - my! What well-behaved children!

Today our branch president ordained his son to the Aaronic Priesthood - the first boy to hold the P. in Wausau. It was both touching and inspirational to see him pass the sacrament to his father first & then the rest of us. It is truly a wonderful day for them. Is name is Russell Waite and his son, Jerry. Sister Waite has had a full week, too. She went to Green Bay and became a missionary for a week while new arrivals were coming out. That is the way these people work. They love the Gospel and would do anything for it. If every member of V.P. ward had this spirit, there would be 500 converts to the church in the next two months. It is worth something, surely, to come on a mission if for no other reasons than to build up one's testimony from the testimonies of these real Saints.

We haven't got any contacts out to church yet but we have hopes. Some very fine people appear interested.

Lee, check on my river's license please. Can you send it in and gain a renewal or just what? I don't expect to drive so no rush - but I'd like to renew it when it is due. There may be times when I shall be driving, so just in case - - - -

Please thank Ed. Holmrud for his offer of the picture - I just didn't have time to make it. Also - how about sending a wallet size shot of the ones Jerry took? Does it take forever? Come on - every one wants to see my family that I am bragging about but all I have is my wallet is Megan's smiling angel-face. So get on the ball!

I know now why women are sent on missions. The girls claim they are to provoke the elders to good works - not just provoke the elders. But I think it is to keep the elders alive. We eat Saturday supper over at their house (after study class) and also Sunday dinner. They cook very good meals and the elders do the dishes afterward. It has been very nice to have one good home cooked meal per week. I've lost some weight (around the waist) but I feel fine. Those L.M. meals help keep me from shrinking too much.

Our day (ave.) is about like this. Up at 5:30 - breakfast, study, and shower;

Leave the apartment about 8:30. Begin to ring doorbells at nine. We try to get a meeting in a home about noon time but sometimes fail. So we sit in a park or a cemetery till one. Sometimes we eat some fruit for a lunch, sometimes we don't eat. We keep tracting until we find people at the supper table 0 then we take another break (study, usually) and then keep our evening appointments. Somewhere near nine o'clock we get home and cook supper, do our laundry and hit the sack. It keeps us on the jump - last week I had 70 hours & this week 60 - but we didn't work Monday.

I pray everything is al right at home. I had a sad feeling

concerning David. Did anything happen? I prayed and felt better.
May God please protect you.

I love you every one and miss you. Please take care - take no
chances.

I love you, Lee - light of my eyes.

Toby
XOXO

Sept. 27 Shopped a little yesterday – did our laundry (got home just in time to
get it in before a thundershower hit) – wrote letters and in my
journal. In the evening we met Pres. Smoot at the train and went to
the Sisters for an excellent supper. I have developed a reputation
for being a meat carver so I get that task every time now. Tonight =
ham! Then a testimony meeting – Pres. Cardinal is ill with the flu.
(P.S. Everybody else got it from him!)

Sun 27 Attended Conference at Lyndhurst – the chapel near Gresham
(about 50 miles from here.) Elder Martindale & I - Pres. Smoot –
Sisters Gardner, Straby & Farr in Pres. Cardinal's car. Had a flat as
soon as we got there. The others fixed it at noon while I had an
extra helping of pie & ice cream. About 60 people came, plus 14
missionaries. I spoke in Priesthood meeting and in the afternoon
session – also offered prayer. That is more than I have ever done
all together in my own Stake. Boy! What some people won't do to
get to speak at a Quarterly Conference!

The mantle of Fall is especially beautiful this year. We have had
some frosts and then some very warm days. The results in the
leaves is startling. Variegated leaves are common – some maples
are orange blending to red; others are dark, "apple" red, others very
gay yellow. Get all these colors in riotous profusion and sprinkle
with dark green of the pines and the silver of the silver spruce –
there's nothing like it! Breathtaking!

At Lyndhurst they have a beautiful chapel and it was built by one
man, nearly! Eli Mauss – common workman type – loves the Lord –
can't speak well but can use his hands. He has put in 50 to 60 % of
the man hours in that building and almost half the money – an
\$80,000 building for \$18,000. What a fine fellow! And yet he & his
wife have lost two of their children while building that chapel. It
seems that some people are meant to suffer more than others in
order that they might set an example for others. Surely God has a

choice spot prepared for them!

Another young man in the District! Grant Steir, has left his wife and small daughter to cleave unto the Gospel. I've never seen such testimony! Are there any people (young ones especially) in our Stake who would put the Gospel ahead of family? I seriously doubt it. These people receive the Gospel whole-heartedly. For example – Bro. Davis of Wausau. He wants to go to the Temple but feels he isn't worthy enough yet because he has arguments with his wife once in a while! And out in Utah we send them to the Temple in the hopes they will quite smoking! Oh, surely the Lord is crying bitter tears these days. Of a surety, most of us will never see the Celestial Kingdom. When or man is chosen out here he is really chosen. President Starkey was baptized in priesthood meeting and confirmed. He taught the Gospel Doctrine class in Sunday School and was ordained an Elder in Sacrament (fast) meeting. That night he was set apart as branch president of the La Crosse branch. President Smoot had chosen him, however, before he became a member. He didn't know about that of course – maybe he wouldn't have investigated! We met an unusual situation last week – three members of one family all in wheel-chairs. They have a congenital paralysis that pulls their bodies out of shape. Older brother (cross-eyed) takes care of them – two brothers and a sister. We gave them the lesson. We met a woman who agreed that we had the true church but she refused to join because of what the neighbors might think. Also, "what would my relatives say!" We could say nothing to change her resolve and left in sorrow. If it is any consolation her neighbors and relatives will be allowed to come down and visit her in the next life!

Oct. 2

Elder Martindale and I have had the flu bug all week. We went out Monday and I gave the Godhead lesson to one woman – then we felt so wobbly we came home. Got some lemons & aspirin and went to bed. I guess we were meant to give her that one lesson tho'; because she was leaving that day to be gone a month. Quien sabe? Bro. Davis came by and brought us some food – also got us some bromo-quinine. He pleased us greatly Wed. by bringing a book of Frost's selected poems and also introduced me to an Indian poet – Rabindranath Tagore (how musical!) I have read some of it today and am refreshed. He encourages breaking the conventionalities of thought but not of morals. So many pseudo-prophets would junk everything we have and get something new – which isn't new at all but a different model of the same invention. Tagore would have us get out of the rut of channelized thinking and dare to be original in finding our own personal God and the meaning of Life. Examples: "The scabbard is content to be dull when it

protects the keenness of the blade.” Oh, Lee, how true! But we go him one better – we take turns being the blade!

“The road is lonely in its crowd
For it is not loved.”

“We live in this world when we love it.”

“The bow whispers to the arrow before it speeds forth, ‘Your freedom is mine!’”

“The stars are not afraid to appear as fireflies.”

“His own mornings are new surprises to God.”

“Chastity is a wealth that comes from an abundance of love.”
Good, isn’t he?

Oct. 4

Yesterday Elder Martindale and I went with Bro. Davis and family to Marshfield, to visit the Tracy family – (members). It was a beautiful drive – the trees have now turned to Fall styles in earnest. Only the laggard pines retain their summer greenery. Bro. Davis took us in a round about way to enjoy the best views. Never have I seen such a profusion of color – Nature is an irresponsible child who scatters her paints with gay abandon – but Someone comes behind her and makes sure everything blends. I saw one especially pretty one – a dark red (maple) mixed with the dark green of a pine – what a beautiful Christmas wreath! The Tracy’s are a fine family – Virgil is backward, no push; holds the Aaronic Priesthood tho’. He could start a home S.S. if he tried. They belonged to the Reorganites until a year or so ago when the missionaries contacted them. Her father always told her the only difference between Reorg. & Mormons was that we practiced polygamy! The missionaries soon straightened that out! They have a son going to IBM school. When he finishes, they may move West to Colorado where he will be situated. Daughter Kathleen is senior in H.S. – Clyde – 14 yr. old electronics enthusiast, also in H.S. – these two live with parents. Older daughter, Betty (Jensen) has marvelous testimony. She left her husband a year ago because he ordered the elders out of their home. They are back together now but he is more lenient. When she fasts, she does it without his knowing – if she earns any money she must finagle her budget so that she accounts for every penny – yet she manages to pay her tithes and f. offerings! She has two little boys and wants them to have some S.S. and Primary training – but must do it herself during the day while hubby is away. Oh, do we ever really appreciate the blessings of the Gospel? We who have such things always available? I think not! Just before we left, Betty’s husband, Bill, came over to the Tracy’s and said they would be over to S.S. the next day! Wonders never cease! Sure enough, all three women came to S.S. but Bill & Virgil were absent. We had a wonderful testimony meeting. When these people bear their testimonies not only do they cry, but I cry with them. Sr. Petty has a

husband who is influential in labor circles in Wausau – he allows her to come once in a while. She cried so hard when she bore her testimony – just because Julius is beginning to ask questions of the missionaries! My heart goes out to her. Bro. Davis is going to the hospital for some corrective treatment and his wife cried when she bore her testimony. Glenn & Elvira Davis are choice servants of God. They have invited us for dinner (and told us later) it was all the food they had in the house – yet always there is food there the next meal! They possess a child-like faith that surprises, thrills and awes me at once. He possesses a genius-like brain but is too lazy to use it. These treatments should cure his laziness – and I foresee a bright future for him and his family. And yet two years ago he had no self-respect – everyone laughed at him behind his back. He came home drunk at regular intervals and mistreated his wife and son. The Gospel has not only restored his sanity but has so changed his life (& his very appearance!) that people now respect him and welcome his advice & counsel where before they ridiculed. His son was just elected captain of the junior patrol (teachers elect – usually best-behaved boy) – yet a year ago the teachers thought seriously of having him sent to the reform school. He ran with a gang of rowdies and his conduct was nearly unbearable. Now he gets up in testimony meeting and prays that he might go on a mission! The Gospel is a living example in that family unto all the world that Christ can do anything through His servants on this earth.

We went to Antigo this afternoon. I drove the Waite car. Bill Murray gave one of the 2 ½ minute talks and did a fine job. Talking to him afterward, I told him we need him in the group. He said, “I’m coming along pretty fast.” His chin quivered and there were tears in his eyes. It won’t be long until he joins the Church, I’m sure. His lovely wife, Audrey, sat there and suffered with him while he gave his talk. My heart goes out to these long-suffering women who must pray – and wait - & pray again - - and still wait!

Elders Martindale, Berg & Moosman took four l.m.s and went to Green Bay early this morning to witness some baptisms. That is why I was alone – but not alone. Sr. Murray told me Sally looks forward to Sunday all through the week so that we can have our little class. They drive in 20 miles and we go out 30 meet in a central spot – Sr. P. McKinney’s, 1202 Eight St., Antigo, Wisc.

We missed a birthday party last night by not getting back early – for elders Berg & Martindale. Halloween motif. Sorry now we didn’t stop by, even if it was 9:45. Elder M. caught cold on the ride home. Sr. Millward was ill tonight so I read Longfellow’s “Elizabeth” to cheer her up. She “transfers” on that poem – becomes Elizabeth. I

suspect she is lonesome for jolly old England – home is where the heart is. She has the necessary “guts” to stay on the firing line, however. What a problem Pres. Cardinal has! - listening to all the problems of these young people! That is enough of a task within itself. And yet he has problems of his own, too, I’m sure. Satan has much on his side from the very first – it is a marvel the Gospel gets preached as well as it does. I see one thing, tho’, he cannot combat successfully – the teachings by their parents of these people when they were children. Take away all else – instinct alone will keep them in the field – training pays off (eventually) on everything.

Tomorrow we try to get appointments again with the people whom we haven’t seen for a week and haven’t met with for two weeks. I humbly pray they are still “on the hook”. I dropped my pen and ruined the point some time ago – hence the blotted scratchings. Sure hope to get it repaired soon – I miss it.

Oct. 9

We finished our tracting area this week. The ministers have been talking about us so we didn’t get in to many homes – just those who don’t go to church! One of the sisters asked a minister if he had been warning the people against us and he said, “no”. She said, “Yes, but you have been preaching against us, haven’t you?” – to which he said “yes”. They won’t let Elder Martindale and I in (the ministers) – we haven’t met with one of them – they all turned us down. We have been working an area near our apartment. It is just in back of St. Mary’s Catholic Church and Parochial School. We had 16 meetings (of last week; different area = 42 mtgs.) We go to the door and announce that we are ministers and have come to call. The lady’s smile has meanwhile frozen into a grimace and she says, “I’m not interested!” or “I belong to the only true church on earth!” This is accompanied by a loud slamming of the door. I expect to see the window glass shatter one of these days – ha! Wishful thinking? We met an old man – living alone. Thirty-five years ago a r.r. coal bucket (1700#) dropped on his leg and cut some of the muscles & blood vessels in his leg. The bone was broken and knit crooked. Result: half-dead leg, very touchy (nerves) – not long enough to be of any use. His wife died 2 years ago after they had been married 50 1/3 years. No one visits him. He takes a narcotic to keep the nerves in the leg from driving him crazy. He speaks a very poor German-American brogue. I could barely understand him. When we left (we just let him talk) he kissed my hand and tried to kneel at my feet. In Germany, he said, it is a custom among the gentlemen to kiss the hand upon departure. I feel sorry for him. The Catholics have crucifixes all over the walls but he says the priest only comes when he wants money – not often. His children never come unless he signals from the window that he needs help! “Honor thy father -

- -. I shall never forget one scene: We called on a lovely brick mansion – a man answered the door – we announced who we were and he was about to invite us in when his wife (who had been standing behind him) grabbed him by the arm and pulled him away, saying, “No, John, No. We have our church, John. Don’t listen to them.” And closed the door in our faces. The man had a disappointed look on his face. I hate to think how he will turn on her at Judgment Day!

Last night we met with great disappointment. Our “best” contact informed us he didn’t want to hold any more meetings. He hadn’t been reading our literature and felt it was unfair to us to meet with him when he wasn’t doing his part. I feel sure he will someday join the church. He lives cleanly and is intelligent – he can’t help but see it’s Truth. We left him all the literature we could. I pray God he will read it.

Another contact informed us we were to see them next Sunday at church. Another family we contacted only yesterday has agreed to bring their children to Sunday School. We progress as well as retrogress in this work. We ate with Elders Berg & Moosman this week (twice) – bought the groceries today – so enjoyed the week more than usual. Elder Berg has been ill. We administered to him last night – also Bro. Davis – he goes to Winnebago for medical treatment today. Elders Farmer & Robertson came in from Odanah – Lamanites – to trade cars. Elder Farmer has the deal! – brought his wife & children with him on this mission! Why didn’t we think of something like that, Lee?

Oct. 11

Our 127th anniversary, Lee! It is a beautiful day. If you were only here – we could stroll through the woods and let Nature talk to us – of the beautiful Summer just past, of the gay colors of Fall, of Winter to come – of Spring promised. All the seasons come together in the Fall – the fruition of ones and promise of another year to come.

Yesterday Elder Martindale & I took the Davis car, and, with Sr. Davis & Conrad, went to White Lake to visit the Murrays. We enjoyed the drive – about fifty miles – and it did Sr. Davis a lot of good; she’s lost without Glenn. Their address: 1503 So. 3rd Ave. The Murrays were happy to see us – we ate a wonderful dinner – cut some trees down and bucked up some wood (not much, tho’ – Bill wanted to rest). Had a flat tire while we were there. Lucky us! No tools in the car to change a tire with – only a cold chisel. Bill used his tools and it took a 24” stilson to get the lug nuts off – the wheels hadn’t been off since a year ago last Spring. Sr. Murray gave us some homemade jam and some pickles. She appreciated

seeing us, I know. She played “Oh My Father” for me on a hand organ. She is a lovely girl – I hope Bill joins the church. I believe the only thing stopping him is the knowledge that his parents (Catholics) would make a scene should he quit the “Mary worshippers”). One Catholic lady told us why they pray to Mary – she’s the mother of God and He wouldn’t refuse His mother anything! Quite a strangle-hold on Christ, I think. Visited with the Waites after taking the Davis’ home. A wonderful couple – without them Wausau branch would fall apart. She has an extraordinary patriarchal blessing – ease in childbearing, for example; hidden treasures of health; the ability to influence her friends towards the Gospel so that they will rise up at the Judgment Day and call her blessed. He is a good bishop type. I like them very much.

Today at Antigo we set Sr. Murray apart as a teacher & Virginia McKinney as S.S. Sect. Bill took part in the class discussion for the first time!

Had a long chat with Sr. Straby on the way home from Antigo. She gave up her nurse’s work and (more important) an opportunity to marry so that she might fill a mission. Boy friend, Barry, is on a mission in So. Africa. Her parents don’t write – only one newspaper in 8 months announcing her sister’s wedding. Yet she doesn’t let it affect her testimony nor her vivacity and happy spirit. She’s a natural leader but humble. I like her because of those qualities – and – let’s face it – there’s a secret reason: She gave me a back rub one day. Um! Does she ever know how to give back rubs! Lucky the man who wins her! She, too, has a wonderful patriarchal blessing – she will be the mother of prophets! I can understand why God has made her the choice spirit which she is. She told me an interesting experience of a missionary in Canada. He was sitting on someone’s doorstep waiting for his companion to run back to their apartment for some forgotten article – while sitting there he heard a victrola playing “Whispering Hope”. It was the song he sang to his wife before he left home and it made him cry. The lady of the house heard him crying and insisted that he come inside to hear the record. The local minister was inside and when this missionary began explaining why he was crying on her doorstep the minister got angry and asked him to leave. The lady of the house had taken a liking to the missionary, however, and asked him to stay. The minister left in a huff (sp?), the missionary went out and got his companion and they explained the Gospel to this family & they were converted. The elders met a man recently in Green Bay named Sanders. When he came to the door on their first call he barked, “What are you selling?” When informed that they were giving it away he invited them in. He was baptized in just two weeks! The

sisters (LMS) are leaving for Peoria Tuesday morning and I shall go within a week.

Oct. 14 We met a contact this week that I feel very good about - a young widow with two girls; living with her parents and brother. Every time we pointed out a truth of the Bible she would say – “Wait till I show them that at board meeting!” We have another appointment tomorrow – after all, we must give her plenty of ammunition for that board meeting! Oh, it is wonderful! You walk till you feel numb – you aren’t sure your legs are still down there except you’re still standing. Your feet are tired. The first week I wore a blister – and then got a blister under that blister. My arches ached so much Monday nite – we walked over 15 miles I know. Every step up that hill was agony – and yet to see the light of interest dawn in eyes long dulled by bewildered conjecture – oh, it is worth all effort! Those moments of “much effort” are forgotten – all that matters is the Gospel Restored!

Oct. 17 Yesterday Elder Berg and I took the bus to Peoria, Ill. – our new field of labor. Got in in time to join all the confusion of 32 other missionaries getting settled in apartments (4 men each). The LM’s are living in one apartment building – the elders in another – side by side, however. The LM’s came to meet us – five of them! Bless their thoughtful hearts.

Today I accompanied Elder Christopherson to Pekin to interview a couple for baptism. It is a strange case. Mr. Reissen is ready but his wife isn’t – and he covenanted with her when they were married that they would always be together in religion (although raised in different faiths). He told us that he used to lie awake nights praying for guidance to the Truth. Then one night two lady missionaries came to the door. His wife was turning them away when he spoke up and invited them in. He admits that he had nothing to do with the invitation – something stronger than himself bade them enter. He knew they bore the true Gospel – and quickly studied all that they gave him. His testimony is strong. His wife has a brother who is a Christian (Campbellite) minister and a sister on a mission in P.I. for the same church. She is afraid of what they might say if she joins the church. Elder Christopherson gave her much food for thought and we have an appointment for next Saturday. We are going to fast and then try to make an appointment for baptism. I pray Mrs. Reissen will cease being a millstone around her husband’s neck. When he bore his testimony to his wife I could scarcely refrain from crying. It touched me deeply. We ate dinner with and spent the afternoon with Bro. & Sister Cecil Henson, two recent converts. They are very active in the church – they have

lively, strong testimonies. They began studying the Gospel at the same time as the Reissens. Her father claims to be an atheist – her daughter married an anti-Mormon, yet they go merrily on Life's way, firmly convinced that they will be the means of bringing them in to the Gospel!

Oct 18

Attended testimony meeting – in morning attended S.S. in Peoria branch. Pres. E. Ashton has an energetic group – quite large. Met Bro. & Sr. Hanson – mother & father of Violet Hartman. They are now steadfast members of the branch. It was a beautiful day when I left Wausau. I cannot help but think of them today – the lady missionaries & two of the elders gone. Even investigators will not swell the ranks to make up the loss. I shall continue to pray for success by the Spirit of the Lord in Wausau. Some of those people will take much time to study it out but they will become members. God bless those tiny groups of Saints in Northern Wisconsin!

***Letter Inserted in the Journal
(Undated)***

311 A Fayette St.
Peoria, Ill

Hi, Darling!

I've changed locale - as you can see. It is very warm once more! We are ganged up here - four to a room - l.m.'s in one building; elders in another. I don't know what the scoop is - I think I'm supposed to teach a class each morning - but no one knows where the material is nor how I'm to approach the subject t(what subject? in fact) - but thinks [sic.] will turn out o.k. I'm working for the Lord - He knows what He is doing.

We went out for an interview on baptism today - husband has a strong testimony, wants to be baptized but wife is afraid of what her relatives will say. We (rather my companion) gave her several things to think about and will return next Saturday to see about the baptism. Lee, fast and pray on Sat. please, that this fine woman might be touched in her heart and cease to be a millstone about her husband's neck. We are going to fast here and I know your prayers will help. Say nothing about it, however, to anyone else.

Thanks so much for the picture - it is a good one! All the lms [sic.] ooh & aah over Megan and say - "And that's Lee, huh?" I wouldn't be surprised to know they had written to you one of these days. They try to take care of me - tonight one of them slipped me a sack of ginger snaps she had baked. They are fine girls. I hope they get as good a husband as you did. Ouch! No pins, please! By the way, speaking of letters, don't answer any letters from anyone else asking for money or telling you I am ill and should be sent home or anything like that - these people will do almost anything to work a hardship on a missionary. Just disregard such if they should come - or better yet, mail them to me.

Send me some money right away. The initial expense hits quite hard. Sorry to bother in a way - but I must tell you "when" sometimes, huh?

(Rest of letter missing.)

Oct 22

Sunday night Elder Ash & I went to spend the night with Bro. Hanson and wife. They are parents of Violet Hartman. We talked awhile and then Bro. Hanson decided I was to call Lee out in S.D. I wanted to pay but he said it would be a Christmas present. Oh, but what a thrill! Lee couldn't believe it was me and I didn't recognize her voice. Then Roger said "Hello Daddy" and David told me about his lost tooth and that he was to be a squirrel in a school play. Oh, but I did love to hear those voices! To a man in prison the sweetest sounds would be the voices of his loved ones - this I know although I have never been in prison nor is my present occupation a prison - but the situation is the same. - - - Still - the place where I'm staying could be a prison: our only window opens on an airshaft. By craning your neck you can see the daylight at the top - but only faintly because there is a double row of metal bars filtering the courageous rays of sunshine which come gaily into our room - (but subdued).

***Letter Inserted in the Journal
(Undated)***

Darling, Darling, Darling!

What a joy to hear your voice! Oh Lee, it was so wonderful - I didn't sleep for an hour after we retired.

We had gone to Sacrament meeting and when we returned Elder Cardinal said, "You go stay at Bro. Hanson's tonight." So Elder Ash & I went with the Hansons. We ate a nice supper and were sitting there talking when Bro. Hanson said, "Ma, I know what lets do. Let's have Bro. Bascom call his wife." I demurred but they insisted, so the call came through. If you would care to write them a "thank you" I know they would appreciate it - Percy Hanson, R.R. #1, Middle Rd., Peoria, Ill. They are such wonderful people, Lee. They insisted that we sleep in their bed and "Pa" slept on a day bed & "Mom" on the sofa. Can you beat that? They are so much like "folks" that I kissed Mom goodnight without thinking. Bro. Hanson reminds me so much of Johnny in many ways - thoughtful, able to choose the ideal gift, sense of humor, etc. You'd love them I know. I could not talk after we hung up - I walked outside and cried like that night before I left home. They told me that was my Christmas present! We sat and talked until after midnight so I got no opportunity to write - and I haven't had a moment to myself since.

(Rest of the letter missing.)

Oct 25

We now live in a better apartment (3rd floor) for less money. I feel better. Elder Ash and I are cooks this week. When four elders live together they take turns being cooks and being dishwashers. Each elder chips in \$5 for the week and the "cooks" must get by on that much cash. I think it will work out O.K. but I don't know much about making out menus.

Strange people met this week: We held a first meeting with a retired Rear Admiral. He was quite interested and we arranged to come back. When we came to his door the next time he was smiling and friendly but as he reached for the door handle to let us in, he suddenly jumped back and stammered, "I've changed my mind. I don't wish to carry the discussion any further." I told him that was alright (sic) but that this was the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the only true church on the earth. He closed the door in my face.

One night this week we attended the Trinity Temple, "Miracle

Healings every night but Monday!’ It is associated with the Latter Rain Movement. There was no meeting however – only choir practice for young people. We joined in and sang with them for a while. Then they seemed to want to talk so we asked questions. It seems they speak in tongues and prophesy. One boy told us he got disgusted and wasn’t coming to church any more. When the minister asked why, he said, “Every time I come to meeting, I speak in tongues and I’m tire of it. I want to be able to say things that everyone understands.” We introduced ourselves and left. The devil has another tool to fight Mormonism – spiritual gifts. One woman we met last week to whom we had given a Book of Mormon told us she was inspired not to read it. She had been to some of these Latter Rain meetings and had “spoken in tongues”. She was surprised to learn what the gift of tongues actually is. Some of the excuses these people use are ludicrous – “Excuse me, Fellows, I’ve just got to set this mousetrap.” “We’re ministers “: _____: “Well, I’m not and there’s the difference”. Both of these were pulled on Elder Ash. I received a letter from Mom. She tells of a miraculous happening to Jean – Ray’s daughter. She was on her way to school. The car door flew open and she tumbled out. They rushed her, unconscious, to the hospital and found she had fractured her skull at the base (1 ½ inches). They took her home and the elders administered to her. She immediately asked for a drink of water and the color returned to her face. The Dr. looked at her on Thursday (the accident occurred Tuesday) and said, “I don’t know what happened here. It isn’t possible. She may return to school!” Truly the scriptures are being fulfilled which tell us that many wondrous things shall be done in the name of Christ by those holding His authority.

Nov. 1

We all attended a Halloween Party out at the Hanson’s last night. It was Pres. Smoot’s birthday and we all gathered around the fire and sang Happy Birthday to him. I shall never forget that scene as long as I live. The firelight playing on Pres. Smoot’s face as he held his leonine head high and proud to receive the accolade of his “children”. We love him for his spirit, for his untiring enthusiasm (he’s 74), and for his wholehearted championing of his missionaries. He has full confidence in them. I thought, as I watched his face, “This moment means more than being Postmaster General could have meant.” I know the Lord has rewarded him greatly.

We have two contacts who seem promising. One is a lay reader in the Episcopal Church. The other teaches a S.S. class in the same church. They are intelligent people and should be able to see the Gospel without too much trouble. However, I am not counting on anything. I’ve been disappointed before.

We met a contact this week – on Monday. She had joined the Baptist church last Sunday after much seeking. We gave her the Godhead and Apostasy and she had tears in her eyes several times. We arranged to come back and meet her husband. When we returned he refused to let us in but we did get permission to visit him again. I must get back in that home. While talking to her I looked at her young son and the Spirit whispered that he would someday be a bishop. May God help me to bring this to pass, I do earnestly pray.

Our work will be more difficult I can see – Colliers has an article, “Why I have 5 wives, by a Mormon”. Oh, if only people realized what the truth really is! There is great joy to be had in living the Gospel. But many doors which might have opened to us are closed now because of that article. Of a surety, God will gather “one from a city and two from a family”.

Elder Blain taught the S.S. class this morning and bore a wonderful testimony. He, as a Stake missionary, had given his uncle all the lessons of the “plan”; the Uncle had read the B. of M. several times; but still he had no testimony of it. Finally, he asked to be administered to and the next day he called Elder Blain & asked for baptism because he said he knew it was true. That man took Elder Blain’s place in St. Miss. When B. came here.

Eight years ago today Lee and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple and sealed as one for Time and Eternity. What a glorious and rich life it has been! What a wonderful helpmate she is! She gives in to my whims; she praises everything I do well; she is thoughtful and tries to satisfy my demands upon her time and energy – while still devoting all her time to our children. Not only this but she makes our living besides. And all this that I might be separated from her in order to preach the Gospel! Can any one blame her if she isn’t too happy about this? Yet she is always smiling and cheerful. Every letter I get from others tells of her radiant spirit and vitality in preaching the Gospel. Thank God for my wife, Lee! She is my inspiration and my Hope for the Future. Life would hold no meaning without her. I am eternally grateful that we will be together in the Eternities to come, because Heaven would not be Heaven without her. I also pray that I may have her as my companion for many more years of mortality.

Letter Inserted in the Journal

Fast Sunday - Testimony meeting - I enjoy the testimonies of missionaries most of all. They are so humble, so sincere - so glorious! God blesses them with stronger testimonies than ever, I believe.

We are trying a new missionary proselyting plan. All the missionaries attend a school (1 hr. per day) and tract a city at the same time. That is what we are doing in Peoria. There are nearly fifty of us now. Then next month we shall split up into groups of ten - each ten will go to a different city and tract it. Thus we shall never have less than 10 missionaries in a city at one time. All local offices are filled by local people -no missionary holds any office in any branch or ward where he labors. His one reason for being there is conversions and that is all they want from him. I like it this way. We get full use of the missionaries this way.

Last night we all went to Bro. Hanson's for a wiener roast and Halloween party. It was enjoyable.

Nov. 7

This week went rapidly. I had four different companions. We exchanged partners in order that each of us might see some one else's Godhead lesson.

We had a real treat Monday night. We met a Russian scientist named Sharav - astro-physisist by avocation; research engineer by circumstances. We have met twice with his lovely wife. She is beautiful, cultured, and the very type one would expect to be President of a Woman's Club - but lacking that obnoxious officiousness which so many of them inherit with the office. Mr. Sharov is an interesting person too. He met us at the door and said we might have five minutes (7:30). At 11:30 we finally got away! But he brought us home, then! We explained many points of the Gospel while waiting for his wife to come down from upstairs - but she never came down! The two points on which we can't agree, basically, are: Christ is divine, and The Bible is the Word of God. He doesn't believe either of these - but he is willing to be convinced! He told us not to come back but we could continue to call upon his wife if she wished us to. So we went back Thursday and she cordially invited us in and we had milk & freshly-baked cookies while

I gave her the Restoration lesson. Oh, but I do humbly pray that she will see the joy awaiting her in the Gospel! They had good Mormon friends in Peoria at one time and the “seed” was planted then, I think. I asked Mr. Sharov if his wife was afraid of our doctrine that she was staying away from us that night. He said, “Yes. You only meant to plant a seed but already you have planted a watermelon!” He also gave me a compliment I did not deserve but which I greatly needed. He said, “If I ever join a Church, the Mormons are at the top of the list. And meeting you has helped me solidify that opinion. You have a great wealth of knowledge.” I’ve been praying for knowledge – this is a direct answer to that prayer, and I thank my Heavenly Father and give Him all the credit for the success of that night. My daily prayers will include this couple from now on.

I met an interesting woman this week. She was born and raised in the Prophet’s old home at Nauvoo, but she doesn’t know much about Mormonism. She agreed to let us come back and tell her about it.

Nov. 15

Yesterday and today we held a Missionary Conference at Bloomington. We hired a bus and went over about noon. After a nice lunch we held a testimony meeting for four hours: 1-5. It was wonderful! No one grew tired. And 69 testimonies were borne! The Spirit was richly present and everyone took a few moments to express himself. We held a party in the evening and played some games, put on skits and ate cider and do-nuts. Elder Ash (Lehi) and I stayed at Howard Simons 1013 N. Taylor. A wonderful breakfast – after an excellent night’s sleep on a wonderful bed – we were ready for the rich experiences of the day. Bro. Simons took us home to dinner and we ate till we nearly burst! A lovely steak dinner with all the trimmings! I don’t feel that I deserve such blessings. It has been a lovely day – not a cloud – warm (75°) – and we drove home in the twilight. I watched the shadows gather over the rich land – black soil, cattle, pigs, sheep – I longed for my family. I don’t know why except everything else seemed to be all there and with my boys I could go running through the fields without a care in the world – or walk hand in hand with my wife.

There are several blessings accruing to us (Lee and I) which I have failed to mention. Lee writes that she has had such good luck with the Singing Mothers, that she has decided to start the choir. The people say that if she can come out with three small children and a husband on a mission, certainly they can! I am grateful if we have helped further the Lord’s work in any way.

Roger got a butch haircut and told his mother, “The barber almost

ran out of hair”.

Elder Ash just told me how his father was cured of “trick or treating”. He always brought the kids in and admired their costumes and tried to guess who it was behind the mask. One “fat lady” was so well costumed that he made much of “her” - calling to his wife to “come and see, Mother” and patting “her” stomach and exclaiming “Huge! Plenty of padding there”. He turned “her” around and patted the gluteal expanse so broadly portrayed there, again exclaiming, “Huge! Huge!” Then he removed the mask. It was his short, fat neighbor lady – and she was wearing only a bed-sheet! Ha-ha.

***Letter Inserted in the Journal
(Undated)***

Darling ---

We spent yesterday and today in Bloomington at Conference. On Saturday we held our missionary conf. - a four-hour testimony meeting. Surprising as it may sound - I enjoyed it - no one seemed tired or restless and 69 missionaries bore their testimonies. This is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, Lee. I know it for sure. Can you picture what it is doing to me to bear my testimony at least ten times per day that God has a body of flesh, bones, and Spirit - and Joseph Smith, was a prophet of God. It has got to change me - and I know that it has. When I return home you will notice it and comment on it but I realize it even now. When I realize that I could be in some other gospel or sect, I thank my Heavenly Father for this Church, this Gospel, this Restoration of the Truth. Everyone stayed to afternoon session and a few more came - over 400 Saints. These people understand what it means to have the Gospel and a place to meet others. I love them very much.

As we drove “home” through the twilight I enjoyed the calm atmosphere of the world - a perfect sky, a warm breeze, the prosperity of the farms. I longed for my loved ones that the calmness and perfection might be complete. What fun it would be to run over the hills with my sons - no cares to bother me - the future safe in my hands and my trust in God. I miss my boys, sometimes very intensely. I still remember the time I

failed to call on David to ask the blessing when company was present and the hurt look on his face - and I also remember the way he took it - like a man! Oh, Lee, I hope I can be a better father than I have been! I have just begun to analyze myself and my relations to my family and I see much room for improvement. I firmly believe that this mission is necessary to "get my house in order" so that I can assume the duties which will come to me in the capacity of a ward. I realize more fully every day that God is blessing us with unseen blessings and we haven't seen or known the greatest ones yet. I pray we may live worthily - that we may receive those blessings we stand most in need of. I love you, every one. God bless you and may you truly be thankful - and show it! I love you, Lee. I love you more each day. Thank God for you!

XOXO Toby

Nov 21

I am to remain in Peoria to follow through on these contacts. My companion is Elder Ray Benard of Salt Lake. He and his wife lived in La Mesa Ward for a year, in 1951. Last March she died - of a cerebral hemorrhage (sic), caused by the car door bumping her head. As soon as possible thereafter he left on a mission. He is to receive a rare blessing, however, for his sacrifice - and all will go well with him and his family. This I know. He is a grand fellow. We get along very well.

We met an interesting "character" this week: a red-headed woman of about 22, with the looks and mannerisms and speech of a high school sophomore. Two minutes after we got in she was asking our opinions on artificial insemination (in connection with Christ's birth) - and giving her own opinion before we could express ourselves! She was very frank but in a charming manner which prevented one taking offense. When we went back, she tried out a recipe on us - rainbow crèmes (4 colors of whipped cream on a cookie) - and asked us what the gestation period of a cocker spaniel is. P.S. I didn't know! Last week we had a contact pull a good excuse on us for a change - she wasn't at home because she was in the hospital, having a baby. She had the proof too! - a boy!

Speaking of excuses:

1. A note saying: "Dear preachers, I couldn't be home - sorry - don't bother to come back tho' as my father is a Baptist minister and I will ask him of God has a body." !!

2. "I can't ask you in. my minister told me not to listen to you. Of course you understand?"
3. "I joined the Baptist church yesterday – please don't confuse me any more than I am now!"
4. "You haven't got me to join your church but you've done some good – I'm going to start going to the Catholic church next Sunday." (Doubtful honor!)

We met a woman whose husband had been a Methodist minister. She hated L.D.S. because of "the kinds of people they are". It seems a LDS woman asked this Methodist minister to preach at her husband's funeral and then six months later asked him to baptize her for her husband!! Such lies are easily fostered by the fullible people of this world.

Elder Phillips and I held a meeting with two people standing with the J.W.s. When we arrived they had two "readers" with them. Elder Phillips once studied with the (J.W.s) and knew their methods. He proved conclusively that Christ was Jehovah. They fell back on "Assumptions". When I called back to see if they wanted to hear the Gospel of Jesus Christ, they said they would stay with the J.W.'s for now. I bore my testimony, left some literature, and departed with sorrow – If I knew the Gospel better perhaps I could have saved those souls. If every young Mormon was taught the arguments other churches have – and how to combat them with scriptures, they would be much better missionaries – much more effective, more joyous in their work.

Last night we met a lady 100 years young. She was surprisingly spry and her mind was very clear. Mrs. Chase was her name. Some of her children have strayed from the fold and joined the Mormon faith out in Cody, Wyo., but the rest are all wrapped in the blood of the Lam, born again, and are "saved". She raised her arm to the square and proudly announced, "I believe in the Holy Trinity – three-in-one. Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!" My thoughts as I left that home were: "I hope the men who first foisted the doctrine of 3-in-one are suffering the most horrible tortures of the damned right now for fooling the righteous souls of this world, lie this fine old lady." What hate Satan must bear towards God and Christ to work so assiduously to destroy God's plan for us.

Tuesday Elder Atkinson and I went to Pekin to visit the Reissen family. They have studied with the missionaries before. I hope to be

able to help them find the Gospel. They had a lovely meal prepared for us. Elder A. played with Martha (3 years old) while I gave the lesson. We are going back again, next week.

Nov. 24

Pres. Smoot came down to give the missionaries his blessings before we all split up to cover So. Illinois. What a fine, enthusiastic man! He really backs his missionaries, too. For example: A minister in LaCrosse, Wisc., sent a letter to Pres. McKay stating that our missionaries weren't behaving themselves as gentlemen. Pres. McKay sent the letter to Pres. Smoot, who in turn sent word to the minister that he would visit him on a certain day at a certain time. Three hours after the minister got the letter, Pres. Smoot was knocking on his door! The minister apologized, acknowledged his mistake (he wrote the letter on the strength of hearsay), and tried to rush Pres. Smoot off. But Pres. Smoot told him the Jos. Smith story, bawled him out for believing gossip, and bore his testimony to him. There's one minister who knows something about Mormonism! Pres. Smoot is just as vigorous in defending all missionaries.

I heard a good story which is supposed to have happened: Two new missionaries knocked on the door of a minister. The senior companion who knocked was a little guy and the minister (6'3" 220 lbs. looked out the window, saw who it was, and told his wife, "Watch me scare this kid." He jerked the door open and barked, "Beat it. Don't you know I eat kids like you?" Quick as a flash came back the "little kid's" answer: "You do, and you'll have more brains in your stomach than you have in your head!" It must have been the perfect squelch – the minister was converted!

It gets discouraging at times to go back day after day and have your contacts turn you down or, worse luck, not even be home. This week Elder Benard and I visited three people in succession, all of whom said they would be baptized. There are joyous days, too, you see! Nearly 30 contacts were out to Church Sunday – if we can only harvest a goodly crop from the seeds we've sown it will be the shot-in-the-arm that Peoria needs. God grant that it be so – we're only tools in His hands. No one can be converted without God sending the Holy Ghost as a witness to teach and guide. We depend entirely upon Him.

I visited Richard Hartman's mother and brother, Paul. They are spiritually dead but very nice people. The earthly pleasures present too much of an attraction for them. – Paul could never quit smoking (he says) nor drinking coffee.

We met a Stake missionary in Bloomington named sis. Craig. She's

typical. Let me tell you about her. Two years ago she had never heard of Mormons. Then two lady missionaries contacted her and weaned her away from her bad habits and into the Church of Jesus Christ. She has several small children. Her husband isn't a member and at that time (2 years ago) was antagonistic. He allowed her to join, however. Today she is a Stake missionary and as she put it – "Just a part-time Stake missionary. We only go out four nights a week" (because of the children). They have four families nearly ready for baptism – all have said they would be baptized. Pardon me if I compare her with S.D. Stake Missionaries. These people will move out of their homes to take care of the missionaries! I've seen it done in Bloomington alone – as well as other cities. Bro. Hanson refused to let us sleep on the couch and daybed when we stayed at his house – he and his wife slept there and we used their bed! That is the spirit which fills these Saints. Is it any wonder I love them – very much?

President Smoot did a nice thing last night. He walked over to my apartment and up those long flights of stairs just to see how I was getting along – I'd been ill for 2 days. Show me any other organization where the "Boss" makes a special effort to see if you are all right! - and I'll show you a happy org.! That makes me feel wanted – gives me a greater desire to be of service - & that, of course, is President Smoot's purpose in visiting me!

Tomorrow we split up. Four of us have shared this apartment and learned a lot. Elder Royal A. Armstrong of Salt Lake; Elder Blaine L. Johnson of Tremonton; Elder Donald B. Ash of Lehi (450 N. 1st West). We had some problems to work out but we are working together as a team now and enjoying it. Elder Armstrong goes to the office. Elder Johnson to Mattoon; Elder Ash to Bloomington. I stay in Peoria. We have a new apartment – 325 Ellis (just a block off No. Sheridan Rod.) good locality, and cheap rent.

I have often thought – and I said it at my farewell – that I would probably do more good at home, by going on a mission, than I shall in the mission field. It is going that way at home now. Mom Jenkins is studying the Gospel as she has never done before and we seem to be getting somewhere in our "mail discussions". At the school, the effect is startling. Mr. Wallis asked me to come and tell him about "this kind of a religion that causes men to leave their homes and families to carry it to others". A Mormon took my place on the faculty and two more Mormon men were hired for other departments – with Ken Maynard that makes four. One teacher remarked to another at a faculty dinner – "Have you noticed these Mormon men's faces? They are so peaceful!" I know they will set a good

example. Then, my dear friend, Miss Shriver, called Lee and told her they were going “church hunting” this winter and would like to visit one of our congregations. Lee gave her the address of La Mesa Ward and also our ward. Miss Shriver was interested in “the church that would cause George Bascom to leave his family – and be happy about doing it”. She has given the boys birthday presents and started Rogers bank account – she knows I love them dearly. That is why she can’t explain my leaving them. There are others, I know, who will become interested through no more action on my part than leaving.

The Priesthood has been exceptionally kind and helpful to my family. Grant greases the car and gases it. McCoy brings milk and eggs, others give Lee money. Pres. Johnson gave us a turkey for Thanksgiving and the Quorum of Seventy sent me \$35. This is just a sample of the marvelous manner in which we have been treated by the wonderful people of San Diego. I humbly pray that God will reward them doubly for their desire to assist in spreading His Gospel. – I know their example will be envied if not emulated.

***Letter Inserted in the Journal
(Undated)***

My Darling Lee -

This has been a red-letter day. Many of our investigators came to church today!! What a glorious feeling - to have someone you have invited to church - come! We held a wonderful testimony meeting - it lasted until 1:o'clock and it was reluctantly closed then. As the meeting ended one of our contacts turned to my companion and said: “Elder Benard, I can’t wait any longer. How soon may I be baptized?” Oh, Lee, that is the joy of this work - to know that I have helped bring the Gospel to some honest-in-heart person!! How thrilled the missionary will be who first contacted her - how joyous are we who have followed up. The credit is the Lord’s. I have done nothing in this case, Lee - nothing. But I’ve been along to help - a necessary part. And it has been a joy indeed. Keep this to yourself & family.

I think I told you that I spent Thanksgiving at a member’s home in Pekin - across the Illinois river from Peoria. Tuesday we shall go back to call them to repentance. I hope I get a pack of

cigarettes from the deal - I pray I will. Thanksgiving Day it snowed!! Big, soft flakes coming down in profusion. We went down to the river to see a steamer go upstream with a load of barges. I thought of David and Roger - what a load of excitement for them it would have been!! (Such English!) It was snowing so hard we couldn't see the other side of the river; the steamboat was whistling for the bridge. The bridge was "going up" - two large concrete blocks - one on each side of the center panel - pulls the center section of the bridge high into the air and permits the boats to go thru - also a railroad bridge just beyond this bridge swung side-ways to permit the boat to pass thru. The boat whistled, the barges were pushed through the water into a world of falling whiteness; the bridge rumbled into the air, and the snow gave it all an air of unbelievableness [sic.] or unreality. Oh, yes! The red lights flashed on each end of the bridge and a hidden siren screamed a warning throughout the lifting of the bridge. Quite a thrill! Since Thanksgiving it has been cold - it is freezing now.

If you haven't sent the blanket, do so. I could use it in about two more weeks - I'll need to give up the one I have!

I did my Xmas shopping - don't need any money, thank you! I'll mail the package tomorrow. You may open it - all presents are wrapped and tagged. Some things for the scrapbook, too.

Dec. 2

What a heart-breaking day! Lee's last letter informed me that our engagement was broken! - the ring broke. I don't know yet if she lost the diamond or not. I was feeling rather blue about it when her letter came today - we have a new bishopric!! Bishop Danny Kristjanson has been a bishop for so long - all the time I've known him - all the time I've been in the ward. When I came into the ward in 1946, only 30 people attended S.S. and a smaller number came to Sacrament mtg. Now, nine years later, we have as nice a chapel as anyone, the ward Sacrament meeting numbers about 200, and the S.S. is divided so that everyone can be accommodated - nearly 600 people in the ward, too! Jack Ek is bishop with Grant Seely & Jack Williams as counselors & Geir is ward clerk while Loren Burrell is assistant. I love these brethren and know that they are chosen under inspiration but I cannot help but feel sorry to see the Bishop and Bro. Meloy be released. They, too, are loved by me - and have

become part of my life. By an unusual coincidence, the counselors Jack has chosen are the ones I had chosen. If I ever became bishop I knew just who would be my counselors. Not that I feel I should be Bishop! – but everyone dreams or idly conjectures – just as everyone likes to imagine, “If I were President now, I’d . . .”. It makes me happy to see these men advanced but it makes me blue, too, to lose a close friend from such a friendly relationship. Bishop Danny and I worked on many a “problem” together. He liked my opinions and I always asked for and trusted in his opinion.

Perhaps a greater shock or disappointment than these other two was the “loss” of a contact today. The first day we went tracting in this city I met Gretchen Sharev. A woman of about 35 – beautiful – cultured – the type of woman one would expect to find in a chairman’s position of any activity. When we first contacted her, the Spirit told me she was to be “one of us”. I have felt it so, ever since. She believes God has a body. She likes the Mormons and realizes they have a way of life no other people possess. Each time we visited her she seemed more interested and I sincerely expected to baptize her. Then, when we visited her today, she announced she was not interested in going any further into it. How can a heart stand such shocks! I wanted to cry out with the pain of it – “Gretchen Sharev, you can’t do this to me! I’ve left my home, my family, my position in the community, my position in the church – all for the thrill of explaining the Gospel to you and hearing you say ‘Thank you’ when you came out of the waters of baptism”. Only God in His wisdom knows why she isn’t joining at this time. But I know she will accept it someday. She is discontinuing her studying because she is afraid we are right – that we will shake her faith even more than we have! I want to shame her for her cowardice – to exhort her to better works – to shake her into sensibleness – to cry in sorrow. I contented myself with the latter. Oh, Gretchen Sharev, the day must surely come when every tear I’ve shed for you will be returned an hundred-fold by you! My daily secret prayers shall include a plea to God to trouble the mind of this good woman until she seeks out the truthfulness of this Gospel. She did make me one promise that gives me hope – she said she would read the Book of Mormon. God and I haven’t given up on her yet!

Her husband believes too much in the arm of flesh – he has had no reason to exercise his faith. If only some humbling experience were to happen to him, as a result of which he had to depend upon God – then he would be in a receptive mood for the Gospel. I desire it but I don’t – because I want no harm to come to him and yet I wish to see him studying the Gospel. Only the future knows – I pray it will be best for him – and them.

Dec. 8 What eventful days! Sunday we held a wonderful testimony meeting – it lasted until one o'clock – and then it was closed with the greatest of reluctance. Josephine Wotton, a girl of 14, was sitting beside me during the meeting. She has been investigating the Gospel for over a month now. As the meeting close she turned to my companion and said, "Elder Bernard, I can't wait any longer. I want to be baptized by next Sunday!" We agreed it could be arranged – next Sunday she will be baptized. What a thrill to hear those words from an honest investigator!! This is really the mission field!

Tonight we went over to "Bro." Reissen's in Pekin. We had a nice supper and gave Sister Reissen the lesson on "Jos. Smith – a Prophet?" When we finished I turned to Bro. Reissen and said: "Well, give me your cigarettes!" He looked at me for several long moments, then went to the cupboard and took out a cigarette package. "Here, I've saved the last one for you!" he said, and handed them to me. I could have hugged him! He had his last cigarette yesterday and carried that "last one" around all day just to prove to me that he could quit. Then he went poking in his overalls and gave me his Prince Albert. He also got his cigarette papers out of his shirt pocket and added to my "loot". Then, to top it off, as I was leaving, he slipped me his pipe! This is a red-letter day for me – I pray God will bless him with the will-power and courage to carry through, now. Our fasting will be in his behalf.

Dec. 13 Thursday night Elder Bernard and I visited the Storrs to give them the "call" (to repentance). As usual with this family, they were one jump ahead of us – they quit drinking coffee and smoking last Tuesday! They are ready for baptism – they wanted to be – and today they were! The missionaries baptized ten converts – a marvelous record!

Tuesday we contacted Sr. Regan – one of Elder Berg's contacts. She, too, was nearly ready and we easily prepared her, so she is being baptized today, also. She has lost the sight of one eye so she must be careful – also, she suffered a coronary several years ago and must be very careful of her heart. We assured her the water was warm – imagine my surprise! It was warm on the top but the bottom had never tasted of the fire! Brrrrr!

Sr. Regan told us Sunday morning, as we took her home from Sunday School, that she was very upset – hadn't slept much; her thoughts were all a-tumble. We told her it was Satan trying to prevent her being baptized. When we picked her up at the Clubhouse (where our meetings are held) she hade just come from

inside. She told me she went in by herself and said, "Satan, you get out of here and leave me alone." And then she offered a little prayer. When she came out she was cool as could be – no troubles on her mind. And she remained clam all through the rest of the day – even in the cold water of the baptism. She has a strong testimony already. She said, "I'll never be clear and calm in my mind until I receive the Holy Ghost." She also said, "If it kills me to be baptized, then it kills me. But I know the Lord will protect me if He wants me here." When she had the coronary years ago – after a brain concussion – she made God the promise that if He would allow her to live long enough to raise her 5 year-old son, she didn't care when He took her. He is now 23 and in the Army – (married, too, she tells me) so for her every day is "grace time".

Dec. 24

Last Monday it snowed – about 5 inches! On Tuesday I cleaned the walks. In the afternoon (as we were eating lunch, in fact) we heard the news-cast: "getting colder and will be 0° tonight". We impulsively decided to head for Chicago – so two hours later, after canceling appointments and delivering gifts, we left. 4 o'clock. Arrived in Chicago at 9. Very good time considering the roads. They were icy! Once the hand of the Lord was evidenced in a near accident. Elder Benard started to pass a huge truck and semi. The truck pulled over in front of us and to avoid hitting the truck, Elder Bernard headed for the barrow it which was completely full of drifted snow. I had visions of being stuck in a snowbank for many hours. It was windy and very cold outside. But as he hit the snowbank Elder Bernard shifted into second and "gunned" the motor. We came right up out of there and back on the road – but I shall always maintain that Someone pushed us. God truly watched over us, for several times the car slipped – but stayed on the road.

We are staying at the Mission Home – very comfortable! Mighty fine meals, too! Yesterday Elders Bernard, Wray and I went to town. We stopped at several stores and Elder Bernard bought a Homburg. We went into Marshall Fields. It is Marston's of San Diego - only they go more out for decorating here. The dining room had a 50-foot tree for a centerpiece! Then in North Pole land we strolled past Santa's reindeer staked out in the snow; peeked into his workshop and talked to Mr. Mistletoe, Aunt Holly and S. Claus himself. As we came out we passed a snack bar for fairies – Behring sea-cow milk - 20¢, Poka Pola - 5¢ - Sealburgers 25¢, etc. And on our left an angelic choir (in wings and pony-tails) made silent music. It was very well done. The entire store was uniquely decorated and they have, no doubt, the highest paid decorators in the business. Their prices show it, too! We took the "el" home – and sat up front beside the engineer's booth. It was very fast – and exciting!

Sister Alle Howe – former member of the M.I.A. General Board and now a missionary – wrote a skit and we put it on tonight – without rehearsing it. It went surprisingly smooth and we all enjoyed it very much. I told the story of the “Little Black Lamb” – and received some compliments, but by far the best on the program was Sis. Howe! She knocked herself out getting it ready and deserves all the credit for its success.

I had a physical check-up while here. Dr. Melvin Brinton at Chicago Memorial Hospital is not only the best LDS Dr. in town but is considered one of the best dr. in Chicago. He is specializing in surgery. I expect he will become quite famous because of the things he is now working on. I rode down with Elder and Sister Grant Farmer. This is his second mission. Three months after he returned home from his first mission, he was married and attending BYU – to become a school teacher. Then he broke his leg, which forced him to drop school, and they went badly in debt. She was expecting a child and had a heart condition which caused her to be something of a semi-invalid. So Grant turned to sales work – It was like pushing a duck into a calm lake: he went wild – made \$18,000 in a couple of years. They have a beautiful new home in Boise – all new furniture and two handsome boys: Ken & Dave. When Elder Farmer came on this second mission his wife had a life expectancy of five years. But he came! She, of course, was not working – could not care for the children, even. Three months after he got in the field, it was deemed wise to have her and the boys join him – and they were sent to labor in the Lamanite section of the mission. Now with six weeks of their mission remaining they are expecting again. This frightened them somewhat and they came to Chicago for medical advice. Dr. Brinton has two friends, it seems, who have specialized in heart operations – Drs. Dye & Julian. Dr. Brinton examined her and diagnosed her case as a leakage of one valve – the one between upper and lower heart chambers – on the side which pumps blood to the lungs. Consequently she doesn’t get enough oxygen – and the blood leaks back into the lower chamber. The valve controlling this is shrinking – thus a gradual death sentence – prior to 1948. Since then this method has been perfected(?) by these two Drs. Which gives the patient a normal life-expectancy. Since coming into the field, Sis. Farmer has taken over many new responsibilities: she cares for her two sons entirely, is President of the Primary, the Relief Society, and S.S. And she cooks for her husband and two elders – under more trying circumstances than she would at home – outdoor plumbing, for example!

Dr. Brinton was very encouraging – of the 100 operations which have been performed by medical science, five have been fatal. But because of her strong physical condition her chances of not coming thru OK are ½ of 1%! Dr. Dye confirmed Dr. Brinton's diagnosis and they are going to operate. As they prepared to leave the hospital, Dr. Dye said, "Oh, by the way, it is the policy of Dr. Julian and myself to charge nothing for our services in the case of the clergy." The Farmers were bowled over! The operation is normally \$1,000 but Dr. Brinton said he thought \$500 would cover it because of the clergy situation. He even suggested that he might ask Dr. Dye to lower it to 3 or 4 hundred as a personal favor. He was surprised himself! Besides this, Dr. Dye is calling in the best gynecologists and obstetricians in the city for consultative diagnosis to determine what course to follow concerning the baby. The Farmers see the hand of the Lord in all this. Their drs. Out West told them nothing could be done. They accepted this mission call and look how they are rewarded! And Bro. Farmer wanted to go to England on this mission! He's grateful he is here now. Of a surety Man can never be in debt to God!

On top of all this, they have had miraculous experiences which thrill the soul to hear about. Their youngest son scalded himself with hot water and the doctors said he would be in the hospital at least six weeks and probably longer. He was administered to by his father and in ten days he was not only home from the hospital but could not be kept in bed any longer – he was well – and today shows no scar! Then their oldest son fell out of a second story window and fractured his skull in three directions. The doctors held little hope for him but he had had the hands of the Priesthood laid on his head – and he lived. The company owning the building paid all expenses, including the traveling expenses and then sent them a check for a hundred dollars besides. The check came just at Christmas time and benefited them greatly, since missionaries do not have much "spending money". No insurance company in the world would pay like that on an accident – but they did!

I wish you, Lee, could have been here tonight and heard President Smoot. As we sat in the large living room with the lights turned low, he singled each one of us out for a special comment – and each comment seemed the most appropriate one he could give. The man is truly inspired of God. The lamplight played on his face and the little smile that is always there played, too. He told m, "Bro. Bascom, don't think I haven't been thinking of your little family tonight. Wherever they are, their thoughts are on you – and they know you are engaged in the Lord's work." Those very thoughts had been going through my mind.

Dec. 25

What a different Christmas Day! Nine years ago today I shivered in the cold of Luxembourg while Focke-Wolfes searched the snow covered wastes for us and the cold crept into our very bones. Then at night I stumbled into a barn – a sheep-fold – and there I slept among the sheep while a heavy artillery barrage went on all around us unnoticed. What a difference! This has been a most relaxing Christmas. Sister Smoot has tired herself out getting wonderful meals ready for us; President Smoot keeps asking if we are having a good time and what can he do to help us. It has been a revelation to see these missionaries act more like brothers and sisters should than brothers & sisters actually do! We held a little game after breakfast this morning and passed presents a la musical chairs. I received a nice box of stationery – which I can sure use! My thoughts are so much with you at home – but there is so little time to devote to you – the Gospel demands first choice – and takes all! We just relaxed and enjoyed our gifts and the lovely day. It is warm and the snow is melting. David and Roger sent me a bow tie that goes very well with my blue suit. Lee gave me a lovely pair of cuff-links “B”. The Mums sent me a book I’ve wanted for some time – “Treasures to Share”. I’ve already begun to read it. My family thought well in choosing my gifts. I also received generously from my friends. The Special Interest Class of M.I.A. sent me \$25 – the Mia Maids sent me a box of fruits & nuts – others sent me \$2 or \$5. Still others sent me personal Christmas-card notes. These I treasure. I expected to be completely forgotten – but these constant reminders are dear to my heart for I know my friends are thinking of me – and that proves they are truly friends.

Dec. 26

Thirteen of us went into town today and saw a show – The Living Desert W. Disney – then took a sight-seeing tour around Chicago. We went up on top of the Tribune Bldg. – 36 stories – and looked at Chi. From an eagle’s point of view. It was very smoky but we saw a lot. How can man call himself civilized when he builds such huge monuments to his own brains and ingenuity – and then devises the destructive power which will not only destroy all such edifices but man himself? Religion is a necessary part of every man’s earth-life because it is his former life and his next life, too.

We also stopped at the Chicago Art Institute. I liked the Dutch paintings best – Van Rijn and Rembrandt. Some of the sculptures resembled LaCid – but they aren’t as good!

Tonight we held a testimony meeting. I’ve never felt the Spirit as strongly. Sister Farmer and her husband returned from Madison where they took their children to stay while she is undergoing this

operation. All the Priesthood gathered around while she was anointed and then we laid our hands upon her and Pres. Smoot sealed the anointing and blessed her with life and health. Here is a woman whose heart is being cut into! – and a servant of God has told her she would be all right – but he doesn't know a scalpel from a hemostat!! That is the power of God being exercised!

President Smoot bore his testimony and I have never heard a better one. In the days of the depression – early thirties – he and his partner had borrowed \$400,000 – and their business went out from under them. They sold all their property and lived in the basement of their own home. At this time President Smoot was Speaker of the House and was expected to maintain a certain social standing. He was also Senior High Councilman – and not one of the other members of the High Council was making less than \$5,000 per year – and not one of them knew of his financial status. He and his lovely wife scraped carefully to get the 15¢ he needed for lunch with the “boys” at the Capitol. He complained to no one but kept the commandments of God and did his best. At this time his son became of age when he could be called on a mission. Pres. Smoot went to the bishop and told him, “Parke is ready to go on a mission whenever you call him.” The Bishop asked where he could get the money to send the boy. Pres. Smoot said, “That’s my worry but you must be responsible if you don’t call him.” The bishop promised to talk to the Stake President but Pres. Smoot talked to him first – the boy was called – to England! He needed \$160 for fare. Pres. Smoot told of how a special session of the legislature was called for 30 days. They were paid \$4 per day – all the same price. Pres. Smoot borrowed from the VP at the bank, \$120 – his check from the spec. session to cover it. Then he borrowed \$40 from a broker friend, and his boy went to England. With his father in debt, broke, and out of a job, this boy went on his mission because his father had faith that God would provide! Within six weeks after Parke left, Pres. Smoot walked into the office of a friend and heard that friend offer him the Postmastership of Salt Lake City – a higher paying job than that of Governor! In two years he was President of Am. Postmasters and visited every state in the Union – at no expense to himself. Since his salary was in lien to his creditors, he went to a friend at the bank and borrowed, each month, enough money to pay his tithing. He got out of debt – paid all his obligations – put his other two sons through college and the mission field, and maintained his social prestige and (more important) the commandments of God. He has learned to heed the whisperings of the Spirit – and inspiration results. I love him very much – what a choice soul he is! What a patient, loving wife he has! Without her, he could not have done what he has done – that I know. Just as I

know that I could not have done what I have done – nor shall do what I shall do – without you, Lee, to inspire me.

Some of these missionaries have made such great sacrifices it shames me. I have not sacrificed a thing. Elder Warner and his bride from El Monte, Calif., ate breakfast with us this morning. He is a former missionary of this mission and is now stationed at Ft. Belvoir, Va. He and for others entered OCS together but when they learned they could not attend Sacrament meeting if they went into this officers' training, they turned down their commissions! So the Lord rewards him with a job there – as an instructor! He knows this is the Truth, all right! What an intense way of speaking – his testimony really thrills me!

I sent this to my family at Christmas:

Dear Loved Ones,
At this time,
When men strive most to act like men;
When, too, the pagan god of Nickolas,
Tries mightily to take Christ's place,
I would be home with thee,
E'en though I know it cannot be.
'Tis said one's treasure is one's home,
For there is where the heart is found.
I know it true for my heart now
Is there with you – with you abides.
For if the heart is with one's treasure,
It gives them love – and that full measure!
I want you to enjoy this day of giving gifts
And give! But do not think receiving is your lots.
Be joyful in the joy you bring to others,
For this is just the way that Jesus taught.
I love to see you, hear you, feel your touch,
But be content and know this:
I love you very much!



I called home Christmas morning. Those voices! They cut me to the very core! I had forgotten what my sons sounded like! But never, Lee, shall I forget the sound of that voice of yours!! I shall hear it forever – “I love you, Toby – very much!” god grant that I shall hear it again – saying those same words!

This is a letter inserted in Dad's journal at this point.

Thurs. Morn.

Sweetheart -----

The oddest thing happened Sunday morning - I played an arrangement of "The Holy City" for the Christmas program. Shirley and I practiced at ten then went into Prayer meeting. I left my instrument, tuned, on the piano with my music. I was about 5th on the program and sat in the audience with the children. Meg was noisy and I gave her her bottle and she went to sleep. I guess the Lord must humble us before He can work through us and yet I felt anything but confident in playing - couldn't find my music, a hurried rehearsal, the kiddies and all. Strange!

We didn't get to go to the Ward Christmas parties - the boys' colds weren't well enough. I wish they wouldn't hang on so - now, they're not sick but they're not well. I guess we will give up the night drives to see pretties - maybe that's where they got the little mo___ all the time.

Yesterday afternoon we drove up through El Cajon and on toward Alpine but cut over to Lakeside. We got some rolls and small coffee cakes at the bakery, cheese, cold meat, and orange juice at the grocery; and at supper by the lake. Yes, there are several small ponds there now. We thoroughly enjoyed it.

Now I'm anxiously awaiting the mailman. Hope the season's rush doesn't hold up your letter this week.

Thurs. Eve.

The mailman didn't fail me - he brought a letter and a snapshot! Ooh, but it's good of you, Darling - makes a hurt come in my throat, I want to reach out and hug

you! Thank you so very much! It's such a lovely smile - I can remember when you had to be bribed well t___ mile for a picture - huh? Yummy! Oh, my Darling, I get so hungry for your arms and your kisses ---

The house has seemed like Grand Central Station today, and you should see the tree - you can't see it for the presents. Maxine Ek came with 3 large packages for the kiddies from Glenda, Elizabeth, and Bobbie. I'll leave room and write in later what they are. Meg - a big pink elephant, David - a steam shovel, Rod - a sand dump truck. Shortly after _____ Elwood Russell came with a heap of packages and a blank check (to be not less than \$20 nor more than \$50). Mums - candy, stationery for me, lariats for the boys, a mech. Cowboy in a jeep for Meg. He stumbled over Roger Chambers who was bringing packages. Hankies for Mums and me, shirts for the boys, and a pull toy for Meg.

About 9:15 Margaret and Grant came in with some packages and before they left, Bishop Jack stopped by to see how we were getting along. T-shirts and sox of candy for boys, little yellow under panties for Meg, a planter & plants for Mums and me. Now we are going to get ready for bed, each choose a present to open, and then to Dreamland and you!

Christmas Morning

My precious, wonderful Darling, I love you, adore you, worship you, idolize you!!! What a wonderful way to awaken to the sound of your voice. Thank you, thank you, thank you for calling! You sounded as if you were here in town, so clear and loud. I'm so happy this morning! Sounds strange, huh? But it's really true - even when there are tears, I'm happy. I have the most wonderful husband in the world and I have his love and devotion. I'm happy in your strength and courage to take a year to do His work. We have a wonderful

family, and the material things in life to care for it. We have wonderful and thoughtful friends. Most especially we have His approval and blessings. What more can we ask? Yes, we're separated now, but we have the promise of reunion in less than a year - doesn't sound so long, huh? I love you, Toby. I love your thoughtfulness, your humbleness, your gratitude - your saintliness. May God watch over you very carefully and keep you safe and well - not only for me but for all of the other people who will be helped and blessed in meeting, knowing, or being administered to, by you.

Thank you for the lovely Christmas presents, Sweetheart. You certainly have excellent taste. Ooh, but I love my earrings - they are so dainty and lovely - thank you, thank you, thank you. The boys are thrilled with their gloves and bricks! Megan's dress is darling! It just fits - any future purchases had better be size 2 - the little Amazon. You really hit the nail on the head with Jenks - she and her stole cannot be parted. "What did I ever do with this?" "It outshines all my other Christmas presents doesn't it?" We chose a gift with the boys last night - Mum's was a pair of stockings from Roger, mine was a family picture from Howard and VenNeita. After the boys went to bed we opened our packages from you and ohed and ahed. She's hardly had her stole off her shoulders since and every few minutes has some comment about it. Gee, thanks for the stockings, Toby - I'm on my last pair, and I'm not sure they're mates. That is an appreciated gift. I told you Mum's gave me shoes, a black pair much like hers and a red pair with lower heels than my last ones (pumps). The black ones I need now, but the red ones I'll put away till my others are worn out. I guess I should have persuaded her to let me get one pair and then something else. She really splurged this season. She got the boys new suits - see enclosed picture, Megan a new car seat - David sat on the old one and broke it.

Halks gave Meg a set of 6 rattles shaped as letters of the alphabet, and quiet-time fun boxes to the boys.

Mom sent them a fine truck (the sirens, etc. have really been going in here this morning) and a set of puzzles with beautiful bird pictures on them.

You should see Meg and David. Mom sent her a ball, a little horn and a small baby doll. Meg went into ecstasies over the baby. Now she and David are rolling the ball to each other. She really gets the idea - holds it out in her hand and it rolls off toward him. David rolled it too far she crawled after it and held it out, letting it roll off her hand toward him.

It's a beautiful day, made perfect by your voice this morning. Thank you, my precious Lover. It's so easy to be the wife of such a wonderful fellow! I'm learning a lot this year that I couldn't have learned if you hadn't gone on a mission. Maybe I can not only make you a wife but a good one to boot.

Kathy Watts sent us a box of her sewing - shirts for the boys, and aprons for us girls. I gave Meg a little black and white panda bear but she likes her dolls best.

I love you, Sweetheart, a Merry Christmas to you from all of us. Lee



Oh, My Darling, My Darling, it was so wonderful to hear your voice. Thank you so much for calling! Your voice didn't sound quite natural either but I recognized it - yet I couldn't believe it. Oh, we said so little and I can think of so much I would have liked to say. It was worth it, tho, if only to hear your dear "I love you!" I love you so much, Toby - after you hung up, the time that must pass till we can be together again yawned in

front of me like a great abyss and I thought I would scream - I know it was the children's presence that kept me from losing control. David has been so sweet tonight - he saw my tears and stayed by my side to comfort me, his arms tight around my waist or around my neck as I tried to put Meg back to sleep - "Mommy, I wish I could rock Meg and get her to sleep for you." In his prayers - "Please bless Daddy that he may be well and strong. Bless Mommy that she won't miss him so much." He was so sweet it just made it worse, even after he cried as I hung up because I hadn't told you about his loose tooth (see yesterday's letter). The "What's?" at the end of our conversation were because both Rod and David were talking to me, too. Finally I got them to bed and we talked a bit in bed. David told Meg he'd take her bottle away tomorrow if she didn't get to sleep. He spoke about missing you so and wondered about your being gone so I tried to explain. They went to sleep like lambs. After Meg lost her supper.

Dec. 27

President Smoot prophesied tonight. He said we should see great things occurring in (perhaps) 1954. He didn't know what, but it should be big - and it would be to the advantage of the Church of Jesus Christ. In "the next short period of time" (nothing more definite - sorry!) we will see the attitude of people change. They will no longer slam doors in our faces but will eagerly seek us out! Oh, that I might see that day! He also told us we would see mighty changes in the earth and would be amazed at the wonders God shall perform among this people. It is food for sober thought. I can see one or two ways now by which it can come about. I hope the LDS people are ready as missionaries when the time comes.

North Shore Ward in Chicago is not large in membership but certainly in importance. We met Paul Kimball, Oxford graduate, grandson of Heber C. Kimball. Pres. Smoot's niece, Margaret Essig, and her husband Fred came home to dinner with us, is the daughter of Orson Hyde. David Kennedy is Undersecretary of the Treasury - and also a counselor in the Stake Presidency. His daughter, Carol, is one of the most beautiful girls I've ever seen. It seems rather unfair to have money, position and looks. She now attends BYU. Bro. Anderson is Veep in a bank (assets in excess of 175 million). He too has a lovely wife and a very beautiful daughter, Mary. Bro. Woolley is with the Dept. of Justice. Dr. Sutherland -

young medical student who may end up in SD Naval Hosp. for internship – and many others. S.S. class taught by Bishop (ex) Merrill Maughon formerly of Wash. State College & now occasional instructor at the University here – rather rich for a bishop, too. In fact the whole darn ward seems to be rich – and they haven't a chapel. I felt like crying repentance but I must be out of tune – too long away from a ward, I guess. I'm thinking on a branch basis always. I hope they all die poor and active – it is the most sincere and best wish I could wish them. What is wealth if it isn't used to further the work of God? What good is beauty without a testimony? Can social position aid you? Yes – it gives an opportunity to preach the Gospel!

Dec. 29

An interesting thing happened this morning. We got up early, of course, and everyone isn't too happy until after breakfast. Elder Phillips was preparing breakfast at the stove and I sat at the table waiting. Elder Redd came in – he's Elder Phillips' companion – and stood looking at whatever Elder Phillips was cooking. Elder Phillips looked up at Elder Redd, studied him a moment, and then complained "You're ugly! And I have to sleep with you every night!" I fell off the chair laughing.

Jan 1, 1954!!

I spent the evening alone at the apartment. Elder Benard is young – he needs to be out with the boys – they are all at a member's home tonight to “watch”. I didn't wish to join them so stayed. Elder Christopherson is coming back soon, anyway. I took a bath and shall catch up on my writing. 1953 has been very good to me in many ways. I humbly pray that I may serve my Lord in such a fashion in 1954 that we may partially repay Him for the blessings He showers upon us. He has given me new health – a direct answer to my prayers – this alone is greater than I could ask for – and yet He has blessed me with much else besides. We cannot get Him in our debt.

Lee sent me a can of corned beef hash – what memories it recalls to mind! The Battle of the Bulge in Luxembourg – 1944-45. We were in Paris – warm, sunny – when the call came for us to move out. Our cowardly officers wouldn't tell us where we were going – “out in the field for a couple of days” – so we just took our bedrolls and jumped into the trucks the way we were. Most of us were without field jackets and no one took overshoes nor overcoats. We were thrown into Luxembourg – eight inches of snow; below zero weather – terrible! Many of my men froze – turned black. Our convoy was strafed on the way up and we lost some that way. How helpless! To try dodging a fast plane with a clumsy 5-ton truck on snowy, icy roads in bright moonlight – it makes one very humble and dependent on God. I received a package from Lee while in Luxembourg – and, among other things, was a can of corned beef hash - just what I had been eating at least twice a day for the past two years! (with occasional breaks when I messed with the Air Force)! I wasn't too happy about it but I kept the can because it had an American label on it - & anything that came from home was dear to my heart; So I kept it and carried it with me.

New Year's eve was a night to remember in Luxembourg! The word came down the line: “Give 'em the works at midnight!” At five min. to twelve every gun on the American side went off. We threw everything at them but the field kitchens – and I would liked to have thrown those – corned beef hash even for breakfast now! Not even powdered eggs to relieve the monotony. New Year's Day was moved up – and got into an artillery barrage. It was cold – the frozen ground offered too much resistance to the shovel for foxholes to be dug – and we were miserable. A kind German invited us into his kitchen and we spent the night there. He had two small children. The inspiration came when I saw the lack of food in the kitchen – the corned beef hash! I pulled it out. You should have seen those people! While Mamma fixed the hash, the two children set the table

– and Pappa beamed happily. Then they sat down – and with nothing but that can of hash occupying the place of honor – they offered grace and slowly ate that hash!. Every few minutes they thanked me for it. Then it was that we realized that that hash was the only food they had in the house. We gave them all the rations we had - & for the children, candy!

Jan. 4 I received a letter from Lee two days ago: the children are all sick. She has had to spend some of the money meant for me, for medicine. I know God will bless us, however – and my expenses will be met.

Today's letter brought tears to my eyes. Lee asked Grant to come and administer to them. He blessed them to get well and admonished God that the father of these boys & this girl was on a mission – that we had a blessing coming. Oh, Grant, two thousand miles away you teach me humility and faith! I'm grateful indeed for such a true brother! He told Lee that the children would be alright and I know, too, that they will be.

Jan. 10 The week has been a full one. The Reddings have a daughter – Elder Benard and I took her home from the hospital last Sunday. The Reissens have a daughter – we saw her Friday. Bro. Van Bibber has stopped chewing tobacco and promises to be ready for baptism. All six of us have fasted for two days for a young man – Bill Rust – who is a Jehovah Witness. He has refused the draft summons and was scheduled to be sentenced to five years in prison on Feb. 3. We undertook the fast for him, while he prayed. He received his answer today – he is going into Military Service. Elder Phillips deserves the credit for this. I felt confident that Bill will find a good group of LDS to meet with and shall study with them.

Yesterday, Elder Benard and I went to Rock Island to see an old Navy buddy of his, Elmer Lambert. He's young – just got married in September. They are two wonderful people. They expected us to stay all night but we wanted to meet our contacts this morning so we hurried back. It was the hardest lesson Elder Benard ever gave – he said. He and Elmer used to get "looped" on Guam – and Elmer was always the one who said, "Aw, let's don't drink any more. Let's go home." Elder Benard is a convert to the church of three and a half years – he has come far, in that short period of time. I wish I had progressed as much in my 20-23 age period of life! As Elder Benard talked about God and the Godhead this buddy of his would keep smiling at him, with puzzled eyes. Finally, he turned to me and said, "This guy used to claim there wasn't a God and I've argued by the hour with him. Yet here he is telling me about God! We used to

get “looped” together and now he says he would rather lose his life than take a drink of beer! Wha’ happened?” It thrilled me to see the way Elder Benard took his razzing and came back with a humble admittance of all his past crimes and a sincere testimony of the happiness he now enjoys. Imagine! In the past eight months he has lost his wife thru death, left an eight month old daughter, and come on a mission for the church – yet he says he is happier than he has ever been in all his life because he has the Gospel! He puts my testimony to shame! While in the Navy, he was a cocky fellow – knew all the answers; played everyone for a sucker – yet now he hasn’t any of that. He is quite considerate – more than most people – and he is humble beyond imagining. I have learned to love him very much.

Jan 10.

I received the following Christmas cards: (Also, when noted, I received money with them.) Pres. Smoot and the mission staff, D.D. Bodily \$5, Milnes, my son David, Watts, Pauline Houston, Pres. & Sis. Johnson, Bevie, a New Year’s card from D.D. Bodily \$5, Chambers (& a date cake), the Mia Maids – and two packages of dried fruits, my son Roger, Ray & Illa, Nancy and Fred Clark (they are expecting in May!), Phil & Kathie Petersen, Ruth & Arthur (and those lovely dried fruits, w/cookies, too!), Mums, Elder Martaindale, family portrait of the Millers (later a box of cookies), Waites in Wausau, Ginos family, \$2, Bishop Ek \$5, Cleo & Family \$5, Bishop Danny \$5, Vernon & Lillie \$5, Little Joe & Fern \$1, Bogasons \$5, Raney, Mrs. Davis from Peoria, Konolds, Holks (& a fruit cake), Dale Rigby, the Sharavs (Peoria), the Watsons (Peoria) – also homemade one from little Janet Watson, Bill & Audrey Murray of White Lake, two cards & \$25 from the V.P. M.Men – Gleaners & Spec. Int. classes, Elder Cutler, Soffes \$2, card & note from Glen Davis of Wausau, Mom & Andy (two pkgs. of cake & cookies – also a big box of candy & cookies from Cleo & Donna, Bob & Iris Storr (Peoria), Hust & \$2, Aunt Elsie – a fruitcake, and 2 pics. I don’t recognize, Jo Wotton of Peoria, Garners of Peoria, Aunt Mary Briggs - & a nice letter, and last, but most important, a lovely card from my “Mrs.”! In addition to all this, there were many packages of goodies. Here is the middle of January – six of us have been gnawing away at these goodies like termites – and there are still three fruit cakes, a carrot pudding, some cookies, dried fruits, and candy & popcorn balls yet to go! What a Christmas! Missionaries really enjoy the joy of receiving - could it be because they have been giving all year? I only know we are blessed individuals – more than we have been or will be. It’s a great feeling.

Jan. 16

There is in every soul a capacity for loneliness – a certain part of one’s heart reserved for lonely thoughts – for meditative moods of

silent longing. This capacity we guard most carefully – only our closest friends (in absence of loved ones) are jealously exhibited there. Such moments and such thoughts are sacred. Man must learn to recognize such moments and quickly put his heart in tune with the loved one or friend if he would enjoy the moment and the thought to the fullest. No one will ever know the tears I've sacrificed to the darkness. I've kept that to my inner self – because I've received a kind of joy in crying in my solitude. It is a proof of my love for you, Dear Heart of My Heart - my acknowledgement that I am human and I miss you very much! God grant that these moods are few – and that there will not be too many more “full moons and empty arms”. I do not regret my mission in any way – But I would not recommend that any man, married for any time at all, come on a mission alone. Send him on the mission – yes! But send both of them – after all, they are one!

Elder Benard and I went to Pekin last Friday and found Bro. Reissen ill with a high fever. His wife was in the hospital with a new baby. We administered to him and left. The doctor was due to arrive any minute so we knew he would be taken care of. We visited Sister Reissen in the hospital and returned home. When we checked this week we learned that the doctor has arrived a few moments after we left but Bro. Reissen's fever had already broken! The doctor could not understand it – he diagnosed the case as virus pneumonia – but the lungs were not congested! And here Bro. Reissen was – on his feet – weak but on the mend! It is a great testimony to both he and his wife and they have consented to be baptized. This is a real thrill to me because my wife fasted for these people along with me – and I know it was her faith and prayers that helped change this woman's mind. Bro. Reissen has known for some time that the Gospel is true – his wife has needed more lessons and our testimonies. This blessing which her husband has received through the Priesthood has been the deciding factor I am sure. May God grant that nothing will interfere with their baptism.

Jan. 17. The first day in Peoria I met George Watson. He is an insurance salesman – has a family of four children, and a rather attractive wife. They are Episcopalians – in fact, two years ago he thought seriously of becoming a priest in the Episcopal church. His wife is something of a social climber – one neighbor is a pediatrician, another is an engineer, another is a big contractor in Chicago, etc. They have a nice home and well-behaved children – (due in large measure to his efforts. He frequently baby sits.) They don't have money in the bank – which she resents. They aren't really able to keep up with the Joneses but they are giving it the old try, anyway. The first time we talked to him he put on his shell and we were completely at a

loss. After all he did study to be a priest! He is really a scribe [sic]. He also is a good salesman and he knows how to clinch a sale. We felt out of place but I bore my testimony anyway. It had a startling effect. His features softened – he gazed vacantly into space for a moment and then he said, “You must have something – I’d like to hear about it. Frankly, my wife and I are not entirely satisfied. She has read the Book of Mormon. We are both searching.” With this encouragement we have returned several times. It has been an unusual event in many ways: ① We never quit before midnight or after. ② On those points of doctrine where I expected him to agree, he kicked the buckboard out from under me, and when I expected at least mild opposition I got it. But when I figured he would claw my frame, he mildly accepted it or heartily agreed. He is a paradox in many ways. I keep saying “he” because Gigi didn’t sit in on many of our discussions – she was always going to some social function. When we arrived in an evening the children always played with us for a moment: Janet is 9 or 10 and is at the difficult age when she would like to wrestle but realizes it isn’t lady-like. It frustrates the poor girl something fierce. But she’s a lady first! Doug likes to be tickled but cries easily. He’s seven. Then two year old Judy takes over – and Elder Bascom is her “property” from then on. The first time I went there for an evening appointment she climbed up on my lap and proudly announced to the rest of the family, “Look what I got!” We have great fun together.

As we have held these meetings, Mr. Watson has objected to some points (authority for example) but agreed on others (you must be the true church – you are the only one practicing Christianity). By review and enrichment I hoped to gain his conversion. He has said several times now that he was praying about it. Last Wednesday we visited him and when we left I asked him if he wanted us to fast and pray in order that he might receive an answer to his prayers. He said he would appreciate it. I promised to call him the next day to explain the details. (We had company that night.) I was very surprised therefore to hear him say on the phone that he would not be able to fast. His wife had asked him what all the mumbling was about at the door and he told her. It seems he should not have done that – she exploded! “If you intend becoming a Mormon, you can just look for another wife and children!” He spent the next three hours trying to determine just how sincere she was and he said, “Oh never saw her in a more sincere mood!” Nevertheless, we fasted two days and prayed before breaking the fast. The next move is up to God. May we win them, I pray!

Jan. 22.

Just received a letter from Dick Westover. He tells of a marvelous occurrence during Christmas Week. “San Diego Stake, and more

particularly Hillcrest Ward, saw a real miracle performed in our midst during the Christmas week. The six-year-old son of Ruth and Ronald Best was suddenly stricken with convulsions and became unconscious just the week before Christmas. It was diagnosed as encephalitis, a form of sleeping sickness – brought on as a complication after he had had the mumps. He lay in complete coma all of three days and the doctors didn't give them much hope for his life – or if he did live after the brain fever, he might suffer paralysis of some sort or mental infirmity. The Sunday before Christmas all the Stake and especially our ward united in prayer of faith and fasted for him – that if it be the Lord's will, to heal him. That afternoon he took a turn for the better and amazed all the doctors and nurses by becoming semi-conscious the next day. Within two or three days he was fully awake and is now home from the hospital with mind and body in tact!" Yes, God is good!

There are times when we are so long without something that we dream longingly of it – yet, at another time, be completely surfeited with its over-abundance. Such things as cold water – or baptisms! I remember all those hours of painful walking and heart-breaking effort to get even one person out to Church – in Wisconsin. Yet last Monday we met no less than three people who are only awaiting the invitation to be baptized! Surely God is Omnipotent – He uses the missionaries as He pleases – and that pleases me. I desire no credit for what I have done in this life – God deserves every bit of it. I have sung, preached, administered and healed, and lived the Law – but only that God might be glorified. If I have found favor in His Sight – it is because He has guided and inspired me in righteousness. I love the Lord!

These are eventful days! Oh, Lee, never again (unless we are called on a mission) will days be as full or mean as much! Every morning is a new challenge – a new opportunity – a new thrill – to – come. Who knows what person lay awake all night praying for Truth to come into their lives? You will bring it to them that day if you so desire. Some door will open and you and your message will be accepted with tear-wet cheeks. Can you see how mundane the old life can become? Here is new Adventure every morning – very meeting – I can't help but enjoy every thrilling moment of it!

This day I have had a thrilling experience. We administered to a small girl at St. Francis Hospital. She has spinal meningitis – unconscious since Tuesday (now Fri.). She was crying softly when we left. When I visited the child's parents I was inspired to say the child will live! At such moments I feel so wonderful – to have the Spirit within me! I only regret that I am such a doubter myself – I

know I could exercise faith to a great and greater degree. Growing up is such a fearful thing – groping blindly in the darkness for another attribute to add to one’s character – when all the time, others (more wise and experienced) have patiently explained how to attain it without struggle. Yet no man can give another the attributes we all desire for ourselves and for others. We can only point the way – show the method – give encouragement to the crusader – but we cannot take them on Life’s journey ourselves. May I have the wisdom to aid my sons to grow up in wisdom and righteousness – and refuse the pitfall of giving my self and my own attainments for their own use. I wish to guide and encourage them – but not live their lives for them. God help me, I pray.

Jan. 28. I hesitate to put down what I feel at this time because I realize it will sound like self pity. Yet I must chronicle it if I am to recall these days in the years ahead and benefit by these experiences. We have “unusual” weather here in Peoria. One day it snows – then the wind blows – the next day it freezes solid – and tomorrow it is spring, with high temperatures and melting snows! I can’t get used to it. Lee commented in Monday’s letter that the news casts called for snow and freezing temperatures in Illinois, and she supposed that would mean no tracting and much study time. It was mere coincidence, of course, but on Monday it snowed. In the afternoon a breeze came up which grew into a gale by nightfall. We had been out all day, of course, since it wasn’t a blizzard and time is short! Our 7 o’clock p.m. meeting was over/with by 8: and we had to walk about 16 blocks to the next appointment. Those were the longest blocks I’ve walked in quite some time. The wind was against us, picking up the snow in fine particles and lashing our faces with it. The wind was cold – which stiffened our joints and the ground had frozen with a thin coating of ice – making walking much more difficult. I wish to remember this event because someday when I’m enjoying the luxury of a San Diego winter before a fireplace I want to call to mind that there are, in the world that night, many pairs of elders laboriously trodding a snowy path to someone’s door to bring them the Gospel of Jesus Christ. And I also want to remember that, in all likelihood, the people won’t be home (having sneaked out to avoid meeting them) or, if home, will have changed their minds and the elders have nothing to show for their night’s labor. Yet I have never been angry nor even piqued at these fruitless evenings nor the people who thoughtlessly caused them. I have only felt sorrow and pity for I know they will someday feel sorrow too.

Then Wednesday night was a treacherous one, too. It had rained all day – but turned to ice as it hit, so there was about an inch of ice on everything – roads, trees, cars. They all were coated. When we

came out of our last meeting at ten o'clock p.m., the rain had turned to a wet snow – but very fine. As we walked into it, our coats, hats, scarves picked it up and it froze on contact. When we reached home we had a thick coating of ice down the front of us! We cracked!

This morning is certainly a different one – we woke to a new world – a glass one! The trees, telephone poles and lines, shrubs, even grass – all with a symmetrical [sic.] coating of ice. The trees crackle in the breeze and sunlight reflexs [sic.] from a million carats of the most beautiful “white diamonds”! It is unbelievably pretty. I wish my children could see it.

It is also very dangerous. I fell this morning – tore my shoe on the curbing and when I put out my hand to catch myself, a thin sliver of ice neatly cut the palm of my glove through. Luckily I had on gloves! It could have been my hand.

Jan. 29.

My bed-partner, Elder Gerald Wray, of Irwin, Ida., spent his 21st birthday today Jan. 29th in an unusual way – even for a missionary. One of our new members, Sister Bestwick, went to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. The neighbor ladies took the four children the first night, but the elders have been playing “mama” there ever since. Last night was Elder Wray’s turn. Can’t you picture him wrestling four children into p.j.s – changing diapers – telling bet-time stories – and rocking the baby – all at the same time (almost!) – no doubt! Thus he became a man! Ah, I tell you, boys, there’s nothing (absolutely nothing) can take the place of a mission! Every man a housewife – that’s our motto – and we’re stuck with it!

He redeemed himself today, however – he ot a cake from home. Um – banana! Mucho good! He needed it – two “Dear Johns” in nine weeks in the field is two too much!!

I wish you could be here Sunday. For the first time in my life I shall see someone baptized to whom I gave all the lessons! It is a joy indeed. I shall tell about him later.

Today Elder Wallace Christopherson of Ogden, Utah, supervisor, - and I interviewed three people for baptism. The first was Russell Fugitt – a young boy, just eighteen today! He is “engaged” to a LDS girl of 16 at whose home we have held our meetings. He is having difficulty in breaking the cigarette habit – says he has quit but I suspect otherwise. He wants to be baptized but today his mother refused to give her permission – and Wednesday he goes into the Army! I hate to see him go without the Holy Ghost to guide him because I still remember how difficult it was for me. I pray some

good LDS boy or boys are in the same outfit and will set him a good example and teach him the Gospel thoroughly. We can yet gain this soul or we can lose him – it depends on what God wants now, because it is in His hands. My heart bled for the girl - she cried heartbrokenly at the news.

The second one was Herb Shannon – later. Mrs. Davis was the third one. She has been a strange one. She is 59, and a grandmother. When the elders came to her door she said “God walked in.” The elders have been especially important to her throughout the study of the Gospel – in fact, at times I felt it was the elders she was interested in and not the Gospel – Especially Elder Benard. She is crippled somewhat by arthritis and a rupture – making her a short, dumpy figure who has difficulty walking. Some might ridicule her but she endures much pain and has a good heart. Her children are all married and living elsewhere in town, and her grandchildren don’t understand her so she is a lonely figure. In her youth she committed some impeccadillos [sic.] for which she is deeply sorry but still they burn and torment. I have felt genuine sorrow to see the mental anguish she was undergoing because of the past. If only our youth who are tempted to stray for just a few minutes – if they could talk to Mrs. Davis they wouldn’t hesitate to resist Evil at all times. Just imagine: three candidates for baptism in one day! (Wednesday we had two!) and there have been times when I have seriously expected to go the entire year and never know the joy of a single baptism. The ways of the Lord are truly mysterious and wonderful!

Elder Christopherson told me today how he learned to pay tithing. He was living in California – in the mission field part. He was out of a job and unable to find one. He had three dollars in his pocket and he owed tithing. So he reasoned thus: Three dollars won’t buy much so I’ll give it to the Lord. He went to Pres. Leo J. Muir of the Mission and paid his three dollars. As he got up to leave, Pres. Muir said: “What kind of work are you engaged in now?” Elder Chris confessed he was out of work. “What kind of work do you like to do?": Elder Chris said: Selling. Pres. Muir called a man on the telephone – gave a letter of recommendation, and Elder Chris went to work in a nice-paying job. He could still work for the company today – but left them to set up his own business. He wouldn’t dare to not pay tithing!

Lines in Waiting:

- I. Did you see something in the sunset?
Were there secrets in the sod?
Did the laughter of the children

Light the pathway that you trod?
Does the beauty of a woman
Thrill you, as the sun the clod?
They exist for just one purpose:
To remind you of your God.



II. When you're sad, do you cheer someone?
Do you sing a song when blue?
When you're gay, do you bring comfort
To a heart that's dear and true?
Do you meet each day, accepting
What God give? And give it, too?
Then you've lived your life, my brother,
And your God is proud of you!



I like to write poetry. These lines are “overbearing” with rhythm [sic.] and the rhyme is belabored but I have expressed myself as I wanted to do – and the tension is released and I am able to continue my labors. Every man should express himself somehow – I do it through poetry.

III. If Nature's beauties which surround you
Can recall Deity's Face
Do you think you are a stranger
Sent from Nowhere to this place?
Think again, dear friend, my brother –
God, Who dwells somewhere in space
Is the Father of our Spirits.
He will save us by His grace
Through our works – and we shall see Him
Resurrection Morning – face to face!



Sister Olive Millward, one of our I.m.s is from England. Loving the Gospel as she does, she jumped at the chance to “come to Zion”. She left an invalid mother in a wheelchair. In Wausau she was lonesome for home sometimes and I read “Elizabeth” by Longfellow to her – but still she missed her mother. And though she is engaged to be married she sometimes expressed the desire to see her mother once more. She missed England, too, but mainly because her mother was there. It was a shock, therefore, to learn last

Saturday that her mother had passed away. She took it like the brave soul she is but I know it hurt. So I felt sorrow at her sorrow and I came home and wrote this poem:

You loved her!
In those childhood moments when she taught you
To love God and learn to worship Him,
You recognized her wisdom and her logic.
You embraced the Gospel – and with vim!

You loved her!
When she taught you of the heritage of ages
Handed on to you from England's past,
You accepted it in calm, sincere devotion
And will praise and love it to the last!

You loved her!
When her once-free body to the chair was chained,
Though the spirit would not grovel to the chains,
In the furnace of her pain and your sweet pity
Bonds were forged more strong than any earthly chain!

You loved her!
When you left her in God's keeping for another
And, you hope, a better land, to live and love;
You did it for the love of God within you.
You only sought reward in Heav'n above.

You loved her!
Where she is now the praises of the righteous
Awaiting Resurrection Day sound in her ears.
The memories she has are only sweet ones.
May yours of her be likewise – through all years!

She's your mother!
And all through this life you've helped her.
You have cared for and have cheered her many years.
And you loved her! – And she knows it!
Come now, Dearest Sister – dry your tears!



We always got along quite well, Sister Millward & I. I kidded her about her British accent and she always called me "By George" or

"Elder Darling". Mission rules, you know, to call all men "elders" and all l.ms. "sisters". Sister Millward keeps the rules as you can see! She really does it for fun. She is older than most of the elders – about 28, I should imagine. She is going to marry George Huston – a Scot – in his thirties. I hope they come to San Diego on their honeymoon. I should like for you to meet her, Lee. She is "pure wool and a yard wide" – made of real stuff. Personally I think George is a very lucky man!

*A letter found at the back of the Journal.
No date but about 5 & 6 June 1954*

My Precious Darling ----

Enjoy this day with me, please!

The dawn is awakening slowly this morning. There is a leaden sky - that accounts for it, no doubt. I am in the front room of a Saints' home - Gabriel Della Piana - on the campus of the University of Illinois. They are a young couple with two children. Gabriel is getting his doctorate in ed. Psych. They live in one of the multiple units on the campus. To the east the massive stadium gapes with columns in bas-relief against the empty stairways behind them. The family hasn't begun to stir as yet but I'm too restless to sleep. Today is a big day for us, my dear. I'll tell you as we go along.

For four Saturdays now we have come to Champaign (about forty missionaries throughout So. Ill.) to rehearse a pageant we are presenting tonight. Champaign is only the beginning, however. If it proves successful we shall go to other branches - and eventually Nauvoo in July (maybe June). The script is by Sister Allie Howe - on a mission from Gen. Board of Y.W. - a very talented girl - and one of the finest persons I've ever known. The idea of the pageant is the Apostasy and Restoration - worked in with scriptures, the important phases of Church history, and our lovely hymns. We stage it here in the Champaign branch for two performances tonight. The choir is small - 24 voices - but effective. A verse choir - chorale - of 13 voices is the most difficult, of course, but good. Then two

narrators finish the production. I am one of the narrators. I pray we will be a success - for I know that it can be - if only God blesses us.

Later

Here it is five o'clock and your husband has been asleep! I am at President Henderson's home - branch president, teaches biochemistry at the U. of Illinois. They invited me over after rehearsal this morning and gave me a room to myself to relax in (such English!) I took a nap - relaxed - ate a lemon for the voice-box. (It has been taking quite a beating.) Now I'm talking with you some more. The leaden sky has come unleaded - it is sleeting. That means ice! to you - as soon as it hits, it is frozen - yet it comes in liquid form. I sit here gazing at it beating futilely at the window panes - the howling wind adds a mournful note - oh, to have you're here! You'd brighten everything - your presence is sunshine to me. You are my world - and everything of any importance in it. I adore you!