

Eldred  
Hilmar  
Erickson

1919  
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#### Captions for color image

Top left photo.....Eldred fishing in Saddle Creek, Blacksmith Fork, 1980 or 1981.

Top right photo.....Eldred sitting on the steps of the apartment he and Lois rented from the  
Campbells while he was stationed in Tampa, Florida, 1944.

Bottom photo.....Portrait of Eldred, 1940.

Top background .....Writing sample from his 1981 journal.

Bottom background .....Writing sample from a 1941 mission letter.



# Eldred Hilmar Erickson

1919 - 1989

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"Condemn me not because of mine imperfection, neither my father, because of his imperfection, neither them who have written before him; but rather give thanks unto God that he hath made manifest unto you our imperfections, that ye may learn to be more wise than we have been." Mormon 9:31\*

\*Eldred wanted his posterity to think of this scripture when learning about his life, and reading his personal writings.

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## Forward

### How a written history of Eldred Hilmar Erickson's life began.

The creation of this book in many ways began when I was a teen-ager visiting my Grandma and Grandpa Erickson. My family used to get in the car and go to their home most Sunday evenings. We ate supper, then sat in the front room and the adults talked while the rest of us read the comic section, built with the blocks, or played with Mr. Potato Head. When I got older I listened more to the conversation.

One Sunday evening, while Grandma sat in her rose-colored rocker and Dad in the blue chair by the front door, I listened to them talk about Dad's mission journal. I'd heard it before. When Dad came home from the army he re-read his mission journal. He was embarrassed by its contents, and threw it, along with the letters he'd written my mother, into the furnace to be burned. Dad now wished he had never done such a thing. He wanted to have a record of that period of his life.

Grandma got up from her chair and went into the hall. From the top shelf of the closet, she drew down a shoebox full of papers. When Grandma returned, she set the box on the floor in front of Dad, and asked if these papers might be of some use. They were letters he had written to the family all through his mission, and throughout the War—six years worth of letters written at least once or twice a week. He hadn't known that she'd saved them.

All the way home Dad talked of the letters. He said he was going to type them up. And he did. At least he began to. He typed about 60 or 70 pages on an old manual typewriter.

Dad told me he wanted to write his life history. He pointed to some of our ancestors that we know little of because they never wrote anything down. He did not want that to happen to him. He wanted his children to know what he was like, and what was important to him.

### What was the process of making the history, and who helped.

A year or two after Dad died in 1989, Mother asked if I would help her compile Dad's history. Mother and I began by going through all of his papers and drawers. What I found surprised me. Not only did Dad have a very complete outline and list of things to include, but he had more journals and life sketches than I'd realized. I knew he'd kept a journal because I had seen him write in one over the years, but I didn't know to what extent his papers covered. There were many pictures, journals, letters, certificates, sketches, etc. The problem would not be what to *put into* his history, but what to *cut out* of his history. The stack of papers grew, and when I left the house I had two big boxes and a brief case. Over time, Mother found more and more things for Dad's history. It seemed I had all the raw materials I would need for the book.

What I needed most, though, was help. I was under the mistaken idea that the letters Dad typed were *all* the letters he had written. After retyping those letters, (scanners wouldn't read the old type) I looked into the box and found five and a half more years that were still in his handwriting, plus two or three handwritten journals that remained untyped. I wanted to quit.

Fortunately, Susan called at this point asking if there was something I needed. I told her my problem, and she began typing. Nancy also volunteered, and with the three of us, and Mother, we typed all the letters. They were not easy. Anyone who's seen Dad's handwriting knows his writing is more difficult to read the older he got. Finally, after more than a year, the letters were typed. Mother also type his patriarchal blessing and the Peoria Mission journal—only she could have read his writing in this journal! I typed whatever was left.

One afternoon, Susan brought Mother to my home, and the three of us sorted through and picked out many of the pictures to include in the final history. Once the photos were selected, the job of scanning over two hundred pictures into the computer followed. Steven, my husband, and I did that. It's a good thing Steven had some training in this area, because I knew nothing about it. He taught me what to do and I scanned as much as I could each day. It took almost a year to scan all of the pictures.

Once the letters, journals, documents, and personal records were typed, David helped by putting many of the records into chronological order. When everything was in place, the editing process began.

David, Nancy, Chris, Ellen, and Steven and I, edited all the pages, trying to check for mistakes, misspellings and punctuation problems.

I need to make sure I don't forget to recognize all the families involved, including my own. My daughters, Melissa and Miriam have been very patient when my time was spent with the computer instead of with them.

My husband Steven, has helped so much. He created the colored picture montage in the front of



this book, worked out all the computer problems, placed all the pictures and captions within the document, formatted the book, and was in charge of getting the book printed.

Others helped too. Mother, Bruce, Janet, Susan, Nancy, Eldred's sister, Helen; and Eldred's friend, Harold Strand wrote some of their memories of Dad. These are included toward the back of the book.

It's interesting to note there has been little additional writing necessary. Mother wrote some information for clarification's sake, and so did David and I, but for the most part, this book contains the writings of Dad--Eldred Hilmar Erickson.

### **What the reader can hope to find inside the pages of this book.**

What do I hope you'll find in these pages? Dad. I hope you get to know him, as those of us who have worked on this book have come to know Dad.

There have been a lot of difficulties surrounding the completion of this book. At one point a friend asked me why my Dad was so important that the Adversary would try to stop the creation of this book by laying road blocks in our paths. "I mean, after all," she said, "wasn't he just an ordinary guy?" "It wasn't like he was a prophet or anything."

I've thought a lot about her question, and there are many answers I could give in response, but one thing I've come to the conclusion about, is that this book is important because it shows what an ordinary man did with his life, and how the little things he did with his life helped make him extraordinary. It also shows that he endured well, to the end. I believe he ended up where he was hoping to go, and by using his life as an example of endurance, I can be where he is too.

As I've worked on this book I have gained a testimony of the importance of sacred records. In the Book of Mormon it says that in the last days other books will come forth to convince the gentiles of Christ. As I've worked on this book, I believe that Dad's history--along with many others people's histories--are some of these books that will come forward in these last days to witness of Christ and his power to change people's lives.

To me, the greatest lessons Dad taught have been through example. I have enjoyed reading about Dad's life and seeing the example of change and refinement that took place over a lifetime. I hope I can do as well.

Jeane Erickson Burton

## Summaries of Important Events and Information

### Personal Resume

Note: The following summary of major events was written by Eldred May 31, 1989, while suffering from the effects of leukemia and about six months before he passed away:

I was born March 31, 1919, Farr West, Weber County, Utah to Hilmar E. and Luetta Randall Erickson. We moved to Ogden when I was 5 years old. I moved to Pleasant View in 1951.

**Education:** I attended Mound Fort Elementary and Junior High School and graduated from Ogden High in 1937. I attended Weber College from 1937-1939 and later in 1946. I graduated from the University of Utah in 1951 with a degree in Accounting with a minor in Economics. I have taken additional courses at the University of Tennessee, the University of Colorado, and Westminster College.

**Professional:** I am a Certified Public Accountant, and was a partner with H. E. Erickson and Company Public Accountants. I was Secretary and Treasurer of Exclusive Finance Company and Plain City Canning company. I served 20 years as Auditor and Field Advisor for the State of Utah Department of Employment Security. I was the National Treasurer of the Sons of the Utah Pioneers.

**Community Service:** I was mayor of Pleasant View Town four years from January 1, 1958 to 1962. While mayor we enacted the first permanent planning and zoning ordinances for Pleasant View. In addition, we completed the first lighted ballpark out of Ogden City in Weber County. We paved 1100 West, 900 West and 500 West. We installed the bridge on 600 West, and put in streets at 3650 North & 3800 North. I got Pleasant View back into the Weber Sewer district after the previous administration had turned it down. I also served on the Board of Adjustments, Planning Commission, various committees, and was Justice of the Peace. I was elected a member of the Weber County Board of Education, where I served two years as Vice President. I served ten years on the Board of Trustees of the Mosquito Abatement District of Weber County; two years as president. I served as president of the Little Missouri Irrigation Company. I was a 4-H leader for 20 years (Lois and I instigated in Weber County the E. H. Erickson Family 4-H Award). I was also a Scout and Explorer leader.

**Family:** Married Lois Ruth Belnap, January 24, 1944, in the Salt Lake Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah. We have eight children: Bruce E. (Joyce Johnstun) Erickson; Janet (Randall J.) Gee; Susan (James E.) Schmidt; David (Julie Hill) Erickson; Nancy (Ray E.) Jensen; Chris (Keli Kennington) Erickson; Ellen Erickson; and Jeane (Steven J.) Burton. All have graduated from Brigham Young University. Some have additional degrees from BYU, UCLA, Gonzaga University and Utah State University. Grandchildren: we have 35 living grandchildren (May 31, 1989).

**Military Service:** I entered the U. S. Army, 6 June 1942, at Fort Douglas, in Salt Lake City, Utah. Serial Number: 39027024. I was separated from the Service 30 October 1945, at Alexandria Air Field, Alexandria, Louisiana S/SGT. I was a Sargent in United States Army Signal Corp. and attached to Mountain Infantry (Corlett's Long Knives) in the invasion of the Aleutian Islands. We operated Radar Station on Little Kiska. I assisted in setting up a Radar Training School at Barksdale Air Force Base for B29 Bomb Crews for the U. S. Army Air Force.

**Church Service:** I served an LDS mission to North Central States, 1940-1942, where I served as district president for the East Half of North Dakota and Northwestern Minnesota. I was an LDS Coordinator in the United States Army. I held various church assignments, including: President of the Seventies quorum, counselor in the bishopric (to Bishop Jay H. Rhee), bishop of the Pleasant View Ward (January 25, 1966 to March 16, 1969), and Stake Finance Clerk. I served a mission with my wife Lois to the Illinois Peoria Mission, 1983-1984. I also served a mission with Lois as Tour Guides on Temple Square in Salt Lake City, 1988-1989.

**Hobbies:** Fishing, hunting, guns, photography, gardening, and enjoying my family.

**Employment:** (Written by Lois) When he was discharged and came home from the service there were no



jobs available. He applied at the Utah Power and Light Company; no jobs. He took the Civil Service test at the Post Office and placed in the 90's, but no jobs were available. He sent resumes throughout the country and had replies from the electric companies in Delaware, and a job offer in Albuquerque. He really felt that we should stay close to our folks as they were getting older.

He was offered a job with the Charlie Redd Company on a large sheep ranch in a remote area around Moab. We went to meet with the owners at Farmington, and they showed him the complete figures of the company--a very large corporation, and they were very impressed with him. It would be a seven day a week job, no time off, no vacation, and he would conduct Sunday services for the employees there. We would have our lodging paid for and all butter, milk, eggs, etc. raised there. He came back to the car where we were waiting and he said this was "really a good job", but he had told them that he needed to see the area before making a decision. It was decided that we would go down on Monday. We prayed and fasted about it, and Sunday we went to church. The next morning we heard on the news that a terrible snow storm had blocked the road on Strawberry Pass, and cars were stranded and one person had died. We always felt that we would have been there had we gone. So he told them he felt he should continue his education under the GI Bill, and might have accepted the job had it been possible to come to Ogden sometimes to visit our families. Many times after he would mention that maybe he should have taken one of those jobs.

## **Genealogy Book Information**

Personal Records--Important Events from Eldred's Genealogy Book

### **Church Activity as a Boy**

Attendance cup won in priesthood in Tenth Ward  
Star Scout--Boy Scouts of America  
Priesthood Quorum Presidency

### **Callings on My Mission**

District President, East North Dakota District

### **Church Callings during W.W.II**

L. D. S. Coordinator--United States Army

### **Church Callings in Ogden**

Sunday School Teacher--Seventh Ward, Ogden Stake  
Teacher in Seventy's Quorum--Seventh Ward  
Second Counselor Sunday School--Seventh Ward  
Second Counselor YMMIA--Seventh Ward  
One of the Seven Presidents of the 38th Quorum of Seventies

### **Church Callings in Pleasant View**

Sunday School Teacher in Pleasant View Ward  
Second Counselor Bishopric, Pleasant View Ward Bishop J. H. Rhees--1952  
First Counselor YMMIA--Pleasant View Ward  
Assistant Explorer leader with Bernard Cragun, Scoutmaster  
Assistant Explorer leader with Harold Strand  
Bishop of Pleasant View Ward Released March 16 1969  
Sunday School Teacher in Pleasant View Ward--Family Home Evening Class  
Educational Advisor--Pleasant View Utah Stake  
Regional Storehouse Position.  
Ward Teacher  
Home Teacher

### **Civic and Community Involvement**

Mayor of Pleasant View--Four years--January 1, 1958

Board of Adjustment 6 years--1966-1970

National Treasurer Sons of Utah Pioneers

Member of Sons of Utah Pioneers, Ogden, Utah

Elected Member of Weber County Board of Education 1970-1976

4-H leader--Organized first photography club in state, poultry, wood refinishing, Swine, beef, gardening, etc.

Member of 4-H Council of Weber County

Outstanding Service Award in 4-H 1971

Member of Kiwanis Club

Justice of the Peace 5 January 1970

Vice President of the Weber County District School Board

Educational Advisor for BYU, Pleasant View Utah Stake

Confidential Secretary to the Stake Presidency, Pleasant View Utah Stake

Assistant Stake Clerk (Finance of Buildings), Pleasant View Utah February 1976

President of Erickson Family Organization from 1975--Organization

### **Lois' Bible Entries**

The following is another outline Lois made in an entry entitled: Lois' History and Memories of Eldred H. Erickson, dated July 15, 1998:

Some important dates listed in my "old" Bible:

On 31 March 1919, Eldred Hilmar Erickson was born in Farr West, Utah.

Eldred left on his mission 7 March 1940 to the North Central States and was released 21 March 1942, arriving home 30 March, 1942.

He registered for the military draft while in North Dakota. On 7 December 1941 the United States entered World War II following the bombing of Pearl Harbor. On 6 June 1942 Eldred joined the United States Army at Fort Douglas, Salt Lake City, Utah. He served until 30 October 1945, when he was awarded an Honorable Discharge at the Air Force base at Alexandria, Louisiana. He held the rank of S. SGT., served as a Radar Specialist, and was attached to various military bases.

On 24 January 1944, Eldred and Lois were married Salt Lake Temple by Apostle Thomas E. McKay.

On 4 May 1969, Leonard Beckman died.

On 6 April 1951 moved to Pleasant View from 425-16th Street in Ogden, Utah, on Pleasant View Drive to property owned by Hilmar E. Erickson and Clarence E. Randall.

Eldred was working with his father when he returned from the service and was going to school at the University of Utah under the G. I. Bill. He graduated in Accounting with a minor in Economics including Commercial Law. He later became a Certified Public Accountant.

On 14 December 1952, he was asked to be second counselor to Bishop Jay H. Rhees in the Pleasant View Ward. He was ordained a high priest by Stayner Richards 21 December 1952.

He was elected to serve as mayor of Pleasant View Town from 1 January 1958 to December 1961. He also served 21 years as a 4-H leader beginning 1958, and was a member of the 4-H Weber County Council beginning 25 June 1961.

He began working for the Department of Employment Security as a Field Auditor and a Liaison for the Department with the Internal Revenue Service. His separation notice says, Hired 6-19-61, but it actually was 1958. His obituary inaccurately says "20 years". On 27 February 1981 he retired with commendations. His retirement Certificate of Service says "23 years and 1 month".

On January 25, 1966, he was ordained bishop of the Pleasant View Ward. Pleasant View had only one ward at this time. He was released as bishop 16 March 1969.

On 5 January 1970 he was appointed Justice of the Peace for Pleasant View City. Lois was appointed Bail Commissioner at the time. He was elected to the Weber County School District where he served two years as Vice President. He was appointed a member of the Weber County Mosquito Abatement district, representing Pleasant View City, and among the many services planned and put into action was a retirement system for the employees. He was active with the Mosquito Abatement Board

until his death.

In January and February of 1979 Eldred was diagnosed at the University of Utah Medical Center with CLL (Chronic Lymphocytic Leukemia).

From 1983 October through May 1984 Eldred and Lois served in the Illinois Peoria Mission.

From April 1988 through May 1989 Eldred and Lois served as Tour Guides in the Temple Square Mission.

On 27 November 1989 Eldred died in the McKay-Dee Hospital at age 70, surrounded by several of his loving family. Funeral services were held at the Pleasant View 7th Ward Chapel, Thursday, at 1:00 p.m. With Bishop Rodney Garner officiating. Viewings were held on Wednesday from 6 to 9:00 p.m. at Myers Mortuary Chapel, 845 Washington Blvd. and on Thursday at the Ward Chapel from 11:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. Interment was in the Ben Lomond Cemetery, North Ogden, with Military Honors. (End of insert from Lois' History.)

## **Guns I Have Owned**

The following is a list Eldred compiled of the guns he owned. Annotation is by his son, David:

### **.22 Stevens Single Shot**

The model was a Stevens Little Scout, and originally sold for \$4.00. Dad received it as a gift from his father as his first gun. The firing broke and it was taken in for repairs. Apparently it was during a depression, since they couldn't afford to pay for the repairs, and lost the gun. Dad felt bad about it for years, and tried to find another one. Before he passed away I gave him one for Christmas. I had a friend who helped me locate one in Iowa. They are quite rare. Because I didn't have a federal firearm dealers license, the owner couldn't ship it through the mail. I asked him to disassemble it and ship it as parts, which doesn't require a license. When I presented Dad with the parts (I put the gun in the box of a Dustbuster for a surprise), he immediately knew how to assemble it. Some things you never forget. I remember him being surprised and not being able to speak for some time. The gun is unusual in that it has a very small forearm, that would fit a small boy, and a "falling block action". It was a single shot.

### **12 Gauge Steven Single Shot**

I don't remember this gun.

### **12 Gauge Stevens Double**

I don't remember this gun.

### **.22 Remington Bolt Action**

I don't remember this gun.

### **16 Gauge Remington Pump #31**

I don't remember this gun.

### **.22 Remington Pump #121**

This is a very fine Remington Fieldmaster Model 121. It has a tubular magazine and would fire either short, long, or long rifle .22's. It was very accurate even though it only had open sights. The stock was made of beautiful wood and well cared for. He actually had two Model 121. One had a smooth bore barrel for shotshells, which fired #8 or #10 shot. Not very effective. He put a rifled barrel on it, then finding it too long for his sons, cut about 6 inches off. The cut down version had Williamson peep sights.

### **12 Gauge L. C. Smith Double**

This double barreled shotgun is a classic. It has two triggers, the front firing the right barrel (modified choke), and the back trigger firing the left barrel (full choke). Most of the boys eventually trained with it. It has a modified Monte Carlo stock with some checkering on the grip. It is a field grade model.

### **22-410 Stevens over-under**

I remember Bruce using this gun to shoot a large hawk. It had two barrels, with the .22 above and a .410 barrel below. As I recall, the stock was plastic. I don't remember what happened to it.



### **30.06 Enfield-Remodeled**

I don't remember this gun.

### **20.06 Springfield Remodeled**

This is probably a 30.06. Bruce may have it.

### **30.06 Remington 720**

I don't recall it. Some of these guns Dad got from something like a gun club he belonged to. He and grandpa would put their names on a list, pay \$20, and if guns came up they would send them to them. They would come packed in grease. Hours would be spent clearing them. I think the Enfield and Springfield were these military guns, as were two .30 M1 Carbines, and the .45 pistol.

### **.218 Bee Winchester 6x scope**

I don't remember this gun.

### **.22 Remington Pump**

I believe this was about a Model 4 Remington pump .22 which he resurrected from rust. It hung above his desk at home after he retired.

308 Savage 99 This was Dad's deer hunting rifle of later years. It was a lever action, and had a scope. At one time it was a Weaver scope, though he often changed things around. It was calibered in .308 and he was very good with it. The last deer I recall him getting was with this rifle. The buck was running through quakes to get away from me (I never saw it, just heard Dad's shot). He knocked it down with one shot. This model had the narrow forearm, was lightweight, and had a rotary magazine that held five shells. It was nicely checkered on the forearm and grips. It had a sling, as all of Dad's large caliber rifles did. None of the .22's had slings.

### **7mm Mauser**

I am not familiar with this gun.

### **30 Carbine**

This is the .30 M1 Carbine which Dad customized. It came in grease, complete with bayonet mount. That was cut off with a hack saw. He and I reloaded shells for it with a 100 grain plinker bullet. Clips were 15 shot. Grandpa got one just like it and had his sporterized, with blued barrel, scope and new stocks.

### **.22 Colt Woodsman**

This was Dad's favorite pistol. It went with him on a lot of hikes and fishing trips. It was a Browning design, semiautomatic and had a ten shot clip in the handle. Three models were made: the target, with a heavy barrel, the woodsman--with adjustable sights, and the huntsman, with fixed open sights. Dad's Woodsman had the sleek handle, so it fit on the belt nicely. He was very accurate with it. Once, when someone doubted a .22 pistol could even shoot 100 yards, let alone accurately, he had a friendly bet. The gentleman placed his hat at the 100 yard mark. Dad put three out of five shots in the man's hat. This is even more impressive when you know Dad shot with the military stance--one hand, as opposed to the customarily two-handed or bench shooting you see today.

### **.300 Savage Model 99**

Nice gun, but not much power. The .300 didn't have much distance. This model had a sleek narrow forearm, lots of checking, and made a very light mountain rifle. It was a lever action with a rotary magazine.

### **.45 Colt Army pistol**

This is the classic model 1911 designed by Browning and issued to officers. Not real accurate, but fun to shoot. Very loud. Makes a big hole in the target. As I recall, it had a matte finish with brown plastic handgrips.

**22 Browning Auto**

Dad's was Belgium made, as was grandpa Erickson's. They took them rabbit hunting. I had open sights. In later years he mounted a 6x Leopold scope on it. A joy to shoot.

**22 Hornet Ruger Single**

I remember Dad trying to sight this gun in. It was not very accurate. He promptly traded it on something else.

**222 Remington 6x scope**

This is a bolt action, with the action originally designed for the Fireball target pistol. Dad didn't like the long stock which was capped with a black forearm, nor the plastic trigger guard. He remodeled the stock by cutting off the black forearm, and reshaped the sharp angles. He replaced the trigger guard with a steel version. The scope is a Leopold. Dad reloaded his own shells for the .222, and seemed to prefer the 50 or 52 grain Sierra hollow points. He used the gun for rabbit hunting and target shooting. It was very accurate, capable of a 5 shot, 1/2 inch group at 100 yards.

**22 Pistol Rossi**

I am not familiar with this gun.

**22 Smith and Wesson**

This .22 revolver is known as the "kit gun", since it was small enough to go in a sportsman's "kit" or bag. Stainless steel with walnut grips, beautiful little gun. Adjustable open sights. Not sure where it ended up.

**22 Short Beretta**

This gun was given to Jeane. Semiautomatic, shoots shorts only. I think it is nickel plated, with black plastic hand grips. Has about a 2 1/2 " barrel, magazine clip in the handle. Very small but loud!

**20 Gauge H&R Single**

This is a gun I gave Dad in exchange for another one. I think this one was given to the Schmidt's. I also gave him a .22 Stevens Crackshot, upon which he put a 4x scope.

**410 Gauge Shotgun**

This is a single shot, made by H & R. Good introductory kid's shotgun, wood stock.

**.22 Magnum Winchester Lever**

This looked like a Model 94, but was chamber in .22 Magnum, which made it quite expensive to shoot. Sights were open. Dad gave this gun to me, along with the 6mm as an "ace in the hole" when I went to law school. I ended up selling them to pay the rent when times got really tough. I wish I had never parted with the 6mm, though I know it was the right thing, provided by a very far-sighted Dad to meet a very unusual need several years out.

**6mm Browning Single**

This is the Model 1885 single shot with a falling block action. It is a reproduction. Dad mounted a 6x scope on it and reloaded the shells. Later he swapped scopes and put the 6x Leopold scope on his Browning .22 automatic rifle.

**30.06 Browning #95**

This is a reproduction of the Browning Model 1895. I think they made 5000 to commemorate the original, which was a lever action for larger calibers. Dad put his name on a list before it was made. This is the same gun Teddy Roosevelt took to Africa, and was the first gun to fire multiple shots in large calibers. Dad's is chambered in 30.06. He wanted to hunt bear with it, and put peep sights on it. He took ill and never got to go on the hunt. I believe when I received it, it had never been fired. It had a slip on recoil pad. I had the best Pachmyer recoil pad put on it, and had a gunsmith put on a higher front sight so I

could sight the gun in with the peep sight. The original gun had buckhorn sights. Magazine holds four shells.

### **30.30 Marlin**

This was either from his grandpa Randall, or like the one he had behind the back door of his house.

There are other guns he had that are not on the list:

### **Model 12 Winchester pump shotgun**

This belonged to Leonard Beckman which Dad inherited. It was a military issue, probably used to trapshoot/train those shooting at airplanes, or so they said. It had a 36 inch barrel, full choke in 12 gauge.

### **Browning 12 gauge two shot auto twenty weight shotgun**

This was the last shotgun Dad bought. Though it was primarily designed for upland game (it weighed almost nothing, yet with the automatic feature there was no recall) Dad often took it duck hunting. He rarely missed. The last time I recall him pheasant hunting was with this Browning shotgun. Queenie had died and he didn't have a trained dog. We were walking the east fence row below the canal. We already had two rooster from the west fence line. We waited at the top of the fence row for about five hunters coming toward us. They had at least two dogs working the line and only got up hens. When they left Dad and I worked the fence line, with him on one side and me on the other. We walked slowly, stopped and looked a lot. Heavy brush was walked through and clumps of grass kicked. We got up two more roosters before we had gone far. Dad got one and I got the other. Dad got his two bird limit with two shots.

### **There were two more .22 single shots, both bolt action, model 622.**

One, a full size gun, was cut down for his boys to use. The other was a boys model.

### **.284 Model 99 Savage**

He also received a .284 Model 99 Savage, that I think Chris has. Grandpa also gave Dad his Browning automatic shotgun, 20 gauge, I think a model 5. Chris may have it also.



## Early Memories

I was born in Farr West, Utah, in the home now remodeled and owned by my Cousin Jim Randall, located at 2811 N. 2000 West. Some of my early remembrances include a recollection of when a skunk or a rat died in the well under the house and made a terrible smell. We had to haul water from the Williams across the road.

We had a dog that looked like a wolf that Leonard brought home and was just covered with ticks. They had to dip him in Sheep Dip. He turned out to be a very fine dog and would go down the field and get the cows at milking time and bring them back to the barn. He took a liking to me and watched over me. No one could touch me if he thought there was any danger of them harming me. Even if Dad, Mom or Leonard acted like they were going to hurt me, he would get ready to attack them and crowd between me and them and really growl. A sheep man offered Dad \$50.00 for the dog (that was a lot of money in those days), but Dad refused to sell. A few days after that the sheepman left the area, the dog disappeared. We always thought he took the dog.

I had a little garden of my own under an apple tree just north of the house and I remember hoeing it with a little hoe that Dad still has. We had an old red rooster that used to chase me if I came out to the barn and I really hated him. Mother took me to town one Saturday and bought me a new little red coat. I went out to the barn to show Dad, who was milking. When the cow saw the red coat, she kicked me into the gutter with the fresh manure--I've never liked cows since.

I remember the night my sister Helen was born. Dad took me out into the fields to irrigate the peas. We took a lantern and I was allowed to stay up later than ever before. When we came back, they told us we had a new sister. I remember asking the lady who stayed to help Mom and who cooked the meals if she had a butcher knife so I could cut the pie, it was so tough. I will always remember being locked in a dark closet because I wouldn't eat custard--I still won't eat it!

I also remember watching Dad and Leonard digging a well after losing the water rights in the ditch. I thought I saw a nickel in the dirt, but they wouldn't let me go look. Finally I broke loose and ran over and dug in the dirt, and came up with a nickel. Another time Leonard took me to town. As we walked along the street, I thought I saw a dollar bill. Leonard said no, and wouldn't let go of my hand. I finally broke loose and ran back and picked up a \$5.00 bill. Since then I have always been lucky at finding money. Once when we lived on Eighth Street one of the kids found a dime. I said if anyone else found any money, it was going to be me. Sure enough, it wasn't long till I found a quarter in the gutter.

We moved to Seventh Street just at the foot of the Hill after Dad lost the farm. He went to work for the Railroad building box cars and Leonard worked for the sugar factory. I remember Leonard whittled a dagger for me out of wood. It was so good all the kids in the neighborhood wanted one. Leonard also brought home another dog. (He got another one after the sheepman took the other, but we took it to Leonard Grows when we moved to town.) This time it was an Airedale. We called it "Bud". He was also a good pal for me. In the winter Leonard and I used to get on the sleigh and go sledding down the Seventh Street hill. It was quite a ride. We then moved to Eighth Street. We gave the dog to Grandpa Randall. Pretty soon Leonard came home with another dog. This time it was a little white bull terrier--we called him Bobo. It wasn't too long until he too ended up out at Grandpa's. Grandpa really liked them. The Airedale was good with the cattle, and would keep stray dogs away. Between the two of them they could lick any dog around. The little dog used to get in the mangers in the barn and crawl under where the big dog couldn't get and scare out the rats. The big dog would catch and kill them as they came out. Someone finally poisoned them, and we were all very unhappy.

After moving to Eighth Street I started school in the first grade at Mound Fort Elementary School. I remember running all the way home one recess to get permission to walk down town to be in the "Boys' Parade". They used to have a Boys' Parade every spring, and all the boys that marched in the parade got free soda water. At night on Eighth Street the kids all used to gather under the "arc light" and play games: hide and seek, run sheepy run, shinny, kick the can, etc. I was warned several times to come home at bed time. One night I came home late and all the lights were out and the doors were locked. I couldn't get anyone to open the door. I finally found a small door that I got open that went under the house and went in through a small dirt cellar--full of spider webs, etc. I hated to do it but finally crawled in under the house to the cellar and snuck up the stairway and got to bed. I came home on time after that.

I was baptized when I was ten along with Richard and Mark Payne, and I believe Cecil Holley. I was baptized by my cousin Milton Yorgason. We moved to Thirteenth Street when I was about 10 or 11. I learned the Deaf Language from Wayne Christensen. He and I were very close friends. We used to play down on Mill Creek and swim and fish and trap muskrats in the winter. If we got into trouble, we

were both "deaf". I used to dislike going to shows with him because he wanted me to interpret, and then I would miss what was going on. I became a Boy Scout, and a deacon. Bob Barker was always a close friend, and he was mostly always president of the quorum or Patrol leader, and I would be one of the assistants or counselors. Bob and I were later made priests and were home teaching partners. I remember going to Sister Nash's home--she was president of the Relief Society. I remember criticizing the church for asking for some of our bottled fruit to share with the poor (this was at the time President Grant started the Welfare program). She let me know in no uncertain terms that I was out of place.

## **The Lost Fountain Pen**

Bob and I used to ski a lot on the old hill on 10th to 12th. I remember losing my Waterman pen that Granddad had given me when we went skiing after school without going home and changing clothes like I was supposed to. I searched for a couple of days without finding the pen. Finally I thought about praying for it, and did. The next day, while skiing down the hill in a place I didn't usually go, I saw an ink spot in the snow. I stopped and went back and dug down in the snow--there was my pen. I have it to this day as a testimony to the effectiveness of prayer.

## **Hunting and Fishing**

I liked to fish and hunt a lot. Dad and Leonard used to take me with them. Dad got me a single shot .22 when I was eight. I was never allowed to use it unless he or Leonard was there. We used to hunt rock chucks at Rocky Point in Pleasant View, and hunt jackrabbits in the sagebrush below Hot Springs. We used to hunt ground squirrels.

I also remember being up on the Stewart Ranch at the head of the Provo River when Uncle Randolph and Aunt Mabel lived up there. Dad was helping them with the hay. A coyote kept hanging around looking to get a calf or chicken. When they went back to the house for dinner Uncle got the rifle and told Dad to see if he could get the coyote, as he was the best shot. Sure enough when they went back to the hay field the coyote was there. When he saw them he ran, and as he jumped over a pile of hay Dad shot and hit him in mid air. That was the end of the coyote.

We used to go up North Fork of the Ogden River in the evenings or on Saturday and fish. Once a year Dad and I would go camping up to Paradise or Lost Creek for two or three days. We would fish in the morning and evening. During the day we would take the .22's and hunt ground squirrels. In the evening as it was getting dark, I was always glad to get back to the tent from fishing because the coyotes made such a racket and followed us all the way.

## **Early Employment**

I worked one summer for a Japanese farmer. He paid us 10 cents per hour to weed the tomatoes, and the rows were awfully long. I also helped Grandpa Randall a time or too, but I didn't enjoy working and weeding! Dad got a job for me at Cal Pack where he was office manager. I worked chuting cans and off bearing the hot full cans, and scalded my hands. If you didn't like the work, there were about 50 kids out on the lawn hoping someone would get fired and then they could take his place. The foreman was awfully strict and was a Spanish War veteran and believed in discipline. The language was rough, but if you didn't like it there were plenty who would like to take your place. The pay was 25 cents per hour. The second year it was raised to 32 cents. During the valley peas, hours were from 4:30 a.m. to 12:30 a.m. Some nights we didn't go home. I made \$65.00 that summer and opened my own checking account. When I went to high school I paid for my school supplies and the \$5.00 for a ROTC uniform by check. I also bought a grey overcoat for \$15.00. I was pretty proud. (I used the overcoat up to and including the first year on my mission.)

## **My Name is not Albert**

I wasn't anything much at school, just a little above average, though I was a good speller, usually ranked about third. I once went down in the finals on the word "board"--or "bored"--I don't know which. My mind went blank and I couldn't even think what the word meant. I was too shy to ask, and blurted out "bord"--everyone was shocked.

I remember a teacher pulling me out of a seat by the hair, I don't remember why. I also remember standing in the corner a few times.

I hated my name! Seemed no one could spell or pronounce it right. I was called Elwood, Eldon, Albert, etc. I remember once in the eighth grade a teacher everyone was afraid of called on me to

respond. She called me Albert. I knew whom she meant, but I just sat there and looked ahead. She yelled louder and I still didn't respond. All the kids looked on with fear and astonishment, as they knew what was coming next. She grabbed a big ruler and started for me saying, "I'll teach you to answer me." As she came up to me, I said, "My name is not Albert." That stopped her, and she got it right after that.

## Awkward Days

Seems like I was always not doing things right. Once while passing the sacrament on Easter Sunday the glass tray dropped off the holder through no fault of mine, hit the floor with a bang and broke. I wished the floor would open up and swallow me! I finally picked up the pieces of glass and bread and marched up to the front hoping all the time I would drop dead! I took guitar lessons for a while and against my wishes, I played a duet at a school assembly with another fellow. We got mixed up and it didn't go so well. The final blow came when I was made to accept an assignment to play in sacrament meeting. As the time came to play, I got up and took my guitar out of the case. As I did so the small string caught in the snap on the case. I tried and tried to get it loose, and couldn't. The bishop finally came back to help me and, after what seemed an eternity, it finally came loose. By then I was so nervous I didn't do well. That was the last time I played the guitar!

## High School

In high school I didn't do any more than I had too. Classes were fairly easy, and the only one I liked was geology class. Though German was fun at times, I was shy and never went to parties or dances. If I got assigned a speaking part either in church or school, I managed to be absent at that time if I could possibly make it. I had one English teacher that I didn't particularly like. I got A's in her class because it seemed easy for me, except the speaking part. The spring semester, she decided to have speeches every Friday. She appointed me and the prettiest girl in the school as class critics. After each speech we had to get up and criticize the talk. I never hated anything so bad in my life! I used to dread Fridays with a passion! I didn't make many friends either by criticizing their talks, and if I didn't criticize the talks the teacher criticized me. I was really glad when high school was over.

I usually rode my bike to school unless there was too much snow in the winter, and then Dad would give me a ride on his way to work. I would then walk home. It usually cost 3 1/2 cents to ride the bus, but money was hard to come by. My bike was a second hand one, I believe it cost 12 dollars. Hamburgers at any place in town then were 5 cents.

## Summer Work at the Can Company

I worked in the summer at American Can Company. It was a good job and paid 40 cents per hour. I stacked cans, bagged them and was also yard man. North Ogden Can needed someone to run the cappers on the night shift, and I had run them the last summer at Cal Pack. Uncle Earl prevailed upon Mom to get me to take the job. The Can Company quit at 5:00 p.m. and then I would ride my bike out to North Ogden and work until 10 or 12 p.m. depending on when they got through. Darald Mickelsen from the Valley would give me a ride back and I would hold the bike on the side of his old car. If he wasn't there, I rode the bike home. About that time I got enough courage to date a girl. She went with two of my friends. One took her one night and one the next. They asked me to go along. Soon I was spending more time with her than either of the others, and we cut them out. However, when I started working nights at the factory and couldn't take her out, she left me for someone more available. It was just as well though, she was a very nice and pretty girl, but she was a member of the Seventh Day Adventist Church. I used to write to her and try and convert her when I was on my mission, but her mother wouldn't let her answer my letters, and it got so the mother intercepted all my letters and answered them, and tried to tell me all the things wrong with our church, and why we had to worship on Saturday. I finally moved and quit writing.

## Weber College

I went to Weber College, but had a hard time trying to decide what to take. I started out in Forestry, and then a friend talked me out of it. I changed to business, then took a Geology class, and liked it so well I decided to major in Geology. I became president of the Geology class, but didn't do very well at the job. I hadn't learned to be very dependable, and skipped out on a most important meeting to keep a date with a red-headed girl at a basketball game. Later I represented Weber College at a Western States Geology convention.



I decided I needed some help and took a speech class. It was one of the hardest things I ever did, and I just dreaded the time when I had to take part. I finally made it and got a B out of the class. It helped me overcome some of my fright--not all of it though.

I worked in the Laboratory at Weber College for Orson Whitney Young @ 25 cents per hour. I helped him get his Doctor's degree. I did all the experiments for him, and he wrote them down.

With a group of students from Weber College I hiked to Mount Ogden. A girl name Joyce sprained her ankle and us guys had to carry her out. It was no easy task. She was rather plump, and very heavy by the time we got her down.

## Grants Department Store

Chet Gilgen, a friend, worked for the W. T. Grant store--a department store, which at this time was on the north east corner of Washington and 24th Street. One day he asked several of us to come help move some stuff in the store. He said we'd get paid 25 cents per hour. Several of us went down and helped. Afterwards the manager asked me if I would like to work steady, evenings and Saturdays. I did and it was hard work, but fun.

We assembled everything for the store, bikes, etc., which greatly helped me later in life. We also had to assemble all the toys, magazine racks, etc., cut blinds, make keys, stock shelves, receive merchandise, etc. We had a very narrow stairway to take merchandise to the main floor, and we were always "in a hurry". One day I sprained my ankle, and I knew if I told them I would be laid off, so I took my high-top hiking shoes and laced them as tight as possible and kept moving.

We were required on Thanksgiving night to report and put out all the Christmas merchandise. We worked all night long. We found the electric trains and decided to have some fun, so we put the train tracks all up and down the aisles, and hooked up the train, and it was fun. I never owned an electric train. The same work was on Christmas night--clear everything out, put it away, and have everything back to normal in the morning. We always worked holidays decorating the store for the next day.

I really enjoyed working at Grants. I once got sick on the candy which was always available, but soon learned to pass by it. I worked with George van Leween. He later became the top civilian employee at Hill Air Force Base.



Home of Ida Matilda Bengtson and John Eric Erickson located in Farr West, Utah.  
Eldred Erickson born in this home March 31, 1919.



Luetta and Eldred in Farr West.



Hilmar and Eldred in Farr West.



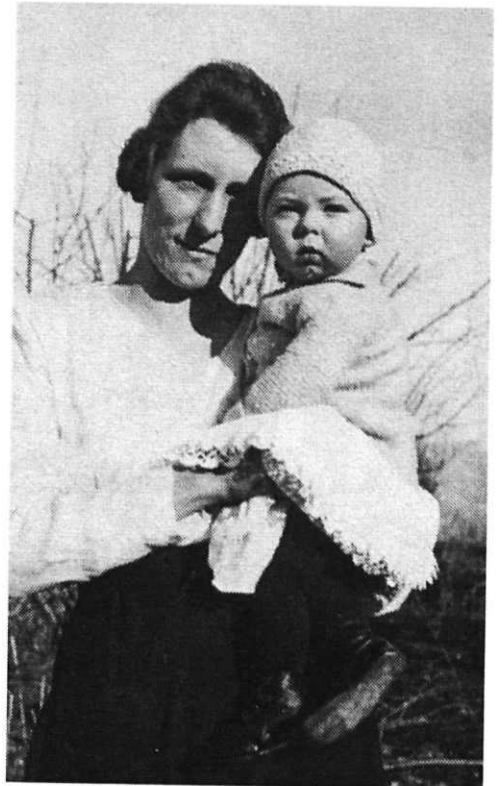
Ida and Eldred.



Eldred at 9 months.



Hilmar and Eldred.



Luetta and Eldred.





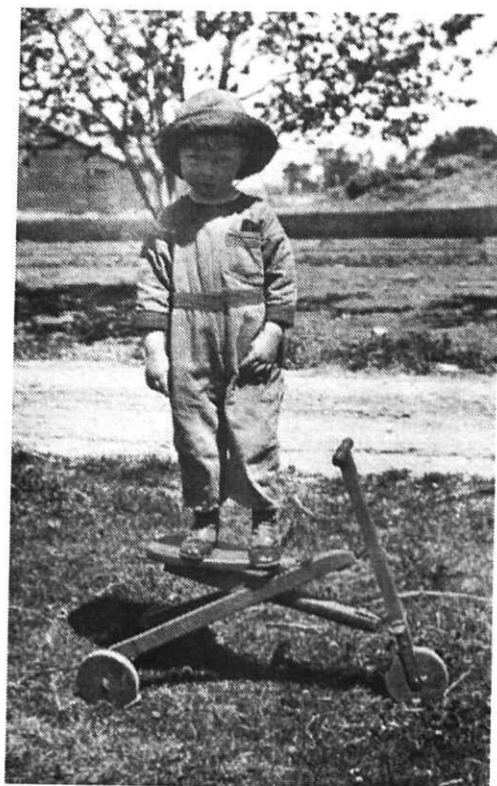
Eldred in a buggy.



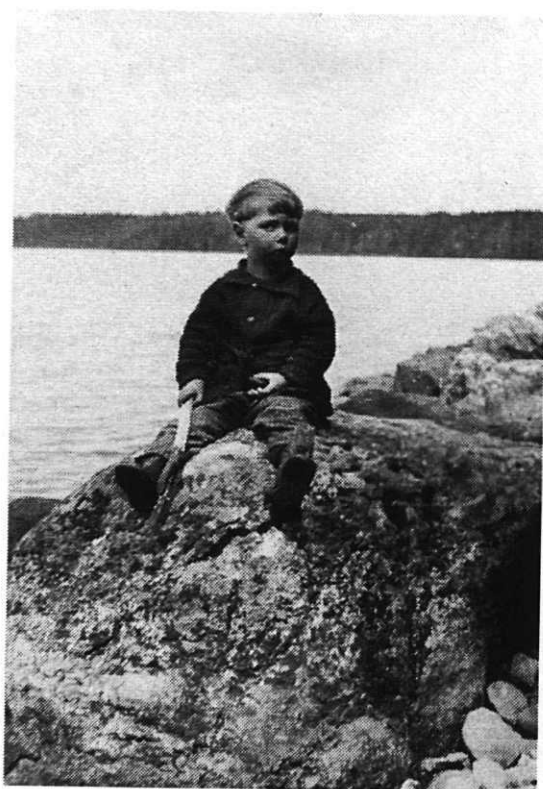
Eldred in another buggy.



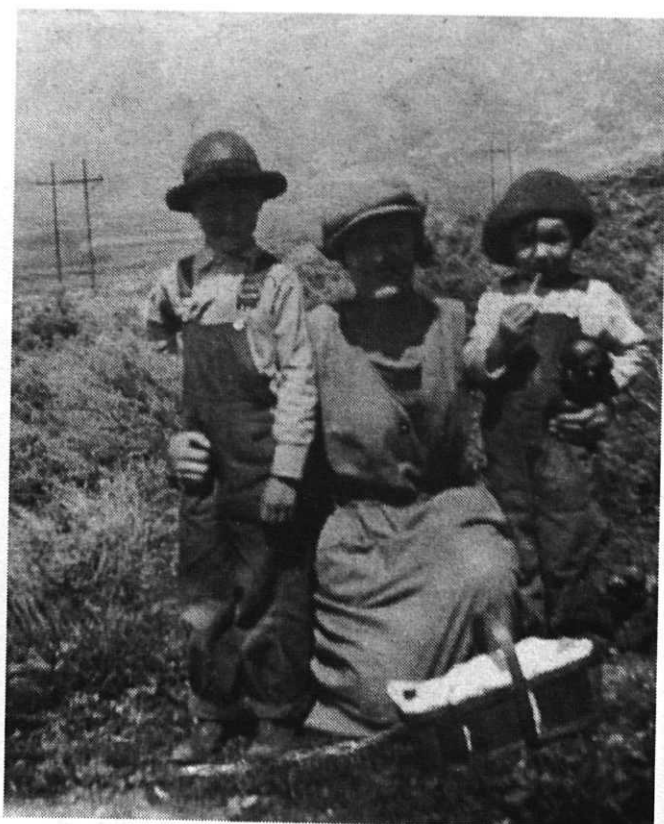
Eldred on steps.



Eldred on scooter.



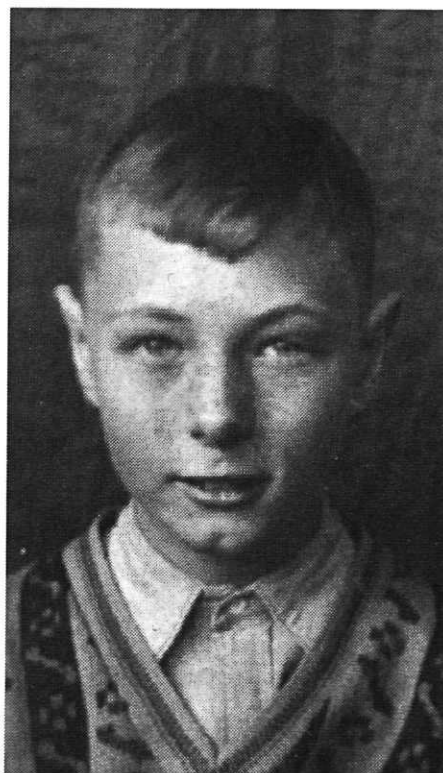
Eldred in Yellowstone.



Eldred, his Aunt Lottie, and a cousin.



Howard Randall, Grant Randall (cousins), and Eldred



Eldred (about 10 years old)

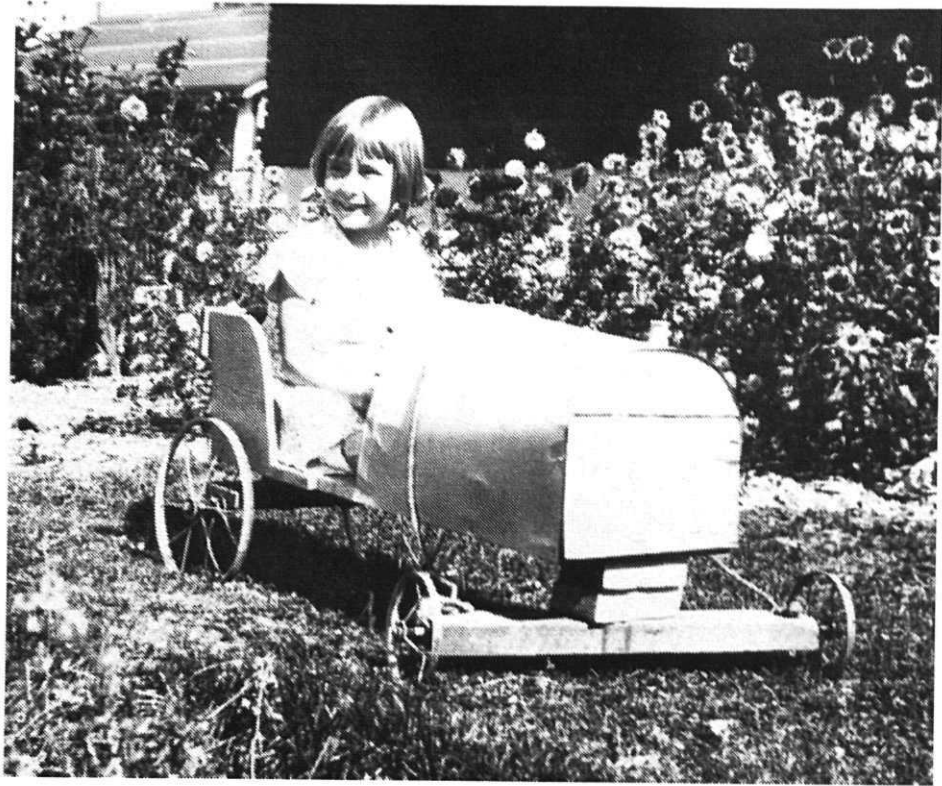


Erickson Family in Ogden, Utah.  
Back: Luetta and Hilmar.  
Front: Helen and Eldred.

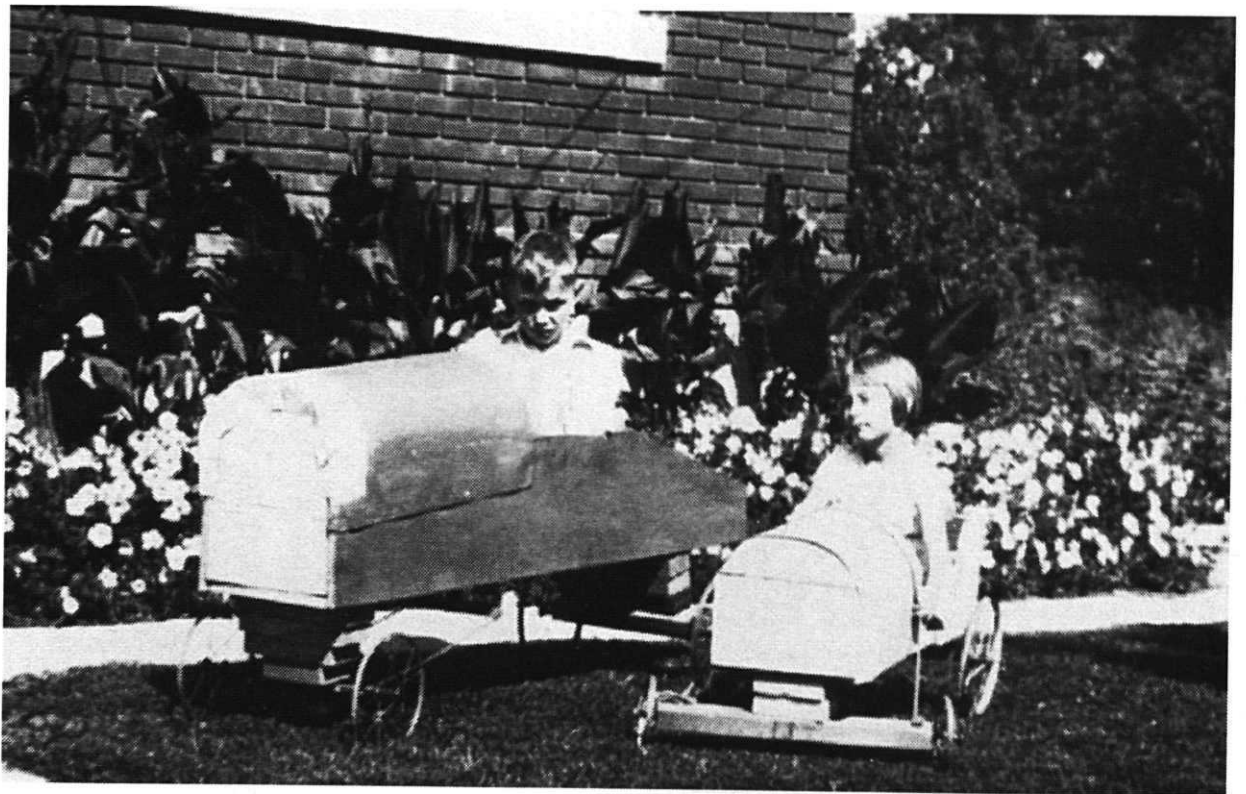


Eldred with gun and dog.





Helen in "bug" Eldred made for her.

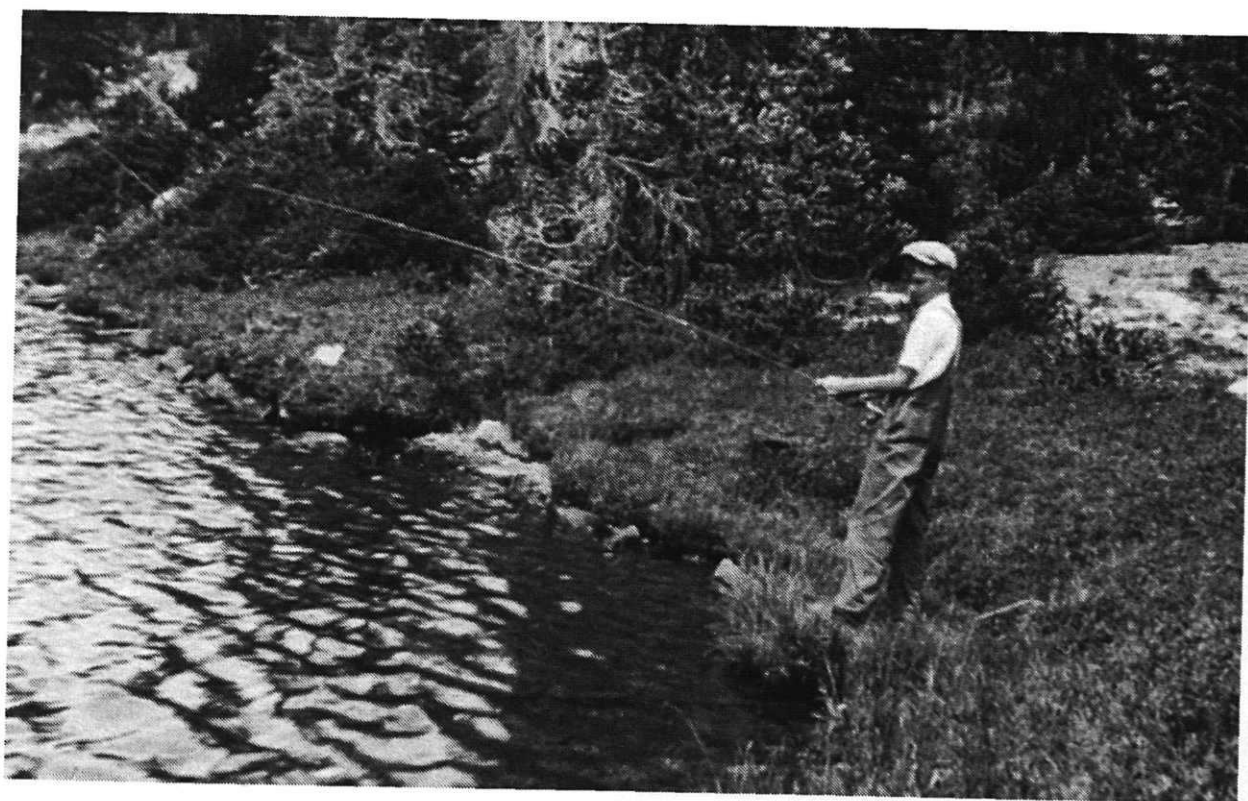


Eldred and Helen in their "bugs."





Eldred and Helen on Mirror Lake, July 1931.



Eldred fishing on Mirror Lake, July 1931.



Eldred and his harmonica, 1931.



Eldred, 1931.



Eldred teaching Pugs to sit, 1933.



Eldred returned from Paradise Creek, 1933.



Eldred, 1934.

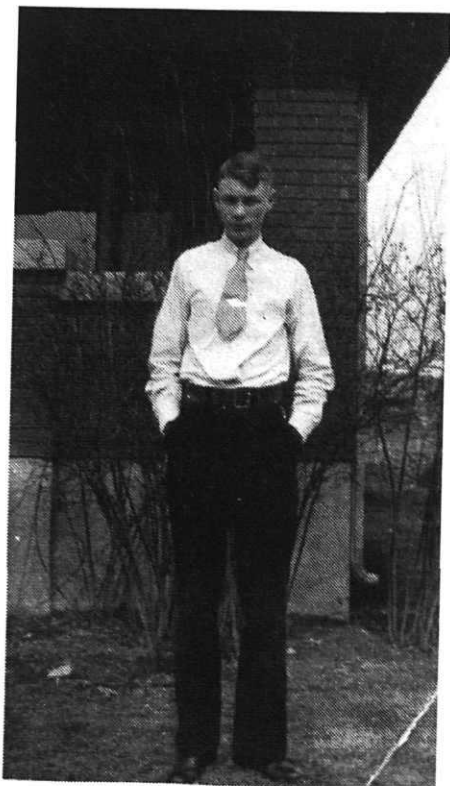


Eldred with catch at Yellowstone, 1934.



Helen, Eldred, and cousin with catch at Cottonwood Lakes, 1935.





Eldred, 1935.



Eldred, 1935.



Eldred and Leonard Beckman duck hunting west of Hooper, Utah, 1939.



## Mission

I decided I wanted to share my life with Lois. She said she would only marry a returned missionary. I hadn't thought of going on a mission. My ward wasn't a very active ward, and I only remember one person going on a mission and he was much older than I was. I was taking Geology in school and the theory of evolution sounded pretty good to me. The Church didn't have much in my plans for the future. I remember telling the bishop I wanted to go on a mission. I guess I shocked him. He said you never come to church. I said I had been going with Lois in her ward. Her Dad was the bishop and they had a lot of young active people. I had been going with another girl, went with her 19 nights in a row, but I knew that she wasn't for me. Lois was the one I knew I wanted, and if I had to go on a mission to get her, I decided to go.

## Patriarchal Blessing

Eldred received his patriarchal blessing from the Church Patriarch while he was in the mission home. Lois copied it in Eldred's "black book", and he also had a copy which he carried with him throughout the time he was in World War II, three and one-half years.

Patriarchal Blessing, Salt Lake City, Utah, March 4, 1940. A Blessing given By Nicholas G. Smith, Patriarch, Upon the Head of Eldred Hilmar Erickson, son of Hilmar E. Erickson and Mary Luetta (Randall) Erickson, Born at Farr West, Utah, March 31, 1919.

Eldred Hilmar Erickson: By virtue of the right which is mine as a patriarch in the Church of Jesus Christ, I lay my hands upon your head, and give unto you your patriarchal blessing. I pray our Heavenly Father to inspire me, that the things which shall be said to you this day will be for your happiness and for your peace of mind.

Eldred, you were born in a lovely home, of goodly parents, and reared to manhood under an influence that shall be a blessing to you throughout the generations yet to come. Those characteristics of your parents that have been so helpful to you will remain with you and be passed on by you to unborn generations. Therefore, be of good cheer.

Endeavor always to keep close to your Heavenly Father, that through your life and through prayer you may bring salvation to others of our Father's children who have not had the glorious advantages that have been yours in life. I bless you, Eldred, with health and strength and vigor of mind and body. Inasmuch as you have been called to go into the missionary field to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I bless you that you may speedily come to understand the principles of the Gospel and be enabled to present them in such a way that men and women shall rejoice in your testimony and in your presentation of the truths which will bring happiness unto them. I bless you to go into your missionary field in peace and return in safety.

I bless you that you shall establish yourself here at home upon your return from an honorable mission, and be blessed with an influence for good, that through your activity here at home Zion shall be built up, and that through the positions of responsibility and trust which will be given unto you, you shall be enabled to sway the minds and hearts of men and women and bring untold blessings unto them.

You are of Israel, through Ephraim; one of our Father's chosen sons, who has a great mission to perform in life. Keep close to your Heavenly Father, therefore, in prayer, that you shall be able to perform that mission and that the way may be opened up before you; food and raiment in abundance shall be yours and means whereby you shall be able to bring blessings unto others, to feed those who are unable to provide for their own selves. Joy and happiness shall be yours as you fight your way on in life, because your desires shall be unto righteousness. And through your obedience shall blessings be poured out upon you. The Lord has said: "The obedient shall eat the good of the land".

Keep close to your bishop and receive of the good things which he has to impart unto you, for you in turn shall preside as a common judge in Israel, and shall make decisions affecting the lives of others, and through your faithfulness shall your decisions be right and just. They will be approved of your Heavenly Father.

I bless you that you may live to a ripe old age, surrounded with friends, sought after (because of your wisdom) by others for advice and for counsel. I seal you up unto life eternal, to come forth on the morning of the First Resurrection, a Savior in your father's house. I do this by the virtue of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Approved: Nicholas G. Smith (Original signed by Nicholas G. Smith)

## Eldred's Mission Summary

I got my call to the North Central States Mission. The two weeks in the mission home listening to the Authorities was wonderful and made me feel that I believed in the Church and wanted to go. I had never been away from home alone, and when the train left and pulled up Weber Canyon, I believe I would have gotten off if it hadn't been going so fast. The mission was hard, and I did nothing spectacular. The only person I converted was myself. I was finally able to get the theory of evolution straightened out.

I first served in Bismarck, North Dakota. I about froze in the winter, and had hay fever in the summer--the worst I have ever had. I about drove my first companion mad making him prove points of doctrine to me, but when we got through we both knew them. It was a hard mission. Many days we would tract 200 homes and not even get a decent conversation. We got hauled off to jail one day after a complaint from someone we tracted. Another day the Chief Justice of the North Dakota Supreme Court turned the hose on us as we walked down the street when we told him who we were. Another day a lady chased us off her property with a broom when she found out we were Mormons. We tracted the town 16 times. We kept a record of every home, and kept coming back until they told us not to come any more. We made some friends and contacts, but never any converts. Later I heard that one family did join the church.

I went to Jamestown, and again made some friends but no converts. We were to transfer to Bemidji, Minnesota, and closed the town. We found one part we hadn't tracted and decided we had to finish that before we left. Each day as we would come back to our lodging the landlady would say someone called, and said they were interested in the Church but didn't leave their name. We kept tracting and trying to make contact to no avail. We didn't want to leave the town if there was one soul who was interested in the Church. We fasted and prayed and finally we were there the day the phone call came. They had called several times when we were out. Imagine our disappointment to find that they had heard we were moving and only wanted to rent us a room. They said they were interested in the Church only to entice us to rent the room.

We packed our bags and caught the train for Fargo and Bemidji, glad to be rid of Jamestown! We transferred to a "bush burner" train in Minnesota and headed north to Bemidji. It was a new experience. There were loggers with their axes and Indians on the train. It had kerosene lanterns in the coaches. We wondered what we were getting into. We couldn't find a place to rent, so we found a quiet place and prayed that we would be inspired to find a place. We then started up a street to look for a place. We tried several likely looking homes, but no one wanted a pair of Mormon missionaries. As far as I was able to find out we were the first pair of missionaries to work in that town. We finally came to a two-story frame home and found the lady owning it was running for sheriff. She didn't make it. We asked her for a place to stay. She said she had a place but would not rent it to fellows. She had two other rooms rented, one to an old lady, and one to a couple of young ladies. There was a common hall and bathroom. In the hall was a kitchen stove to heat the place. We convinced her we would be no problem and would keep the place clean.

We had a one burner stove to cook on, one bed and a dresser. We got a couple of orange crates and made a cupboard to put our books and groceries on. My first companion was a terrible cook, and I didn't know how. The next place I stayed was at a boarding house, and now we were on our own. I had a new companion and neither of us knew how to cook. We decided to learn. We spent some time at the library reading cook books and writing home for recipes. Before we left, we made pies, cakes, muffins and even made pineapple-apple jam. The visiting elders liked to visit us because of our good meals.

We didn't gain any converts, but we made several friends and investigators. I understand some of the later elders got some baptisms. On Thanksgiving we had an invitation to go to International Falls to visit the elders there, as it was hard to get much tracting done. We were really not supposed to go, but didn't suppose it would do any harm. It was 115 miles, but that wasn't much for our hitchhiking ability. We always had such good success. We started out and the first car took us to Blackduck, 25 miles away. We then spent several hours trying to get a ride. All cars passed us up. Finally I said, "Elder maybe we weren't supposed to go. Tell you what, we will hitchhike both ways, and we'll take the first car that picks us up." The next car was heading back to Bemidji, and sure enough it stopped and picked us up and took us back to our lodging. There on the front door was a telegram saying that I was to catch the afternoon train to Fargo to be appointed district president! I thanked my Heavenly Father, asked for forgiveness, and reported to Grand Forks.

I served in Grand Forks until I was released to come home. Again no converts. I would have liked to have stayed longer, and had plans for the summer and felt that we could hit some of the country towns and do better. I requested an extension. The Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, and no extensions

were granted. I was released to come home. I went back to the mission home, then went with Merlin Fish to Chicago. I then traveled to St. Louis to look up Elder Scott, who was now in the Army. On the way I got off the train at Fort Madison and hitchhiked to Nauvoo and Carthage. I had an enjoyable visit. I was picked up by a Reorganite Minister who was the caretaker of the old Nauvoo Mansion House. He invited me to stay the night with him and let me sleep in the bed that Joseph Smith used to sleep in. It was a very thrilling experience, one that I will never forget. The next morning he fixed breakfast and tried to convert me while I ate. I couldn't answer all his questions, but I had the distinct feeling he didn't have the truth, and my testimony was strong as ever.

I left Nauvoo and went to Independence and visited the sites there. I met an elder that I had been with in the mission home, and he had lost his train ticket. We walked back through the town and a store clerk came up and handed it to him. I was very disappointed at the elder I had come to meet who was now in the Army. He had taken up the army habits and was the "company drunk". He went AWOL to come out and see me, though I didn't know it at the time. I reminded him of his testimony and told him to repent and shape up, as I loved him more than all the other elders.

Arriving home, I met Lois and the folks. She gave me a ring for my birthday, but things didn't seem to go well. My draft number was up, and I said, "Why don't you go with me till I have to go in the Army, and let's just be friends." Things didn't work out that way and first thing we were engaged to be married, but not till after the War was over. I worked at American Can for the two months I was home. I then went to Fort Douglas with my cousin Eldon Yorgason and Dale Browning for a couple of weeks. It was like being in prison!

## Eldred's Mission Memories

August 13, 1977. Last evening I picked up the Church News and read that the 50th State now has a Stake. North Dakota is the last state in the Union to have a Stake. I was so filled with emotion, I couldn't help but cry! It brought back a good many memories of my mission to that area; not all pleasant, but I'm thankful that I was called on a mission. I didn't convert anyone but myself, but I'm thankful to my Heavenly Father that I gained a testimony of the Gospel, and it was in the unfriendly state of North Dakota that I received it! After a week's wonderful stay in the mission home I went to Minneapolis and met the Mission President--President Broadbent--he said he would make me a fisher of men instead of fish. I was sent to Bismarck, North Dakota to work with Elder Paul Lyon. It was while with him that I learned the Gospel. I knew very little when I left home.

Bismarck was the Capitol of North Dakota. It had no members of the Church. Two missionaries had visited there briefly for a couple of months, and as far as we could determine it was new territory. We tried hard and tracted the town 16 times, coming back until the people refused to let us come again. Many days we tracted as many as 200 homes without so much as a friendly conversation. We were picked up by the police once and spent a day in the jailhouse until we convinced them we weren't selling anything or doing any harm. We told one lady we were Mormons and she chased us off the premises with a broom. We stopped to talk to one gentlemen who was watering his lawn. We asked him if we could talk to him, and when we told him who we were, he ordered us off the place and turned the hose on us. We later found out he was the Chief Judge of the State of North Dakota.

We made a few friends who would let us come and visit occasionally. One was an elderly lady named Bartlett whom we picked up and helped home after she was run down by some kids on a bicycle. We later showed Elder Lyon's slide pictures there and met her son and her husband. They were very nice people. About a year after we left the area I heard he was in an auto accident and told the people at the hospital that he was a Mormon. He smoked and I don't know whether he ever joined the Church or not.

We occasionally visited the elders across the river at Mandan, and one family there joined the Church. It was wonderful to visit with them occasionally. Their name was Jacobsen. Elder Lyon was released after I had been with him about eight months. An Elder Tippetts from Cody, Wyoming came to be my next companion and was with him about a month. Things were about the same when I left.

I was transferred to Fargo to work with the district president, Elmo Scott. Our district comprised the Western part of Minnesota, all of North Dakota, and the Eastern part of Montana. We had ten missionaries to cover this area. There was no organized plan. We were each left to go our own way in the area assigned to us. I was in Bismarck until about the last of December before going to Fargo.

## Studying by the Pot Belly Stove

November 11 before transfer, Lyon and I went with Elders Keller and Smith to Beulah, North Dakota to visit friends. It was so cold that it froze water in the wash pan a few feet away from the pot



belly stove we had to keep warm. For days while the storm raged, we stood with our overcoats on around the stove trying to keep warm. I used this time to advantage and kept going through the New Testament and Ready Reference learning where the main scriptures were. At night we slept in an old brass bed with feather comforters on and managed to survive. Over 200 people were killed during three days of the storm.

At Fargo there were several members of the church. Glen Bodily, and Morris and Beth Taylor. They were from Preston, Idaho and Utah and were attending school at Fargo. It sure seemed good to meet with some members, and we got together every Sunday. We held church in the Sons of Norway hall and had two lady missionaries assigned to us. We needed to sweep out whiskey bottles each Sunday morning. A few people came out to church.

At Bismarck I saw a car with a Utah license plate, and we waited until the owner came back. It turned out to be a Marriott fellow from Ogden selling woolen goods. We invited him to our place to stay for supper and for the night. He was happy to do so as he was about out of money and not selling much. Things were tough. It was at the end of the Dust Bowl era--the Depression, we still had dust storms occasionally. The dust would seep into the fridge and make the butter black. Some farms were abandoned. One farm a fellow bought with money from sale of the plumbing fixtures. We gave him the missionaries' address in Jamestown and told him to look them up. He did, and got sick there. The missionaries took care of him till he got well. It so impressed him, that he went home and asked to go on a mission, which I understand he did, and then died of Brights Disease.

We met a family while tracting in Moorhead that was with the College there, I believe their name was Lilywhite. They said they were from Brigham City and members of the Church, however they asked us not to let anyone know they were Mormons as they would lose their job. We had much better success in Fargo. We had several invitations to speak at various clubs, schools, and also at the Methodist and Catholic "Firesides". The week after we spoke at the Methodist Church, the minister then gave the "truth" about the Mormons. He told how the temple was used for storing food, the wall around the temple was to keep the Gentiles out, and anyone who put his head inside was killed. That we never took off our garments, even to take a bath, and that we kept part of it on the body at all times.

In the Spring I went to Jamestown to be Senior Companion. Norman Taylor from El Paso was my companion. The town was friendly, but we couldn't seem to get any results. It had been pretty much tracted before, and I felt that we were wasting our time. Also, the girl who worked with the landlady was too friendly, and I asked to be transferred.

Before moving I wanted to give everyone in the town a chance. We had found one area of the town that hadn't been tracted, and we wanted to finish it before we left and closed out the town. Each day as we would come back to our place there was a note that someone had called who was interested in the church. We would wait for a return call, and when none came we would go out and tract again. When we came back we would find another note. We were getting desperate, as we didn't want to leave the town if someone was interested in the Gospel. We prayed and fasted etc., to no avail, same story. Finally, though the day for our departure came, we decided we'd wait another day. Then came the phone call we had been waiting so desperately for. The lady had heard we were moving and just wanted to rent a room to us. She had pretended to be interested in the Church so we would rent her room. It was two disappointed missionaries that caught the train for Fargo!

### Off to Bemidji

Elder Strasser was my companion by this time, and we got along fine. He was an exceptionally poor reader--he got through school on his athletic ability and a girl friend who did all his writing for him. Each morning we held reading classes and he got along just fine. We stayed overnight with the district president, visited with friends, and then caught the night train for Bemidji. We were let off the train somewhere in western Minnesota to change trains. There was not a soul around. We were left in the dark with our baggage in the middle of nowhere at a railroad crossing. After several hours wait we had our suspicions that someone wanted to fix the Mormon elders. Eventually, a man came driving up and told us the train was late by about five hours. The train finally came. We put our trunks on, got on, and headed for Bemidji. Once on the train we wondered what we were getting into. There were several Indians and lumberjacks with axes in the passenger car, which was lighted with kerosene lamps.

We finally reached Bemidji the next day and inquired for a place to stay. It seemed that none was available. As far as we were able to determine we were the first missionaries to be stationed in Bemidji. We got off to one side and held a prayer asking the Lord to help us find a place to live. We then walked up the street knocking on doors and asking for a place to stay. Finally we found a place. A lady, who was running for sheriff in the local election, had an upstairs room. It had a bed, a dresser, and one small



table with a hot plate. That was it, take it or leave it. We took it, and got some orange crates from the store to put our belongings in. We were rather cramped for space.

In the hall was an old coal stove for our heat that had an oven we were allowed to use. Neither of us knew how to cook, though, so we went to the library and got a cook book. We learned to make pies, muffins cake, etc. I even bought a bushel of apples and made pineapple apple jam. The missionaries traveling through always liked to stop at our place to eat.

We tracted the town and made many friends. I was asked to meet with a group of Jehovah's Witnesses that one of our contacts belonged to. My companion didn't feel well and I went alone. He asked if I would be all right. I said sure, I can handle this bunch without any trouble. I wasn't the least bit humble. When I got there I couldn't do anything! It was a miserable failure. I found out that I need the Lord's help!

### **Hitchhiking to Black Duck**

At Thanksgiving time the elders in International Falls invited us to come up. Since we didn't have anything special planned, we decided to go. We set out hitchhiking, and as usual easily got a ride--to Black Duck. From there we tried and tried and no one would stop. Finally I said, "Maybe we are not supposed to go. Let's thumb both ways and take the first ride that comes." The next car came going south. I put out my thumb and the car stopped and took us back to our place of lodging. In the door was a telegram telling me to take the next train to Grand Forks and appointing me as district president. Imagine my feelings!

I enjoyed Bemidji. The people were friendly. Saturday afternoons we would go fishing and catch a week's supply of walleye pike. It sure helped our grocery bill.

### **Divine Protection**

One morning I had an appointment with the dentist at eight o'clock. As I left for the appointment and got to the sidewalk, I got the impression that I had to go back to my room, which I did. Elder Strasser asked, "What did you come back for?" I said, "I don't know, but it's all right now". I went back. As I almost reached the sidewalk, a car out of control left the road, went up on the sidewalk and then down the sidewalk hitting all the people on the walk--one was the dentist I was going to see! I was surely protected in this instance!

One other time we were hitchhiking to Grand Forks to see the missionaries, and got there only to find a note saying they had gone to Fargo 100 miles away, and that we were to meet them there. We hitchhiked and got to Fargo okay. The only trouble was the Fargo elders had moved and we didn't know their address. As we were riding through town, I stopped the driver who was giving us a ride, and said we would get out front of a certain house. We walked over to the house and knocked on the door. One of the elders answered the door!

Another time while hitchhiking from Grand Forks to Fargo, we got stranded out on the highway at a turn off several miles from town. No farms were in sight, the wind was blowing and it was twenty degrees below zero. No traffic came along and it was getting night. Things didn't look very good! We held a prayer and along came a Model A truck about on its last leg, full of furniture, and with three people in the seat. They stopped and told us to get in. Even though it was crowded we thanked our Heavenly Father for getting us out of the cold.

At Grand Forks I was again with Norman Taylor and finally with Elder Zenger. We held church each Sunday--we had three families. I conducted the district business. We didn't get to do much tracting because of the cold winter. The Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor and the mood of the country changed. I had great plans for missionary work when spring came and had asked for a few months extension to my mission, but with the country at war things changed, and I went home the first of March.

### **Missionary Letters**

Eldred kept a mission journal. However, when he came back from the war he read it, thought it was very silly, and went down in his parents' basement where he burned it in the furnace. Years later he regretted it a great deal. One day, Jeane recalls they were at his folks' house on 13th Street in Ogden. He lamented the loss of his journal. Luetta got up from her chair, went into the other room, and returned with a shoe box filled with the letters we now have of his from both his mission and World War II. He was so pleased. He went home and began to type them. He edited out most of the negative things, and also the openings, closings and addresses of each letter.

**February 26, 1940, Mission Home.** This is a swell place. Eats are good and cheap. I am rooming with six other fellows. One from Hurricane, one from Vernon, two from Logan, one from Tremonton and one from Idaho Falls. We get along swell! We each have a bed a piece, except the two from Logan.

**March 8, 1940, on Union Pacific Railroad posted in Sidney, Nebraska.** I slept pretty good last night. We fixed the seats down. The space between the seats didn't bother too much. I slept good between towns. Every town the train stopped and woke me up. I don't feel home sick now, but I sure did when the train pulled out of the station, and Elder Pedersen started playing his accordion. If I could have gotten off the train as it pulled up Weber Canyon, I believe I would have gotten off! Beck [Leonard C. Beckman], I'd hate to live in this country--just badlands, rolling hills and flat land and sagebrush with a house every 10 miles or so. This train seems slow, it is cold, and there is some snow on the ground.

**March 11, 1940, Mandan, North Dakota.** I just arrived here about an hour ago. It is now 7:45 Mountain Standard Time though I arrived here at 8:15 C.S.T. The time changes when you cross the Missouri River. I've been having a great time, though most of the time has been spent riding trains. Sometime after writing your cards we arrived in Omaha, where we spent an hour. It was too dark to see anything, though we did have a good time riding the escalator in the station. The Chicago and Northwestern can't begin to compare with the Union Pacific Challenger! It was bumpy and the cars and the service were not nearly as good. I didn't get much sleep on the C. N. W. Friday night. The Vendor woke me up at 1:20 a.m. to ask me if I wanted a cup of coffee. Can you imagine that?

We got almost to Sioux City and a freight train ahead of us broke an axle and wrecked the train. We had to go back to Omaha, cross the river and take another track to Sioux City. From there we went to Minneapolis. On the way through Iowa we saw several pheasants in the corn fields.

Minnesota is the prettiest country I've been through. It is just like a park, meadows, rolling hills, and scattered groves of trees. There is no snow, and as yet it is not green. We ran into a snow storm in Sioux City. We arrived in Minneapolis at 3:00 CST, about seven hours late. Two elders met us at the train and took us to the mission home. They were very nice, though another couple of elders had got on the train at St. Paul and tried to engage us in conversation. They pretended they were people from there and asked us a lot of dumb questions--some trick eh? President Broadbent is a pretty nice fellow. He is quite blunt and outspoken. He reminds me of Uncle Randolph.

Upon arriving at the mission home we had a Genealogical class, after which we had supper. I was quite embarrassed. The table was set really nice, with silver, china, fancy glasses, etc. The whole mission staff was there and I was nervous, and thirsty. Every time I would take a drink of water the water would spill and run down my chin. That only made me more nervous, especially when everyone laughed at me! I would take another drink and the same thing would happen! After all the laughter, I finally caught on. The glass had cut glass designs in it, and in the design around the top there were four holes in the center of the flower--every time I tipped the glass, water ran out one of the holes--boy was I relieved to find out it was a joke and not my clumsiness!

Sunday morning we went to church at the branch in Minneapolis. There were 152 members present. It was very nice, although we did have to say a few words. After Sunday school we came back to the mission home and had dinner. Then we held a missionary meeting until 5:30 and received our instructions. Elder Woolsey from Tremonton, one of the finest fellows I ever met, went to Superior, Wisconsin. Elders Cook and Yates went to Sioux Falls. Elders Pedersen and Bruderer went to Billings, Montana, and I was assigned to Bismarck, N.D. We had some apples and cookies and went to sacrament meeting at 6:30 p.m. We all had to get up and talk a few minutes. After church Brother Christensen invited all the missionaries in Minneapolis to his home. We played a few games and they served refreshments. They were surely nice to us. They have a nice home--much better than Aunt Alice's. We had ice cream brick with a green center shaped like a clover and all the cookies, cake, and candy we could eat.

We went back to the mission home. Elder Yates and I slept together in a single bed. It was about 1 foot too short! The rest of the elders had to sleep three in a regular bed. This morning we ate breakfast and went to the station and got our tickets (they surely have us scattered!). At 9:50 my train left. I've been on the train all day. There were two elders to meet me at the station. Elder Partridge (the district president, he seems nice and is about 23 or 24) and Elder Gunn. We ate dinner on the train at noon, and it snowed a little all through North Dakota. Elder Partridge had to go to a meeting of some sort, so Elder Gunn cooked supper for him and I. We had boiled potatoes and creamed corn for gravy, bread and honey for desert. They said living is quite expensive here. They have 2 rooms, lights and gas, and a few pieces of furniture. The rest they have made from boxes. They furnish their own dishes and it costs them

\$20.00 per month.

I am supposed to labor in Bismarck, which is just six miles from here across the Missouri River. My companion is to be Elder Lyon. He is being transferred here from Fort William, Canada. He hasn't arrived yet.

I didn't write while in Minneapolis as we were too busy and on the train it was too bumpy. From what I first saw of St. Paul and Minneapolis it looked awfully slummy. However, this morning we saw a different part and I imagine it would be pretty in the summer. All the way from Ogden, Elder Wooley and I felt like we were heading south, but about 2 hours from Minneapolis we finally got our directions straight. Bismarck is a pretty nice looking town from what I saw as we passed through on the way to Mandan. Its population is about 15,000 and is the Capitol of the state. Mandan seems like a very nice little town, about 560 in population.

**March 15, 1940.** Well, at last we are settled in Bismarck. My companion is Elder Paul C. Lyon of Salt Lake City. He has spent 16 months in Canada. We have been busy. He showed up Wednesday night and we slept four in a bed that night. Some trick! You sleep crosswise and put suitcases on the one side for your feet to rest on, and put your overcoats on to extend the covers. We rode the Northern Pacific Train to Bismarck for 13 cents and looked all over the town for rooms. We answered every ad in the paper and about wore ourselves out. Boy, this is some town. The prices are high for rent and food. We have seen all kinds of places ranging from \$8.00 to \$40.00 per month. Some are full of cockroaches and bedbugs and terrible odors. The rest are high priced. We went back to Mandan again and slept four in a bed. This morning we came over and looked again. We finally found a place to stay. It will cost us \$22.00 per month; everything furnished, including dishes, towels, bedding, lights, etc. We have a small kitchenette, electric stove and cupboards, two large closets and one room 12 x 25. We have a table, 3 chairs, and an overstuffed rocker, chiffonier, magazine rack, bed, rug on the floor, and a small round top table.

We have spent most of our time getting settled and haven't done any missionary work to speak of. Though we did visit a Mrs. Wooley who used to live in Salt Lake and is a member of the Church--the only member in town. There are plenty of other churches. There is a church almost everywhere you look. While in Mandan we went visiting twice with the elders there. One night we got supper. It was very good. The other night we sat and talked, and they served sandwiches, cookies and cocoa so thick you could hardly stir it. Boy, you should see some of the meals I've been eating lately! I don't think you could eat them! Hash (and I do mean hash!), half-cooked spaghetti, oatmeal and other things.

This is quite some town for only having a population of 12,000. They have quite a large business district. At least as large as Ogden's--of course, this is the State Capitol. They have one hotel about ten stories and the rest of the buildings are small. We went up to the Capitol yesterday afternoon, but it was too late to go through it. It is quite some building at the north end of town on a little hill, and is 13 stories. It looks like an office building. The country here is sort of rolling hills, and is not like the eastern part of the state.

**March 22, 1940.** You asked about the country--just rolling hills about as high as the sand hill back home, and the Missouri River about a mile out of town. The drinking water smells and tastes funny, though not as bad as that in Minneapolis. I only drank about 2 glasses of water the whole time I was there--it was awful. They say this is one of the most expensive cities in the U.S. to live in. Please send me some recipes--we've run out of things to cook. We had stew--onions, spuds, carrots and soup bone for so many meals we got tired and threw the rest out. I made tomato stew--tomatoes, spuds and onions. We've had lots of bananas and milk and sugar. We've had boiled eggs, cheese. We have Quaker oatmeal for breakfast every morning. We have had oranges and we get two quarts of milk per day. I'd like some heavy undergarments for next winter. They said it got down to minus 47 this last winter. All the houses have double doors and windows to keep out the cold. It has been colder this week and we got some snow.

Sunday--Palm Sunday, we went to the Trinity Lutheran Church. We didn't think much of it. It is a nice building and next to the Catholic church it is the largest in town. Easter Sunday we are going to try and get in the Catholic church. We intend to visit all the churches in town if we have time. There is a church on almost every corner, no two alike. I didn't know there were so many different kinds.

Monday we went tracting, and also Tuesday. That afternoon we ran out of tracts (we borrowed them from the D.P. [District President] as ours hadn't arrived). I went to the post office to see if ours had arrived. When I came back to the apartment Elder Lyon introduced me to a Reverend Johansen, and he started to ask me all kinds of questions. He disagreed with my answers and quoted all kinds of Scripture.



Boy, I was having a "heck" of a time until he said we got our book of Mormon from Spaulding. I gave the lesson for two weeks in Sunday school and knew all about it, and did I tell him. Finally I asked him where he was from and he said "Wilton, which is a town about 70 miles from here." I then guessed he was a missionary, because we have two missionaries in Wilton. He is Elder Eugene Peterson of Lund, Idaho. Boy, did I feel relieved. I hadn't suspected because missionaries travel in pairs, and since I knew all the local missionaries and those at the mission headquarters, I didn't catch on. He has just been released and is on his way home.

Wednesday we studied most of the day as our tracts hadn't come. In the evening we visited a Mrs. Bartlett. We met her up the first day while looking for rooms. A boy had knocked her down with his bike and ran off. She is 84 years old. She is very active and intelligent. When little, she used to live in Palmyra, New York. She was a school teacher at one time. She also made her living as a poet and artist. She showed us some of the paintings she had left. She had lent her last book of poems and we didn't get to see them. She invited us back for supper when her husband is home. He is 81, and travels selling insurance.

A Dr. Miller who runs a sanatorium and his wife invited us for Sunday dinner when they finish fixing their house. We have been studying most of the rest of the week. This afternoon our tracts finally came, and we went tracting.

I'm going to get a raincoat as it rains a lot in the Spring. They cost about \$3. Thanks for the Easter Telegram and the jelly. The river is still frozen over and I purchased a pair of ear muffs, as my ears aren't acclimated. We haven't converted anyone yet and don't know whether we will be able to or not. This is a tough area, and most of the missionaries don't convert anyone. I got the box of books you sent. I had to pick them up at the railroad station and carry them six blocks home. Surely lots of dogs in this town--some give us a bad time.

Easter Sunday we went to the Catholic Church. The Usher saw that we didn't dip our hands in the "Holy Water" and asked us to leave. I wasn't much impressed. We are getting so we can tell a Catholic just by looking at them when they come to the door. They usually say no and shut the door in our faces. Most people aren't interested when we knock on the door, but we do find some that are nice. Most of the people think we want money and that there is a catch to it if we don't. We have to tell them we aren't selling anything or get the door shut in our face.

We meet all kinds of people. We talked to one old man who said he had a vision and saw the third heaven. We also have a hard time getting people to come to the door. They have their radios going full blast and can't hear us knock or hear the bell. We meet quite a few people who can't read or understand English. Also some people have read "Children of God". They tell us about it and think it is true.

The first part of the week was very cold. We went tracting and a cold wind was blowing. It was from 10 to 30 degrees in the afternoon along with a little snow in the wind. The last two days have warmed up, though it looks like a storm coming. Here are some pictures we developed.

We are getting along pretty good on the eats. We have a half grapefruit or an orange, cooked mush, milk, honey, peanut butter and bread for breakfast. We have had bananas and milk and sugar for dinner and supper several times, with bread and peanut butter and honey and cheese or jelly. We take turns cooking. I've cooked tomato stew and baked and boiled spuds. They are small red ones. We cook them with the skins on and eat 3 or 4 a piece each meal. We've had cooked carrots and rutabaga, and a few times spinach and broccoli. We got some rhubarb and I cooked some a couple of times. Got some dried apricots and stewed them a few times. So I guess we'll get by. Butter is 30 cents lb. Eggs are 13 cents a dozen. We have boiled eggs quite often.

Our electric stove is pretty good. One plate is made of slate and keeps warm a long time. The other morning the room was quite cold so we turned on the oven, opened the door and the room warmed up. I only get to write on Saturdays. I'll send you some of our tracts to read.

**April 6, 1940.** The district president and his companion came over. We went up to the Capitol and looked over the only scenery in town. We fixed dinner for them. We had broccoli, baked spuds, bread, milk and honey. They didn't like the broccoli, but made up for it on the rest. After they left, we got out Lyons' birthday cake and my jelly and milk and had supper.

Sunday we went to the Methodist church, came home and took some pictures. It was Fast Sunday so we didn't eat. In the evening we went to the drugstore and had a malt. I got a nice box of linen handkerchiefs from Lois. In the afternoon we visited Mrs. Wooley. She took us for a ride and she showed us the points of interest for several miles around. Penitentiary, Fort Lincoln, airport, Mandan etc.

Monday got your box of cookies and candy. In tracting Monday one lady said "Mor! Mahns!"



gave the tract a throw on the floor, kicked it against the screen door, opened the door kicked it out, told us to get out, slammed the door, and told us what she thought of the Mormons.

The first part of the week was cold and snowy. It was cold and windy while tracting. We got two invites in on Tuesday and two on Wednesday. We surely have been getting a lot of refusals. There are lots of Catholics and they aren't supposed to read our literature. Some of them will come to the door with a big smile and say, "I don't think you want to give me any of those tracts, we took the last and threw it in the fire or garbage." Lots just say no and shut the door.

We visited Mrs. Bartlett again and she was very glad to see us. She gave us angel food cake and cheese and invited us back. We found a Mr. Clark while tracting. He is a member of the Church. He served us cocoa, cookies and popcorn. He is quite nice, although a little odd. He is 49 and his wife is 28. Had fillet of Haddock for dinner today--pretty good. Met ex-chief of police while tracting (they say he is still quite a famous detective in these parts). He was chief for 23 years until the Catholics forced him out. He was very friendly and invited us back. We met Mr. Stone again at his home and had a discussion for about an hour. He gave us a ride home.

The census taker came around and we had him stumped. He had to take our case to Headquarters. We were working, though we were not employed and earning anything, so he didn't know what to do. Mr. Clark brought us over a loaf of homemade bread--it was pretty good.

Yesterday while tracting, we knocked on a door and a young woman came to the door and listened to us and said, "Why, I'm a Mormon!" She said they had just moved in from Minnesota. She is from Logan and he is from Wyoming. She invited us for Sunday dinner. So we seem to be making and finding a few friends.

We are going to Mandan today to visit the elders there. I spent some money on some camera stuff. An album, 35 cents for 3 trays and a couple of cheap ferrotype plates, a couple of gross of printing paper. So making pictures in our spare time, I've saved more than the cost of the outfit. And I still have a gross and a half of paper left. I got a view finder for my camera, and still have part of my birthday money left. Remember that 10 cents of shaving cream--I've used it every day since February--pretty good! I got a new big tube for 33 cents; it is five times as big and should last me quite a while.

**April 13, 1940.** Sorry to hear Grandpa was operated on, also Walter and Alfred. I hope they get well. I haven't gotten a new coat yet, and I'm still wearing my overcoat. The weather was cold the first part of the week and warmed up by Friday. Sunday it was cold again--no rain or snow but down to 5 degrees. Dad, see if you can find out about Vardis Fisher who wrote "Children of God". The synopsis was in the Readers Digest, and is advertised out here on the billboards. It is terrible, and people believe every word of it about the Mormons.

How do you make gravy? The D.P. over in Mandan makes some but I don't like it. Yesterday we had fried salmon and peas for dinner. For supper we had stew and cheese and Macaroni. The landlady brought it up and gave to us. Thursday she gave us a small bottle of Plums. She is quite nice. She cleans up twice a week and gives us fresh towels each time. We get to use the telephone, the iron and ironing board. She is about 35. Her and her mother live together. Her husband is dead.

Sunday we went to the Presbyterian Church in the morning. We looked up Mr. Yearsley, who used to be a member of the Church, but is not interested anymore. One lady threatened to call the cops if we didn't leave when we were tracting.

A Catholic lady invited us in one morning and we talked till noon. She said most of the things we told her were right and was just what the Catholic Church taught and wanted us to join up. Met a retired army man while tracting. He used to be an instructor in ROTC at Logan. Had an interesting visit. That same day I knocked on a door and talked to a lady. She listened and didn't agree with all I said, but invited us in. Her husband and daughter came in. They were German and spoke German amongst themselves. We talked for a couple of hours and they invited us to stay for supper. Had fried eggs, dill pickles, dill carrots--they were pretty good, homemade bread, peaches, cottage cheese and cocoa. Had a nice visit.

Met a Dr. Schneider. We argued with him for a couple of hours. He doesn't believe in God, the Bible or anything. That evening we met a German couple named Direlom. The man was very friendly and we stayed a couple of hours. Thursday a Catholic woman invited us in and we talked for a couple of hours. She was very friendly and had traveled a lot.

Yesterday we got three invitations in! However, it isn't all like that. We are getting more refusals all the time. We have about 375 houses in this district. We are starting our third time around. We take a different set of tracts each time. Every time someone refuses to listen or take a tract, we scratch them off our list. We are down to about 200 homes already, so you can see we get a lot of refusals. Most of them

are Catholics, though we get plenty others. Some of them get pretty mad, especially those we get out of bed at 10:00 a.m. in the morning. Or those we wake from their afternoon nap.

Mrs. Wooley just stopped and invited us for a ride. Took us all over, across the Missouri River to Sibley Island Park. The river is still frozen over.

**April 20, 1940.** Dad, glad to get your letter and money. I got a nice raincoat--grey herringbone, cost \$6.00 and I got a clergy discount of 60 cents. Glad to get letter from Helen--broccoli looks almost like parsley but has large stalks. You boil it for a couple of hours, butter and salt it, and it is pretty good.

Held a cottage meeting and showed slides of Utah. People like them very much. We have another one Monday. It is a good way to get in people's homes and make friends. Yesterday we met a man who raises Golden Pheasants--very pretty.

This is some town. There are more liquor stores than there are grocery stores. We do a lot of walking! For example, twice this week at night we walked ten blocks east to visit a fellow. He wasn't home. Came home, walked four blocks west and then six blocks north to visit a contact. During the day, of course, we do much more than that.

Tuesday we tracted a boarding house. They invited us back to dinner and last night we showed our pictures. Met a lawyer and talked with him for an hour or so. He is Nelson Mason and is on the U.S. Committee of Indian Affairs. He left yesterday to give a report to the Senate in Washington, D.C. Met three ministers' wives in our tracting. They didn't have a good opinion of us.

Got several invitations in this week. We have finished our third time around the district. We start a new district Monday, since the first one is reduced so that we can go around in a few days. Went over to Bartlett's the other night, had popcorn and cookies. She calls us "our boys". Sunday we are going to dinner at Dixon's, a young L. D. S. Couple just in from Minnesota. Sunday we went to church at the Baptist church in the morning and saw pictures in the evening on their missionary work in the Congo. In the afternoon Mrs. Wooley took us to Mandan, and we held church there. It was pretty good. The Mandan elders had about a dozen out. I've got to talk next week. I think we will have quite a few from Bismarck go over. After church Mrs. Wooley took us to Fort Abraham Lincoln and Fort McKeen. Two of the most scenic spots. I wasn't much impressed. This is where Custer started for his last stand.

Yesterday while tracting I saw a car with a Utah license. We waited till he came back. His name is Marriott and he lives in Ogden between 12th and 13th on Porter. He is out selling women's clothing and he was glad to see us. We had him up for supper and gave him the names of the elders in Jamestown and their address, as he was going there.

I think I can get by on \$25.00 per month. The mission average is about \$31.00. I may get a suitcase for \$1.98 at Wards. I've pressed my pants a few times and am learning to cook. We are doing fine.

**April 27, 1940.** It's been quite a week. The "Brethren" from Mandan came over, went to Fort McKeen and the Indian Mounds and Museum. Sunday we went to the "Holy Roller" or Pentecostal Church. It was as good as a picture show the way they carried on. In the afternoon we went to Dicksons for dinner. It was very good--roast, spuds, pickles, cherry pie, etc. We visited all afternoon and then went to me Evangelical Church. It wasn't much good.

Monday we showed slide pictures and they served us strawberry shortcake. During the week we tracted as usual during the daytime and visited friends in the evenings. We finished first round in our new district. Didn't have much success.

Dicksons had a small radio that was broken and gave it to us. We fixed it and now have a radio to listen to the news. Today we are having a missionary conference in Mandan. All of us from this district will be there. We have a new elder transferred from Sweden, so we now have 12 elders in our district--all of North Dakota, part of Montana and Minnesota.

Grant and Randall each gave me \$1.00 at the train. Betty Smeding gave me 50 cents. We are going to try and get a cheaper apartment. The canned tomatoes and juice here are terrible! We bought the cheapest ones, next time we'll try the best. We fry everything in butter. Lard is as expensive as butter. Butter costs from 26 cents to 32 cents per pound. Eggs are two dozen for 25 cents to 27 cents.

Heard that at the University of Minnesota exams almost everyone smokes during the exam. This is some town. About every house is an apartment or has from two to a dozen families living there. Very few single homes. About every basement is occupied, as are the attics. We find it embarrassing sometimes. We knock on one door and get refused, then go to the next door and get someone else. We go to the next door and get the person who refused us the first time.

**May 2, 1940.** Guess what--we moved. The landlady said we couldn't use the 150 watt globe to study and didn't want us using the radio. We said O.K. if that was what she wanted, we'd move. We looked all day and finally found a place and moved this morning. It has the other place beat in most respects, but has a few disadvantages. There is only one large room. It is further from town, but it is in our new tracting district. We have a nice large room on the ground floor, lots of windows. The south is built out a little from the rest of the house. We have another day bed, a table four chairs, a rocker, ice box, almost new dresser and a sink. Very few apartments in town have sinks. We have a gas plate, which most have. We have a small clothes closet, a small cupboard and a large bookcase. Also, the stove has drawers under it. We have more room than the other apartment and it only costs us \$16.50 per month. She wanted more, but we told her we were missionaries, didn't smoke or drink and would be staying for quite awhile. So she cut the price. She said maybe she would put a refrigerator in the hall so we all could use it.

Glad you were made a high priest, Dad. If you mail a book, send it book rate, it only costs 3 cents. So far I've sold one Book of Mormon and lent several, they say half that you lend, you don't get back. They cost 50 cents. Had our missionary meeting last Saturday and had a good time. There were 11 elders total. One Norman Boesland I knew slightly; I went to school with his older Brother Vernon. Boesland wouldn't come to the meeting and stayed in Dickenson. Said he couldn't afford to come, but he goes to movies a lot. He doesn't go tracting much, so his companion goes without him. His companion was transferred so he just stayed in Dickenson until his new companion showed up.

I've had a lot of use out of my raincoat. Rained 1.74 inches here Sunday and 2 inches in Mandan where we held church. The streets looked like rivers. I gave my talk and talked on revelation. About 20 were there, including missionaries. Sunday night Elder Smith of Georgetown, Idaho and Elder Keller of Mink Creek, Idaho stayed with us. We took our day bed and piled suitcases along one side and put our overcoats on the suitcases. We slept crosswise on the bed--all four of us! Last night we met A. M. Christensen, the Supreme Court chief justice of North Dakota. He was very friendly and invited us to come up to the Capitol and visit him. Mrs. Wooley left for Salt Lake and California. We are gradually making a few friends. One is head of the Farm Security and another is head of N.Y.A. for the State.

**May 8, 1940.** I could use a little more money. We are having a conference in June, and there is a possibility that I could get transferred. We had more rain--they say the most in several years. We are making more friends all the time, though our second tracting district is not as good as the first. We've crossed off a lot; we get lots of refusals. Guess who we met this morning--the governor's wife. She talked to us for about 10 minutes. She had read Vardis Fisher's "Children of God" and wanted to get our viewpoint on it.

Mr. Stone, second in charge of the NYA of this state is a very good friend of ours. He invited us to go for a ride some day. Dad, how are you coming on your job? I hope you are doing all right. If you run short of money, use what I have in the bank while it lasts. I may have to get another suit--one with two pair of pants. The black and the green one are too heavy for this hot weather.

**May 10, 1940.** Would like some slide pictures of Utah scenery. We use them to get invited in homes in evening and then try to get invited back to show church films. Each pair of missionaries is furnished with a slide projector and some rolls of film--Before Columbus, Down Pioneer Trails, King of Kings.

Dad, I'm glad to hear that you are on the ward building committee, now maybe they will get something done. What did the Stake want you for? You say you have been planting tomatoes--I wish I had some. All the ones we have bought so far are terrible! North Ogden should sell some here. The prices are 9 and 10 cents for a #2 can and two for 25 cents for a #2. They are the worst grades I have ever seen. I intend to get a straw hat for summer. I can get a 10% clergy discount on a suit. I've sold one Book of Mormon and lent three. Very few elders sell them. We are supposed to try and lend them. We get credit for each one we lend.

I don't know if I told you how we work. We divide the town in sections. We start on a street. We always go together to every door, as that is the rule. However, we take turns talking at the doors. He takes one and I take the next, and so on. We have talked to three ministers' wives, but they didn't bring out their husbands. We introduced ourselves to one minister at a church, but as soon as he found out who we were he completely ignored us.

We finished our second round on our second district Friday, but it doesn't seem nearly as good as the first. Our main trouble is in finding people home. Even then we can't contact all the people because practically every house has several families in it. Things are getting prettier all the time here. The leaves



are all coming out on the trees and the spring flowers are coming up. Those little flags are out and several blossoming shrubs are out.

What do you think about me getting another suit? One place here has tailor-made suits for \$25 to \$32.50 and I get a 10% discount. Another place has ready-made suits for \$18.50 to 22.50 but no discount. If you are unable to send any extra money take some of mine out of the bank.

**May 18, 1940.** They have some funny weather in this country. Last week it was above 91 degrees for two days--boy, was it hot! It rained Monday and the temperature went below freezing the rest of the week--it has been cold. Guess what? We got on the Mission Honor Roll. We came in third for the number of hours spent tracting. Last Sunday after church a Mrs. Jacobsen in Mandan asked us out to her place. She and her husband have charge of the city park and live there. We pitched horseshoes a little and had ice cream and cake. Then for supper we had waffles.

Thanks for the money for the suit. I'll try and get a good one. Conference is on the 25th of June, so instead of sending my money on the first of July, send it so I'll get it before then. Conference will be in Glendive, Montana. I'll get to see some more country and go through the famous North Dakota Badlands. It will cost about \$4.45 for the round trip. I may get a new place or companion.

Thanks for the money. I'm afraid it is going to cost me about \$30.00 per month. I don't see any shows or buy anything extra except a malt and some film once in awhile. Malts are 15 cents and film 25 cents. While tracting we met a radio amateur and he showed us his station and invited us back. I've got to preach in church tomorrow. I'm going to talk on the Word of Wisdom.

**May 20, 1940.** I bought a suit this morning. I think I'll like it a lot. It is a sort of light bluish grey with a little reddish tint. It is hard twist material and should wear well and will hold a good press. I can't describe it very good. I'll send you a picture. It has two pairs of pants and is single breasted. It cost a little more than I figured because of the extra pants. It came to \$32.64 with tax. With my clergy discount it came to \$29.35. So Beck, with that \$25.00 you sent and the \$5.00 I had saved, it came out okay. It should last till my mission is over, and I'll be able to wear it when I get home. Also, I think my over coat will do.

Dad, when you send the money order make it out to Eldred H. Erickson. You send them differently. The fellow at the post office is a very ornery fellow and I have hard time getting them cashed. I had to talk about ten minutes this morning and finally had to get someone to identify me. He wouldn't accept my clergy identification or social security or anything. I got my talk made yesterday. Some of the people didn't like it too well, as it hit too close to home.

Say Beck, if you ever get a chance when you are in Salt Lake, get a Word of Wisdom book at the Deseret Book store. Read it! At least the part about tobacco. The rest is very good too, especially the part about foods. After you have all read it send it out to me as I can use it here.

Friday we came back from tracting to find the room all upside down. Pajamas, towels, socks, etc., all tied in knots, bananas eaten and skins put in the cup board, salt put in the sugar bowl, my neck tie tied on the oatmeal box, suit cases hid behind the dresser, bed all messed up and a few other things. We finally found out who did it--it was done by the two elders in Mandan and a couple of their investigators. They made up for it yesterday afternoon after church. We went out to the park in Mandan played a little softball had free ice cream cones and they brought us back to Bismarck.

It looks like it is going to storm again, it rained this morning. I lent a Book of Mormon to a Catholic lady last week. We hear lots of bad things against the Catholic Church--some of the worst things from a Catholic member. Over in Mandan, the Catholic Church owns and runs a saloon--it is the worst one in town. They sell all kinds of liquor there and it is a very wild place.

**May 25, 1940.** Had more rain here than in ten years. We had two inches in one day. Dickinson had five inches in one day!

Have been having a pretty good time this week. We only got in 26 hours of tracting however, so I don't think we will make the honor roll this month, though we have the same number of hours as last month.

We made friends with the custodian at the State Capitol, and one morning he took us through the place and showed us all the points of interest. We went in the Governor's office and met his Secretary, and Lyon took a picture of me in the Governor's chair. We got to go clear up on top of the roof. Quite a view from there and the prairie looked pretty. The country is mostly small rolling hills and they are all turning green.

Sorry, but all the "Saints" are moving out. We had six and the best four are moving. Last night we



showed our slide lecture "King of Kings" to about 25 people at a boarding house. Thursday we tracted until 11:15 and then caught the train to Mandan. Jacobsen's, the people at the park, invited us for a picnic. We went down to Fort Abraham Lincoln Park by the Heart River. It is pretty down there in the River Bottoms. They have shelters, fireplaces etc. The rivers here are all slow and muddy. The Heart River is good fishing for catfish and a few pike. Along the road we saw lots of cottontail rabbits and pheasants. After lunch we went through the museum. They have lots of Indian and early pioneer relics. Around the Indian mounds we found bits of pottery and parts of arrow heads. Elder Sweden found a perfect arrowhead.

Saw an old man who is an animal trainer. He had a monkey, bear, raccoon and lots of dogs. He showed us some of his tricks. Bought a pants presser for \$2.00. It seems to work fine, and puts a real crease on our pants. We knocked on a door of an apartment house; the owner came out from another door and gave us heck for disturbing her neighbors and tenants. She threatened to call the Police. We talked her out of it and as usual found that she was Catholic. We have only found five friendly Catholics and all have visited Utah. This second district we are tracting is not so good. We have been over it three times, and already have cut it down to 117 homes. We have only had five invites in the whole district. In the last district we got that many the first time around.

**May 27, 1940.** Thanks for your letter Beck, there is no hurry about the Word of Wisdom book, but I want the rest of you to read it--you to, Ma. It is very interesting. It isn't all about tobacco and liquor, but about half of it is on foods and is very worthwhile. Beck, why don't you quit smoking? It would do you a lot of good. I'm sure you could if you would just try. Try won't you!

We get along pretty good here, even on the cooking. Lyon isn't much better as a cook than I am. I do most of it I think. We don't like the same things. He would just as soon eat potatoes and boiled eggs and bananas and milk with spinach or peas every meal. He doesn't like macaroni, sauerkraut or corn or bacon or meat. I've fixed macaroni a few times. Twice with cheese and a couple times with tomatoes. Tomatoes here are awful, even the highest priced ones. I've fixed sauerkraut and wieners once and they were good. I've fried spuds and bacon and eggs quite often and fixed corn several times. We have spinach a few times a week and peas once in awhile. We get cheese quite often, but we don't like the same kinds. We have had stewed dried apricots--he doesn't like prunes. We fix oatmeal for breakfast every morning. It is the cheapest. It costs about 18 cents for about two weeks. Of course, we put milk, sugar and butter on it. We visit every grocery store in town to get their specials. We take milk from a dairy. We changed dairies once. We get whole wheat bread from a bakery. They make them specially for us. They used to make them only once in a while, but when we kept asking for it they started making it all the time. Most of the clerks in the stores know us, as we have given them our cards and tracts.

The hardest part of fixing meals is trying to decide what we want. We have had salmon and halibut several times. We have had pot roast twice. The last time it wasn't much good. Lyon went out and left the gas on the stove when we went tracting and it got burned! The land lady came in and turned off the gas. Everything smelled like burnt meat. We have had steak once. Most of the time we have spuds and eggs boiled, fried, and scrambled, along with spinach, peas or corn or lettuce and carrots. He doesn't like cooked carrots, but I fix them once in a while. We have honey sometimes for dessert or bananas and milk. Lyon would like bananas every day, but I get tired of them. Apples and oranges are high priced here. Oranges are 39 cents a dozen for medium sized ones, apples 5 cents each and bananas 3 lbs. for 25 cents. We get along pretty good though. It costs us about \$15.00 a month each for food.

I like the work pretty good. We start about 9:30 every morning to tract, and tract till noon, then fix dinner and go tracting at 1:30 till 5:00. We have supper, then go visiting or tracting. Saturdays we make out reports and visit. Sunday we study and go to church if available. Monday morning we don't tract, as most people wash--so do we. I can darn socks pretty good. Socks aren't wearing very well. Shoes, too. I've never walked so much in my life.

When we tract we each take turns at the door. We tell the people who we are and what we want, then give them a tract if they will take it. Answer any questions they may have. Ask if they read the last tract that was left. Try to get them interested any way we can. That is, if they will listen that long. Lots of them refuse us, but I don't seem to let it bother me. When we go to Glendive, we are going to try and thumb a ride. Most of the missionaries thumb, if they can. It's cheaper that way, and we get to pass out tracts and get a conversation. I don't know all the gospel yet. I don't have much time to study, as we are going most of the time. However, it is wonderful work. It isn't all fun, far from it, but I wouldn't want to come home until my time is up. I'm surely glad you sent me! The Mandan elders came over, and I have to talk in church Sunday.

**June 1, 1940.** Weather is hot and windy but nights are cool and easy to sleep. Dad, I was glad to get your letter and to hear you are keeping the Old Mill's books, it might be good to get away from Atlas Oil. Are you going to build a home for Burnett? You mentioned getting some chickens. Don't get them from around this part of the country. These are a different strain than the ones on the coast. These lay the size of the pullet eggs back home, especially the Leghorns. The only large ones are the brown eggs, and we have had larger white ones at home.

Been tracting quite a bit this week. Memorial Day we just stayed home and studied. We visited Dr. Miller yesterday. We finally found out that he used to be a very influential Seventh Day Adventist Preacher on the East Coast. We got in plenty of discussions with him yesterday. He would almost get mad and shout, so you could hear him a block away. We would show him a piece of scripture to prove our point, and he would claim it meant something else, and he would put his own interpretation on about everything. He had three bibles to support his claims: English, Greek and German. He doesn't believe now in belonging to any church. He believes in Joseph Smith in part and in the Book of Mormon in part. He surely has a lot of crazy ideas: one is that the Sun goes around the Earth, and he thinks that he can prove it. He argues on every point that we bring up and manages to squirm around every piece of Scripture, even though it is plain as the nose on his face. I guess we will forget him as he is too set in his ways and just wants to argue. We visited a few people in the evenings this week and tracted as usual, but there hasn't been anything unusual. Each week is about like the others, so when I've told you about one, you will know what the rest are like too!

**June 8, 1940.** Here are a few pictures that I promised. I haven't one of my new suit and "Sailor" hat as yet. Yes I've met quite a few girls, but most smoke and drink. We were with friends the other night in a car across from a local saloon. It seemed as if all the couples headed for the saloon, and they were the better class of people, too. We made quite a few friends from the Evangelical Church, as we have been tracting. We went to the church on Sunday and met the Minister and told him who we were. Since then none of our "friends" will have anything to do with us. We found out that he had passed out a pamphlet about the "Mormons". Quote: "Adam is our God, Jesus is son of Adam and Mary, and that a man must have several wives to get to the highest degree in Heaven".

The other night while tracting we met another judge of the Supreme Court. He was very nasty to us! Tuesday we found out one of our contacts is a photographer and radio amateur as well as an engineer. They are surely nice people and sat up all night reading some of our books. We started another tracting district yesterday--about the same results as usual. Went to the Museum afterwards. Very interesting.

Remember the old lady we met who is a good friend? She is very sick--hope she gets well. I think we have a ride to Glendive, Montana for conference. We don't want to take the train, as we would like to see the famous Bad Lands. The train doesn't go through them.

Got a letter from Pete Kranenburg. Guess he is going to go on a mission. The pants presser I got from Montgomery Wards works quite well. Beck, have you quit yet?

**June 10, 1940.** Weather has been quite nice. Rained hard Saturday inch in 15 minutes. One day it is hot, next day it's cool. Woke up at 5:00 yesterday with sand hitting me in the face. It was hot so we left the windows open. A real dust storm came up and for a few minutes you couldn't see across the street. When we got up everything in the room was covered with dust! The butter was just black! They say they used to have them about every day. However, we have had more rain than they have had the last ten years.

The town is quite pretty, especially in the better sections. Practically all the streets are paved except in on the outskirts of town. Trees are all up and down the streets, lawns are green. There's a lot of bridal wreath in blossom. We have had a few hot days, but it's mostly been nice. Mother, I was glad to get your letter. The elders in Mandan say they know the Andersons in Glendive.

So you don't think much of my "hitchhiking". I didn't mean, "hike," I meant, "thumb" a ride. We would go to the outskirts of town and try for a ride. If it doesn't work out, we would then take the train. Yesterday we thumbed a ride to Mandan. There were three people including the teacher. We four elders had them outnumbered. We stayed for the morning worship. We went to Simpson's for dinner, and then went to hold church. I talked on "Why Mormonism?" I didn't do as well as I've been doing and only talked 15 minutes. I had studied more than any other too. After church we went to the Jacobsen's for early supper. We had cold meat sandwiches and some kind of egg salad, ice cream and cake. I can eat practically anything now but beans. They brought us back to Bismarck. We then went to Yearsley's. He is a member of the Church. We showed them some slides and they served us fresh strawberry ice cream

and cookies.

The elders in Mandan have it pretty good. They room with Simpsons, and take care of the house while Simpsons go on vacation. They get two months rent for \$12.00. They also eat with Simpsons about half of the time, and eat with Jacobsen's the other half of the time. Both Jacobsens and Simpsons are going to be baptized. We had six members here in Bismark, but they are all moving out and Yearsleys are leaving. We only have one left. She married a Mormon missionary and was "converted". Later she was divorced and is bringing up her daughter as a Presbyterian. She isn't much interested. We have made several friends and contacts only to have them move out of town.

We started a new tracting district and aren't having much success. We called on 75 homes this afternoon in three hours and only got one conversation--she refused us! Cold or stormy weather seems to be best. At least we had our best success in our first district. A lot of people took pity on us because we looked frozen and they invited us in to get warm and we were able to get acquainted. They don't do that any more. As to Glendive--Jacobsens decided to go and said we could ride with them. There will be seven of us in a 1931 Cheve. We will put in \$2.00 each for gas and oil. Here is a folder and a piece of an arrowhead I picked up. Beck, have you quit yet?

**June 16, 1940.** Beck, thanks for the letters and clippings. Did you go fishing on the opening day? Guess what, I still haven't missed an opening day. Yesterday we got up at 4:00 a.m. Jacobsens and the Mandan elders came over and picked us up and we headed for Spiritwood Lake, about 20 miles north of Jamestown. It is 102 miles to Jamestown, so we had quite a ride. This country isn't half bad when they have rain. The country is rolling hills and flat country combined. There is lots of Timothy and grain. The prairie is pretty and green. We saw jackrabbit, ducks, pheasants and a few Hungarian partridges along the way. We got to Jamestown at 8:00 a.m. and to Spiritwood Lake at 9:00 a.m. Jamestown was quite a nice town. I got a fishing license for 50 cents. We cooked breakfast at the Lake. We had bacon, eggs, toast, marmalade, etc. We went out and fished but had no luck. The lake is quite nice and quite large among the hills and trees on the prairie.

After dinner we rented a boat and bought some minnows. The boat cost 15 cents per hour, the minnows 20 cents. Mrs. Jacobsen let out a holler and caught a 22 inch pickerel. We fished all afternoon. (I caught the most, seven perch.) The others got a couple each. We cooked the big one and 11 perch for supper. Boy, were they good rolled in flour and fried in butter. There was a very pretty sunset. We got home at 11:30 p.m. Mr. Jacobsen invited me to go hunting this fall. Lyon really got sunburned! He won't wear a hat or roll down his sleeves. Boy, is he red.

The Jacobsens are surely swell people. They are going to be baptized at conference.

It is starting to get warm and humid--about 90 degrees. Guess what--We got on the honor roll for tracting last month. That is two in a row. We have had some week, tracted 33 hours, though. Tuesday we visited a Pentecostal Preacher (Holy Roller). We had a real discussion. I got a letter from Pete. Glen Wade is going on a mission. If they would just get Don to go the crowd would be about complete.

**June 26 and 29, 1940.** Well, we are in Montana. I slept at the Andersons last night. They are surely nice people! We had baptismal service and then held conference. I had to say a "few words. Elder Richard R. Lyman was the main speaker. It was really inspiring.

Well, the conference is over. It was great! The Yellowstone River goes by the Town. We crossed it and held a missionary meeting on the bank. It was great. We are going back in the morning. We loafed this afternoon and I ripped the seat out of my swimming suit going down the slide.

**June 29, 1940.** I'm back in Bismark, didn't get transferred, so I guess I'll be here for quite a while. Got your letter Dad. You say you are finishing up at Atlas Oil and will be doing the books for the Old Mill and working at North Ogden Canning. Say, thanks a lot for the cherries. Did they come from Grandpa's? Boy are they good! Cherries here are 17 cents per pound and are very poor.

Last Sunday Jacobsens came over and took us to a Methodist Church Picnic in Mandan. After hearing a disgusting sermon on "Church and Life" by the Rev. Henry, they had a ball game and asked us to play. Rev. Henry pitched for one side, and he was pretty good. He struck most of them out. I played first base on the other side. I did pretty good, didn't make any errors and got two home runs over the fence, a base hit, walked and grounded out. We won 21 to 11. After that Jacobsens took us on a steak fry. We had all we could eat and it was surely good.

Mrs. Jacobsen's mother said I was the best mannered and best-looking elder of the four. Monday night we thumbed a ride to Mandan and saw an Indian war dance. We slept with the elders. Jacobsens came the next morning at 6:00. We headed for the conference at Glendive, Montana. We went through



the famous Dakota Badlands. I was quite disappointed. We have lots of places on that order or better. We got to Glendive about noon. The elders there served us macaroni and tomatoes and rice pudding. We all then went swimming.

About 5:00 we drove across the Yellowstone River to a little creek on the other side and held a baptismal service. Jacobsens were baptized. We then went back across the river to conference. We all had to talk in conference. There were about 76 present. President Broadbent and Apostle Lyman talked. It was the best I've ever enjoyed. It lasted till 10:30. Part of us then went back to Andersons to sleep. I didn't sleep too well as there were three of us in a 3/4 bed and it was too soft and fluffy and quite warm.

We held a missionary meeting the next morning till noon and received instructions. We loafed the rest of the afternoon and then held a sacrament meeting. We had supper at a café and went to Andersons to sleep. We had two meals there at their place, a supper and a breakfast. They surely did their best to take care of us. We left the next morning about 11:00 and got back to Mandan at 6:00. Jacobsens had us over to supper and we then came back to Bismark and got the mail. When we came into our room, the cherries were on the table. Boy, what a surprise! That is the first package we have had delivered--all others we have had to carry from the railroad station.

It didn't cost us much for the trip. We each put in \$2.00 for gas and oil. I bought a couple of trinkets and some tooth paste and shaving soap, a haircut, a couple of meals and snacks along the road. My expense for the whole week was \$5.32. The two elders in Jamestown thumbed to conference. They made the 350 miles in seven hours. Most of the other elders also thumbed to conference.

Don't bother about sending any more books. I haven't finished the New Testament, the Book of Mormon, or the Articles of Faith. I have read Added Upon. Tracting and visiting contacts doesn't leave us much time to study (we also have to cook). The elders in Mandan have had to quit holding Hall meetings, so we will have Sundays to study from now on. My shirts are starting to wear out. I've discarded two, but I get along O.K. on the other three. I don't wear the white one except to conference. I take a shirt to the laundry twice a week, so I always have plenty of clean ones.

Dad, I saw some machinery the other day made by H. E. Erickson Company of Minneapolis.

I just figured my expenses for the month and made my report. Here they are: Food \$13.84, Rent \$8.25, Laundry \$1.01, clothing--a hat and tie \$1.52. Traveling expenses \$3.45, postage, stationary and birthday cards \$1.61. Miscellaneous \$5.85 (haircuts, shaving soap, film and developer, swimming admission at conference, making a total for the month \$35.05 for a month of 5 weeks. I think I can cut down next month. I have \$16.00 on hand. The average in this district is about \$35.00. I hope I can make it on \$30.00.

**June 30, 1940.** Got your letter Monday. So Faye Williams got married--I thought she was waiting for Spence Garner. The cherries are surely good--imagine a whole case. I gave some to the landlady and two other women who live here. They surely liked them. They told us to use their garden in the back of the house. It has lettuce, radishes, and onions. The one lady said she would bake us some bread.

Sorry our expenses are a little higher than some. One reason the other elders get by so cheap is they practically live with the people. The Mandan elders pay \$6.00 per month rent for the two of them and also get to eat with the family at least half of the time and with the Jacobsens the other meals. Even so, their expenses still total \$20 to \$25 per month. The town of Bismarck is supposed to be the second most expensive city in the United States to live in. At Dickenson the elders pay \$18.00 per month for good board and room. Here it is \$30 to \$40 per month and most places aren't very good.

Here are my expenses: March 1940: Meals \$9.51, Room rent \$6.00, Laundry \$1.30, clothes \$1.00. Books and tracts \$4.20. Car fare \$4.47, Postage including paper and box rent \$2.20, Misc. \$2.03, total \$30.98. April: Meals \$12.41. Room rent \$10.50, laundry \$.60, clothing--suit and pants presser, etc. \$34.45. Books and tracts \$2.00, carfare \$1.16, postage 22 cents, misc. \$.86, total \$65.06. I gave you the amount for June. The money surely seems to go. I have had to buy tooth paste, hair tonic, lotion, tweezers, haircuts, half soles, film and developer, pants, and coat hangers, moth balls, towels, dishes and spoons, etc., which are all included in the misc. expense item. Now I am pretty well stocked so should be able to cut down quite a bit. Next time I move I'll try and get a cheaper place.

I got a letter from Randolph. He said he is living pretty cheap. They take turns living with the people and don't have to pay rent or buy a meal. The average monthly expense per missionary of this district and this mission is \$35.00 or more per month. The average for all missionaries of the Church is \$31.06. Another reason a lot of missionaries expenses are low is that they don't list everything. For example, if they buy film or camera equipment they don't show it. If they go to a show, they don't put it down. Most go to one or two shows a week. I put everything down. I saw my first show yesterday for 25 cents. Sunday we went to the Episcopal Church. It is just a lot of "dead" ceremony. They read almost



everything out of a book, including the prayers. The minister asked us where we were from. He said the two fellows ahead of us were also from Utah. We hurried and caught them. They were from Salt Lake. We talked to them for a while. Both smoked, one said he was a member of the Church. They had been having quite a time.

The temperature bulletin here shows Salt Lake is the hottest place in the country. Is Ogden that hot? Those missionary expenses you got from the mission office were those on the Honor roll and are the lowest in the mission. Few ever get that low, unless in a good place.

**July 6, 1940.** Haven't heard from you for a while. Did you go somewhere over the Fourth of July? Not much going on here, though they had a celebration in Mandan. We didn't go. Bartletts, one of our gold contacts, came and got us in their new Cord auto. It is some car. It will go 120 miles per hour. He said that he usually drives 80 or 90 miles on the road. It is surely smooth riding, but no good on poor roads. It is only has 5 inches of clearance. They took us to their cabin up on the Missouri River. We stayed all afternoon. Had lunch and watermelon and shot off firecrackers. He showed me his guns. He has an L.C. Smith 16 gauge double that cost \$285.00, a Lefever 20 gauge double that cost \$185, a 30-06 Winchester, a 30-30 Marlin and several other guns.

We got in 42 hours tracting this week for 5 days. We visited a friend in the hospital and gave him some more tracts. He said the Presbyterian Minister saw them and complained to the Manager. Two of our contacts have died. One we expected. The other was only 50 years old. He had been an ROTC instructor at Logan. His first wife was a Mormon.

We showed some slides to a family last night. All we have done all week is tract and nothing unusual has happened.

**July 13, 1940.** We have had a pretty good week. Sunday we went to a Baptist Sunday school. In the afternoon Lyon got a box of apricots from home. They were pretty good. Monday while tracting we met a lady who believed in Reincarnation. She was quite interested and I lent her a Book of Mormon. Tuesday we tracted and got a couple of invites in. In our new district we got a glass of water at the first place and a glass of Ginger Ale at the Second. Boy, it is hot work tracting. Especially in our new district. We just go from one house to the next. A lot of people are not home or won't come to the door, and the rest aren't interested as yet. Boy, it is hot with a suit coat on! It gets monotonous when we go all day without even a good conversation. We hope it will improve later after we eliminate the bad ones.

Wednesday we met an Episcopal Minister. He was a pretty good one. The most friendly one yet. He wouldn't argue or discuss doctrine with us. One thing he wanted us to get clear though. He said if we would go to Africa and preach to the Heathen well and good, but when we started preaching to his congregation, we were stepping on his toes. Thursday six of the elders came here in the morning. Two of them were being changed and the other four, including the district president, were touring the district. We showed them the town. In the afternoon we went to Jacobsens for dinner. Afterwards the elders left and we and the Jacobsens went to Selfridge about 60 miles south of Mandan. The Mandan elders were working there for a week. They held a meeting in the evening and about 40 came out. It was a good meeting except for the singing. No one sang but us, and we didn't do so good. It was about like singing a solo.

Coming home we had two flat tires. The jack didn't work and we had to use a fence post to jack up the car to take the wheel off so we could patch the innertube. We got to Mandan about 1:00 a.m. and stayed there the night. In the morning we thumbed a ride to Bismarck. Our luck wasn't so good, though there was plenty of traffic. It took us 29 minutes and we got a ride in a '29 Packard. We tracted all day. The Jacobsens and the Mandan elders came, and we went swimming. We tracted all day, and they are coming over again this evening. It only costs 15 cents and it surely is nice in this hot weather.

**July 20, 1940.** We have had a pretty good week. Got in 41 hours of tracting in 5 days and only tracted half a day Monday. We got on the Honor roll again this month for tracting. We were second. We were in Glendive one week and didn't go tract; otherwise we would have been first. We are quite low on some other things such as visiting investigators, holding meetings and visiting the saints--we just don't have the opportunity.

Sunday we went to Sunday school at the Methodist Church. We caught them misquoting Scripture to prove a point of the Resurrection. They quote 3 verses in Job so as to make in mean just the opposite of what it should be. Monday we visited the Seventh day Adventist lady missionary and went the rounds. You can't make them believe anything. They say a comma has been moved or words put in or taken out. However, we had fun showing her different things, even if she wouldn't believe.

We have run up against two Rosicrucianists. They believe in Reincarnation. I lent one a Book of Mormon. We have an appointment to go back and meet with the head ones in town. They believe that our church leaders are inspired, and also some of our doctrines. But they have some crazy ideas. They say that Jesus was a Rosicrucianist--a reincarnation of Zoroaster. They say Jesus didn't die on the Cross, but lived to be 69 and that he wrote several manuscripts in possession of the Catholic Church and some monasteries in Tibet. More Fun!

We met one friendly lady whose father is a Lutheran pastor. We spent one evening with her discussing the principles of the Gospel. We also visited Catholic girls that evening. Boy, they surely "bring them up" "once a Catholic, always a Catholic". They are taught in school and won't believe anything else, even if you show it to them in their own Bible! They usually complain about us using a different bible, but we can also find our points in theirs. They get around it by saying that the Church changed it and the Church has all authority. We are having fewer Catholic friends all the time. Yesterday we lost one more. We had tracted her nine times and she was friendly. Yesterday she told us that the Catholic priest had visited her and told her not to take any more of our literature or even to talk to us--or else!

Christoffersons invited us to stay for supper. It was very good. He is an engineer and a part time photographer. I am having my picture taken Monday, so tell Mr. Gres he'll get a picture soon. He offered to sell us film at cost. They are interested in the Gospel, both him and his wife. They say it is the only reasonable religion they have heard. They read all our literature, sometimes staying up until 2:00 a.m. to read it.

We had some rain last night, and it cooled off a little. It has been 95 the last two weeks. We have had a little rain, but it only made the heat worse. Home is not like this. Last summer when it was 101 degrees I worked out on the scrap pile in the sun, and it wasn't as bad as this. But here--wow--it was 97 the other day in the shade. Our clothes were ringing wet from sweat. The air was so damp even our bed clothes and clothes in the closet were damp. That day we were in a new district and tracted 10 hours straight. We only got two invites in, so you can see how hot we were out in the sun.

Thursday and Friday we were back on our first district and we got a lot of invites in, some gave us lemonade and cookies. It was surely welcome.

**July 20, 1940.** It is still hot! We have had more rain than they have had in 20 years, but it just makes it hotter. We will probably be back from conference Thursday, so you can send some big black cherries then. Poor ones here are 27 cents per pound. Elder Boeslund was here and his folks sent him some white ones.

We have had quite a week. Monday we tracted all day and visited some contacts in the evening. Tuesday we tracted all day. Elders Keller and Boeslund came in from Wisconsin. They finished up there. They stayed the night. Elder Boeslund slept on the floor, as the bed only holds three. Wednesday we fooled around all day. Keller tried out a '33 Buick at a used car lot. We showed them the points of interest in the town and ate all of Boeslund's cherries. Jacobsens came to see us and took Keller and Boeslund back to Mandan so we got a good night's sleep.

Thursday we tracted all day. Jacobsens picked us up in the evening and we went back to the park and had a weenie roast. (I had four big frankfurters, one boiled egg, three glasses of lemonade, ice cream, and cake.) They then brought us back to Bismarck. Yesterday we tracted all day and visited Christoffersons in the evening.

**July 27, 1940.** The river here is quite a bit lower, though it is as muddy as ever. It is about 20 feet deep in the channel, but mostly is about waist deep. It is supposed to be a fast river, but looks as if it runs about as fast as Mill Creek. The last three days it was 99 degrees, then we had some rain and it cooled down a little. It rained one and 1/4 inches in 20 minutes, then last night we had a real rainstorm. It rained hard for quite awhile, but I don't know how much we got.

Sunday night we went to a Fundamental Baptist Church. Boy, what an outfit. They took turns getting up and telling that they were saved. The preacher got up and he was the worst yet. He said that all you had to do was believe and you would be saved. They were all supposed to have received some kind of manifestation when they were saved. All the time he was preaching someone would be hollering, Amen, Hallelujah, Praise the Lord, etc. Fun, eh?

We tracted a lot this week, and went swimming twice. Elder Gunn is being transferred, and Jacobsens asked us over for a farewell dinner. We thumbed a ride over in a brand new Mercury. They aren't so wonderful--just another Ford. We had a nice dinner then Jacobsens brought us back.

**August 3, 1940.** They have a new sport here. As we go around town we see a lot of boys with air rifles shooting into trees. We thought they were shooting birds, but it turned out they were shooting worms. They have some big green worms here about five inches long and one inch thick. They strip the leaves off the trees.

My hay fever is still as bad if not worse. Been out five months and the time has surely gone in a hurry. Had some good candy this week, fudge and divinity--Lois sent me a box. Have had the usual run of tracting this week, nothing special happened. Last night Jacobsens came and asked us to go to Wilton, a town north of here. It is one of the towns we are supposed to work. We met some nice people there. Mrs. Jacobsens sister in law told us that when we came up to work the town she would put us up for the night. Hope we can do as well when we go to Turtle Lake which is 38 miles north of there. We are waiting for some records from the district president before we go so I don't know just when it will be. Went swimming. I'm getting pretty good on the back dive, but I can't do the front ones. This morning we started tracting, and the first house we tracted, the lady invited us in for some peaches and cream. She is the same lady that gave me the recipe for sour cream cookies. There are surely a lot of bugs in this country. Lots of grasshoppers, though they say not as bad as last year. Wheat and grain crops are not too good this year. They didn't get enough rain at the right time. Parts of the state have good crops and other parts have none. If they get 14 bushel to the acre it is a good year. Some of them don't even get back their seed.

I'm hard on shoe leather. These black shoes are all shot. I had them half-soled, wore them out, put on stick-on soles and they lasted 3 weeks. Half soles cost \$1.50. I wore out the soles on the brown shoes and got them half-soled. I've worn out two shirts and had the collar turned on another. I have 3 shirts left besides the white one. I'm glad I didn't get any more white ones. I've only worn mine once since I've been out and that was at conference. Most of the elders at the conference didn't have white shirts. At the rate I'm wearing mine, it will still be good when I get home. Last Saturday we went swimming with the Mandan elders and Mrs. Jacobsen. A lady asked her who the four young men were. She said Mormon missionaries, and the lady asked Mrs. Jacobsen if she was a Mormon. Mrs. Jacobsen said yes. The lady wanted to know if they were all her husbands, since she had heard Mormons practiced polygamy.

We met the Rosicrucian lady again. She insisted on lending a book to us. She also said she wants to read the Book of Mormon and the Pearl of Great Price. Sunday we went to a Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church. It was awful. I haven't been to another church that I didn't get bored. We have been to all the churches in town now except the Seventh Day Adventist, the Christian Science and another Lutheran Church.

**August 10, 1940.** Well, at last I know how it feels to be arrested. The other day we walked to the other end of town to tract. We knocked on the first door and talked to the lady. A police car stopped and asked what we were selling. We said nothing, and they went up the street. We finished talking to the lady. They turned around and asked us to come over. They asked us who we were and what we were selling. We explained, but they said there was an ordinance against doing what we were doing. We told them that there was no such ordinance. They tried to call headquarters on the radio and were told to bring us in. So we got a free ride to the police station. The chief talked to us and we explained all about ourselves to him. He called up the city attorney and found that the ordinance didn't apply to us. We gave him some of our tracts and he looked them over and let us go. The only trouble was that we had to walk way back to the other end of town again.

Sunday was Fast Sunday. Elder Gunn and his new companion were leaving Monday, so we invited them and Jacobsens over for Sunday supper. Mrs. Jacobsen brought a chicken and made gravy. We had green creamed peas, sliced tomatoes, and mashed spuds. Mrs. Jacobsen brought homemade bread. We had tapioca pudding for dessert, also had corn on the cob. This week we have had corn on the cob several times. Mrs. Jacobsen brought a couple dozen ears and some cookies. While tracting this week a lady invited us in and gave us some fresh chokecherry jelly and a jar of raspberry and current jelly and a couple dozen cookies. Nice!

I'd like this place swell if it wasn't for my hay fever. It is a lot worse than I ever had at home! I've used a large bottle of Vick's nose drops, 1200 sheets of Kleenex, besides a couple dozen handkerchiefs in the last three weeks. I fill up my pockets with paper handkerchiefs and one regular one each time we go out. When the paper ones are all gone, I use the cloth one. It gets wet and I have to hold it out to dry as we go from house to house. My nose gets red and sore from so much wiping. The district president asked President Broadbent to have me moved to another area, but no luck as yet.

The other night two twins invited us in while tracting. They gave us some cranberry punch and



some swell cookies. They don't have to be baked in an oven and they were good. She said they would give me the recipe. We visited the Rosicrucian lady and she lent me some books. Boy, do they have some crazy ideas.

Went swimming, and I'm doing a little better. Right now I'm cooking some stew for supper--stew meat, onions, carrots, and spuds--smells good. I threw my black shoes away--completely worn out. That blue shirt that you gave is good bye--the collar is worn out.

Did Dad quit Atlas Oil for good? Elder Svedin and his new companion are here. His name is Vellman, and he is from Vernal. They finished up my stew.

**August 16, 1940.** Have used another 500 sheet box of Kleenex since Sunday. My hay fever isn't any better. Don't send any tomatoes, they have plenty here. Fruit here is scarce, expensive and of poor quality. I wore out another shirt, I now have 3 left--blue, brown, and white. Had a nice dinner planned the other day. Mashed spuds, summer squash, tomatoes and corn on the cob. The landlady gave us the corn. I thought it looked a little different when I cooked it. Boy was it tough and tasteless. Lyon said she said it was field corn.

Haven't done much tracting this week, we ran out of tracts and our order from the office was slow in coming. I've done quite a bit of studying, and we went swimming once. We visited Dr. Miller again and argued with him for a while. He is very friendly and accepts our idea of the origin of the Indians, but argues on every other point of doctrine. It is good practice. This morning a lady gave us some bread and butter pickles and some spice cake fresh from the oven. We have spent quite a bit of time visiting our friends this week. We have one good prospect here: a young man and his wife. They are both really interested.

Had a little rain last night, and it cooled things off. Fall seems to be in the air and it is getting dark earlier now. I'm surely glad I got to come on a mission. I like it more all the time. Don't hesitate to use the money I have in the bank. We are going to go over to Mandan and visit the elders there.

**August 23, 1940.** It is starting to feel like fall. The hottest it's been is 85 and most days about 71 and getting down to 41 at night. My hay fever is also getting quite a bit better. The district president said he had written President Broadbent and suggested that I be moved because of my hay fever. So now that my hay fever is about better, it would be just my luck to move. I sort of hate to leave this place now. I met a lady who used to know Mrs. Maddox and her previous husband very well. She used to live in Grenora, North Dakota. She had been to Ogden to visit them. She is very friendly but is moving to Washington on Sunday. It seems that all the friendly ones move away.

We have tracted about 1000 different homes in this town and have them cut down to about 120 friendly ones. Some are quite interested. We have tracted a lot of places in the first district 12 times (we keep coming back until they turn us down.) We are going to start a fourth district on Monday. Tracting each day doesn't give us much to write about. The landlady has a garden and gives us tomatoes and carrots, beets and onions, which helps a lot. She also has cucumbers, but neither of us like them. Saturday we thumbed a ride to Mandan and back. We spent the day with the elders there. They served us dinner and supper. We had fresh homemade bread, and hamburger, cabbage, rice and a few other things mixed together Swedish style. We also had cookies, rice, and jelly for dessert.

Sunday we went to church at the Christian Science Church. It was just as boring as the others. Jacobsens came over and took us to their place for a nice supper. The elders came down and we had a game of horseshoes. Jacobsens then took us out and bought us a hamburger. We then visited her folks in the evening. Haven't been able to get them interested, though they are friendly.

Monday after tracting we went swimming. It was cold! Tuesday we tracted all day. A lady invited us in and gave us two jars of jelly, some cookies, and half a loaf of homemade bread.

Our little radio doesn't work very well. It got dropped a couple of times. Tuesday night we started getting stations all over the country, even KSL and some police calls. Now we have a hard time getting Bismark and Mandan. We shouldn't complain. It cost Dicksons \$2.00, and they gave it to us when they could afford a better one.

We won't get on the honor roll this month for tracting, since we haven't had enough tracts to keep us busy. Jacobsens came over one evening for a visit. Got three letters from Howard in one day. Last night we showed some pictures to a lady and some of her friends. Afterwards she served crab apple pie and ice cream. It was good. Today we tracted in morning and afternoon and ran out of tracts. So we went to the library and looked up the City Directory to learn more about our contacts. Went swimming. The weather and pool were cold--I guess we are used to it. We were the only two in the whole pool.

The days and nights are swell now, you need lots of covers at night and boy, can I sleep. I'll need



some of the heaviest long-handled underwear for winter. They say it really gets cold up here. Thirty and 40 below zero are quite common, and when the wind blows it is really cold. They say some years it has gone to 50 below zero. Last year was mild and only got down to -30.

I hear Mildred West is telling that Lois and I are engaged, not true.

Mr. Jacobsen invited me to go hunting with him. It is a real temptation, but I turned him down. Here are a couple of pictures--give one to Mr. Grew, the ward clerk.

They had a bad tornado about 40 miles from here. Wrecked the town and killed a couple of people.

**August 31, 1940.** Monthly reports again. Tracting 140 hours, 2 books of Mormon lent, 12 small books lent or given. These only cost 7 cents.

Expenses for the month: the month had five weeks, so they are a little higher. Food \$13.24, laundry \$1.35, clothes 87 cents, books \$1.00, postage \$1.01, misc. \$8.10. This includes several large boxes of Kleenex and a couple bottles of Vicks, 10 swims and those pictures I had taken. Total for the month \$33.82. One reason we go swimming is that it takes the place of a bath. Several families here share the same bath room, and it is quite inconvenient.

Our tracting wasn't exceptional this month. Last month for four weeks we had 146 hours. This month we didn't have enough tracts to keep us busy. I don't suppose we will be on the Honor Roll this month. It is quite a few hours, but we have been on the Honor Roll four months in a row. We will probably be beat this time, since that many hours would have gotten us on any of the other months.

Mr. Jacobsen keeps asking me to go hunting with him, but I keep turning him down. Dad, glad to get your letter and the money. How are you making out at Plain City Canning? By now I hope you do well and make it run the way it should be. Sounds like you have some good men running it. Dr. D was President of the mission home. Ira Huggins and McConkie--what should I do about voting?

Saturday Mrs. Jacobsen brought us a cake. Sunday Wohlgemuth's, the family we are supposed to visit 60 miles north of here, came down and visited us. They brought us a fried chicken dinner--ummm! Two dozen doughnuts, two dozen fresh eggs, 15 pounds of new potatoes, grapes, bananas, home made bread, cookies and some butter and cheese, also 2 quarts of ice cream. Boy, did we have a feed! They have a new Chevrolet and took us to Mandan to meet Jacobsens and the elders there. We then stayed at Jacobsens for supper. Monday we started tracting in our new district. It wasn't very promising. Tuesday we met a drunk painter--he would have talked all day; we had a hard time getting away from him.

We counted the blocks we walked today while tracting--190 blocks, or 16 miles. Some days we walk more and some days we walk a little less--no wonder my shoes wear out. Went swimming twice this week, and now the pool is closed for cold weather. There were only two of us in the pool and it was nice. I go off the high board.

Nothing of interest happened this week in tracting. I guess I'll have to get a new hat--this one looks like something the cat dragged in. I'll also get a couple of shirts and a pair of shoes. I will have money left over and will save it and see what happens. I don't think I need a new overcoat, I think I can make this one last the two years. I'll wear my maroon sweater, and with heavy underwear, I'll be warm enough.

The landlady gave us a bunch of wild plums. I cooked them up and got about 2 quarts. They aren't bad, but they have lots of stones and the skins make them a little bitter.

**Note:** The following mission letters were not edited by Eldred. They were typed by his children and some minor changes and additions have been made for clarity.

**September 6, 1940, Bismark, North Dakota.** Beck, I was glad to get your letter and clipping. So, you liked that picture of diving. We took that with Lyon's camera--the others too--and used a magnifying glass in front of that one. I meant 16 sixteen miles we walked in one day. I'm glad to hear you got a good rain, and that it's cooler. We have a spell of hot weather again, and it is as hot as it's been all summer. It's been up to 98 degrees again. Today felt hotter, but I haven't heard the official temperature yet.

We got the peaches ok--they were a little green, but the riper ones were bruised quite a little. They are surely good. Lyon was supposed to get some, but his folks said it cost too much to send them. HOW MUCH DID IT COST TO SEND THEM? You say you'll send some more. Don't send any for a while.

We got a card yesterday that conference is Monday in Jamestown, so I may be moved. I don't suppose I will, but you never know. We're going to thumb there if the weather's good. This will postpone our trip to Turtle Lake.

So you're going up on the Greys river. It ought to be good. If I go hunting, I won't need any more money. I haven't as yet got any new clothes. I'll wait a little while and look around. Don't worry about the money. I still think I can get down to \$30 a month. If I can't, I'll let you know. I still have plenty!

This hot weather is bringing back my hay fever a little worse. It is just like a cold. What happened to Uncle Clarence? Did he sell out or was he driven out or what? Say Ma, give me your recipe for baked, stuffed tomatoes. Boy, you ought to try my stew recipe. I've got a pretty good one. I fixed it all myself. We have been fixing it about like you used to, but I cook onions, carrots, and green peppers a while, put in some fresh tomatoes, cut up spuds real fine and put in celery salt and butter--it's pretty good. Say, will you see if you can find the negative of me in my ROTC uniform? I think it is in the drawer in one of those photo shop envelopes. Send that and my Patriarchal Blessing.

Saturday after I wrote, the two elders from Jamestown dropped in to see us. They thumbed here--it is over 100 miles. They spent the night at Mandan. Sunday we got up at 4:30. The Jacobsens came over and we headed for Ashley, 150 miles south east. It is only six miles from South Dakota, but we didn't get across the line. We went through Dawson, the town hit by the tornado. I got some pictures--I'll send them next time if I get a chance to print them. We visited Elders Gunn and Tippets there, and spent the day. Jacobsens had a chicken dinner and trimmings along, so we had a good feed. Saw a women's collection of 700 different pairs of salt and pepper shakers. We got home about midnight. I drove part of the way in the '31 Chev, boy, it is surely different. I had a hard time keeping it on the road. Nothing like yours, Beck. Say have you seen the '41 Buicks--boy, for nifty.

Monday we slept a little late and fooled around. Jacobsens came over and took us to Wilton for a visit, and we spent the afternoon with them. They're surely a nice couple. They're planning on moving to Utah, so maybe I'll be able to keep in touch with them when I get home. Tuesday a lady gave us a couple of jars of jelly. In the evening we went through the power plant. One of our best friends is in charge of it at nights. We talked and argued with the Rosicrucian lady again. Lyon bought a new projector, \$57.50. Boy, is it a honey. In the evening he showed his slides to some people, they served us lunch. One lady smoked at the table!

Today we tracted as usual, and it was hot. We got a couple of invites in. One lady gave us some iced chocolate and fresh hot spice cake, mmmm. Tonight we have two engagements. We have an appointment to show slide pictures to some people, and the chairman of the entertainment committee for the Trinity Lutheran Church called us and asked us to show some slides at their Hobby Show. Tomorrow we'll probably study--might have to preach at conference.

Sunday Mrs. Jacobsen invited us on a picnic with a couple of other people. Monday we'll try to thumb to Jamestown if the weather's good. Think we can make the 100 miles in time for conference that evening? We hope so. I suppose we'll go north to Turtle Lake when we get back from "Jimtown". We also went in swimming once more. They opened the pool again this week on account of the hot weather. Will write soon, Eldred.

P.S. "Elder Eldred H. Erickson"

**September 7, 1940, 11:18 a.m.** To Mrs. H. E. Erickson, 310-13th St. Ogden, Utah. 3 cent stamp. Time surely goes fast. Six months tomorrow already. Ma, here is a recipe you ought to try. Drop Cookies. Boil 1 cup cream, 1 cup dark Karo, 1 cup sugar to a soft ball stage. Add 1 cups corn flakes, 2 cups Rice Crispies, 1 cup chopped nuts--pecans, 1 cup coconut. They don't have to bake--you just put them on wax paper and let them sit. Boy, are they good. Try them! Address: Elder Erickson, Box 551, Bismarck, N.D.

**September 13, 1940.** Dear Folks, say you can write the shortest letters of anybody I ever saw. And for answering questions you're as bad as talking to a Seventh Day Adventist--just like talking to a board fence, you don't get any answer. Dad, I think size 42 underwear will be O.K. but I'd rather have them without any buttons, if they come that way. Like these rayon ones I have. I'd like the warmest ones. I don't know anything about whether it should be wool or part wool and cotton. Thanks for sending the Patriarchal Blessing and the negative and those clippings. Ma, thanks for the recipe. I don't know whether I can use it or not. Helen, I'm glad to hear you're going to Ogden High. Are you taking Seminary? I hope so. How do you like it by now?

How's the weather home? Boy, it surely changes here. It was 89 degrees yesterday and the day before it went down to 27 degrees--it froze lots of things. I'm still stationed here in Bismarck, but don't bother to send any fruit. Lyon's folks are too tight to send any out, and he's too tight to allow for what I get on expenses, so don't bother sending any more unless I get a new companion. I've asked a couple of

times about how much it cost to send the fruit out, but I never did get an answer to that or to a lot of other questions I've asked in the past.

I told you that we showed some slide pictures to the Trinity Lutheran Church. It turned out pretty good, and we met a lot of people. Right after that we showed the pictures to a family and their friends. Afterwards they served us cranberry punch and those cookies I sent the recipe to you. Saturday the landlady gave us some fresh biscuits. Sunday we went to church at the Baptist church to hear the new minister and met a few people. In the afternoon Jacobsen's came and took us on a picnic and steak fry. We had a good time even though it did rain a little.

Monday we went to "Jimtown". I suppose you got my card telling how we got there. It was a good trip except for the 3/4 of an hour we were stranded out on the prairie about four miles from the nearest town trying to get a ride. Every car just passed us up and there weren't very many either. It was lonely out there, no shelter and it looked like a storm. Big black clouds came towards us and it turned cold. We only had our suit coats, and it was plenty cold. We finally got the ride in though, and got there about 1 hour earlier than if we had waited and taken the train. The mayor was against us and we couldn't rent a hall in Jamestown, so we just held a missionary meeting in Shipley's home (the only saints in town--they just came from Utah). We received a lot of good instruction and talked things over with President Broadbent. Shipley's gave us all a good dinner. We slept at a tourist place. I slept with Boesland. That cost us 50 cents. Breakfast the next morning was 21 cents. I spent 3 cents for postage, so the total trip expenses were 74 cents. Not bad for traveling 208 miles and staying overnight, meals included--eh? President had to leave that morning, also the D.P. and his companion and the two Mandan elders. We saw them off at the train. We didn't tell President how we were going back. (It's supposed to be sort of against the rules to thumb rides.) However, we did bet the Mandan elders an ice cream cone that we'd beat them to Bismarck. We saw them off at the train and walked to the outskirts of town, and [picture of a hand with the thumb out] we got a ride in a new Plymouth about two miles out of town, and soon he turned off the highway. We waited quite a while and finally got a ride in another new Plymouth for ten miles further, and he turned off. We waited some more and got a ride in another new Plymouth and came straight to Bismarck. We got in at 11:15 and beat the train. It came in at 11:45. You ought to have seen the look on President Broadbent's face when we met the train at Bismarck. He couldn't imagine how we were here when we'd told him goodbye at "Jimtown". We talked to them for about ten minutes until the train pulled out for Glendive.

We fixed dinner and tracted. In the evening we visited Mrs. Renny--the only Mormon in town--she hasn't been very friendly, but the other night she was swell. She gave us a nice piece of pumpkin pie and said she'd send us over some cookies when she bakes. That night it got cold. But now it's all warmed up again.

Yesterday we were tracting out our fourth district for the second time. Boy, we got lots of refusals. In the evening we visited some people and showed them some slides. They invited a visitor to see the slides--it turned out to be a Presbyterian minister from Mandan. He didn't say much. But over in Mandan he told the elders he didn't want them in his church. Afterwards they served us a good watermelon.

Today we tracted all morning and visited a gentleman in the afternoon and argued with him for a while. I still haven't got around to printing those pictures yet. I also took some more in Jamestown. I have some of the typical North Dakota country, and also some of the wreckage caused by the tornado in Dawson. Well, I'll close now. Eldred.

**September 21, 1940.** Dear Folks, Helen, I was glad to get your letter. I'm glad to hear you like Ogden High School. Are you taking enough subjects to get enough credits to graduate? When I went there type and shorthand only counted credit, also gym and I believe Seminary. So the way I figure it, you only have one full credit class--English, making a total of three credit hours. I had four and one-half or five each year. Have they changed any? It did take 16 credits to graduate. Make sure you will have enough to graduate. You don't have to have a foreign language to go to college. All you have to do is graduate from high school.

I had Mr. Hancock. He's a pretty good guy. I'm glad you like your Seminary. It's too bad Junior Hansen died. Can't you just forget about Jean Russell and make other friends? I think you can find better ones than her. Be nice to her, but you don't have to follow her around, you can just go with someone else. You say to ask my questions over again. I have asked some of them a couple of times, but it didn't do any good, I've forgotten most of them by now.

Boy, this week's gone by fast. Monday. We found a young Mormon couple from SLC, they were quite friendly. Tuesday, we left on our trip. The first car that passed us picked us up and took us 40



miles to Washburn. The very next car took us to Junction and the next car took us to Turtle Lake. Pretty good, huh. We visited Wohlgemuth's and had dinner. They asked us to stay. Boy, they had good eats!!! Fried chicken, rice and all kinds of other things. All and more than we could eat. We stayed there till Thursday. They wanted us to stay longer, but we didn't. The only thing I didn't like was the bed. It was a feather mattress, and it was so soft I couldn't sleep.

It's quite a town, just like a story book. Out in the middle of the prairie. The plumbing is outside. They now have a well water system, but some of them still collect rain water from the roof into a cistern. They have these old crank telephones. Most of the little towns have the old fashioned, one room school with eight grades and one teacher. The towns are like being in a foreign country. The people are all sitting around on the steps of the stores or on a box or something talking. Most speak in either German or Norwegian. Most of these small towns are nearly all Germans. They settled here in large communities. Most of the people speak German. Lots of them can't even speak English, and most of the churches hold services in German. Grandma Wohlgemuth can't speak English. She's only been here a few years. She's 81. She's real active though. She washes and dries all the dishes, digs potatoes, carries up coal from the basement, takes care of chickens, and a lot of other hard work. I had a lot of fun talking German to her. I learned quite a lot.

This country is still mostly prairie. Just covered with prairie grass. It's all brown. You can't see more than about ten miles anywhere, some places a lot less. It's just rolling hills with a farm once in a great while with some corn and wheat fields. Most of the prairie hasn't even been plowed. When you get east of Jamestown, the country is flat and that's where most of the grain is raised in the Red River Valley. It's flat as a pancake, and you can see quite a ways with nothing to stop your view. When we left Turtle Lake, the second car took us to Junction. After that the first car, a '40 Oldsmobile, took us to Washburn. We waited a while, and a '40 Packard picked us up. We got off at Wilton and spent part of a day there visiting. We also got a good meal there. We then caught a ride to Bismark and got home about five o' clock.

I wouldn't mind hitchhiking all over the U.S. It's lots of fun and easy to get a ride if you're dressed well. Our trip didn't cost us a cent. Well, be good, and all of you write once in awhile--not just a few words either. Eldred.

**September 27, 1940.** Dear Folks, Ma, I was glad to hear from you. Say couldn't Helen have included her art in the course she took? I don't see why not. It isn't really against rules to thumb. You're just supposed to not be seeing the country, but stay home and attend to business. Please see about voting, will you. I can't vote here as I haven't been here one year. However, I will have to register for conscription, but I will be exempted from it. The year's training wouldn't be so bad anyway. All ordained ministers and all students for the ministry are exempted. So that lets us out. However, when two years are up, if they are still conscripting, I might have to go. I'm glad to hear that the street is being improved. Have they fixed the road any? That was too bad about Shirley Tournquist. I knew her for several years.

Beck, I was also glad to get your letter. It was about time you wrote. That tornado wasn't so awfully bad. It just took a couple of buildings and a few trees and left the rest of the town untouched. So you don't think I could hitchhike over the U.S.? I'll bet I could. I'm glad to hear you've had plenty of rain. It ought to make good hunting. I would hate to live in this part of the country all my life.

So you couldn't take it when you went through the packing plant--Pansy! I've been through it a couple of times and had everything explained. Even watched them cut out the worms from the liver. So your vacation is over, and you've got to get back to work. How do you like it eh? I don't know how long I'll be in Bismarck. I'd just as soon stay if they'd give me another companion. I don't know of any nuts on the river banks what kind of nuts do you mean? I haven't heard of any. You didn't need to send the \$1, but thanks anyway. I'm glad I'm not working at Grants. This is almost like a vacation--almost! So you don't like the new Chevy, huh. It isn't much different than the '40--can hardly tell them apart. Have you seen the new Olds! Boy, the sedan is a honey. Do you think you can get one, so I can drive it home when I'm released in 1942? I hope so. Boy, I'd like to hunt in this state. They claim they have more upland birds than any other state. South Dakota had more pheasants. But North Dakota's got more other kinds. The limit is five pheasants, five partridges and ten sage chickens or grouse. Ten all together. The season lasts 21 days. Pretty good, huh. When we've been out in the country, we see lots of them. The morning we went to Ashley, I'll bet we saw three or four hundred.

We didn't get on the Honor Roll last month because we changed the set up. They put in visiting investigators with it. As we have very few investigators, that let us out. Oh well, it doesn't matter anyway. We had enough hours to have been on the Honor Roll, though, if they had kept it that way. Do



you remember the Church programs that used to be on the air on Sundays last winter? We now have a transcription machine and a set of slightly worn records that contain the programs on the history of the Church. It also has a slide projector included, and one record on the life of Christ has a set of pictures to go with it. I haven't gotten around to developing my roll of film. I also have more to take, so maybe I'll have some pictures next time.

P.S. Last Sunday we thumbed to Mandan and had dinner at Jacobsen's. In the evening we made taffy. They brought us home in a rainstorm. Wilkie was here this week and we went to see him. We showed our pictures at some people's place and played the transcription machine. They served refreshments afterwards. One evening we got in a good discussion with a Reorganized LDS lady. As B4, Elder Erickson.

Say Ma, could you make me a pair of real heavy flannel pajamas? I think I could use them here for winter. Well, here it is the end of the month again and monthly reports. We got 123 hours tracting for 4 weeks. I did pretty good on expenses this time. \$25.93 total: meals \$8.68, rent \$8.75, laundry \$2.55--I had my suit and hat cleaned, heels \$.51, books \$3.00, postage \$.51, misc. 2.08--haircuts, some photo paper, and a couple of small items. So I have \$29.68 on hand. You needn't be in any hurry to send me any for a week or two. Of course I'll have to pay \$8.25 for room on the first and then there will be a few more groceries to buy. Also, I'd rather have a little extra on hand in case of an emergency of some kind. I haven't bought any clothes yet, though I'm going to. I'll get me a pair of black shoes--my brown ones have a hole in just today. So I'll get them resoled again. The uppers are still pretty good as yet. And I'll get me two or three shirts. I'm going to get the \$2.25 Arrow shirts. The collars are guaranteed for the life of the shirt. All I've worn out on my shirts is the collar. The rest is still good. Anyhow, it isn't the shirt that costs, it's the laundry bill that runs into money. Now that it's getting cooler, I will be able to cut that down maybe. A little later on I may also get me another hat; this one isn't so good for winter, and it will be about worn out.

I've never said anything much before, but my companion and I don't get along very well. We never have after the first month. I've tried pretty hard to get along with him, but I'm about to give up. It's all right as long as you praise everything he does or says, but if you find fault--look out. He gets mad at the least thing. He finds fault with about everything I do or say, and if I ask him a question he gets mad. We quit studying together about four months ago because it always ended in an argument. I don't know what to do. He can't even be kidded along. Tonight for example, we were walking along friendly as could be, talking. I mentioned something about a house having a trap door. He said not, I that it did. He said what would they use it for. I just kidded and said maybe for a roof garden. He said he'd bet \$10.00 against my one dollar that it didn't have one. I said I didn't believe in betting, but he put it in such a way, I just about had to take his bet. I said I still thought that it had a trap door, and then he said I was betting it had a roof garden--which I could see it didn't. He then just got mad and crossed the street and wouldn't walk with me, calling me a liar. The other day we had some spaghetti. I was reading a recipe and said let's make some spaghetti ravioli. He said we didn't have the right things. I said according to the recipe on the box we did. I showed him the recipe on the box and he called me and the box recipe a liar and wouldn't speak for a while. He's a pretty good fellow, and he is a real good missionary. I don't think there's one that works harder. But boy, he's hard to get along with. Every time we've had conference I've expected to be changed, but no such luck. They seldom leave two companions together for six months. I think seven months is too many. Everybody in the district has been changed at least once or more since I've been here--but not us. I don't like to ask for a transfer, because they usually think the junior companion is at fault if they don't get along. Anyway the D.P. and President Broadbent both like Lyon. He is a likeable fellow in public--sometimes. Mrs. Jacobsen didn't like him for a long while, but she sort of got used to his slams. He finds fault with everything. He makes fun of me because I like music, shows, dances, fishing, hunting, sports, etc. He doesn't like any of them, or pork either. He's as bad as the Seventh Day Adventists and Evangelicals. If I'm listening to something on the radio, part of the time he just goes and shuts it off. I've told him off a couple of times, but it doesn't do much good. I try not to argue, but sometimes when I'm tired I just don't care. I argue back, otherwise we get along O.K. Well, I'll close now, be good and write soon. As B4 Eldred.

Dear Folks, I got a letter from Elder Lionel Keller of Mink Creek, Idaho. He was sent home to be operated on for rupture, and is in the LDS hospital in Salt Lake City. He said if you happen to be in SLC he would like very much to see you. If he gets a chance, he may stop in to see you any way. He was a good friend of mine while he was out here. So if you get the chance within ten days to go down, he'd like to see you, he's lonely there I guess. He is also disgusted with the people back home, and the way they

are living the commandments. If you get to SLC, you could also look up Paul Lyon at 524-B St. He would also probably like to talk to you. I just thought I'd drop you a card and let you know. I'll write more later. It is getting colder, and it is snowing again a little and blowing. A lot of the roads are blocked. Elder Svedin of Nevada was released today and said he'd look you up when he came through, or later when he comes back to Ogden. So if you see him, be good to him as he was a good friend of mine. Eldred.

**October 5, 1940.** Dad, I enjoyed reading your letter, I can't vote here unless I've been in the state a year. See about getting me an absentee ballot. I am in no hurry for the underwear or the pajamas. It is fairly nice weather here, though we have had a couple of storms this week. I'm glad to hear you finally have some rain. I'm glad to hear that you have been doing O.K. at Plain City. Too bad you didn't show them up at golf. You say Bessie kind of thought Howard would want the job at North Ogden? Don't say anything, but he said he is figuring on being a farmer. He's changed his mind. What are you going to do with all the razors? I'm glad to hear Helen got her art O.K., but has she enough credits to graduate? You just as well use the gun and some of those shells, and see if you can get some ducks and pheasants. I'm glad to hear the church and street are being built up. Thanks for the money.

Beck, I enjoyed your letter very much. I guess I'll be in Bismarck quite awhile. Lyon is supposed to be released in about seven weeks--I hope--so I'll probably have to stay here to break the next man in. I still think I'm O.K. on the hitchhiking. Wednesday we went to Wilton again in a 40' Chevy. He drove the 25 miles in 20 minutes. We visited some of the other elders and contacted throughout the day. We also got a good meal at one place. We had never met or seen the people before. We came back in a '38 Plymouth. It rained most of the day, but with our rain coats we didn't mind. Those coats are pretty good now. Part of the time it has been raining and it's been a little cold. So they are useful as a light top coat.

I don't know of any nuts here. I've been on the river banks and have seen nothing but cottonwoods and some willows. What are you going to do with your vacation? So you like the new Olds? I think if I drove one home it would save about \$200. I don't know, though. You say the Chevy home is \$1065. Here it is \$936. And people here figure they save \$100 by going back and driving one here.

The hunting hasn't been so good this week as it rained and stormed. Most of them got something, though. They don't consider it very good unless they get over about six or seven a piece.

I'll bet you look nice in your new suit. I still haven't gotten around to getting any clothes yet. I'll probably get some Monday morning. So, you got a wardrobe box to put my clothes in. Good. I still haven't finished my roll of film as it's been too stormy, but I'll have it done some time. We're still pretty good panhandlers. So far this week we've got a bottle of crabapple pickles, grape jelly, gooseberry jam and a sack of cookies. We missed an invitation to dinner last night as we weren't home. We've been promised several pheasant dinners, but they haven't materialized. Boy, they pickle all kinds of things here. Beets, apples, peaches, watermelon rinds, string beans, some of the people even go out and get pickled! One lady makes cantaloupe jam. But I don't care much for it.

Say Dad, where does it say that deacons must be 12 years old before they're ordained, anywhere? In the D&C? I couldn't find it. In Timothy 3:12 it says deacons should be married. Can you explain it? I've been asked that question.

I had an embarrassing incident the other day. It was my door and I rang the bell. I waited until finally a lady jerked open the door and asked "What's the idea!" We could see she'd just gotten out of bed--it was afternoon, too. Anyway she said the doorbell was still ringing. It had been stuck and ringing all the time. She was plenty mad, and we had to cross her off our list.

Say, if you get any ducks, try paraffin wax to pick them--I know we tried it once, but two different ladies told me how. One lady cleaned 56 ducks in half a day. Get plenty of wax hot (not too hot or it will explode), pick the largest feathers off the duck. Then dip the bird into the wax and let the wax cool and harden, then just pull off the wax and the small feathers and pin feathers come with it. This is also supposed to clean the skin and make it a pretty yellow. The other lady didn't like to use so much wax, so she used a clean paint brush and spread on plenty of hot wax and then let it cool. Try it and tell me how it works. We've tracted as usual this week and been listening to parts of the series. Visited Christoffersons last night and heard the fights. Well, write soon. Eldred.

**October 11, 1940.** Dear Folks, Ma, I was glad to get your letter. So I can't vote. I wish I could, but I guess it doesn't matter. I'm glad to hear Helen got her schooling straightened out O.K. I guess I won't say anything to the D.P. Lyon will be through the latter part of November. I'm glad to hear Rulon got a job. Use your judgment on the underwear. Anyway I want some warm ones. The weather now is

swell. The best yet. The leaves are starting to fall quite a bit. But it is surely nice, not too hot or too cold--just right. A real Indian Summer. Cold weather is just around the corner, though. It will be here any time. That letter was from a girl we met here in Bismarck and then left unexpectedly.

You get a vacation? I thought that's what you've been having all summer. Ha Ha. I'll bet you don't get any fish. You need me along. Who's going with you to Boulder? I hope you have good luck in fishing and hunting. I guess I don't get to go. Mr. Jacobsen couldn't get another gun, and you can't buy one here, let alone rent one. They're all sold out.

Anyway, it's the '42 you want, if any. I think I can still drive. I've driven Jacobsen's Chevy a couple of times. I used it Sunday to run a couple of errands, and I got back O.K.

We surely had a good pheasant dinner! Mr. Jacobsen got 25 pheasants and two grouse and a partridge in the first week. He went out several mornings. I'm sure glad you put my clothes away. So Henry gave you a discount, eh. So what, I got one too! I got a pair of black shoes--\$5.00, they seem to be O.K. I got them for \$4.50. I got one salt and pepper blue Arrow shirt--\$2.50, I got it for \$2.00. It's a honey. Not so bad, eh? My other black shoes just went to pieces, while the brown ones I gave \$5 for are still good, except that they need resoling.

Odd, I wanted Detroit to win. We got robbed. Do you think you're going to use all of those shells? Boy, I would like to hunt pheasants here. We're still doing O.K. on the panhandling end. We got three cups of jelly this week. We had two lunches in the evenings. We got invited for cookies and milk today. Last night a new family of Saints--a young couple also named Jacobsen's--invited us over to supper. Boy, we had a swell meal with all the trimmings.

There isn't much to write about as one week is about the same as the next. I finished my roll of film. I'll have some pictures for you next time, I hope. We're having the Mandan elders over for dinner tomorrow--we're having spaghetti and our jelly and milk. It will be a real feed.

Say, you ought to have seen the Northern lights here the other night. Boy, were they pretty. Nothing at all like the ones we had home--except when they were almost faded out. It was all colors and the lights just seemed to dance around. We walked up on the prairie (it's only three blocks) and watched them. It was ghostly up on the prairie alone and with those weird lights dancing around the sky. I can't describe it, but here's a rough picture: [Rays of light from the center of the sky, with about ten rays coming down with blobs underneath them.] The lights kept mixing and flicking and dancing around with all kinds of pretty colors. A very rough idea. It was a pretty sight worth seeing.

Well I guess I'll hit the hay. Eldred.

**October 18, 1940.** Dear Folks, Gee, you must be sort of worried about this conscription. That clipping you sent was wrong. Everyone has to register. Ministers included. Didn't you read about the one in the East that was making such a fuss? We are supposed to be automatically exempted though, until we are through with this work. My questionnaire will probably come there, so you send it on here as soon as possible when it comes.

Are you going hunting, Dad? You just as well. Do you think there's any possibility of buying Plain City--you and Earl, I mean. What does Leonard Grow want to go to California to get a car for? Why doesn't he come East? Are you going to Boulder Dam? Say, did you ever give that picture to Mr. Grew?

I wish those "Mormons" at home would either keep the Word of Wisdom or else quit calling themselves Mormons. It seems every time we meet someone here that's been in Utah, and when we mention the Word of Wisdom, they are always saying that they met good Mormons that smoke, drank, or used tea and coffee. How are we supposed to preach to the people when the ones at home don't set an example.

Last Sunday Jacobsen's came and got us and we went over to their place. Boy, it almost seems like home there--they are surely nice people. Mr. Jacobsen hasn't joined yet, but I guess he's going to. He used tea and coffee and smoked, but when we went to Glendive he quit and hasn't used any since. We had a swell pheasant supper again. All we could eat. Umm!

Monday we went up to the North Dakota state capitol to visit Judge Christianson, a justice of the Supreme Court. We talked to him, and he then took us around and introduced us to part of the other Supreme Court justices. One--a Judge Burr--I don't remember rather I told you or not, but a couple of months ago while tracting he ordered us off his place when he found out we were Mormons, and threatened to turn the hose on us. Boy, we had him at a disadvantage this time. He couldn't say anything bad while Judge Christianson was with us, and he had to pretend he was friendly. But you could just see him boil. He's a deacon in the Presbyterian Church.

Tuesday, while tracting, a lady asked us to administer to her, which we did. She has been in bed



for several months. We had Mrs. Jacobsen up to supper one evening when she was over here. We gave her spaghetti and broccoli, milk, and jelly. While tracting we got punch and cake at one place. We showed our pictures one evening and were served lemonade and cookies. We get a lot of fun talking to the different church members and hearing them tell what's wrong with their churches. Most people have the idea it doesn't make any difference about the church just as long as you live good. We now have four and maybe five Mormons in town--a couple moved in. One lady we've been tracting thinks she is a Reorganite. She showed us some tracts and a Book of Mormon her mother had sent her and they are put out by our Church, so maybe she's a real Mormon after all. She gave us apples and grapes. We got a sack of candy at another place.

We've been looking for a new apartment. This one is going to be cold and the chimney smells, so we're in the market. We haven't as yet found any as good. None have a sink and most of them want more money. I would like to stay here, but it won't be suitable, anyway we're going to work the east end of town and it would be 13 blocks to walk every time we went back and forth.

Here are the pictures I promised. Well, write and tell me a little more about everybody and everything. Eldred.

Make the underwear long I guess. This will be all the pictures for a while. I've run out of things to take--unless we go somewhere or something happens. We met the head man of the N.Y.A. here. Now we know both the number one and number two man of the N.Y.A. and both are friendly.

**October 25, 1940.** Dear Folks, Well, I finally got a couple of letters from you. I thought you'd never write. I don't get much mail anymore. Most of the gang are quite slow at answering. Bob Manning, especially.

Tomorrow, Saturday is the "last" day in the month, so that makes the end of another month. We always send our reports in on the last Saturday of each month. Last Saturday we thumbed to Mandan in a 1941 Hudson. I don't think much of them, though. It didn't ride so very good. We visited the elders in Mandan and had a chicken and dumpling dinner with the Simpsons, the people they board with. Mrs. Simpson and one boy just joined the church about a month ago. Her husband can't keep the Word of Wisdom, so we won't let him join, though he wants to. We played ball in the afternoon and was I stiff the next day.

Sunday Wohlgeomuths came down from Turtle Lake and brought us a big chicken dinner and all the trimmings! Umm. They brought the elders over from Mandan, and we really had a feed. They also left some cake, pickles, bread etc. They took us for a ride to the Radio Station Antennae. It's the tallest of its kind in the world. It's 750 feet high and made of metal. Crisscross style like a bridge. It's triangular and has no guy wires of any kind. It's guaranteed to withstand a 125 mile per hour wind. We then went to the Tri-State Flower show. A girl we know had given Elder and me several passes. So we all got in free. It was a sight worth seeing. Flowers from flower shops all over. Some even from South America. They also had one big display of orchids! They had some chrysanthemums as big as peonies. It was surely pretty.

Sunday night I got sick. I didn't sleep all night. I guess I had the flu. It's all over town. I was sick at my stomach and had a bad cold. I stayed in bed all day. Monday, didn't even eat anything. Tuesday I felt better and ate toast and tomato juice.

We started a new tracting district in the East end. It's sort of a slum section. The people are mostly Catholics. The Catholics are the salt of the earth. But as the Bible says what good is the salt if it has lost its savor? Tracting was terrible! Boy, for the refusals. For example we tracted 15 blocks and only wrote down 27 homes to call back on. Usually we get in, but here--wow! We didn't even get one invite in 2 days. We only had 150 tracts, but it took a long while to dispose of them. People just come to the door and say--"I'm Catholic, I wouldn't be interested," and shut the door. Part of them would just say "I'm not interested" and shut the door.

Wednesday night two young women we've met here that are friends of the Jacobsens came and took us to Fort McKeene. We met the Jacobsens and Elders Sweden and Wellman, and we had a picnic. We had a lot of fun and had all the pheasant we could eat, casseroled spuds, salad and trimmings--cocoa cookies, candy, pickles etc.

Yesterday we tracted back in No. 3 district, 4 also today. We are going tonight to show Lyon's pictures to some Townsenites. Met another preacher. I knocked at a door, a man came and I told him who we were etc., and gave him a tract. He said he was the pastor of the Nazarene Church. He wouldn't talk to us though. Last night we got an invite from the postman's wife to come over tonight for supper, but we had to turn it down. We saw the postman today, and he said to come tomorrow night, so that makes it swell.

Tomorrow were going to Mandan again, so we'll probably get a dinner there. Lyon has the flu tonight and doesn't feel very well. Everybody's getting it. Some are sick for a week or two but I was better the next day.

Dad, thanks for your letter and clippings. So the duck shooting isn't so hot, eh? Which gun did you use? Will Howard be sent home, or will he be transferred somewhere in U.S.? I wish I knew what I want to study when I get home. What do you think of Salesmanship? Friends out here seem to do pretty good selling for some company. Did you get the driveway in? Did you ever hear from Leon? I sent him a letter last summer, never heard from him though. What did you think of the Dakota country from my pictures? About deacons--from what I've been able to find out there is no place that tells. It's just set forth by the Church Authorities.

Say Beck, you must have had a nice trip. I'd sure like to see some of that country after this flat prairie. So you didn't do so hot at fishing, huh? What was the matter with the Greys River? So you only caught nine? What's a matter with you anyhow? What did you use to catch them? Did anybody else get some? How bad did they beat you? Did you have fun with the 22 inch one? How much did he weigh? So you want some help on the driveway? I'd be too soft. My hands are so tender they'd blister in 5 minutes. All I can do is walk. I can out walk anybody, I'll bet. What did you think of the pictures? When you get a duck try that paraffin wax. So the .22 is O.K. I wish I had it. We're going to shoot tomorrow at Mandan.

We couldn't find a room so we'll have to stay here another month. Total expense for the month: \$31.92. I bought \$1.50 worth of shaving stuff, haircut, paid \$.50 on post-office box rent for next 3 months. The rest was on eats, rent, laundry and some postage. Not too bad, huh? Well, write sooner and longer letters. Eldred.

P.S. See if you can find out about my draft number. I should be listed there somewhere for conscription.

**November 1, 1940.** Dear Folks, Well a notice came in the mail today from the D.P. The whole district is being shaken up. My new companion is Lyman Tippetts. He is due here on the 5th of November. Lyon is being transferred to a small town on the North branch. He doesn't like it very well. He gets released on the 25th. Say, get my registration number and send it. Also find out when it is to be called, I'd like to know.

Lyon was sick two or 3 days with the flu. So we had to cancel our dinner dates over the week end. We had a lot of fun the other day. We invited the N.Y.A. head and talked against the Democrats. He argued for them. We had a good talk. We then went to see Mr. Mason (he's campaigning for the Republicans), we then heard that side of it. We also know the man that's running for congress here. We were invited out the other night and had a fancy supper, you know--the kind with fancy sandwiches and things. It was good, though. Boy, I can eat anything but beans. That's where I stop.

We visited the lady to whom we administered to a couple of weeks ago. She has been in bed several months. The maid said the lady was busy, but that she was much better. I don't know how much, as the maid didn't say. We've had quite a few invites in this week. Nothing unusual. It's all much the same here. We just tract and visit the people. One week's about the same as the next. I got over my flu easily. I was only sick the one day. Most people are in bed a week or two. A lady whom we tracted the other day said she wished (she's just boarding here temporarily) that we and she were in her home town (so do we wish) and she would give us free room and board. She seems to like us a lot. She doesn't say much, but she's quite interested in the Gospel.

The other night we visited a lady who had been very friendly. Now she wouldn't have anything to do with us. The priest had told her off. They tell them that it's a sin and all kinds of stuff so they daresn't read our literature. We only have a few Catholic friends left, and they won't read much.

Beck, I surely enjoyed your letter, you write longer ones than anybody. I'd sure like to go up in Jackson Hole and fish! That one fish was nice. Was it good eating? So you got the driveway in, huh? Is it all cement or is it in strips? So you didn't like the pictures of this country. That's an insult. That's the best part of the country. You think that's flat--that picture of the town is rough country here. The bad lands are the roughest part of the State. You remember those other pictures I sent? The Capitol building is higher than any hill or mountain in the state. The badlands are the highest elevation. About 3000 feet above sea level. It's 1700 here in Bismarck, but it just slopes to the Badlands, it looks level. Here along the river there are quite a few bluffs that are as mountainous as any part of the state. If you think the country in those pictures is flat and bare, you ought to see the Red River Valley country between Jintown and Fargo and the Minnesota line. It's really flat just like a pancake. It's the best part of the state, too. They think this western part is too rough and hilly!

My shoes are black. I've got to get me a hat--this one's worse than my fishing hat by now--another shirt or two. I've got to get my black and my grey suit cleaned, I guess. Boy, that white shirt of mine is terrible. The collar wrinkles even when it's just been laundered, and it looks dirty. I don't like any more cheap shirts, they just don't stand up under these laundries.

I hope you and Dad get some pheasants. It gets below freezing here almost every night. Down to 25 degrees once. I would like those tomatoes, but don't send them till I tell you too. Our main dish is diced carrots, spuds, lots of onions and a can of Del Monte Spanish sauce. It's cheap and lasts 2 meals. We have it about twice a week. We put some stew meat in once in a while and also some chopped green peppers.

If Howard is through with his mission, they might get him in the Army. I can't think of anything else. It's all much the same from week to week. Mrs. Jacobsen invited us to dinner Sunday. We're going to Mandan tomorrow. Well, be good and write when you can. Eldred.

**November 8, 1940.** Dear Folks, I was glad to get your letter. Ma, thanks for the conscription number. It's a good one, huh? Helen, I still don't think you have enough credits, maybe so, but when I went they told me different. I had 20 or more when I finished. You better see if it isn't too late. You don't seem to have any main subjects. Boy, this has been some week! Tuesday night Elder Tippetts showed up. He is eating different than Lyon. Almost all the elders in the district have been in Mandan and Bismarck. Have we been having fun! Tippetts and I found a room. Afterwards, while visiting a friend of ours he told us it was "inhabited" with bed bugs and cockroaches, so we didn't move in. It was a good room, cheap too.

Elder Smith was over last night and stayed with us, he talked us into taking a vacation and going north with Lyon and him to Beulah. They are going to finish tracting several small towns. They have the district car. It's named "Ruth", you know--from the Bible, "Whither thou goest, I goest". They bought it last summer for \$15. It's an old '28 Cheve. One window is boarded up, there's no starter, no upholstery, and it boils at the slightest provocation. Every time you stop the engine kills, and you have to crank it. They've had distillate in the radiator as anti freeze and when it boils--wowie! Aside from a few other minor defects, it's a car! Oh yes, they have a bicycle tire from the breather on the oil tank out through the hood to take away the smoke. Does it smoke--just like a steam engine. It uses drain oil. They've traveled about 15,000 miles this summer using their faith. They've visited investigators and saints and toured the district with the D.P. Every body stops and looks at "Ruth" when we're in a town wondering what makes it run. It boils and smokes and squeaks and rattles and what have you!

Beulah is some town. It's a coal mining town of about 1100. At home this would be slums. It's surely a trashy looking town, of course, all in this country are the same, practically. Tippetts and I are going to help them for a week just for fun, and then go back to Bismarck by thumb.

It's quite cold of late. It went down to 18 degrees the other night. We had a couple inches of snow Monday, some is still around in places.

Beck, did you and Dad get any pheasants? I hope so. Last Sunday we went to Jacobsen's for lunch and a duck supper. So far this week we've been eating good. Tippetts and all the elders in town have liked to eat, so we've been eating better. I can't answer your letters as I haven't them with me. I traveled light. I wish I had a good brief case like Lyon's. It's swell for hitchhiking. You can send out my long-handled underwear and pajamas any time, though as yet there's no particular hurry.

This country up here is quite rough. They have a lot of lignite coal here. It looks like dirt and burns about as well. Here we have to build and stoke our own fire. They have a kerosene stove to cook on and also the range. There is no plumbing. But they have two large upstairs rooms and two beds for \$7 per month. I wish we could do as well in Bismarck. Boy, we've covered the town and can't find anything suitable. Well, hope you are all well and happy. Write and tell me all the news.

**November 13, 1940.** Well, we came back from Beulah today. I got the underwear O.K. They're swell. I don't need another pair, these are plenty. While up in Beulah, it snowed about five inches and then turned cold, and I mean cold! We spent most of the time around the stove putting in lignite coal and trying to make it give off a little heat. We kept on our coats. A wind came up and was it cold. The wind was 34 miles per hour and it went down to 15 degrees below zero.

We didn't do any tracting at all. We studied quite a bit and played monopoly and then I played 12 games of chess with the W. P. A. recreational supervisor. We had good meals. Both Smith and Tippetts like to eat, so we fixed what we wanted and told Lyon to eat or go without. Lyon didn't get along so good with either Smith or Tippetts. Yesterday we figured we had a ride to Bismarck with the bread man but he didn't show up, so we tried to hitchhike. But we gave up after a while. Almost every car stopped,



but they weren't going to Bismarck. We got cold and stayed another night. We didn't have galoshes, earmuffs, gloves or scarves and it was cold! It was quite warm when we left so we didn't take them.

Today we got up at 7:00 and caught the train. We had to walk about one-half mile and it was cold--20 degrees below zero, however, there wasn't much wind. It got 24 degrees below in Beulah last night. Today here in Bismarck I don't believe it's been above zero. At four o'clock it was 5 degrees below zero. So I imagine it was about the same all day.

I guess I'll be able to stand the weather O.K. This is about as cold as it can get, and I haven't minded it too much. So with these underwear and other suitable clothes, I'll make out O.K. I didn't take my pajamas to Beulah and made out without them, and I think with heavy underwear and the ones I have I'll be O.K.

Lyon was released yesterday. So he'll be going home soon. Dad, I'm glad to hear you've been getting in some hunting. No, I'm not senior companion. Elder Tippetts has been out over a year. There are a lot of fellows in this mission that are "old" in time spent. In this district there are two out a year or more who are still junior companion. Dad, you say the double gun wouldn't go off once when you pulled the trigger--I'll explain--when you "break" the gun to throw out the shells, it cocks the triggers, once in a while if you don't "break" it far enough, it doesn't cock the triggers. So be sure when you "break" it that you do it far enough and you won't have any trouble. Can you shoot as good with it as with the pump?

I'm glad you got some good chickens cheap. Eggs here took a big raise, they're now 28 cents per dozen. The landlady had the room all cleaned up when we came back and a good bed in it. Maybe we'll stay here. We looked all over and couldn't find anything yet as good. I've got to get me a pair of overshoes, some wool gloves and a hat, and then I'll be all set except for a couple more shirts. I've been going to get those, but I've never got around to it yet.

P.S. Coming back on the train I saw several hundred pheasants, cotton tail rabbits, grouse, partridges, a few jacks and snowshoes. Boy, I'd like to hunt here.

**November 15, 1940.** Well, here it is the end of the week. The weather is swell. It warmed up to 44 degrees this afternoon. It felt like a heat wave after that cold weather. We went without our overcoats this afternoon. It must have been terrible in Minnesota. We're glad to be back here in civilization. Beulah wasn't so good. Boy, on that night it went down to 24 degrees below zero. It surely was cold going out and sitting on the "two-holer", about a hundred feet back of the house. We had to get our water from a pump outside in a pump house, and we had to thaw it out every morning. Also, the water was rusty. When we boiled potatoes it left a rusty ring around where the waterline on the pan was. And then the heat--we didn't have any. When we came back here the landlady had cleaned up the place and got us a new bed. It surely seemed nice--plenty of heat, a sink with all the hot water we wanted, and a gas plate that burned and was hot. At Beulah we cooked on an old fashioned kerosene stove and it took hours to boil things, it seemed.

Well, I finally got me some clothes. I got a new hat, a sort of a bluish green--\$3.75 I got it for \$3.40, I got a pair of galoshes, need them to keep my feet warm in cold weather and for the snow--\$3.50, got them for \$3.15. Got me another shirt--\$2.00 Arrow got it for \$1.80. I now have two new shirts, my old tan one--it's worn quite a bit, my blue one is about done for and my white one isn't worth wearing as the collar isn't any good. Laundries are surely hard on shirts. We are going to try and find some lady that takes in washing. Lyon left today. We saw him as the train went through. He's going to Winnipeg, then to Illinois and then home.

Beck, I got your letter today. So you didn't get any pheasants, some hunter. Boy, I'd like to hunt in this country. All the pheasants and cottontails we saw coming back from Beulah on the train! Don't send any pajamas if you haven't already gotten them. Dad, don't bother about that Word of Wisdom book or the Moffat translation of the Bible. I would like that story of the Old Testament by Washburn that is used in the Seminaries.

The snow mostly melted today and it's warm. I'm going to take off my long-handled underwear--it's too warm. Don't bother sending any celery or canned goods. I'm afraid it would cost more to send than it's worth. We can buy it here, even though it costs more. It's cheaper than you buying it and then paying freight rates. However, if you got those tomatoes free and don't need them, you can send them out. Tell me how much it costs to send them, though.

I've heard from Pete. He's in South Bend, Indiana. His companion is Lewis Briggs from Ogden or the country near it. We knew him at Weber. Tippetts is a pretty good guy. He's a good cook and likes to eat. We study a lot more than before. Tippetts lived in Wyoming and then moved to Yuba City, California. He came out with Randolph. Has Clarence decided to locate in Ogden or Salt Lake? If you

ever see Bob M. tell him to write. Since Tippetts came we've eliminated quite a few people from our list and are keeping the best one's. We have had quite a few invites--one lady gave milk and cookies to us today. Here's one of the pamphlets that were passed out in the Evangelical Church after we met the minister. Read it and then send it back. Don't lose it. Read what the Mormons believe! Well, write when you can.

Beck, here's a pamphlet for you. Read it and tell me what you think, please.

**November 18, 1940.** Well I got your picture, Helen. I like it very much. You look a little older! I know Jack Errington. He goes with Lu London's kid sister--Vera. I have a couple of pictures that he's in that Pete sent me. I don't know any of the others you mentioned. What were you doing up to the 20th ward and who were you with? From your letters you seem to be having a good time. Be careful of some of those boys at Ogden High though, some of them aren't very nice. I'm in a hurry so I haven't time to write more.

Beck, I suppose by now that you know I didn't want those pajamas. You said in your last letter to write and tell you if I wanted them or not. I did, an airmail letter. I guess though you sent these before you got my letter. As long as I stay in this place I won't need them. Why two pairs? One would have been plenty. If I send them back can you exchange them for something else? Let me know soon and I'll send them if you can. Say I told you to quit sending me extra money. If I need anymore, I'll ask for it--\$30 a month is plenty for everything with what extra I already have for clothes, so please don't send more unless I ask for it. Ma, why don't you ever write? It seems like I never hear from you. Well, if it doesn't get any colder than 24 degrees below, I think I'll be swell. It isn't nearly as cold as I thought it would be. Thanks for the pajamas anyway. Eldred.

**November 22, 1940.** Dear Folks, Helen, thanks for the Thanksgiving card, I enjoyed it and your letter on the back of it. Ma, I was very glad to hear from you. I like my companion O.K. We get along swell. Yes, Lyon hated to leave, he would have just as soon stayed another six months. I haven't heard anything from him yet, though he was supposed to send us a card telling where to forward his mail. His home is at: 534-B Street, Salt Lake.

What have you decided about the pajamas? Don't send any more underwear, two pairs are plenty! I'm not wearing them yet. I'm saving them for cold weather. It isn't very cold. It's just right. It goes down to about 12 degrees at night and warms up to 35 degrees or 40 degrees in some afternoons, and some days it stays in the 20's. I'm used to it now. I don't seem to feel it. The temperatures now are about like they are at home on the cold winter days.

Have they heard from Howard yet? If you ever see Bob Manning, tell him to write once in awhile. Thanks for the clippings. Yes, I have my earmuffs. Everybody wears them here when it gets real cold. I'm sorry the mail was slow. I suppose that storm blocked the trains a couple of days. The train didn't even get through from the East. One elder who was transferred to this district was marooned in a town for a week, and we were worried when he didn't show up.

If no one is using Helen's briefcase, I could certainly use it in the summer especially. Otherwise, I would only use it occasionally. So if your not using it, sometime you can send it, there's no hurry. I don't need a trunk. I have plenty of room. I don't remember whether I told you or not, but when we moved last spring I bought a large, cheap, tin suitcase. It's plenty strong and has a lot of space, so I'm all set. As I said before, \$30 is plenty unless I ask for more.

How is Uncle Clarence making out? Well, this week we have been tracting and visiting all the friends we've made in town and making them acquainted with Tippetts. (If I didn't tell you, he's from Yuba City, California, raised in the Big Horn country, Wyoming. He came out with Randolph.) We tracted our 5th district for the second time. I thought we had got rid of all the bad people, but they were just as bad this time. We surely got a lot of refusals, and not an invite in 102 homes (we had 200 the first time) Only 2 conversations out of the bunch. (We now have about 60 left.)

The rest of our friends treat us okay, though. A lady in Ashley where Tippetts worked invited us down for Thanksgiving. We didn't go. Mrs. Jacobsen invited us, but we had to turn her down too. Remember Bartletts? We spent the Fourth of July with them--we were invited to their place. She used to be a cooking instructor. Boy, did we have a meal! Roast goose, was it good. It wasn't the least bit greasy like some people say. Mashed spuds and gravy, marvelous dressing, good salad, cranberries, celery, radishes, quartered peeled apples that were cooked and colored red with red cinnamon, and pumpkin pie. I could hardly get up from the table. I ate all they put in front of me. They couldn't imagine where I put it all. They kidded us about starving for a week. We didn't make pigs of ourselves, though. We just took what they insisted. We sat around and talked politics, war, and religion. They had several people

there. In the evening we had some popcorn and milk, and talked till 12:30.

Today we've studied quite a bit, and then we went visiting. We spent a couple of hours with the lady that gave us that folder I sent home. She said at a Bible circle she belongs to they had a good argument about us. She and a couple of ladies we've tracted were for us and the rest against us. They told her that we lied and told the people out here things different from what we really believe. They claimed the folder was right, and that our literature was just lies to ensnare them. They really had it hot and heavy.

Say, please don't think of getting me any Christmas presents. I'm having enough presents as it is, the clothes that you're paying for and then this mission that you're keeping me on. I couldn't ask for any more. One thing I would like though, is a pair of ice skates. I can get a discount on them here I think. All the elders here have some. They have one skating rink flooded already. The people here skate a lot. It's a good place to make friends. They say the two elders here last winter spent most of their time there. We won't go that much, though. They have several places in town that they flood. I can get the skates with what money I have, and I think I can still get under \$30 next month, I hope. Anyway, I still have some extra. Skates cost about \$3.00 to \$5.00. I'll get the cheap ones.

Our snow is all gone. I see that Salt Lake got some yesterday, did you? Well be good, and write soon.

**November 26, 1940.** Dear Beck and Folks, I hope you get the pajamas O.K. Beck, trade them and get you some shirts or something. It's snowing here today and is quite stormy. We are going to have conference on the fourth of December at Beulah. So I guess I'll see that town again. I got me a pair of ice skates--shoe skates. Darn it, it would have to snow today. Soon as it stops and gets cold again, they'll flood all the rinks and we'll get some swell skating. Don't bother about sending me any Christmas present. I have plenty to be thankful for. We were over to Jacobsen's and had supper Sunday. We tracted and visited yesterday and this morning. This afternoon as it was stormy. We printed and developed pictures. I'm surely glad I've got a radio. It makes the evenings go much better. We also get all the news, music, plays, etc. Well, I'll write soon. I see Salt Lake has been getting some snow. Did you? Well, be good. Eldred.

**November 29, 1940.** Dear Folks, Well, here it is the end of the week again, time surely goes. We haven't done much this week. Visited a few people and studied quite a bit. At Bartletts where we spent Thanksgiving I went there the other day and took some pictures of her kids for her. So I've developed and printed a few pictures. We had beans and pork for supper last night and for dinner today. Boy, it isn't any imagination, I don't like beans at all! I can eat them though, and anything else you want to put in front of me. Tippetts likes to eat a lot better than Lyon. We're having lots better meals and they aren't costing us hardly anymore. When Lyon left I was down to 160 lbs. I'm now 165, so I'm doing a little better. We visited a family of saints the other night and they gave us some fresh pork, so we've had some of that for a change. Dad, I misplaced your letter somewhere and can't find it, so if there were any questions, I'll have to pass them up. Don't send any more underwear, two pairs are plenty. That's all I've been using of the others. I still have a new pair of cotton and a new pair of rayon ones left. I'm not wearing my heavy ones yet, it isn't cold enough. I'll wait till it really gets cold. Last night it went down to zero. The highest temperature was about 29 yesterday, but it doesn't seem cold until that old wind blows, and then it just goes through you.

I went skating today with my new skates. Boy, they're swell. I got a pair of shoe skates. I used the extra money you've sent, you know, an extra dollar or two you sent. My legs are tired, but I had a lot of fun. I took a few spills, but didn't get hurt. Every time I skate fast, I still have that old fear of the skates coming off, but these can't. When you lace them up tight, they hold the ankle pretty good. My ankles don't bother me anymore, except they get tired awfully easy. Around here they don't even sell those plain skates--at least I haven't seen any, though I guess you could get them. Everybody has shoe skates--they're the only kind to have. It makes skating a lot more fun.

Beck, I was glad to get your two letters, you're the best letter writer I have. About those pajamas. I'm plenty warm sleeping now. We still have a quilt and a blanket to put on, and I don't have my heavy underwear on yet. Up in Beulah when it was 24 degrees I didn't even have any pajamas. I just slept in my underwear. We only had one heavy quilt and a light blanket with our overcoat over our feet. The room was cold--it froze the water in the pans. Here we have a warm room. So I think I can stand it O.K. You trade those pajamas back and get you some shirts or something. Thanks for the information about Ogden's population. What is it now--the total population in the 1940 census?

So you think you can skate, huh? I'll have to show you how when I come back. Don't get me any



more pajamas. One pair is plenty. I wash them every couple of weeks, and they're not wearing a bit. I don't want too many extra clothes. I'm getting plenty of baggage as it is. I could surely use Helen's briefcase, though, if she isn't using it. I won't need it much now, but when I move, or travel, or hitchhike in summer I would put my clothes in it, and when I move, it would hold most of my books. So you think it has been cold there, huh? I've been watching the daily temperatures of Salt Lake at the Post Office and they are always quite a bit warmer than here. So you haven't been hunting, well we'll make up for it when I get back. Dad, have You been hunting anymore?

I don't know what the '40 Olds sells for here, I never think to go out to the Dealer's place. You wouldn't want to get it here anyway. Detroit or Chicago would be the place, and get it at the factory price. I wouldn't mind going and seeing Chicago when I'm released. I could look up the missionaries and get them to show me around, and maybe I could stay a night with them. The Church pays our way home--they gave Lyon \$23.00. The fare to Minneapolis from Ogden was only \$13.50, I believe. So I would have my trip paid for. I would still have a clergy book and could travel for fare. If you could come out--you and the folks, I could meet you in Chicago and then go home, or if you didn't come out I could go there and get the car for you and drive it home. Or if you don't get a car, I'd still like to see Chicago before I go home, now that I'm out this far. I may never get the chance again. At least not for half train fare.

You ask about the river. It froze the day before Armistice and still is for the rest of winter. It's rough and sort of dirty looking. You couldn't skate if you wanted to. When it is covered with snow, though, they get a car on the ice and pull toboggans along the river. They say it's a lot of fun.

I'd just as soon stay here in Bismarck after seeing the small towns, though the people are much more friendly in small towns. I'd hate to live here forever, though I don't mind it at all anymore.

I guess you are quite busy dad. Are you doing much accounting work? Are You still working at North Ogden? What do you think you will do this winter? Ma, do you have a recipe for upside down cake? I'll probably get my fourth chance to talk at conference since I've been out. Back up in that town of Beulah they think they can get a pretty good crowd up there.

It's snowing again outside. I wish it would snow and get it over with so they can flood the rink and I can get some good skating. Don't bother getting me anything for Christmas. You're doing plenty keeping me out here. You can send a fruit cake or something. Tippetts got a fruitcake and plum pudding and some candy for Thanksgiving. I don't think it would be wise to send any more clothes here, because I can get a discount on all standard priced clothes. My leather dress gloves are no good here, I'd freeze my hands. I bought a 29 cents pair of Jersey gloves but they aren't much good either.

It's the end of a month again, a five-week month. I haven't all my expenses figured up on anything else, but I'll give you a close estimate. It's a little higher this time as I bought those clothes. I'll put my ice skates on next month's account I guess. It's about \$38.00 total for five weeks, except for the ice skates. About \$14.00 was for food, and we have quite a bit on hand. We stocked up a little; \$8.75 was for room rent; \$1.30 was for laundry; train was \$.81 cents; post--I had to write to some saints throughout the state--\$1.00; misc., haircut, etc., about \$3.00; about \$9.00 for clothes. Well, be good and write when you can.

P.S. Where is that snow basin? Is Bob going to get married? Eldred.

**November 30, 1940.** Dear Ma, I got your letter today and was glad to hear from you. Tell Beck to get him something in place of those pajamas. I'm sorry I disappointed him, but I appreciate his efforts to help. Thanks for the clippings and news. I'm glad you had a good Thanksgiving.

So Clarence is going to Georgia. Mr. Chandler at Grants said that was the poorest place in the U.S. He was raised there.

So you tried my stew, I'm glad you liked it. We went to Mandan today. Just for fun Elder poked his thumb at a truck and it stopped and picked us up--we usually don't thumb trucks or old cars. Coming back we got a 1940 Chrysler. A New Yorker, I believe it's the best one. Boy, it was swell. All plush upholstery.

We visited Simpsons. She and one of the boys joined the Church. The elders board and room there. We had dinner and went skating. It wasn't much good. It snowed again last night. We worked hard pushing some snow off and then was almost too tired to skate. We did though for a couple hours. It's colder today. four degrees below zero predicted for tonight. I've about decided not to put my ice skates on my expense account. It was money I had saved extra so I guess I won't put it on. Thanks for the money. Thanks for telling me how to wash my garments.

So Christensen's moved, are the new people good? I'll probably get moved out of this town for sure in the Spring if not sooner. The only place we hold meetings in this district is in Glendive and

Sidney, Montana. We may hold some in Mandan, Fargo, and Grand Forks have quite a few Saints and they'll probably start holding meetings there. We never know I may even get transferred out of the district. Well, be good, Eldred.

**December 6, 1940.** Dear Folks, Well here it is the end of another week almost. Boy, this one has gone by in a hurry. Sunday we were invited to Jacobsen's. We thumbed a ride in a 1941 Ford--made 85 miles per hour. We had a swell dinner and skated in the evening. I'm getting better. I surely like my skates. We had a late supper and they brought us back. Monday it was 14 degrees below zero in the daytime--at about 6:00 a.m.; from then on it started to warm up. Yesterday and today we've had a real thaw. Tuesday we worked here in town and studied. Wednesday we left for Beulah. Met President George F. Richards. Gee, he's a swell fellow. We had a good conference and public meeting--we had 57 out. I didn't have to speak, but closed with prayer. We stayed there that night and then come back on the train again. We spent the day in Mandan. President went East. Elder Kuhn the new D.P. stayed with us. The district is being divided in half. Kuhn is surely a nice fellow. We went to a 20 cents movie last night. Tuesday I got a package from Wohlgemuths. It contained a big chicken all dressed, some sausage and some butter--1/4 lbs. I put it in the landlady's refrigerator. This morning I asked her what she'd charge to roast it, as we do not have the facilities. She wouldn't take anything, but she fixed it and made dressing. Mrs. Jacobsen and Elders Keller and Wellman were over. so we really had a dinner with all the fixings. Just like Thanksgiving. I wish it would freeze again good so I could get some more ice skating.

Beck, I was glad to get your letter. I hope you get some good duck hunting, or rabbits. I surely hope I can drive you a new car back. So you think you could take me, huh? You probably could, I'm getting soft. Walking is poor exercise. I'm glad you traded those pajamas O.K. I would have kept them, but I figured that as I wouldn't have much use for them and I haven't much room, it would be better for you to trade them in--thanks anyway. I don't know what size gloves I wear. My old hunting gloves were O.K. If you get any, don't get any that snap with a slit up the palm. I like my leather dress gloves, but they aren't warm. I could use a small leather travel kit. They have a lot here. They are about 10"x 6"x 4". They are swell to put loose articles in.

Don't send any more books. I have plenty now. All I want. Thanks, Dad, for sending out those two. I can use them swell. You can send Helen's briefcase anytime, also send me one of my polo shirts in the brief case. One that won't show dirt very much. I can use it to save on shirts by wearing it around the room. I don't know about tomatoes. I'm subject to move. We don't eat very many, and though they do cost more here to get good ones, it would cost quite a bit to send them, and maybe it wouldn't be worth the difference. Do what you think is best. So you got a Beauty Rest mattress. Beck, you softy. I can sleep anytime, anywhere, anyplace. Even three or four in a bed.

It cost me \$1.70 train fare to Beulah and back, and I had to pay 20 cents for one meal. I've also had to buy next year's clergy book--\$2.00. Beck, I got rid of the hair on the upper lip. It was just a bet that I didn't dare. Three others did to, two still have them. Well, I'm too sleepy to think of anything else. So long till next time. Eldred.

Say, don't need the "Mr.", Elder is plenty.

P.S. I made a mistake on my expenses--\$40.29

**Friday, December 13, 1940.** East North Dakota District, 714-4th Street, North Fargo, North Dakota. Dear Folks, Well here I am in Fargo. Gee is this a swell town! It is the largest city in North Dakota. It has a population of 40,000--about 15 Mormons (say Dad, who did you say was here from home?) I haven't seen Fargo yet in the daylight, but it looks like a very, very, nice town. I'm thrilled all over. It's on the West side of the Red River. On the East side of the river is Moorhead, Minnesota--it is about 20,000 I think. I walked over there tonight. The river separates the two towns and winds around quite a bit. The two towns are like one, except for the division of the river. The river is a couple hundred feet wide and is deep. It runs so slow you can't hardly tell which way it runs. It runs north to Hudson Bay. The town surely has a swell business district. This is really a town! It has some nice parks, too, and they say there's some good places to skate.

They are holding a Sunday school here. President Richards really expects something from us. Missionaries have worked this town several times, but have been kicked out because they didn't do any work. So we are practically reopening it. The Saints here are all good Mormons too. Not Jack Mormons. We walked over to see the lady missionaries tonight--boy, are they nice. They just came in the other day. They're sincere and I think they'll do some good work. They live 16 blocks from us. My face got cold walking, though it was only 2 degrees below zero. The river here is damp, and it seems much colder.

This morning when I left Bismarck I walked about 20 blocks and it was 19 degrees below zero. I

didn't notice it as much as I did here at two degrees below. This country here is flat as a pancake, but this is the best part of the state. I surely think--I know I'm going to like this place. I had a good ride over on the train. I had a hard time packing this morning and catching the train. I had to go and get my laundry after I'd packed. Boy, were my bags full. I wished I had that briefcase. I had my arms full of loose things on the train.

I'm to be the Genealogical Supervisor, among other things, of this district. We intend to start a Preaching Service soon and maybe we can get some time on the radio, we hope. Elder Elmo Scott of Provo is my companion he is the best fellow I've come across yet. He's sincere in his work. I've known him before. He's easy to get along with. He likes to work, and yet he likes to have fun too. He is the district president of this East N.D. District, which has part of Minnesota too. I hope I stay here a long while. It will be a good experience for the time when I'm senior somewhere. Elder Scott asked President Richards for me as companion. I feel sort of flattered. I hated to leave Bismarck, it was almost like home, but I'm glad to get out of there. I was gradually losing interest there. The people here are friendly and prosperous, so they say. We really feel that we are going to do some good work here.

This town's got Bismarck beat so far it isn't even funny. The people here are Scandinavian descent, and not the German-Russian of the western part of the state. These are intelligent and good looking--girls too! Bismarck was all cooped up in tumble-down apartments, but not this. There is also the State Agricultural College here. Gee, I'm thrilled.

Tonight we had a good supper. It seemed good not to have to plan it--especially afterwards to get up and not have to wash dishes. Board and room here costs us \$20.00 a month for 3 meals per day! The room isn't anything extra, but is good--just a bedroom 12'x12' with a desk and dresser. We're right next to the bathroom. We are in a private home. It looks like my expenses will go up a little over \$30 this month as I've traveled quite a bit on the train, but don't worry, I have plenty as long as I get \$30.00 a month. We get washing here for 50 cents a week. That will also be good not to have to wash all my own things. I'll get spoiled. I hope you didn't send those canned goods. However, if you did I can either sell or keep them till I have to batch again. I can use the briefcase, though.

Some of the people surely hated to see me leave Bismarck. Old Mrs. Bartlett had tears in her eyes. Mrs. Jacobsen too. Mrs. Jacobsen doesn't think much of some of the other missionaries there--me too, they could do much better. I went (thumbed) over to Jacobsen's yesterday--they insisted we stay for supper. They had roast chicken and plenty other good things. Ben Jacobsen hated to see me go too, also a few other people. I guess, though, a lot were glad I'm not going to pester them anymore. They made Tippets a junior again I guess. They sent out a fellow with older seniority. Maybe they don't think he works enough.

Detroit Lakes are 40 miles from here. That's where the great North Woods begin. They say it's wonderful if you like it. I haven't put on my long-handled underwear yet. I'm waiting till it gets cold--Ha Ha.

Beck, I was (Darn, I'm too excited to write good tonight) glad to get your letter. So you didn't get any geese. Pretty good when you have to send me a clipping to use as an alibi for ducks. You got some good rabbit shooting, though. Did you go on the flats on the hills? I guess you and the folks got your wish about wanting me to go to a good place. Don't bother about a travel kit. I can easily get along without it. I would appreciate some fur-lined gloves, though. Boy, has this town got the stores! Wow. Yes, I've been out 9 months. I hate to think that maybe they'll make me a senior. I'd much rather stay here with the D.P. in Fargo. I didn't get much experience in Bismarck, and I can surely use what I'll get here. I don't think I'll skate any fat off. They serve good meals here--so Scott says--all we can eat. Maybe I'll gain some more, I hope. I'm going to be busy here I guess. I'll have to keep track of all the genealogy of all the people in this district and probably help Scott on his book work. Also we've got to tract and give the lady missionaries some competition. Then Sunday school and whatever other meetings and things we can get--it's overwhelming. Well, be good and write soon. May God bless you all for sending me out here. Love, Eldred.

P.S. Beck. I've got an Era here that has an article I want you to read, I'll send it when I get around to it.

**December 20, 1940.** Dear Folks, Well, I've been here a week now, and I like it just as good as at first. I'm having Christmas already. The Seventy's quorum sent me \$5.00, and the Bishopric \$5.00, I also got \$1.00 from a lady in Bismarck for a 50 cents I gave her a few months ago. But I surely can use it! My expenses are going to be higher this month--what with train fare, cab fare for bags, I've got my board paid till the 9th of January. Also, I've sent a lot of Christmas cards. I can't think of anything unnecessary I've bought, but expenses surely run up. I should have a cheap month next one though (I hope). I haven't



heard from any of you except Pop for about a couple of weeks--it seems anyway.

We surely had fun yesterday. One of the fellows here is a pilot and owns his own plane. He took us up and we had some thrills. He did all kinds of tricks, loops, wing overs, and what have you. It was lots of fun. His plane is an open two seater. We traveled about 140 m.p.h. Last night we went skating. Boy, they have some swell big rinks here--lot of them too. I've got one sore spot on the back of my lap! I was skating backwards quite fast and hit a crack in the ice and wowie, did I sit down. We had a lot of fun though. We're invited on a skating party Saturday night. The weather is fine here now. It averages about 25 above in the daytime and is very nice.

Boy, there are a lot of people in town Christmas shopping. Here's an insurance slip. I sent you a package, so if anything is broken, use it.

Sister Garff--one of the lady missionaries has been quite sick and had a bad infection on her face. We administered to her the other day. We haven't done any tracting yet. People are too busy till after the Holidays. We keep busy taking care of the reports and mail from the district. We play ping pong quite a bit--the fellows here play quite a bit. (I don't know whether I told you or not, but three of them are about 3 inches taller than I.) The meals here are pretty good. Our only trouble is, the fellows come in and talk to us till about midnight, so we don't get to bed early. I haven't met Morris Taylor yet, he's out of town, but the members that I have met are very good ones. Cheney's are as good a members as you could find anywhere. They are really interested and active in the Gospel. We hold Sunday school at their home. Elder and I are going to try and locate a public hall, so that we can hold public meetings. With four of us tracting, we should accomplish something with our meetings for people to attend.

This country is surely flat! Yesterday when we were out in the country as far as the eye could see there wasn't a hill or raise or anything, just flat. Over in Minnesota we could see some trees and also here in a few places, but otherwise it's all flat! Dad, I'm glad to hear that you are still working. I hope it turns into a good job, or else maybe you can get something better. In a way I'm glad to hear that Howard is going to Arizona. It would be hard on him to come where it's cold. So Tommy Harrison is in Alaska. I met a fellow on the train from Alaska and he told me that in parts it was plenty cold there. However, in parts it's supposed to be nice. We were invited to Mandan to stay for a week during the Holidays, but will stay here. Mrs. Cheney invited us and the lady missionaries for Christmas. I guess we'll have a nice time here, though I suppose Jacobsen's will be disappointed because we don't come. Well I can't think of anything else, so I'll wish you a very Merry Christmas and may God bless you all. Eldred.

**December 26, 1940.** Dear Folks, Well, Christmas is over. I had a swell one. I believe it's one of the best I've had, except you weren't here. Thanks ever so much for those shirts--I surely needed them. I liked them all, you couldn't have picked them any better to suit me. I like that striped one. I ought to, I bought one in Bismarck just like it--except it's an Arrow. Those ties are surely nice. The socks, too--thanks Helen, I needed a brown pair. Beck, those gloves are just right. If the weather keeps up like it has been, I won't need them--Ha Ha. It's funny, though, the last week, it's been thawing all day and most nights--very funny weather for North Dakota. Thanks for the fruit cake, nuts and those caramels.

Boy, you ought to see the things I got. Wohlgermuths sent me a box of homemade cookies and fruit cake. Mrs. Jacobsen sent me a box of homemade candy; Edna Bench sent me a box a box of homemade candy and a book of poetry. Cheney's sent me a big box of peanut brittle, the folks here gave us a box of candy, Elder got much more candy than I did, so we surely have a lot of candy, and he also got a couple of fruitcakes. I guess it will all keep. Lewis and Bessie sent me a pair of socks and hanky. Aunt Alice sent me a dollar, so did Earl and Naomi. One of the elders sent me a tie. Lois sent me a big box of cookies and candy, a small gold knife with my name on it, and an 8"x10" colored picture in a gold frame--it's surely pretty.

We went to Lawrence Cheney's (Mormons where we hold Sunday school) for Christmas, and we had a swell time. They have two girls about four and eight. The two lady missionaries were there also. Glen Bodily, a Mormon about 27, and another fellow about the same age--a Catholic. We had a grand meal, after which Elder and I washed and dried all the dishes. We played games and fooled around. Elder and I tended the kids while the rest went to a show. We got to bed about 2:00. You can see that we surely had a nice Christmas. Christmas Eve, we read about a Catholic special Midnight Mass. Tickets were required, but we wanted to go. So we went down to the priest's home, told them who we were, and they invited us in. They were awfully nice. We met the two next to the head ones. They were almost out of tickets but they gave us two. We told them we'd come back and discuss religion some day and they invited us back. When we went in the Cathedral, we met the priest we'd met at the Diocese. He came over and shook hands. He introduced us to the usher as two Mormon missionaries and told the usher to give us the two best seats he had. So we were there in style. I guess we were the only non-Catholics

there. They surely went through a lot of rigmarole and ceremonies. It was interesting to see, I'd hate to think I was a Catholic though. We got home about 3:00.

I just got the mail--14 pieces. A card and dollar each from Leslie, Roy, Bill and Lottie, Randolph and Mabel Fife. I got a card and handkerchief from Clarence, and a nice tie clasp from Charles and Tressa. Nice, huh. Say, I got a letter from you too, Beck, and in it was a note from you, Ma. The note said to thank Uncle Clarence for the Christmas present and also the \$25 he sent. Please explain about the Christmas present. I must have missed it or something; please write as soon as you can and tell me, as I want to write and thank everybody. Sort of ask around and see if they all got my card and picture that I sent. I just guessed at a lot of the addresses, especially Bill and Lottie's. See if they got there, O.K. Boy, I've got a lot of mail to write--besides all the letters, I've got to write and thank everyone for Christmas presents, and the mail we got this morning from the office has 20 letters for us to write to different members in the district. I also got some instructions on the Genealogical work, and I will have to write to people for information. What a job and no typewriter as yet. Elder Scott's was supposed to have been here a week ago, and it hasn't come as yet.

I was glad to hear from you, Beck, so it's been foggy there, huh. Snow too, that's good. The snow here is all about melted and it's warm--about 35 degrees. So you couldn't get a Christmas tree from the Mountain, too bad. I'd surely like to see those lakes and North Woods--just wait until summer comes, we'll thumb and see it--it's only 40 miles away. We'll have to tract a district town in the summer and a good size chunk of Minnesota is in our district. Skating now is not good. Ice is melted, but hopefully it will freeze. I'm sorry to hear you and Helen had colds, I hope you're better. Say, thank you all for your Christmas cards. I hope you had a nice Christmas.

There are a lot of nice people in this town. I feel right at home here already. Except I don't know the town very well yet. It's much larger than Bismarck. And it's hard to tell just where I am sometimes when I'm not in the center of town. I can't get used to the red and green stop lights again. Bismarck didn't have any, and these are like Salt Lake. We held Sunday school last Sunday and I gave the lesson. We got along pretty good. We found a good hall for \$3.00 per meeting, so I guess we'll soon start Hall meetings with preaching service. Well, I've got lots of letters to write. Love, Eldred.

Dear Ma, I was glad to hear from you. So you thought one above zero was cold. Pretty good huh? I heard from Howard. He's in Tucson, Arizona and likes it very much there. Did you all have Christmas at Grandpa's? Elder Scott knows Dr. Stanley Clark, but he knows several Newells too. Thanks for the money and that extra \$5.00. I won't need any more money for quite a while as I now have quite a bit. You say Randall walked home from Weber? Why didn't he come to our place? How come he had to walk anyway? The fruit cake is good. But I've so much candy I'm sick of it all ready, but I still like those caramels better than the rest. I wish I hadn't sent those brown trousers home. Lyon had some funny ideas. I wish he hadn't of talked me into sending them home. Those light blue trousers would be good in the summer too. I could use them when it's too hot to wear a coat. Sometime maybe you can send them out. Skating a few nights ago we were playing Pom Pom Pull Away and I crashed into a 2"x 16" plank they had to separate the hockey rink from the rest. I was going as fast as I could. The points of my skates hit the plank and I sure took a belly-gotter on the ice. I didn't even get hurt a bit. We had a lot of fun at that skating party, and they served us a lunch here at the home when we came back. Well, I'll close. Love, Eldred.

**January 4, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well, here it is another year, outside the temperature is about zero. The weather has been quite cold the last couple of days. Helen, I'm sorry to hear that you have been sick, I hope that you're better. I'm glad to hear that you had a nice Christmas, I surely did, it was one of the best I've ever had.

Dad, so you and Beck got an electric shaver, what kind did you get? Is it any good? Say Beck, why don't you write anymore? I haven't heard from you for a long while, you too, Helen. Ma, thanks for telling me about Clarence, from your note before I didn't understand, but I'll write now and thank him. Lois was out to your ward the other Sunday to sing, and she was disappointed not to find you folks there, she would have liked to have seen and talked to you.

My expenses sort of went plenty high for the month of December. However, I have plenty of money, and this next month should be a lot lower. Traveling expenses made up quite a bit of the increase, and then I sent a lot of Christmas cards and postage etc. With other things it sort of added up. My board and room is paid up until the 9th of this month too. So here it is: meals \$15.90, rent \$8.50, laundry \$.50, clothing \$2.00 books \$2.60, traveling expenses \$6.65, postage \$2.05, misc. \$7.40, with a grand total of \$45.60.

I was surely mixed up the first time I tried to telephone here. I had never seen a dial phone

before. I was alone and had to ask a passer by how to work it, I felt sort of foolish.

They have a lot of trees in this town--something most Dakota towns have very few of--as we walk around town every once in a while we see some of those big gray tree squirrels. They are tame and you can get quite close to them. They are much larger than the ones we have home.

We have a good friend here in town that owns and runs a bakery. We went to visit him one evening. He showed us through his bakery, we saw how bread was made, sliced, and wrapped. It was very interesting. He also gave us all the fresh donuts we could eat.

Last Saturday Elders Taylor and Boeslund came to stay with us for a couple of days. In the evening we and a few people here had a bowling party. We had a lot of fun. I was doing pretty good until I blew up. The first game I bowled 173, the next game went swell until the last couple of frames and then I started to blow up. That game was 142. The next game I threw about half of them in the gutter to make a total of 92. The last game I was about the same until the last few frames I got going again and got some strikes to bring it up to 126. Bowling here is 15 cents per game. It is too expensive for us, but that one night they wanted us to go on the bowling party with them. That night we slept four in a bed!

Sunday we all went to Catholic Mass with a fellow. He wanted us to come along. I surely didn't like it. Those priests and their chant sound like the tobacco auctioneer. Even the devout Catholics can't understand what is going on all the time. Sunday part of them got mixed up and stood up at the wrong time. The people bow before their bishop when he comes by. You'd think he was God himself the way those people act. In the afternoon Boeslund and I went down to see the lady missionaries. In the evening Elders Scott and Taylor came down, and the six of us went to the Reorganized Church of LDS. We told them who we were when they asked us. After the meeting, the presiding elders' father came over and said he was 65 years old, that he knew more than we did, and that we were the church of the Devil--just like that. It surely surprised me. So we had a little argument and tied him up. Afterwards the presiding elder and some of the women apologized, and invited us to come and see them sometime. Monday we rented the Sons of Norway Hall. It is quite a nice place, better than a lot of churches I've been in. It will hold about 300 people so we've plenty room. It has two pianos. And it is right in the center of town. It is costing us \$3.00 per meeting.

The church pays half, and between the members and the four of us missionaries we intend to pay for the rest of it. I hope. I painted a large sign to go on the bulletin, we got a stamp to stamp our tracts, we get a notice put in the paper every week, and now that we are a church we're almost sure we can get on the radio. The Ministers Association here is in charge of that, and each church takes its turn a whole week at a time. So we are hoping.

We went one evening to see the Ross twins--age 22--they went to school at the BYU. One is going to be baptized in a week or two out at Billings. We popped pop corn and made taffy while there.

We are busy everyday writing letters and making reports of some kind. There is a lot of work to this job of being the branch president and his companion. Between us we have lots to do. All the other elders in the district send their weekly reports in also any questions or information they want. Then the office sends us orders, and we are the go-between for everybody. Then I have to try and get people interested in genealogy, and get them working on it--and that means more letters.

Tuesday Barbara Cheney's little girl was very sick with the flu, so we administered to her. Almost immediately you could see she was much better. The next day she was practically better except for some of the after effects--a cough and a little cold. That night--New Years Eve--we sat up till 2:00 making out reports, etc.

The next evening we went to the Ice Carnival. They surely had some very good skaters, and could they do the stunts! Afterwards we went to a 15 cent show--Young Mr. Lincoln--it was very good. The next day I spent most of the day painting my church sign. In the evening we walked about two miles west of town to visit a family. We showed them our pictures. It was quite cold, and as it had snowed about six inches the day before we had quite a time going across the fields, especially in the drifts. Afterwards he brought us home in his car.

Last night it was about four below zero, and we walked 27 blocks to Cheney's. It was cold, and there was a 25 mph wind blowing. The snow drifted over the sidewalks in some places. We sat around and talked and popped corn till about 12 o'clock. They offered to let us stay for the night as his car was snowed in, but we walked home. It was not so bad. My face got quite cold. It was about six below then. I haven't even put on my heavy underwear yet. The last few days I have only been wearing my rayon ones as the others were all dirty. The landlady was kind of sick and didn't wash.

We are going to hold church tomorrow for the first time--one of the lady missionaries is going to speak. Maybe I will give the 2 1/2 minute talk, either that or take charge of the meeting. Most of the members are out of town at the last minute, so maybe we won't have very many out. We wish Morris



Taylor and Beth would hurry up and come back. Beth is Elder Scott's cousin and he knows them quite well. I have almost forgotten how to typewrite. This is Scott's machine, it is a new portable. Beck, here are a couple of articles I copied. Read them will you please? Don't get mad. Remember it is only the truth that hurts, Ha Ha. Well I hope you are all well. Write when you can. Love and stuff, Eldred.

**January 8, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well, we had a very successful meeting last Sunday; it was much better than we expected. Elder and I fixed the chairs and waited. At one minute to ten nobody, not even the lady missionaries had shown up. We were sort of discouraged, as quite a few of our members had to go out of town. However, at 10:00 everybody seemed to come at once. We had 17 out, and eight of them were non-Mormons.

I took charge of the meeting and we got along pretty good. We had a Sunday school and then the preaching service. Sister Buckley gave the sermon and she was very good. I hope I can do as well next Sunday, as it is my turn to preach. I am going to preach on the Second Coming of Christ and events to precede it.

Tonight we are going down to Cheney's to sleep. He is leaving early tomorrow morning for Steele, it is 40 miles from Bismarck. We are going with him to visit some members in Steele. He is coming back as far as Jamestown, and we will have to come back the rest of the way by ourselves. We are going to spend a day and night in Jamestown with the elders and visit some of the members there. We have to keep in contact with the people of this district. This trip we will cover the west part of the district, and then we'll only have one more trip to Grand Forks to make until summer comes, and then if I'm still here we'll be taking a tour of the district.

Yesterday we visited Reverend Berge of the first Lutheran Church to see if we could get in the association to speak on the Radio. As soon as he found out we were Mormons he started telling us off. He said we were straight on the road to Hell, and that we were much worse than the Heathen, as we were trying to make pagans out of the rest of the Christian world. He condemned polygamy up one side and down the other and condemned the Book of Mormon. We just defended ourselves, we didn't argue with him, though we could surely have licked the pants off him in an argument. He said if he had anything to do with it he would see to it that we wouldn't get on the air. He finally told us who to see about it, a Reverend in Moorhead. So we headed for Moorhead. We finally found the place he had said, only to find that he had given us a bum steer. The fellow he had told us to see was in Fargo, not Moorhead. By then it was too late to look up the man in Fargo, so we will see him today. I don't suppose it will be of any use, as Berge will probably interfere.

Say, Pete Kranenburg wrote and wanted the German book he used to own. It was that thin green one. It had his name in it somewhere. See if you can find it, will you please. I don't know whether I sold it or not. If you can or can't find it let me know. If you do send it to him, it will not cost over 3 cents. His address is 330 North, St. Louis, South Bend, Indiana.

I'd surely like another favor. I hate to keep asking you to send things to me. I know it costs money and I hate to have you spend any more on me than you have to. Any how, now I'd like my mackinaw coat if it wouldn't be too much trouble to send it out. Elder Scott had his sent out and I think it cost him about 25 cents. I have been skating in my sweaters and that gabardine jacket, but it is too cold for that now. I have had several occasions to use it and wished that I had it, or had a jacket of some kind. If you send it, send that blue and white stocking cap and the leather gloves I used for hunting. I think that will be all I will ask you to send. I hope. Anyway that is about I will have room for.

I saw Morris Taylor and his wife Sunday; they just came back from Utah Sunday morning. They didn't get here in time for church, but they will take an active part from now on. We helped them move into their new apartment. It was quite a job, but we are now good friends. Morris' wife is Elder Scott's cousin. She is very nice and full of fun.

Beck, one more thing about the Word of Wisdom and then I'll quit. Please don't get mad at me, but I'd just like to say one more thing. Think of the great opportunity we have had of being born members of the true church of Christ, of the opportunity we have of holding the priesthood--the power and authority to act in God's name--a power that the rest of the world doesn't have. However, breaking the Word of Wisdom takes away these privileges we have. We can no longer hold office in the church. Think how much worse it will be for those who have been born members of the church and then not lived up to the commandments given unto them than it will be for those who have not had the opportunity. In the revelation given to Joseph Smith about the Word of Wisdom the Lord said "And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them." This promise was given to those members of the church who keep the Word of Wisdom.

Well, please don't get mad at me. Write me once in a while--you haven't written for a long time.

Well, I have got to get to work. Love, Eldred.

**January 13, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well, we finished up the week pretty good. I told you that we were going 160 miles west to Steele to visit a family of members. Brother Cheney took us out and brought us back as far as Jamestown. We stayed with the elders there and visited some members. We had a good visit with them, and we had a good visit with the elders. About 11:00 the next morning we went out to the hi-way, it was quite cold, but it only took us about five minutes to thumb a ride. We got a ride in a 1941 Plymouth with an executive of the electrical union for this part of the country. We had a very interesting talk with him. That's one of the advantages of hitch hiking. We always get to explain Mormonism to almost everyone that we ride with. It is at least 100 miles from Jamestown to Fargo. Anyway, it took us 100 minutes to go the entire distance. Pretty good, huh? That is a lot faster than it would have been if we had to have taken the train. Our trip didn't cost us a cent. Boy, for the pheasants that we saw along the road. We saw one bunch that was as thick as a flock of black birds. There were at least three or four hundred in the flock. We also saw lots of prairie chickens and hens. Say, do you know what? They pay 2 cents a piece here for jack rabbits--all you have to do is shoot or kill them. You don't have to skin or do anything to them. It would be pretty good money to go out and shoot them. Do they buy them out home?

I had sort of a bad cold Saturday night and didn't feel very good. I was quite hoarse. I didn't know whether I would be able to speak Sunday or not. Yesterday morning I still was about the same. We held Sunday school. We had 22 out. Pretty good, huh? During Sunday school class just as our time was up, an old fellow who had come to see what it was all about started asking questions, and we had to answer him. The class took too long and didn't leave me quite enough time. I had to cut my talk a little short. I took 30 minutes, but I surely could have used another ten minutes. That was the best talk that I have ever given, though. My cold quit--it's all better now--and I wasn't the least bit nervous when I got started.

We had four people out that we had never even seen before. Two of them saw the sign that I took such pains to paint and came in. The other two people either saw the sign or read our notice in the paper. Our notice was the very first one in all of the church notices. The paper goes all over the state, so we will get a little bit of publicity out of it. I'll send you the notice. Keep it, I want it back if I can't get another one.

Ma, I hope you are all right again; that is too bad that you had to get the flu too. Did you go to the doctor? You better get all fixed up, even if you do have to lose a few teeth. Your health is much more important than a few teeth.

Beck, they have quite a few bowling alleys in Fargo and Morehead. We went to the best one. It's much like the Ritz, except that it is not as large--it only has about six alleys. It is a little better than the Maple Way. They have several here that are about like the Maple Way, except they aren't as large. They only charge 15 cents a line, but that is too expensive. We can see a good show for that price. They have about seven show houses here, and you can get in all but one of them for 15 cents.

Don't worry about how I'm getting along on money, even though my expenses were so high last month. I have plenty on hand. With the money that I got for Christmas and the extra that you sent, I've got plenty. I keep saying this, but I think that I am going to cut down on expenses. Any how it won't be near as high as it was last month.

Yesterday after church, Morris and Beth Taylor had us, the lady missionaries, Sister Cheney and her two kids over for dinner. We had a lot of fun and had a very good dinner. We played a few games in the afternoon and we really had a swell time. I'm going to hate to leave this place when I do have to go. These people are like folks already--they're sure nice to us and they are a lot of fun.

We just finished your fruit cake, Ma, it was the best one we had. We got about five between us, but yours was by far the best. We gave some of the others away, but not yours. We also have gotten rid of most of our candy. We still have about three boxes left. I don't care whether I ever see any more candy again or not. We had about 15 boxes between us. We surely ate a lot and gave away as much as we could, because it was going hard, but we have still got some hard tack left. Those caramels were good; I liked them about the best of any we had.

Johnny wants us to go up in his airplane again and take some more pictures. As soon as it gets a little warmer, we'll probably go up again. He will take us up almost any time if we want to go.

I'll send you some pictures later on. I haven't a place here to really fix them, so I'm going to have to start sending them out to have them done. If we save up 100 negatives, we can have them done for 1 cent each by sending them away, so it will be a little while before I get them.

I don't remember whether I told you in my last letter that we went to see the Episcopal Minister.

He was very nice to us, answered all our questions, and showed us all through the church. However, he said he didn't think that we had a chance of getting on the radio. The Minister's Association would have to vote on it, and as Rev. Berge is so much opposed, we wouldn't have a chance.

Well, I hope that you are well and happy, and write when you get a chance. Eldred.

**January 19, 1941.** Fargo, N.D. Dear Folks, Well, another week has gone by. I have decided to write on either Sunday or Monday morning, because it makes it that much easier to remember what has happened during the week. We make our reports out on Saturday, and that is why I write then.

Dad, so you were a D.P. in your day. Well, I wouldn't want the job; I surely hate book work. I don't like what little I have without taking on any more. There isn't a chance of my being one anyway. I was just sent here to help Elder Scott in getting this project in shape. They needed a man here with a little experience, and as he was just new at the D.P. job, he had to learn as he went. However, I'm afraid I won't be here very long. That is, unless President changes his plans. We got a letter the other day and they are going to put two more men in this district, which will make a total of ten missionaries. They are short of "old" men and I guess. I will be slated to become a senior companion. From what the letter said and from what Scott and I have talked over, the best place to open is Bemidji, Minn. It is a town of about 7,000. There is one family of saints, what kind I don't know. The town is right in the heart of some of the best Minnesota lakes and woods, and from what they say it is really a honey of a place, I couldn't ask for anything better. However, I don't know for sure, it may fall through. I would much rather stay here for a little while longer anyway. I am just getting some experience in holding meetings and in speaking and in being around the members. Over in Bismarck we never did get much chance to really explain the Gospel, and I don't know nearly as much about it as I should. However, if I get shifted, it won't be for a few weeks anyway. Who knows, I may even stay here. I'd surely like to, as I like the place, and I don't think I'll ever find a better fellow to get along with than Elder Scott.

So Clarence, Earl and Naomi went to Atlanta. Do you know whether he got my letter before he went or not?

Say how much did that book on the Old Testament cost? I have read it and I have a chance to sell it, and as I have read it, I don't think it would do me much good to keep it. I got what I wanted out of it. The Old Testament in the Bible would take too much time to read through to just get the narrative, and that was all I wanted. Now I know what it is all about it is much easier to understand the different passages.

No Beck, I don't want my fishing hat, not yet at least. Thanks anyway. If ever got in one of the small backwoods towns the ski pants would come in handy, but I don't need them here. I guess I sold that German book. Thanks for looking, and thanks a lot for sending out my coat and stuff.

I guess they are fixing things all over Ogden now. I'd like to see what they look like. Maybe we'll come out and see you over a week end. Johnny here says he will fly Scott and me out for \$25.00 a piece. He could get out there in ten hours, Ha, Ha.

No Beck, I haven't done much skating, but I'm going to, we've been busy lately and on the nights we weren't, it was too cold, and I didn't have a coat to wear. I'd surely have liked to have had those 5000 rabbits here in this state and sold them for 25 cents a piece. So Leslie and Roy are having trouble with the deer--is the snow driving them out of the mountains?

Well, we held church again this morning. However, we didn't have as good results as we did the previous two Sundays. We had 15 out, 5 missionaries, 5 members, and 5 friends. Most of our members are out of town and two are sick, and we just didn't draw as many investigators as we did before.

I had charge of the meeting, Sister Garff did the preaching, and Elder Scott gave the Sunday school lesson.

Yesterday morning we had to get up at 5:00 and go down and meet the train. Elder Dilworth Strasser of Mesquite, Nevada just came in. He is going to Grand Forks to take Elder Svedin's place, as he is to be released. We kept Elder Strasser here with us and are going to send him on tomorrow. He thought it was plenty cold when he got off the train. It was 20 below zero, and it was quite chilly. He didn't have galoshes, or earmuffs, and as we had to walk about ten blocks or so, he got kind of cold. He said that where he just came from the grass was getting green. He is about 25, but you can easily tell that he is a new man.

It has been quite cold here the last few days, but it is warming up again. This winter has been one of the best they've had for years. It has been down to 20 below a few times, but then it always warms up again. Other years they've had months at a time when the temperature hasn't come above zero. We have about eight inches of snow here on the level, but it is drifted quite a bit in some places.

So Howard is a D.P. in Stockton, California. I'll bet he's in the height of his glory.



We went tracting from house to house this week. We didn't do so bad, and yet we didn't do so good. We only had one refusal, but we only had one invitation in. Since we only had one refusal, I thought we were doing very good. But Elder Scott has been used to tracting in a small town where they invite you in at practically every house, and he didn't think we were doing very well.

I thought that when I came here and boarded I would gain weight, but I haven't. In fact I have even lost a few pounds. However, I like boarding much better.

I sent those books home because I didn't have any use for them, and as I could sent them home for three dollars I didn't see any reason to have them keep taking up space. I'll probably send a few more home later on after I've read them thoroughly.

Well, I don't know anything more to say, so I'll tell you good bye, and write when you get time. Eldred.

Say what kind of a razor did you get? Elder has a Schick, and I like it a lot. I'll hate to leave Elder and his electric razor. After getting use to it I'll hate to go back to the blade again. After you shave with a blade, your face feels the cold so much more. Well, so long again.

[At the bottom he gives the Church stamp:]

CHURCH SERVICE  
SUNDAY 10:00 a.m. AT  
SONS OF NORWAY HALL  
EVERYONE WELCOME  
NO COLLECTIONS

Why don't you come, Ha Ha.

**January 25, 1941.** Fargo, N.D. Dear Folks, Well, here it is the end of another week and also the end of another month--at least as far as monthly reports are concerned. I haven't made out my reports as yet, so I can't tell you how they came out. I haven't nearly as many hours tracting as I used to have in Bismarck, but we have many more hours of other activities. As to expenses, I haven't them figured out yet either, but I know that they will be under \$30, about \$28.50, I imagine, of course that is just a guess. I still don't know whether I will be moved or not, I won't know until the next batch of missionaries come out from Salt Lake City, and that will probably be in a week or so.

In a way I'd like to go to Bemidji, but then again I like this project so much better, as we have members and are holding meetings. If I went to Bemidji, it would be starting from scratch so to speak. You ought to feel lucky to get this letter, I have to walk ten blocks to mail it, and it is 15 below zero outside with a wind blowing. They have been predicting cold weather for the last couple of days, but so far it hasn't come. I guess they were mistaken, they've been warning everybody to be careful on the highways and etc. as it was snowing some and blowing. They predicted 25 below, but it hasn't come yet, so I guess we are all right.

Say Ma, I believe I get fewer letters from you than anyone, you never seem to write only once in a while.

If I stay here in town we'll probably move to another residence when our month runs out, as it is about 15 blocks to where we start tracting. We found one good place, if it is only available when our month here is up. It is a much nicer place at the same price. I hope no one takes it before we can get it.

Well, tomorrow is Sunday, and I have to give the Sunday school lesson. It is to be on the Seventh Article of Faith, I will also probably have to take charge of the meeting again as Scott is going to preach this Sunday.

The other night we went out to a place four miles from here to show our film slide lecture--it was quite a walk, but we were lucky enough to get a ride back so that wasn't half bad. We have had three meetings this past week besides church--two film slide lectures and one study class with the Members and the lady missionaries. That is the most I have had in a week since I have been out.

Our tracting this week hasn't been up to very much. It has been too cold. The people only open the door a couple of inches, and about all we can do is hand them a couple of tracts, as they won't stand there long enough to say much. They don't know us well enough to invite us in, and we have only had two or three all week. Most of the time while tracting the temperature was around zero, one afternoon it was two below. We had one interesting experience. It was my door, and I was quite cold--at least my face felt that way. A lady came, and I explained who we were and what our purpose in calling was, and gave her a couple of tracts. She said I looked cold and said she'd let us in if we didn't talk religion. So we went in to get warm. We talked about everything in general except religion. Finally I guess she got

curious and started asking us questions. It ended up in one of the best discussions I have ever had. She was quite interested in the Gathering of Israel and our viewpoint on it. When we left, she invited us to come again.

We also met a lady who was a close relative of one of Brigham Young's wives. She was quite interested and said her husband was also. Outside of those and a few other mediocre contacts, the rest was just going from house to house and leaving a few tracts.

I suppose you got my card. What day did it get to you, I'm curious as I mailed it on another railroad, and I want to know how long it took. If it is just as fast, I will only have to walk two blocks instead of ten to mail a letter. I mailed it on Tuesday night, so tell me how long it took to get there.

If either Elder Keller or Swedin ever stop in to look you up and tell you hello, treat them good. If they stop in Ogden, I don't know whether they would have a place to stay or not, if not you could put one of them up for the night in one of those basement bedrooms. After being on a mission and sleeping in all different kinds of places, they wouldn't mind it in the least. Maybe they won't even get a chance to stop and see you, I don't know, and if they do stop, it may be just as they are passing through. However, it wouldn't hurt to ask them if they were going to stay. Out here when we travel we usually stop at a Saint's home, and they put us up for the night. I have slept on more than one sofa, couch or day bed. Cheneys here in town have lots of elders staying with them every time one comes to town. They have a day bed in their front room and the elders usually put it to use.

Keller is quite disappointed with the people home. He says they are not like we tell about out here. It is a fact, though, that the Mormons out here are much better than the ones back home except for a few that have apostatized. They are either really good or real bad Mormons out here.

I'll probably have some pictures for you next time I write. Scott and I have a hundred negatives between us to have printed, and we can send them to a place in Iowa and get them done for a cent a piece, so we'll probably have them back in a week.

We went skating one night and had a lot of fun. They surely have some good rinks here in town. They are all lit up and there is only one in town that charges admission. That is an indoor arena. I'm getting a little better at skating, though I can't begin to compare with the average skater in this country. They surely know how to skate—even the little kids can surely go to it.

We saw a basketball game last night. It was worst game I've ever seen. The two teams were supposed to be two of the best high school teams around here. They surely play different than home. The final score was about 11 to 13. They act like they are scared to run down the floor. They don't use the fast break at all, and they always take their time when they come down the floor and pass it back and forth once in a while, but it is mostly dribbling. They never pass over about ten feet. Any junior high school in Ogden could beat the socks off of the teams we saw last night!

Well, I'll eat and get this letter posted so, so long and write once in a while. Love, Eldred.

P.S. My expenses for the month are \$27.85. Quite a bit better than usual, I'll try and keep it more like this. I just averaged up all I've spent since I've been out here. It averages \$37.00 per month. I bet I cut it down the next 11 months.

**January 26, 1941.** Fargo, N.D. Dear Folks, Well, how are you? Have you still got your snow? We still have ours, though today on a few of the houses the eaves were dripping, and the sun was shining brightly. It wasn't cold just an even 0. I don't know what made a few of the eaves drip. It must have been awfully warm in the houses. It is a funny thing out in this country, when the sun shines in the winter it is usually the coldest, though today was an exception. I am getting used to the cold by now, especially since I have been using Elder's electric razor. My face isn't bothered anymore. Before, after I had shaved and went outside in the cold, my face would feel like it was on fire when the cold wind hit it. My ears are tender and not nearly as tough as the people's ears out here. However, I can go without my earmuffs as long as it isn't below 0. But when it goes below that and that prairie wind blows, it is cold in any man's language. I am even more used to the cold than some of the people here. Most of them wear a heavy over coat, heavy underwear—yes I have mine on too—and they feel the cold. My coat is very light compared to most of them, it is getting shabby too. It will do me this winter O.K., but I think that I should have a new one next year. The sleeves are wearing a lot, one of the buttons ripped off, and I sewed it back on. The pockets are worn out, and a lot of places are getting kind of worn. Of course it isn't so bad, but I don't think it will do for another year. It would do to wear to work or something, but it isn't so good for dress, remember, I got it when I was in high school.

Beck, I got your letter today. So you think I haven't been writing enough, huh, I have written a letter every week without a miss and some times I have written oftener; unless you didn't get some of them. Yes I got the things all right, I think I thanked you for them in a letter some time ago. If not, I'll

thank you again.

You tell Dick Skeen hello for me, I haven't time to write. I have enough letters to write. I have to write a lot for the district, I have to answer letters from some of my friends and investigators in Bismarck, and then I have a lot of letters to write to my friends back home. I never do get caught up. I'm always way behind on my letter writing. I got one letter from a lady in Bismarck a while ago, and she said she was surely sorry that I had left. She said Tippetts hadn't even been to see her since I had left. She wanted to know if I thought she would have made a good Mormon. And then in the P.S. of her letter, she said that it wouldn't have taken much to have made a Mormon out of her. She asked for some literature, and I sent her a small book. I get a letter from Jacobsens about once a week, and I also hear from Wohlgemuths. I got a box of cookies from Mrs. Jacobsen today, and they are good. The saints out here are surely good--at least a good part of them are. There is a large family in Grand Forks that is poor as church mice, but they would give anything they had to the elders. They do give as much as the elders there will allow them to, and are hurt to think that the elders won't take more from them. They have twelve kids. Every month in comes the tithing from the family. Even the kids send in theirs. We get a penny each from the smaller kids when they make a dime, and some of them send in two or three pennies. It makes a person feel kind of humble when you see something like that. No I'm not getting any fatter since I have been boarding, in fact I think that I have lost about five pounds--why I don't know, unless it is that I don't get my quart of milk a day. However, it is much more convenient to board. And if I can, I will always do it out here from now on. Say why don't you answer my letters when you do write? I mention things or ask questions and that is the last I hear of it.

Our church Sunday was the smallest we've had. Taylors were out of town. The four Cheney's didn't come on account of sickness, and the girl who plays the piano was sick. So we only had 13 there. I took charge of the meeting--that makes the third time I've taken charge. I also gave the lesson on the Seventh Article of Faith--Spiritual Gifts. And to close it all, I closed it with prayer. It doesn't scare me any more to stand in front of the people and talk, the only trouble is that I have a hard time in trying to think of something to say.

Last night we went to the radio station and watched an orchestra broadcast. It was interesting to watch, it was a pretty good orchestra and they had some good singers too.

We went to a hockey game at the arena. It is a large building with an ice rink in it--they have bleachers and etc. That is the first hockey game I've seen. They have semi-pro teams here like they have baseball teams home. Say, you haven't seen anything until you see a good hockey game. It is twice as exciting as baseball, football, and basketball all put together. They even get mad at one another and swing clubs at one another. When they do this, though, the player gets taken off the ice for several minutes. They really get rough in the game, and can they skate up and down the ice, boy and how! And when they shove one another around after that hockey puck it's more fun to watch. It seems to be a combination of football and basketball played on the ice with hockey sticks and a puck instead of a ball. And do the people in the bleachers get excited when the going gets exciting!! I thought there were going to be a couple of scraps in the audience. Fargo's team got beat by one point. They were better on the offense, but their goalie wasn't nearly as good as the other team's. He was plenty good and could he stop that puck from coming into the cage--he used his feet, stick, legs, hands, and head. The goalie last week got the puck in the eye and got knocked out cold. Boy, they shoot that puck from any where, and it can either go through the air or slide on the ice. The goalie has to be plenty good to stop it, and then they all rush up on him and swing their stick and try and put it into the cage--it's lots of fun.

We had several refusals today, though since I've been here I haven't had a nasty one like the ones in Bismarck.

Dad, do you have one of the books "The Way to Perfection"? If you're not using it sometime after I see whether I get transferred, I'd like you to send it out and let me read it.

I'm going to have my picture taken again. All the ones I had before I sent them for Christmas presents--they brought good results--as I got about \$17 and a few other things. They will take our picture here for \$3.50 for 50 pictures. They are giving missionaries a special rate. All regular prices are \$3.50 a dozen. So for that price I can't do it very much cheaper for that kind of work, and anyway I haven't the place to do the work. All the rest of them are going to get them, so I guess I will. I have a little of the money I got for Christmas left, so I'll use that.

Boy, time surely goes! I'm almost afraid I'll be going home soon, and I haven't got my welcome home speech prepared! March 7, and I will have been gone a year. It just seems like last week that I was leaving home. I'll actually hate to come back home and quit this work. Though I would like to see all of you again!!

Well, I'm glad to hear that you are all over the flu, I hope that you don't get it again. Write soon,



and may God bless you in all that you undertake to do.

**January 28, 1941.** Dear Folks, Helen, I got your letter this morning, I was surely glad to hear from you, it has been a long time since you wrote. Too bad you're not going to the Accolade, you could have had a lot of fun, though you have plenty of time. I never went to one dance while I was in high school. So you bowled--maybe you'd make a good one. I'm glad to hear that you are better from your sickness. You're right, I'm not so tall, the three fellows where I'm rooming are all taller and thinner than I am.

I like to fly in an airplane, it is a lot of fun and gives you a real thrill when the plane loops, and dives and does other tricks.

No I didn't have Hancock for an English teacher. All I had him for was a study hall teacher, though I kind of got to know him pretty good--I thought he was a pretty good guy.

Arizona is here in town. But we don't see those kind of shows. I've seen a few pretty good shows here in town. We see the ones that have come back a few times and get in to see the good shows for only 15 cents.

Beck, Helen says that you have quit smoking, is that right? Gee, Beck I hope so, I'd like to see nothing better, I'm sure that you will notice a great difference in your health after not so long a time if you quit, and I know that you can!!

Guess what, this morning Scott and I went down town, and they have a "Man on the Street" radio program. I managed to get on it. He asked me where I was from, I told him and explained all about our work and got in some very good publicity. Then to top it all off, we just got home and a man called to see us. He was representing the Methodist Church. He wanted to invite us to a dinner on Sunday evening, and he wanted us to be the speakers and explain our missionary system, and explain about ourselves--quite different than the reception we received at the Lutheran Church huh? I'll tell you more about it later after it has all taken place.

Tonight, we held a cottage meeting, and I gave the slide lecture--we got along pretty good. I surely wish I could stay here in Fargo for a while at least, as I'll get quite a few chances to speak, and heaven knows that I need it.

We were going flying again--the two lady missionaries, Johnny and us went out in the country to his plane. However, it was too cold. The oil in the plane was frozen, and we spent all afternoon thawing it out and draining the oil. When another warm day comes around we'll go up. Now that we have the oil out, we can heat it and pour it in the ship, and go up. It was quite warm today--about 15 degrees above.

Well, I'll close now and hope to hear from you soon. Eldred.

**February 3, 1941.** Fargo, North Dakota. Dear Folks, Well, the weekend is over. We surely had a busy one. We went to the show Boom Town on Saturday. Elder Scott got on the Man on the Street Program, and got a pass, also he hit the jack pot that they have on Saturday, and got \$1.35, so we didn't do so bad. Though all I got was a pass the day I got on, it was very good publicity. I've met a lot of people already that heard me, and as I got to tell quite a bit about our work, it should do some good. We held church again yesterday. All we had out was our members, not an investigator showed up, so we only had a total of 11 out--I guess we can't expect a good attendance all the time. Yesterday afternoon Glen Bodily, a member that works for the government, he's only 26, took us and the lady missionaries for a ride in his new Cheve. It is surely a nice car. He took us to Detroit Lakes over in Minnesota, about 45 miles. It is a famous resort in the summer time, it has a population of 3600 people, but of course in the summer it would be much greater. This is where most of the people in North Dakota go for their vacations. We didn't see much as it was all covered over with snow, and this country isn't very pretty in the winter time anyway.

We were late getting back, and missed out on our dinner at the Methodist Church. However, we did get there in time to speak. There were about 40 to their Fellowship meeting, so we had a pretty good audience, they were very nice to us. They all seemed to enjoy our talks and all came up and talked to us afterwards. I took about 15 minutes. Scott took about the same, and then they asked questions for about another half hour. They must have liked it, as one of them invited us to speak again next Wednesday at a young person's business club, and we again get a free dinner. Here is a clipping out of the paper, and their church program--when you have looked at them you can send them back, I thought you might like to see them.

I didn't get transferred--not yet at least--hope they leave me here a couple of months more, until I get used to speaking a little more, cause if I go to Bemidji, it would be starting from nothing, and it takes a long while to work up.

Dad, I got your letter and the money O.K. Thanks, though I was in no hurry for the money. So

Aunt Lottie, and Ethel have new arrivals, huh, pretty good, congratulate them for me will you.

Beck, I got your letter and the pictures, thanks for the pictures they were pretty good, say some time get me a couple of good scenic views on that large camera. Get one of Mt. Ogden and a couple of the canyon, or something that looks good, so I can just show some to these people out here. Two or three will be plenty.

Weather here the last week has been swell. The sun has been shining all week and it has warmed up to about 36 degrees, and a little of the snow has melted. However today, it is cold again, and it may get colder, I hope not though.

I'm glad to hear that Sweden called up on his way through. I guess you took me wrong when I told you to be good to them on their way though if they stopped. I was just kidding. How did your rabbit drive come out? Can you sell jacks out there for 25 cents each like they do here? If you could, you could surely make money on the drive.

You got over the flu O.K.--what's the matter can't you take it?

No, I'm not so hot on skates, the kids can beat me, but I'll bet I can skate better than most of them home can.

We go into the bakery here every once in a while, and sample their products too--make sure that they are doing all right. Ha Ha. Their fresh do-nuts are pretty good when they just come out of the do-nut machine. It is quite an art in baking things, it is very interesting to watch them. We know most everyone in the Tip Top Bakery, and we are welcome to come any time and help ourselves, pretty good huh?

Helen, your typing is pretty good, better than mine, I can still type fast, but I hit the wrong keys every once in a while, especially on the capitals, and I get the commas and periods mixed up quite a bit as you can probably see.

Here are a few pictures for you, I hope you like them.

Say Ma, why don't you ever write, I haven't heard from you for a long while.

Well, I hope that you are all well, and may God bless you. Eldred.

P.S. We are going to move the end of the week, so I'll probably have a change of address. Helen, you look grown up in that picture of you.

**February 10, 1941.** Box 1414 Fargo, N.D. Dear Folks, Gee, have I been busy the last week, I haven't had time to do anything much, not even write a letter. I'll answer your letters, and then I'll tell you what I've been doing.

Ma, I was very glad to hear from you, it's been so long since you have written. Don't send any cod liver oil pills, I can buy things out here just as well as you can home. Besides, I bought some when I was in Bismarck, and I don't like them, they don't seem to agree with my stomach very well. I got those halide pills, they told me they were the best, but I can't say as I like them. I didn't want an over coat this year, I meant one for next year. Soon as spring comes I intend to throw or give this one away so that I won't have to pack it around, it won't be worth much when spring comes. Thanks for all of the news, I am glad to hear what is going on back home.

Beck, I was glad to hear from you. So you had a good rabbit hunt, sounds all right, but that 2 or 3 rabbits at a shot sounds sort of fishy. I think you're feeding me a line. What did they do with all of those rabbits? You should have sold them. Here, we see truck loads every once in a while as they sell for 20 cents each. Ma, don't worry about my going in the plane. It is O.K. Johnny's plane is one of the largest private ships at the airport. It is 250 horse power. He is a good pilot. He is now qualifying for a license to be an instructor, so he must be pretty good.

I'm glad to hear that Keller was there to see you, I thought he would. He is one swell guy. I asked Lyon to see you, but I guess he has forgotten about it. I don't remember just what those questions were, but you should look at the letters when you answer, so you can see what I asked.

I don't know what to say about that rifle. It is a very good buy. I would like very much to own one. But do you think you will ever go hunting deer? \$20 for an almost new gun and case is cheap enough, and the gun should be a very good one. What kind is it? A Winchester, I hope. If it is a Marlin, I don't know how it would be. My friend Mr. Bartlett had a new one in Bismarck. He liked it, but it seemed to have an awfully stiff action. However, you know guns, and should be able to tell what you are getting. So if you think you and I will go deer hunting when I get back, and can spare the money, buy it. You could probably always get that much out of it on a trade in anyway.

Well, I'll tell you a little of what has happened in the last week. I told you about speaking in the Methodist Church Wednesday night. We went to the Little Town Hall Banquet at the Y.W.C.A. Elder and I were the guests of Honor. We had the head seats on the tables. I got served first in everything. There were about 50 out. After the banquet, Scott and I were introduced, and I began my speech. I did

O.K. I guess. Scott spoke second. We took about 45 minutes between us. We have been busy tracting and taking care of the records, and in preparing speeches, we have been plenty busy. We also have had to visit several people. Friday morning we packed our belongings. A Mormon from Baker, Montana looked us up and took up some of our time. We had dinner and Beth Taylor came and picked us up and took us 30 miles to Grandin. We went to the high school, and met the superintendent. He was a very nice fellow. He called the assembly, and introduced us and I again spoke first. I did O.K., I guess, I told them all about Utah. Scott then told them the history of the church, and then we opened it for questions. We were there about two hours. We spent a couple of hours talking to the superintendent. He was surely nice to us, and we gave him a Book of Mormon. Beth brought us back, and helped us move. We just brought our stuff over and put it in the room, and then went to her place and she fixed us a swell supper, and we had some quick frozen strawberries--they are just as good as fresh ones--and then we came home and went to bed at about 1:00. We never get to bed here before about 1:00 or thereabouts. We are always busy. We then got up in the morning had breakfast, and rode a bus to the highway. It was four degrees below zero. We thumbed a ride in about 5 minutes and got a ride straight to Grand Forks. He even took us to the elder's doorstep! We got there at noon just in time for dinner, pretty good huh? We spent the day looking over the town. It is the second largest town in N.D. We slept four in a bed. We went to church on Sunday, and Scott and I again got to preach--at least I'm getting practice whether I'm getting good or not--we met the people there, there were about 26 out. We then went to a birthday party at one of the members and had a lunch and played dominoes. We slept four in a bed again.

This morning, we got up, had breakfast, and Elder and I took to the highway. It took us 35 minutes to get a ride, and we went to a town 12 miles off the main highway. We looked up the record of a dead Mormon there, and got our information. We looked the town over, and had a bite to eat, as it was noon. We caught a ride back to the highway, and caught the first car into Hillsboro. We then got a ride with a fellow who said he was going to the next town. We don't ride unless they are going to a town, as we don't intend to get stranded on the prairie. Any way it turned out that the town was off the highway a couple of miles, and so we were left on the highway in the middle of the prairie. We waited about an hour, and didn't get a ride. On the highway the cars are going too fast and don't want to stop. So we got disgusted and thumbed a car going the other way. We were thumbing cars from either direction, and finally got a ride back to Hillsboro--we could have ridden clear back to Grand Forks. We bought a candy bar and got warm at a service station, and then went out and thumbed again. We got a ride straight through to Fargo. We got home about 4:00. We traveled a distance of 120 miles. It is a lot of fun to hitchhike.

We came home and unpacked all of our belongings. This is a nice place we are staying at, and the people seem very nice. The room is about 20' by 20', it has a fireplace, a swell bed--the best I've had, a desk and a sort of combination desk and bookcase. It also has a dresser, floor lamp, and chairs. It is pretty good. We are upstairs, on the north and we have a big bay window. The board seems very good so far, better than we had before. And she didn't charge for our meals while we were gone. She will do our laundry quite cheap too. Our board and room here cost us \$20, so that is pretty good. That is cheaper than I used to batch in Bismarck, and there board and room was \$30 and \$35.

Well, I hope you are all well and happy, and may God bless you all. Eldred.

Dear Helen, I just went down to the Post Office, and your letter came in on the evening train. I was very glad to hear from you. You got some pretty good marks in school, keep it up, though I still don't see how you have enough credits to graduate.

You seem to have been enjoying yourself, keep it up, and have a good time. Yes those lady missionaries are pretty good looking, and they are surely nice girls. Sister Joyce Buckley, the shortest one, is just turned 22. She is the senior companion, she has been out about 15 months. The other one, Sister Marjorie Garff, is 26, though she only looks about 22. She has been out about six months. The girls in Fargo are much the same as in Bismarck, though there are some good ones, and there are quite a few good-looking ones too.

Yes, those quadruplets were born here in Fargo, their pictures are all in the front pages of the newspapers. There has also been some other news here in Fargo the last week. They had a big fire. Part of a whole block and a lot of stores were burned. It was quite a fire. The firemen turned hoses on it and the water is frozen into ice all over what is left of the places.

I think we will go ice skating a little more from now on, as I don't think we will be too busy talking from now on, and especially since we live so near to an ice rink. Just out the back door and through a very short block is Island Park. It is a very large park, and I suppose it will be very nice in the



summer. On the side of the park next to us is the ice rink and a hockey rink. They are both lighted up at nights. The rink is about a couple of hundred feet wide or more, and about a block long. It is a very good place to skate.

This weekend they are going to have a big ice carnival, and I suppose it will be quite a celebration. We intend to see the ice carnival. It should be pretty good. That one we saw on New Years Day was pretty good, but this is supposed to really be swell, it is an annual event. Over in Bemidji they have a big annual celebration called Paul Bunyan Day. That is supposed to be the place where Paul Bunyan the mythical logger did his stuff. If I ever get sent there, I may get in on it. I am pretty sure of being sent there, unless of course things change different than they are planned. Whenever they decide to send some new men here to Fargo, I will probably have to leave, I hate to as I surely like this town, and as I am getting quite a few opportunities to talk, and I need the experience very much.

Well, I have to make out my report, so I'll close now. Eldred.

P.S. Beck, you asked how my green suit is holding out. It is doing just fine. In fact it isn't even worn. The only time I wear it is when I go to church on Sunday, or on some special occasion. It hasn't even been cleaned since I left home, so you can see how much I have worn it. I didn't wear it at all through the summer. The black one is surely a good suit, it was the best one of the two. The pants are getting a little thin in the seat, but they have a lot of wear left in them yet. It is an ideal suit to go tracting in and for all missionary work. The coat is still good, so maybe next fall I'll get another pair of pants to go with the coat and vest. I'll probably still have it when I come home. I surely wish my green suit had two pairs of pants. I like the suit, and I sort of hate to wear it too much, because I know that is the only pair of pants, and I can't get any more to match. I'll have this suit when I come home, and it will still be good. I'll also have my light bluish gray suit when I come home, and I think it will be practically as good as new. About the only clothes I will have to buy from now on is a few pair of socks, and maybe a shirt or two with a straw lid again in the summer.

Say, I just found out that one of the fellows that lives here is a radio amateur. He has a very good station, and has talked with people all over. He is also a radio instructor at the A.C. here. His mother said if we wanted, some time later on he will contact some station on our home town and let us talk. So--if you would like to talk to me, you start looking for some radio amateur that will let you talk. We can arrange a certain time, and the fellow there, and the one here, could contact one another, and we could have a nice talk. How does it sound? Does Fridenstine have a station? Those Iverson boys used to have one, there should be quite a few stations in Ogden, and from what I know of them, they would be glad to try and contact us here in N.D.

**February 16, 1941.** Fargo, N.D. Dear Folks, Boy, has this been a week! We have certainly had a good time. We went tracting a couple of afternoons. We didn't have any exceptional luck, no more than usual. We visited a lot of people and talked to them and tried to get some of them out to church. It has been quite cold and windy a couple of days, and tracting isn't any good on those kind of days, even if President Broadbent did think so. When the wind is blowing, and it is cold people won't stand at the door and talk--you can't blame them--and they don't know us enough to invite us in. So on one of the days it was cold and blowing, we went and looked up the Catholic priest. We spent the whole afternoon with him getting his view on religion, and in giving him ours. We certainly had a good time. Wednesday night we hold a study class with the lady missionaries and the members and any of the investigators that want to come out. We held it at Taylors last Wednesday. Beth invited us up for supper before the Study Class. We had a very good waffle supper! We had a very good discussion afterwards in the class, it does all of us good. Friday morning I didn't feel too good as I had a cold, and stayed in bed after breakfast. (Excuse all the mistakes, I'm trying to listen to Jack Benny and type too.)

Friday afternoon, Elders Boeslund and Taylor showed up, they wanted to go to the Jack Frost Carnival with us. It's really a celebration! We all went up to see one of the Catholic priests in the afternoon, and he took us all through all of the Catholic Church, even up on the altar, and showed us all the robes, and explained everything to us, it was very enlightening to us. I'll bet we know more about the Catholic Church than 95% of the Catholics do. We had supper, and then went and watched the parade. It was pretty good. We then went to the arena and saw the coronation of the queen--it was pretty, and then they had a good hockey game. One goalie got knocked out for about five minutes, they surely must have hit him hard.

Elder Boeslund and Taylor stayed with Beth and Morris Taylor we met them the next morning, and went through the WDAY radio station and saw everything. Elder Taylor got on the Man of the Street program, we then came home and had dinner. In the afternoon we went to see the Blade Capers of 1941. Boy was it ever good!! They had all kinds of fancy skaters, comedy acts on ice, and a pageant on ice

depicting early American History. The ice in the arena was white with three huge stars of blue, it was surely pretty, with all the flood lights, and all the skaters in their costumes. It lasted all afternoon, we then went up to Beth's for supper, and then went to the Don McNeil show at the Field House. It was really good, the best vaudeville show I've ever seen. If you ever get up early enough to hear the Breakfast Club on the Radio or not, anyway, it is the most popular program of the air. Don McNeil was the master of ceremonies, and was it ever good!

After it was over, Elder Boesland and I slept at Taylors for the night. This morning we held church, and let the two Jimtown elders preach. This afternoon we all--six missionaries, and Taylors, and Glen Bodily--went to the show Brigham Young. I finally got a chance to see it. It was pretty good, and only cost us 15 cents, not bad huh?

Ma, I just got your letter this evening, and was surely glad to hear from you. We went to another thing this evening, a jamboree, the finish-up of the Jack Frost Winter Carnival. It was another sort of a stage show, but we got in free, and it was pretty good.

That Old Testament Book cost only 75 cents, I'm pretty sure that I can get \$1.50 for it, so I think I'll sell it. I'm glad you liked the pictures--so you don't think that I've changed, the fellows out here think I've changed quite a bit.

Don't bother to send out that Way to Perfection I thought I had seen one in the book case. Scott has one--I can read his, so unless you have already sent it don't bother.

Glad to hear Lottie and Ethel and their babies are O.K., and that Clarence is settled O.K.

You ask about my board and room, yes, \$20 a piece. As for laundry, this last week cost me 65 cents, which wasn't bad considering that I had almost two weeks of laundry.

I'm glad to hear that you got to talk to Keller. You are just like all the rest of the women, always apologizing for not being dressed up, or for not having their house just right. I get tired of hearing women always apologizing for the way they are when we happen to come around. It doesn't make any difference any how. If they would keep still, we would never notice the difference, we don't expect people to be dressed up all the time.

So Keller wasn't feeling so good, I hope he gets better, and gets settled down all right. He is a real good fellow, and I hated to see him get released early.

We got a letter from Partridge the other day; he is also disgusted with the people back home, and the way they are living. They don't live up to the Word of Wisdom, or any other of the commandments. As Mormons we take too much for granted. It is true that we have all truth, but it doesn't do us any good if we don't take advantage of what we have. Some of these people out here are much more religious than many of our so-called Mormons. It would do the Mormons a great deal of good if they could have some very stiff persecution, and get rid of a lot of those drifters and backsliders in the church. If everyone in the Church lived his religion it would only take a short time and we would have the whole world converted to Mormonism. You don't find many who pay an honest tithing, go to church, keep the word of wisdom, and know their religion--you find very few.

Out here in the town of Hebron there are 1400 people. They support ten churches. They have church buildings, and have to pay a minister besides the rest of the upkeep. Could the people in our ward do that? If I remember right there were about 1500 people in our ward, and look at the shape it is in.

Look at the way things are going in Utah now. Times were much better years ago. Brigham Young said if we were ever driven out of the mountains it would be because we turned away from God. President Reuben Clark says that people aren't living close enough to God, and that is the reason things are like they are. We don't get near the rain and snow we used to. I guess I'm all hot and bothered today, so excuse the sermon, you don't need it any way--I hope.

Well, I'll close, and write again sometime later in the week. May the blessings of the Lord be with you. Eldred.

**February 20, 1941.** Box 1414, Fargo, ND. Dear Folks, Yes, I'll send my overcoat home in the spring when I get through with it, but I don't think that will be for some time. We are having a touch of cold weather. Sunday night it was 23 degrees above zero. It changed in a hurry. Monday night it was 15 degrees below zero, and the wind was blowing very hard. Tuesday morning at about 8:30 or 9:00 a.m. it was 23 below. That day it warmed up to 11 degrees below zero in the afternoon. Wednesday morning at about 8:00 a.m. it was 25 degrees below, however, it warmed up considerably in the afternoon to about 5 degrees below. This morning it is warmer, only 17 degrees below and the wind has practically stopped. So, I think I might have use for my overcoat for a little while longer. Ha Ha. Boy is it ever cold when that wind blows!! My face can't take it. When the wind blows and it is cold, my face just aches, I don't go out

any more than I have too! We are next to the river, and it is a damp cold that is much colder than it was over in Bismarck, however it won't last forever. I sort of got my nose a little frost bitten, and it is tender and can't take very much cold. I wasn't made for cold weather I guess.

Well, I got in on another good banquet. Boy, was it good! We were invited to speak at the Phalanx Fraternity, and they were having a banquet at the Graver hotel, so that is where we went. We really dined in style. I never met such a group of friendly young men in all my life. They were certainly a swell bunch of fellows. After the dinner, I talked about 25 minutes, and then let them ask questions for about 20 minutes. Scott then took over, and talked about 20 minutes, and then they asked questions for over an hour. We would have been there all night answering questions, if the chairman hadn't stopped it. They were surely interested and had a lot of very good questions. They certainly seemed to like our talks, and all congratulated us and asked us to attend some of their meetings, and they want us to attend a dance Friday night which they sponsor. It is a HI-DRY-NIGHT-CLUB, it is for the high school kids. They are trying to create a good place for high school kids to go. Out in this country they don't have school dances, or good clean dance halls, their only ones are usually in connection with a beer joint. A lot of the churches out here are very much opposed to dancing, and are against the plans of these fellows. The way they run the place is to allow no smoking, or drinking of any kind, except soft drinks. It is a very good plan, as it keeps the kids out of the dives. They invited us out, and want any suggestions we can give, as they have heard of the way we conduct dances in the churches home. Three of the fellows in the club are pilots, and at least one owns his own plane, so we may again get a ride. Johnny Anderson's plane has been grounded and he can't take it up any more, so unless we get one of these fellows to take us up, we won't go any more.

We haven't done much this week except study, as it is too cold to tract. However, last night we had a very good time. We held our weekly study class. One of our Catholic friends came out and we had a very good discussion with him. It was Glen Bodily's birthday, so after meeting, he took us, the lady missionaries, and George Klufaa our Catholic friend, in his new Cheve, and we went for a ride. We ended up at the bowling alley, and Glen took us all bowling. My hands were sort of cold or something, anyhow, I couldn't get going the first part of the first game. I couldn't pick up a spare to save my neck. The last couple of frames I picked up and got a couple of spares to make a total of 118. The second game I did pretty good, though I muffed two out of the first four frames. Then I got going. I bowled three spares and two strikes in a row. Then my foot slipped on the last time, and I only got a seven. So my total score was only 148. We had a lot of fun, the six of us, and then he took us to a restaurant, and we had something to eat. The members here certainly treat us swell, I've never been around anyone that has treated me better. They'd help us any way they could. We can stay at Cheney's or Taylors any time. Glen is single, or he would do the same. The other day we were kidding about being broke, and he offered to give us money if we needed it. The members are also well versed on the Gospel. They all know about as much as the missionaries, and when we hold our study class we really have some very good discussions. Cheney's are being transferred, though, so there goes four of our ten members, darn it. Taylors are also afraid that they may be transferred, so we may be losing out soon.

Beck, I was glad to get a letter from you. I think you did right in not getting the gun, as Henry said it would be much better to buy a new one. So you think I couldn't hit anything, you just wait and see. If it was me, I'd rather put the money on a .22 automatic pistol, I'd rather have one of those than a rifle any day.

So you think my good luck in hitchhiking is because I hold my mouth right. That's not quite it. "The Lord takes care of his own." The last time we hitch-hiked there were two separate fellows, headed by Fargo, that were ahead of us, and got a ride before we did, one was in army uniform. However, we passed them both on the road. It is a lot of fun to hitch-hike. We usually give out tracts to the people in the cars we ride with, and we always get a good conversation about Mormonism with them.

Yes, we like our room, it is a big old house, but it was a swell one in its day, It is a good substantial one, though of course it isn't brand new. We are living in the ritzy section of town, where all the swell homes are. Just across the street is the home of one of the richest men in town. Down the street a few houses is another, so you can see we are living in class. The board here is also pretty good. When the elders visit us we can have them here to eat, and she doesn't charge us any extra, because we eat out once in a while, so that makes it very good.

So it has been raining there, quite a difference from here. I don't know rather we can contact you with the radio now or not. This fellow has a very powerful station, he is working in connection with the national defense, any way, there seems to be some sort of disturbance around Utah. He can get stations out on the coast, but he can't seem to get any around the locality of Utah, so maybe we'll have to forego it. I'm glad you liked the pictures, I'll try and send you some more later on. I wish I had the facilities to print



and develop my own. As it is I wait until we get 100 prints between us, and then we send them into a company and get them done for 1 cent a print.

Well be good and may God bless all of you. Eldred.

**February 24, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well here it is the end of another month--at least according to our reports. How time flies, it won't be long till I'll have been out a year. I'm surely enjoying the time out here. It is just one grand vacation, I like better all the time. I will be able to say that the two years spent on a mission were the happiest in my life. It isn't work, far from it--it's a lot of fun, I never had as much fun at home.

My expenses for the month were \$31.44: \$20.50 for meals and room. Laundry \$2.09, postage \$1.05, and Misc. \$6.90: Hall rent, hair cut, stuff for cold, P.O. box, show, and the ice carnival.

I've surely had a good time this past week, even if it was so cold. Yesterday, it was warmer, but in the afternoon we got a snowstorm, and this morning it was down to 9 below.

I believe I told you that we helped Glen Bodily celebrate his birthday. Since then we have visited a few people. Friday night we went to that Phalanx Fraternity dance. We watched them and spent the entire evening talking to them and watching the kids dance. Boy, would I have liked to dance too! We made pretty good friends with several of the fellows in the club. There are about four or five pilots in the bunch. One of them seemed to like us quite a bit. Anyway, we got an invite to go to the airport with him Saturday. He came into town, got us and took us out. We spent the whole afternoon at the airport. There was one of those big, new Lockheed bombers there. It was testing for a day or so, and then it was headed for Winnipeg, and from there to England. It was some ship. It flew from the coast to Fargo in 4 hours and 38 minutes. Fast huh? We got to go in the pilot's room in the airport and play table tennis and fool around. Guess what, I even "propped" a plane. Cranked it in other words, or spun the propeller. It is quite an art. You have to spin it and then keep out of the road. Wilbur Swanson--that is the fellow that took us out, then took us up in his ship. He was a Cub Coupe. It is just a little plane, but it is a nice one. It cost \$2100 new. It cruises at 90 miles an hour, of course it will go about 130, but it cruises around 90. We had a nice long ride. We flew all over Fargo, and saw it from the air. We flew over into Minnesota, and up and down the Red River. He did a few stunts for us, and we really had a swell ride. We met a lot of the pilots out to the airport, and have quite a few friends out there. We could get a ride about any Saturday if we wanted one I guess.

Yesterday, we held church again. I took charge of the meeting, and gave a short talk. We had a total of 14 out. We aren't getting so many out lately, some of our members have the mumps, and I don't know what is the matter with the rest of them. After meeting, we--lady missionaries and us--went down to Cheney's for the rest of the day. We certainly had a grand dinner. We fooled around all afternoon, and played a few games, had supper, and played some more until it was time to go home. I tell you, this missionary life here in Fargo is just one grand time. I'm surely enjoying myself. The members here couldn't be beat. Saturday night Glen Bodily came around and took us and the lady missionaries to the North Dakota A.C. basketball game. I was pretty good, though I still like the way that they play back home. I think Weber's team of a couple years ago could have beat the AC here, and they are supposed to be pretty good.

**Tuesday, February 25, 1941** Sorry I didn't get this mailed yesterday. The lady missionaries came over in the afternoon, and we fooled around all afternoon discussing things in general, and in looking over photo albums.

I wish this cold weather would get over. It's too cold to suit me to get around much. Last week was all below zero with the coldest temperature a -25. Saturday and Sunday it warmed up and came above zero and seemed quite nice. However as I said, it got colder Sunday evening, yesterday was down below zero, and this morning it is again down to -16. I'm getting tired of this, it should start to warm up pretty soon, it's practically the first of March.

I haven't had my picture taken yet, but I'll send you one when I get around to having it taken.

Brother Cheney is going to Grand Forks for a couple of days this week, so I guess we'll go along with him, and visit the elders there, and look the town over. Pretty soon I'll know all the towns in North Dakota, and feel right at home in any of them. There is only one large town in the state that I haven't been in. That is Minot in the North Western part of the state. I know this state much better than I do Utah. I know all the bigger towns, where they are, I've been in practically all of them, and I know quite a bit about them. I feel right at home here. I'm not in the least sorry that I was sent to this mission. If I had it to do over again, I believe I'd just as soon go here as any where else. The only drawback of course is the cold temperatures, but we sort of get used to it. It is cold, but I don't feel it any more than I felt the cold

days back home.

Well, write when you can find time, and may God bless you. Eldred.

**March 2, 1941.** Well, our cold weather let up for a couple of days, and it actually melted on the sidewalks for a while in the afternoon. We had a heat wave! People were out in their swim and sunsuits, Ha Ha, and dying with the heat. However, it is cooler again today, and we are getting a little snow, and the wind is straight from the north; if it keeps up we'll have zero weather again.

Well, I got my picture taken. It is pretty good. I only have the proofs, but I will send you a couple when I get the pictures. You won't recognize me--I don't look anything like the other picture that I had. I didn't know that I had changed so much, at least from my point of view.

Dad, I was very glad to get your letter, and to hear that you are getting along fine. I'm glad to hear that the church house is progressing. You say you are going to drop several of your accounts. What are you doing now? Where are you working? Still at the factory? Do you make enough out there, are you doing something else too? I'm glad to hear that you are doing so well, I hope I am not using too much money out here, I'll try and not to use any more than I have to. Don't worry, I don't tell them that the people in Utah are perfect, I know better. As for my coming home speech, I intend to tell a few of those people back home where to head in at. I got the money order, thanks.

Beck, thanks for your letter, quite a coincidence that your license number and my box no. are the same. So 5 above is the coldest it got there, that is a nice day here. When I get through with my overcoat, I will try and give it to someone that needs it. It is wearing more and more, and is getting quite shabby, I'll surely be glad when spring comes, and I can discard it. Yes, we have been very fortunate in getting in on some very fine dinners. I hope we can keep it up. So you like my bowling scores. I bowled two games last week--131, and 145, I couldn't pick up spares, or I would have had a pretty good game. I only picked up 4 spares in two games. Usually I get most of my points on picking up spares, but I was off on them the other day. We get to ride in Glen's new Cheve at least twice a week. It is a nice car, and he has the deluxe model. I like the looks, and the way it rides. Of course I like an Olds best, but it costs more money. I think it would be a much better investment as you say to get a .22 automatic instead of a rifle, as we would get a lot of use out of it.

Here is a clipping out of the Liahona--the elder's journal--it is published through out the missions. It has a page for each mission, and then has several articles from different Church authorities. We got a good write-up in it this month. They take the best experiences in the mission and write them up, we got half of the page, pretty good huh?

Well, we went traveling again. Brother Cheney had to go to Grand Forks, so we packed up my briefcase, and away we went. We had a good visit with the elders there, and slept four in a bed as usual. Brother Cheney's expense account paid for our dinners there and we had a very good meal.

We went skating again the other night, and had a pretty good time. I'm getting pretty good at skating backwards, it is lots of fun except when I take a spill.

We held church again this morning, and I took charge again. I've got to preach again next time. I'm running out of subjects. Well, this week makes my year. The time has surely gone by in a hurry. I'm afraid I'll be home before I know it. They say that the second year goes twice as fast as the first one so--!

We saw a notice in the paper that a Baptist preacher is going to speak at the Methodist Ladies Aid meeting on the Mormon Church, so we are going to try and get in and see what the old boy has to say about us. I'd really like to hear someone get up and preach against us. I think I'd enjoy it very much. I surely hope that we can get to hear him. Maybe it won't be as bad as I think, he may even give us the breaks, who knows?

I've got some more pictures to show you some of these times, I'm waiting till the four of us get 100 negatives to print and then we'll send them in. I think you can have one that I have, it is a picture of Elder Scott and Will Swanson and his plane that we went up in.

I still can't seem to gain any weight. I'll have to go back to batching it I guess, maybe that will help.

I'm going to go and see the dentist one of these days, I have a cavity or two that need fixing, and I think I should have it done. Well, write soon, and may God bless you, Eldred.

P.S. Also dogonit, my eyes have been bothering me some lately when I read and also when I'm not reading. My eyes seem to feel better without the "specks", though I can't see as good without them. I surely hate the thoughts of having to put out any more money than I have to. Do you think I should have them looked at? It's been several years since I got them, maybe my eyes have changed. Do you think so? It costs about \$5.00 for examination here, but I can get \$2.00 off for clergy, and also 10% on lenses. Tell

me what you think I should do.

**March 10, 1941.** Dear Folks, I was glad to get your letter, and hear from you. But I told you a couple of times not to send any extra money unless I asked for it! I have plenty at the present time. I haven't had time to go to the dentist, but I'll get around to it. As for my eyes, I haven't had time to read any, so I don't know whether they are bothering me any or not. Thanks any way for your kindness in thinking of me and sending the money.

Here is a couple of the proofs of my pictures. I won't have the real thing for another week yet. I didn't get a chance to take my proofs down to the studio and tell them which one I wanted. Send this proof back, I want it.

Helen, I was very glad to get your letter. I'm glad to hear that you are writing to Uncle Clarence. So you went to the Cannons banquet huh, I guess I'm not the only one that gets to go to banquets. Don't worry about not going to those dances, you have plenty of time for that. Look at me, I didn't go to one dance while I was in high school, and look at the fun I had afterwards. Your fudge sounds good, but don't send any out—it does dry too quick. Thanks anyway. Yes, I know Grant West. I went to school with him. He should know me. As for the radio call, I'm afraid this fellow can't get Utah. He can get coast stations, but there is some sort of a disturbance around the mountains that makes reception very difficult, and it is awfully hard to even understand what is going on. We'll just have to stick to letters I guess.

Beck, I was glad to hear from you too. I'm glad that you liked the pictures. That is right. I don't get much sleep. I haven't had much since I hit Fargo. We never get to bed before 12 or 1 o'clock, and we have breakfast every morning promptly at 8, so you can see we don't get much sleep. As for where I get my money, you folks sent me quite a bit extra a long time ago, and I got quite a bit for Christmas, so I have a little left over at the end of every month. Yes, I'm now heading on my home stretch. They say it goes twice as fast as the first. I got a nice box of candy and nuts from Lois as a gift for remembrance for my first year here. It was certainly nice of her to remember. I'm sorry that I don't get in those pictures, I'll try and do better. I have the camera, and it is usually me that takes the pictures. Thanks for the clippings.

Boy! I've certainly had a time since I last wrote to you. Monday morning, at 7:00 a fellow here left for Bismarck, and as he had some spare room, we went along. It is out of our district, but we went anyway. Sunday it had snowed a lot, and also blowing a lot Monday. We had to wait in one place for an hour and wait for a snow plow to come and clear out the drifts. In some places it was drifted across the highways about four feet thick. We finally got through though. We visited Elders Wellman and Kuhn. Elder Kuhn is the D.P. of the West N.D. district. I visited a few friends, and we went to Jacobsen's for the night. Kuhn had some very good chili for dinner, and I actually liked it. It was like nothing else I have ever seen. I didn't even recognize it as being chili, though I could see beans in it. He had all kinds of things in it—onions, tomatoes, hamburger, a brick of chili con carne, and a couple of cans of kidney beans. Jacobsens treated us swell, and we ate very good there. They also invited some friends down and they played the violin, banjo, and guitar. We had a real good time.

We visited people all day, and Elder Smith and Stucki came down from Beulah in answer to our card, and we had a reunion. We stayed at Jacobsens again that night. In the morning Scott, Smith, and I head west in Smiths car "Jezebel", a 29 Cheve. We stopped in Hebron and visited a family, and had dinner, and visited a couple of more people. We then headed west again to Dickinson and visited people. We had supper and stayed at Merz and slept three in a bed. We also had breakfast. That place cost us 50 cents each, but it wasn't bad. We had dinner there after visiting some people. We had dinner with one of the friends the elders had there. Smith and Scott worked together in that part of the country. As it is now out of our district and we had the chance to get over there, we were telling them all good bye for the last time.

We then headed north to the town of Kildeer and visited, from there we went to Beulah and stayed at Smith's residence. The next morning I drove the car with them and we headed back to Bismarck, there we traded companions and I worked with Kuhn. That darn Tippetts guy didn't leave any information regarding the project, and he didn't visit only about three or four of the contacts that Lyon and I made. So all our work was practically wasted. I left a book with the names of all the contacts and their addresses, but he either lost it or I don't know what. Kuhn and I went all over town and visited people. We did O.K. A lot of the people were surely glad to see me. They were also glad to get in contact with the elders, so I guess we did some good work there.

I slept that night with Kuhn in Bismarck. Saturday morning we all headed for Fargo after a very amusing trip. We got here. There was a note from the lady missionaries in the room saying there was a



new elder in town and they couldn't find him. It certainly had Scott and I worried to think we had left the district and that had happened. However it turned out that the two lady missionaries had had a quarrel, and were separated. Sister Buckley was up to Beth Taylors, and the lady missionaries' landlady said that Sister Garff had gone out. Scott was worried that he shouldn't have gone out of his district. We all went up to Taylors, and saw Sister Buckley. She told Scott a big story of what had happened between them and Beth. Taylor stuck up for Sister Buckley. They were having dinner when we arrived and Taylors had a Miss Hansen to dinner. Any way they said Miss Hansen had some questions on Mormonism, and I got stuck to answer them. Any how I went into action explaining her questions before I caught on. Boy, was I ever a sucker. It turned out that she was a new lady missionary taking Sister Garff's place. They--the two lady missionaries and Taylors--surely got a laugh out of it. Was my face red!!

Afterwards to celebrate we split up, and Stucki, Smith, Wellman and I took the two lady missionaries to a show. We went in Jezebel. Right in the middle of town we hit a big mud puddle and smeared up the windows. Smith wasn't used to such a big town after Beulah, and was a little flustered. He tried to run a red light because he didn't know where it was, and couldn't see any way. He killed the engine right in the middle of the intersection on the busiest corner in town on Saturday night. We really had a traffic jam. We all about died laughing except Smith, the poor guy he was embarrassed half to death. He stayed through about three changes of the light, and finally got it going only to do the same thing on the next corner. I never laughed so hard in my life. We laughed till our sides hurt. Then to top it off the car started misbehaving, and he had a hard time trying to run it. Any way we finally got it going, and got to the show. I slept with Smith that night here at home.

The next morning, we held a missionary meeting, and then held church. We had a good meeting, and had 20 out. Afterwards, we split up and I went to Taylors for dinner. After dinner we all got together at Taylors, Glenn Bodily, Cheney's, and all. We really had a reunion, and had a nice afternoon. At night we split up again, and part of us went to some church, and had a boring evening. I slept at Taylors with Kuhn. (I slept in six different beds in seven nights, and slept with three different fellows.) This morning the elders left for their district, and we are busy getting out our reports for the district.

The weather has changed quite a bit, though it does look a little like storm tonight, and it is getting a little colder. It was spring out in the western part of the state, didn't need a coat. When we came back here it was warmer, but we still needed a coat. We certainly had a nice trip. We traveled about 700 miles and we about broke even for what it would have cost us to live here. The rebate we get for our board bill should about pay all the cost of our trip. Not bad huh?

Well, I'm glad to be back and get down to a routine again and get things straightened out. Thanks again for sending that money, and may God bless each and every one of you. Eldred.

**March 14, 1941.** Fargo, N.D. Dear Folks, Just a note to tell you that I am being transferred. I'm to be senior companion in Jamestown. I'm going to work with Norman Taylor of El Paso, Texas. Norman Boeslund is to take my place. My new address will be P.O. Box 245 Jamestown N.D. I'll write more as soon as I can find time. Eldred.

**March 18, 1941.** Jamestown, N.D. Dear Folks, Well at last I've found time to write. I've surely been busy lately. Over in Fargo, Elder Norman Taylor and Boeslund came to visit us on Wednesday and stayed till Saturday. I told you about getting fooled by the new lady missionary--well when Taylor and Boeslund came, we were holding a study class that evening with the lady missionaries and the members. We introduced Boeslund and Taylor as two fellows we had met at the Phalanx Fraternity. Did we ever string that lady missionary along, so I guess we got even.

Friday it was Elder Scott's birthday so we celebrated, and the six of us went to "Gone With the Wind". It was here for the second time and cheap too. We surely enjoyed it. Mrs. Cheney had us up for supper that night and did we ever have a feed.

Saturday night we spent the night at a hotel with the lady missionaries. It was a very eventful evening. The lady missionaries wanted to see a show and came around to our place about 7:30. It was a perfect evening. It was lovely out. The wind was blowing from the south and it was only a couple of degrees below freezing. We didn't even wear our galoshes. When we came out of the show there was a blizzard and the wind was blowing! We went to a coffee shop to wait for a bus, only to find out they couldn't run. We tried calling a taxi. But they wouldn't run either. The storm kept getting worse. We were on Broadway and the street was all lighted up. It was snowing so much you couldn't see the other side of the street. The wind was blowing so hard you could hardly stand up. We decided to try for a hotel. We managed to get about 1/2 block to a hotel and about froze. Hotel rooms were all sold out. So

we spent the night on the sofa in the lobby. Boy, what a storm! There were 200 people at a basketball game. They were ordered to stay there. All the theaters kept people there, and all the hotels were full. The temperature dropped about 30 degrees in an hour! It went to -5 degrees and the wind was recorded at 74 miles per hour (at times it went to 85) You think you had a wind storm. And with snow blowing so much you couldn't see across a lighted street!! The snow slowed down about 3:30 a.m. and we got a taxi and got home. I wouldn't have believed such a storm could exist. People were caught all over. Taylors were only a block from home and couldn't make it to their apartment and had to stay at a friend's place. It was really terrific. It blew out store windows, blew down chimneys, roofs etc.!

So far over 66 people in East N.D. and West Minnesota have been found dead. Over 35 in the Red River valley in North Dakota. More are still missing. Lots of them would get lost just a little way from a house. Farmers would try to get from their barn to the house and couldn't make it and freeze to death. The wind suffocated quite a few. One girl, the wind just rolled her along the field. The snow was very fine and blew so that you couldn't see only a few feet. I've heard of such storms but I didn't actually believe it until I saw it myself. People were stranded all over. A loose box car was blown 60 miles before it was derailed. Cars were blown off the highways and etc. It was the worst storm in a long while and here we thought spring was about here.

Well, I'll tell you about my transfer. Scott and I got a letter from President. He said he wanted me to be Senior Companion here in "Jimtown" with Elder Norman L. Taylor of El Paso Texas. Taylor has been out eight months. Boeslund has been out 18 months. President didn't think he was doing a good enough job as Senior Companion. He wouldn't work. So he is a junior companion again. He is the oldest in the field in this district. Darn it, I hated to leave Fargo. I liked Scott, the lady missionaries, the people and the locality. If I had remained there for the summer I would have gotten to go on the district tour with expenses paid. When I got a transfer I wanted to go to Minnesota, I didn't want Jimtown. It's been worked for 2 years and it is only about half tracted. No good investigators, and we do have a couple of families of saints and hold a home Sunday school. The town is about 10,000. They have the Insane Asylum here, also the Presbyterian College.

Board and room here is \$23.00 a month. It is much better board than in Fargo. Taylor says on account of clergy rate we get in to a free show once a week. We also have a radio program and I'll get to preach over the radio--more fun eh?

We have a nice room here. It is about 13x 13 in the basement. It has a wood floor with rugs. the walls are waxed pine and the ceiling is plywood strips. It surely looks nice. I surely wish you had fixed our two basement rooms that way. It is much better than lath and plaster for basement. Is it too late to fix ours that way? We have a small sink built in one side of the cabinet. The bathroom is just outside our room. Only one other uses it besides ourselves. Elder Boeslund left one of his radios (It's a good one) so we have music. Our bed is a new studio couch--a trifle short, but O.K.

I think that I'll be able to live just as cheap here even though board is higher the elders batched here before, but house keeping rooms are too expensive. It would cost just as much practically to batch and this is much nicer.

Beck I don't have your letter so I will answer anything I missed next time. Thanks for the pictures I don't know what was wrong with them. They just weren't taken right.

Well so long and write soon. May God bless you all. Eldred.

**May 2, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well, Here it is May, time still flies. Well tomorrow morning bright and early we leave for conference. I hope. The way it looks now, it will probably rain. Gosh, I'm tired of rain, the weather will clear up and be hot for part of a day and then it clouds up and rains. Honestly everything is damp, even this paper feels damp, and I feel sticky. When the sun comes out you feel the heat. It is damp and when the sun shines you sweat, and it is so damp the sweat doesn't evaporate and it makes you really feel warm.

Unless it rains too hard in the morning, we are going to start hitch hiking at 8:00 and hope to get to Fargo by noon. If it rains too hard, we'll have to wait till noon and take the train. We will stay in Fargo over Sunday, and Monday morning Taylor and Boeslund will go to Grand Forks, Scott and I will stay and meet President Richards at midnight and leave at 5:30 Tuesday morning for Grand Forks. There we will hold our missionary meeting all day, and then a public meeting in the evening. I'll probably have to speak, I guess.

From then on what happens I haven't the slightest idea, except that we intend to come back here on Friday or Saturday. My little Gladstone comes in swell on this trip. We are taking two extra shirts apiece, underwear and socks, some books, razors, and also my pants presser in case we get wet and lose the press in our pants. A raincoat doesn't do much good below the knees. It surely came in handy this

spring, though. I've used it almost every day. I don't know what I'd have done without it.

I'm probably going to talk in conference on "Why am I here." Just in case, I also have a talk on prayer, or a couple of others I can use if I have too. They might rook me into talking at church in Fargo.

Here's a few pictures I have taken, I'll send more after conference. The bunch of us are sending in some negatives then. I have some pretty good ones--at least I think so.

Beck, thanks for your letter, so you're tired of rain too, eh? Say what shall I do about my overcoat? You say send it home, and Dad says not to. Which shall I do?

So there are a lot of pheasants in Tremonton--save them till I get back.

So you're a member of the W.C.V.L. again. Ha Ha. Do you think they'll plant any fish? You couldn't catch them anyway.

Yes, I do like Scott a lot. I want to go to school at the B.Y.U. as that's where he's going.

So you don't think I could drive a car--say just let me at it. What do you think of a Nash? One with the convertible bed for fishing trips?

Did you have a good trip up to Payette? What kind of a place is it?

I'm going to get me a pair of cords when I get in Fargo. My old grey pants wore out, and I need something to wear around the house. It surely saves a lot of wear on suits. This summer, I'm going to wear my blue and brown slacks to tract in and just use my suits for best. It will save a lot of wear. I wish it would clear up so I can get me a sailor hat, this felt one is getting hot.

Dad, thanks for your letter and the money. I agree with you, the stakes out of Utah are much more faithful and get together and have fun a lot more than the wards and stakes in Utah. I really think it is a disadvantage as far as church is concerned to live in Utah.

I'll get my eyes looked at in Fargo, they haven't been bothering me lately as I've quit reading and haven't worn my specs very much. As for my getting transferred, not a chance, I have to finish this project first, and I'm going to do it right. Missionaries have been here two years and only tracted about 3/4, if that much. I have to finish that other 1/4. We have 1/3 of it done and if it will quit raining, we should have everything finished either by the first or 15th of July. This is quite a nice little town, I kind of like it. My hay fever doesn't start till in July, so I won't be bothered by that.

Do you think we will get a new bishop? Who will it be?

I'd rather not get in the draft. Not that I'd mind army life, but I don't want to waste another year. I want to go to school and study to be a school teacher. I'm pretty sure that's what I want, I think I'd like it very much.

Say what would the chances be of my working at the arsenal during the summer for \$4.40 a day? Or will I have to try the Cannery again?

You speak of plastering the basement. I still think it would be better to line the bedrooms with wood like our room is here. If you could see this, you'd never want a plastered basement bedroom. This doesn't seem like a basement room at all. I surely like it. Maybe it would cost too much though to fix it this way. It would be nice, though, to have the basement all plastered. It would surely make it nice.

I took time out for dinner. It has been raining some, but has stopped now. Boy, I'm all gave out. I just had a work out playing catch, and knocking a tennis ball back and forth on the paved street with Edna Gums. Boy, I'm out of condition. I haven't had any exercise except walking for so long I'm not used to it. I'll be glad when I get my tennis racquet and come back from conference, I'm going to play before breakfast or before supper a few times a week and get some exercise, I need it. Walking is very poor exercise.

It sounds like you are fixing up the place quite a bit. I'll bet it looks a lot different when I get back.

So Sam sold his lot. They building yet?

Why don't you go out and try the fishing at Locomotive Springs. That's one place I wanted to fish--and they would go and open when I can't be there to fish, darn them anyway.

I'm glad the factory is doing O.K. I'd hate to see Roy and Leslie in the draft, though the army training might not hurt. Well, I'll write when I get back from conference. So long, and may God bless you. Eldred.

P.S. I just got my tennis racquet. Thanks ever so much. I've got lots of time, so I thought I'd write a little more.

Sunday, we held our Sunday school at Shipleys as usual and came home. We had a swell chicken dinner. I ate so much I almost went to sleep on the front porch. All at once in walked Sister Buckley. I wasn't even surprised to see her. Nothing surprises me anymore. Glen Bodily and Boeslund and Scott and the two lady missionaries decided to go for a ride after their Sunday school and ended up over here in Jimtown. We had a good visit and took some more pictures. They left in the evening.



Monday, we usually don't tract much as it is wash day and people are busy. So we went down to Shipleys and spent the day there. We changed their storm windows, then stayed for another swell chicken dinner, and then in the afternoon went out in the country and got a couple of loads of sand for the kid's sandpile. It is pretty out in the country, everything is so green. Of course there were a few fields in which the dust was flying. It rains one day and the same afternoon the streets can be dusty. There is usually a breeze, and it dries up the ground quite a bit.

Anyway, Shipley is a fisherman, and he promised to take runs out to Spirit Wood Lake when the season opens. So, I hope we'll get some fishing (I hope).

Monday night we went to our weekly free show. We saw the Road to Zanzibar with Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, but it wasn't very good.

This town has three very pretty parks, with all kinds of trees and the James River winding around through them. They also have some good tennis courts. It's a nice town for its size. Any one of its parks are better than any of Ogden's. Ogden's are just a block of grass. These are really pretty.

We have been helping a couple of College girls get a composition on "Why Mormonism", and what it is, and we have spent the last two evenings explaining it to them.

Well, I'll close now. Write soon, Eldred.

**May 10, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well, here I am back here in Jamestown again after a very eventful week, safe, sound and sleepy. I was glad to find your letter waiting for me, Beck. You ask about our washing. We are washing again this morning. We have the use of the washing machine, and so we use it. However, we do send our shirts out and have them washed and ironed. Congratulations in getting a raise. How much did you get?

So you are doing a little traveling--Provo, Payette, etc. Tell me how you make out. I'm glad to hear that all of the fruit wasn't frozen. I haven't played any tennis yet, but give me time. Do me a favor will you? It won't be too hard to take--go out and fish Locomotive Springs will you, and tell me how you make out and what the place looks like. I'd surely like to go out and try it myself, but you will have to do it by yourself. Thanks for the poem on Mother's Day.

I hunted all over Fargo, and couldn't find me a pair of cords. They don't seem to use cream-colored cords in this country. I guess I'll have to try and find something else, but I would surely like to have cords to knock around in.

I didn't get my eyes tested in Fargo, there were so many things happening I didn't get a chance. They haven't bothered me for a couple of weeks, and I'll wait and see. If they don't bother me anymore, maybe they are O.K. now.

Here's the story of my trip. Taylor and I left the house at 8:00 Saturday morning. We waited awhile for a ride, and caught a ride with a representative of the Adams Hat Company. He covers seven states. He had a '41 Plymouth. He was a swell guy and liked our company. In fact, he was going clear to St. Paul and said we could go along, but we had to refuse as we were headed for conference. We arrived in Fargo at about four minutes to 10:00 a.m. Pretty good time for 100 miles eh?

At Fargo, we went up to Taylors and watched them pack. They are going to Lincoln, Nebraska. We helped them move the heavy pieces of furniture. Then the four of us bought a sailor straw lid. We had to hunt all over town to find them, as most of the stores don't have them in yet. No one else is wearing them, but we did. The lady missionaries didn't like it at all. It was surely hot Saturday. It was 86 degrees, but over in Fargo it was damp after the rain and boy it was hot, I really suffered with the heat. The two lady missionaries and us went riding. We went to the state Veteran's Hospital, and then out to see the ski jump. It is the highest artificial ski jump in the world. It is made out of wood and is way high in the air. We climbed to the top. It was quite a thrill to be so high off the ground.

We then ran out of gas, and three went for gas. Afterwards we went to the lady missionaries, and they served us a very nice supper. They are good cooks. We sat around and talked and played rook till midnight, and Scott and I went to Cheney's and made up the studio couch and went to bed. Sunday morning we held church and had a good meeting. We fooled around in the afternoon, and then held a Book of Mormon study class till about 7:00. Glen Bodily then took us for a ride. We rode over in to Minor, about 30 miles to Barnesville, had something to eat, and got back about midnight. Scott and I slept at Cheney's again. Monday Scott and I cut Cheney's lawn. It was a job! A big lawn and the grass was high. Sister Cheney is not feeling well, and we helped her with some housework. Brother Cheney is out of town most of the time touring the states. She then took us for a ride in their New Buick (Taylors also have a new car--a Cheve) We went along the Red River and it was very, very, pretty.

Scott and I caught up on a little sleep in the afternoon. The lady missionaries and Taylor and Boeslund went to Grand Forks. Scott and I went to a 15 cent show in the evening and then met President

Richards and D.P. Gillespie at the train and took them to a Hotel. Scott and I slept in our old bed at Holaitz Rooming House. We got up at five minutes to six the next morning and had to catch the 6:30 train. We had about ten blocks or more to walk and had to shave and etc. Boy, did we rush. We just did make it, and then the train was late.

President then took us in to the hotel and bought us a breakfast. We got to Grand Forks about 9:30 and then held a missionary meeting till 12:30. Taylor and Boeslund got mad at Scott and I. We played a joke on them. It was our suggestion to buy straw lids, and then we didn't wear ours, and did they feel self-conscious, Ha Ha. We had a lot of fun teasing them. We had Relief Society in the afternoon after President bought us a dinner and we had our group picture taken. All of the junior companions spoke, and also President Richards and D.P. Gillespie. In the evening meeting we had about 50 present. I was the first speaker and talked 15 minutes. The meeting lasted until after nine, but President and the lady missionaries and Boeslund and Taylor caught the train to Fargo before the meeting finished. Afterwards, we ordained a couple of deacons. We then fooled around and got to bed about 2:00. We slept 4 in a bed, and did I sleep. I was so tired I didn't wake once.

Wednesday we spent the afternoon at the Y.M.C.A. and played pool. We visited a few people, and then were invited out to supper (thank goodness). I don't care much for Gunn's cooking. The one meal we ate there he served us left over macaroni, tomatoes, hamburger, cheese and what have you, and then mixed in a couple of cans of pork and beans. How does it sound?

We were invited out to Briggs and had a good supper. Afterwards we played dominoes. Then we left and went to a show. Afterwards we bowled a couple of games. I bowled 145,160. Not so bad, huh?

We slept 4 in a bed again. I slept plenty good again. The next morning Scott and I thumbed a ride in a '41 Plymouth to Fargo. He took another highway and we traveled 120 miles through pretty country. He was going clear down to about the center of Iowa, through Minn., S.D. and back to Jamestown. He was coming back Monday, and asked us to go along and help drive. It wouldn't cost us anything. We accepted. He let us out in Fargo, and was going to pick us up in an hour. However, he must have forgotten our address as he didn't show up. Boy were Scott and I ever disappointed. It would have been a nice trip through some of the prettiest country in the U.S. Oh, well!!

We went down and got the lady missionaries, and fooled around and the six of us played rook again, and then went down town and fooled around at a cafe. Scott and I got back to Cheney's about 1:30, and made our bed and went to sleep.

Yesterday morning, after washing dishes, Scott and I went back and met Boeslund and Taylor. I had spent almost a week with Scott as a companion again.

Taylor and I then thumbed a ride back to Jimtown in a '37 Ford. This fellow was going to Minot up in the northwestern part of the state and asked us if we wanted to go with him. We would liked to have gone, but we had other things to do. So we got here in Jamestown just in time for dinner. We surely had a nice trip. I thumbed 320 miles, and had offers of rides up to about over 2000 miles but we didn't take them. We surely did O.K. on our thumbing. Last night we went to our free show and saw Tobacco Road, but I didn't like it at all.

The country is surely pretty. Everything is so green. We saw lots of ducks and pheasants along the road, and over around Fargo there are lots of trees. It's surely pretty. It's hard to keep directions straight, especially when it's cloudy and you can't see the sun. There are no landmarks, and one direction looks just the same as another. I get twisted every once in a while.

Well, I'll close and write more later. Mom, I hope you have a happy Mother's Day, and God bless each and every one of you.

P.S. Taylor is transferred to Grand Forks and Strasser from Nevada is to be my companion starting Monday the 12th.

P.S.S. Also Boeslund is transferred to Duluth out of our district.

**May 16, 1941.** "Jimtown". Dear Folks, Well, I just got through mowing the lawn, and decided to rest up a bit and write a letter. While I was mowing the lawn, Strasser was spading the garden. This is really home. Mrs. Gruchalla is almost like a mother, and we have the run of the house, and we also help her with some things. We always dry the dishes, and help her with some of the odd jobs. And she's a Catholic, too.

Mom, how did the Musical Festival turn out? I'll bet it was quite an affair with that many kids coming to town. How did you make out with the ones you took? What were they? Boy or girl? Or didn't you have to take any? Did Beck ever get back from Payette? I had a card from him there and that is the last I've heard from him. Though he said he'd write soon.

Dad, how are you and the pea weevils coming along? I hope you can control them O.K. What kind of a fence did you build around the house? (Not that I meant it had anything to do with the weevils.)

You say the bishopric was to be changed on the 15th of May. Was it? Did they give any reasons for the change? Who was put in?

So you received a card from President Richards. It sounds like he's on my side. Hope I can keep him thinking that way.

You mention a small radio you are using. Did I tell you, I have a radio. When Elder Boeslund left here, he left us his small 6 tube RCA Victor here. When he got transferred to Duluth, I tried to give it back to him but he wouldn't take it. I told him I didn't want to buy it as he wanted \$6.00 for it and that's too much. He has two radios. He said I could use it if I would carry it around with me, and then give it to him when I get back in Ogden, since he doesn't have room, and can't use two. I told him I didn't want it. But he insisted, I tried then to rent it but he wouldn't let me pay anything, so now I have a radio. It's a pretty good one too.

When Taylor moved, he didn't have room for all his stuff so I took advantage and sold him my big tin suitcase. I sold it for about 1/2 of what I paid for it, but I didn't lose much anyway as I only paid \$2.50 for it, and I would also have had to get another to pack my stuff, so now I can buy me one of those small trunks. I can get one for about \$5 or maybe cheaper. That will make things very nice. I'll have the trunk and Gladstone for my immediate needs, such as pajamas, socks and a couple of shirts and etc., so now I will be fixed up right.

Say Dad, where did your folks come from, where did they join the Church, what church did they belong to, and what type of work and position did they have in Sweden? Did any of the rest of their immediate family come over, or were some of them left there? Tell me what you can about them.

Well Elder Dilworth Strasser of Mesquite, Nevada has been here with me now almost a week. He came in Monday evening on the train. We have spent the week visiting people and in doing some tracting. Strasser is about 6 months older than I am, and he has been to school in St. George, Utah. I believe you have a picture of him that I sent home quite a while ago. He came out to the mission field in January. He is a very congenial fellow, and has been around. He and I will get along good together.

Helen, I believe you are taking Seminary, if I remember right. Do me a favor and ask your teacher a question. I want an answer if you can get it. I haven't found anyone out here who can give me a satisfactory answer on it. In the Book of Mormon in the Book of Jacob 2:24 it condemns King Solomon and David for having many wives. I know that Solomon was condemned because I can find it both in the Book of Mormon and in the Bible. However, the matter of David is different. In the Bible it says that David lived righteously before God, and that the only wrong he did was in the matter of Uriah the Hittite. So much for that. Now here's where the rub comes--in the Doctrine and Covenants 132 section and the 39 verse it says David's wives and concubines were given him by the Lord through the hand of Nathan, and in none of these things did he do wrong save in the case of Uriah and his wife. Now here is my question. Get him to explain the contradiction. At least to me there is a contradiction. The Book of Mormon condemns David for his wives and concubines, and the Doctrine and Covenants says they were given him of the Lord and that the only wrong he did was in the case of Uriah. So as far as I can see, they don't agree one with another. What do you think, Dad? I'd like to get this settled. I haven't found anyone out here that can explain it satisfactorily to me.

I had a slight interruption. Mrs. Jacobsen was here. She and Ben and Neil, their son, are taking a bunch of Marble Champions to Grand Forks. I was surely glad to see them again. They are certainly nice people. I got a cake from them last Saturday so you can see they still remember me. They left, and we had our supper. Afterwards we went to our weekly free show. We saw High Sierra with Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino. It was a fair picture but nothing extra. However, the mountain scenery surely looked good. Those mountain roads sorta looked scary though after these flat prairie roads! Ha Ha. After the show we walked down to the post office to look at an empty box. A couple of girls I've met hollered at us and wanted us to go for a car ride, but we came on home and turned it down. Gosh, I sure could have a lot of fun if I wasn't a missionary. There are a lot of pretty girls in this town that are kinda interested in the "Mormons". Ha Ha.

Did I tell you I helped a couple of college girls get a thesis on "Why Mormonism." They brought a copy of it back the other day and it's plenty good, even if I did outline it and give them about 4 hours of advice. It's a very good paper and it's about 15 typewritten pages long. On the title page they gave thanks to Taylor and me for our information.

Edna Gums, a girl that comes here and helps Mrs. Gruchalla once in awhile, she's a good friend of Mrs. Gruchalla's daughter and helps Mrs. Gruchalla a lot. I've got her quite interested in Mormonism.



I've got her reading lots of tracts and pamphlets. I helped her in an argument against her minister. She believes in a literal resurrection and they don't and she wanted help, so I gave her all the material she needed. She licked the preacher in the argument, but he crawfished and started reading out of some book by some man and so they quit arguing no better off than before. I've gotten her to read parts of the Articles of Faith and of Jesus the Christ. Yesterday I talked her into reading "Added Upon" that should help clear up her problem. She believes strongly in predestination, and can't see that it is foreordination. Boy we surely go the rounds and argue about it plenty. She is over here every Saturday and also several times a week at meal times, so we get plenty of arguments. She is the tennis champ of this town so maybe I can get a few pointers. Mrs. Gruchalla's daughter has a whole case of tennis medals and if she comes home from Wisconsin maybe I'll learn how to play tennis.

Jacobsens invited us over for the week of July 4th. They are having a rodeo there, and Jacobsens have a couple of concessions they said they could use in the stands. How'll I look hollering, "Ice cream, peanuts, chewing gum and caaanddy!!" Ha Ha, more fun, eh? It would be a lot of fun to go over and see the rodeo. It wouldn't cost us anything for eats and etc. there as we'd be staying with them and by helping in the stand it would make it up to them somewhat. Nothing definite yet, however. They also said to drop them a card when the fish are biting at Spirit Wood Lake and they'll come over and take me fishing.

We were supposed to go fishing with Shipleys tomorrow, but he got a chance to go to Minnesota with the Forest Service bunch, so we'll have to wait. So tomorrow as we have the grass cut, garden spaded, and do our washing next Saturday, we have a free day, so maybe I'll get a chance to use my tennis racket.

Maybe all this sounds like I haven't been doing any work. Last night we held a small cottage meeting with a family I met in tracting, and showed a film slide and I gave the lecture on it. This morning I really gave a talk. A lady invited us in and was very friendly. She knows Cheney's in Fargo, in fact she spent last Sunday with them. Anyway, she hadn't had a chance to read our tracts so I started talking. She didn't have much to say, but she listened (I can talk much better if they would only say something, ask a question, argue or anything). Anyway I guess I must have really poured it on. I talked steady for about 3/4 of an hour before I realized it. Strasser is just as I used to be—he didn't say a word. After we came out, he said, "Boy, you really told her."

However, I've got a lot of studying to do; there is a whole lot I still don't know about the Gospel. I have a lot yet to learn. I can easily defend any of the principles of our doctrines, but it is a different thing to tell it to people when they just sit and don't ask questions or argue.

Say Beck, can you get me a pair of cheap cords? Size 32" wide 34" long cream color. I could use them in a hurry. My slacks are much too good to knock around in and play tennis or fish, or lay around the room or around the yard. I'd like them as soon as you could get them if you would, please. I've tried every store in town, and also in Fargo. They don't seem to wear them here, guess I'll have to get them started. Put one of my wide belts in them if you send them. Could you get them here before Saturday if you can in case I go fishing. Please.

Well I guess I've said about enough for this time. May God bless each and every one of you. Write soon, Love, Eldred.

**May 18, 1941.** Jimtown, No. Dakota. Dear Folks, Beck, I was glad to get your letter. For awhile, I thought you'd forgotten me. I'm sending a Liahona under separate cover. If you'll look under the North Central States, you'll find my name mentioned. I've been pretty lucky this year, I've been in there quite a few times. When you stop to think there are about 140 missionaries in the mission, I have been in more than my share of times. You can also find Randolph's name under East Central States, and Howard's under D.P. in California. Maybe you will find it interesting. Cut out the one with my name in it and paste it in my scrap book.

About those cords, I think 32x34 will be O.K. If not, my landlady is good at tailoring and can alter them if necessary.

So you all went to the Church supper eh? You too, good. Say, why don't you go to church once in awhile? Or do you?

Congratulations on your raise. How does it feel to be so rich? What are you doing with all that money? You ought to be able to grow a good bank account. I can live on one of your week's salary. You ought to be able to save about 2 weeks salary per month. Don't you think so? If not what do you do with it all? Say, do you get an expense account when you are out of town? How much do you get? Say, did you ever get a car? Do you use your own? Or do you ride with someone else? So you still think you want a new car, eh? You'd better wait and see how this war comes out; maybe that will change things; it

might be better to save your money for awhile and see. The Church authorities are advising against going into debt in view of the present world circumstances.

So you like Payette, eh? Why didn't you try fishing while you were there? We'll have to try some of those spots when I get back.

You ought to try fishing while you are over in Grand Junction, Colorado. Colorado has some plenty good fishing. You surely do travel; don't you ever stay home?

So all they caught at Locomotive Springs was rattlesnakes, huh? What was the trouble? What kind of a place is Locomotive Springs anyway? River, lake, pond or what?

**May 19, 1941.** Say, if you are going to work and travel all summer how are we ever going to do any fishing when I get home? You better get that fixed up some way. Also get me a job with short hours and lots of pay so I can go fishing, too.

Man, I'd surely like to get over into some of that Minnesota country!! From what I hear and from pictures I've seen, they really have some fishing. They have some good trout streams and lakes, too, especially in the northern part. From what I've seen at Detroit Lakes, it surely must be pretty country. All pines and etc., just like out home, except that instead of growing on mountains they grow on the level.

Guess I'd better forget it before I get the "call of the road" and pack my bags and thumb over. Ha Ha.

Yesterday Jacobsens came back on their way from Grand Forks. They brought Taylor and Gunn with them. They are going to visit Jacobsens for a week or two in Mandan. Taylor doesn't like Grand Forks very well. There are between 30-50 members in Grand Forks, but they are all a low type of people. They aren't so very clean--some at least. Taylor ate supper at one of their places and was sick the next day--he couldn't take it. He has a sort of delicate stomach like I used to, and he hasn't had it broken in good yet. He's lived off Mrs. Gruchalla's cooking ever since he came out.

Say, here's a few stickers you can stick on your windshield. Give Ogden and SLC rodeos a little competition. Ha Ha.

Last night we went to the "Church of the Nazarene". It was the first time Strasser had ever been to another church. He was sort of disgusted. I was disappointed. They had a terrible service; either Strasser or I could preach better than that.

They tried to get us to go up to the altar and get "saved" and "get our sins blotted out"--more fun. When you see a church like that you realize why it is that so many people are drifting away from churches. They do have a few good ideas though--they don't believe in the use of liquor or tobacco, no dances, picture shows or etc. Women can't use any facial paint or fingernail polish. They are really quite a strict outfit, but are way too much on the fanatical side.

Say, sometime I'd still like you folks to buy a "Word of Wisdom" book. Look it over, and then when you have looked it over, send it out.

Here's also a couple of newspaper clippings on the March blizzard. Put them in my scrap book.

Well, I believe I've told you about all the news here. It's been hot the last day or two, but today it's clouded up and looks like it might rain.

So long and write soon. Eldred.

P.S. It was 98 in Bismarck yesterday, and 96 in Fargo. And it is predicted frost and freezing tonight. Quite a difference in extremes, don't you think?

[A note to Leonard on a Birthday card] Well, how does it feel to be getting old? Why don't you make a resolution for your birthday and quit smoking--please, you can if you try. Well here's hoping you have a good time until I see you again--Eldred.

P.S. Don't get mad at me for above.

**May 23, 1941.** Dear Folks, Mom, I was very glad to get your letter yesterday. Thanks for all the news. You ask how I like Strasser--O.K., he's a good fellow to get along with, he is quite rough spoken but he's a congenial companion. You ask about my permission to go to Mandan. I have Scott's permission to go practically anywhere. I hope we get to go there for the 4th--it would be a lot of fun. You say you sent the cords, but as yet I haven't received them--maybe they will come tomorrow--I hope. Don't bother about the belt, I'll get along. You certainly have been busy with all the things you are in.

We have been quite busy this week. We tracted 228 homes. That's more than a lot of the elders visit in a month. Say, we got gypped. They told me this town was 3/4 tracted. They showed me on the map and have it all marked off as to where it's been tracted. Since Taylor left, I have been looking things over on the map. There are 248 square blocks, and 107 of them haven't been tracted. The areas on the

map that are tracted, I went around and looked them up. Most of it is on the outskirts of town. It is a large area but very few houses. According to area they only tracted less than 2/3, and then according to homes they only did about 1/2. So that leaves me with half the town to tract. I still think I can finish by July 15th, I hope. Anyway, I'll do it up right. We would have tracted about 100 more homes this week, but we ran out of literature and the literature I had ordered was about 2 days late. We had a lot of refusals this past week, but we also had several invitations in and had chances to explain Mormonism.

I saw in the Deseret News where Bob got married. Thank you for telling me, too. I wrote him a letter and bawled him out for not getting married in the temple, and for not writing to me.

We had one experience this week that Strasser got a big kick out of. He can't get over it. Sunday night he went to his first church other than ours. Monday while tracting we came to Reverend So-and-so. He had a name plate on the door. Strasser wanted to meet his first preacher so up we went. The guy came to the door, and I explained our purpose in being there. All the time Strasser just stood and listened and looked on. The minister pointed to the sign on the door and said, "See that?" He said we were insulting him by coming there. I said we didn't mean it that way and said that if he came to Utah and knocked on my door, I'd at least be polite enough to invite him in. However, he didn't take the hint and only got madder. He said we were insinuating that he and his people were jackasses by coming to their doors. I said we didn't intend it that way and explained why. He said we did and I told him if that's the way he felt, I guess I'd agree with him. He kept trying to disprove us and kept asking questions. I answered them all, and quoted a lot of scriptures. He quoted one passage. I told him he was misquoting it, but he said not. I had forgotten my New Testament and couldn't show him, but I told him he was wrong. He kept getting madder and madder. We talked for about 45 minutes. It ended up by him saying something about his authority--I don't remember just what it was--anyway, I told him he didn't have any authority and was preaching a lot of false doctrine. Then we called it quits. Strasser surely got a big kick out of the way I told him off. He can't get over it and keeps talking about it to everybody.

Can you feature me 15 months ago going up to a preacher's door and telling him off? Some change, huh?

**May 24, 1941.** So far, I haven't been able to get Shipleys to take up fishing, though I have hinted hard enough. I hope they take us pretty soon.

Last Monday night we saw our free show. We saw "That Night in Rio" with Alice Fay, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda. It was a pretty good show, and all in Technicolor. It had such bright colors it almost hurt your eyes.

Say, could there be any chance of my drawing that unemployment compensation? It won't be any good when I get back, but it would be handy now.

Sister Buckley gets released sometime this coming week, and maybe we will go over to Fargo and see her before she leaves. I also have a couple of people in Valley City to look up, so if we go, we can combine business with pleasure. One of the best contacts Lyon and I found in Bismarck has moved to Valley City. She wrote me a card to look her up. I intend to and to see if I can't finish up the job of converting her.

We still have to keep a furnace fire here. While some days it gets hot, others and nights get quite cool, and consequently we still have a fire. Seems sort of funny for this time of year; last year at this time, it got warm and stayed that way.

Well, I can't think of anything to write about, so, so long till next time. Love, Eldred.

P.S. My cords came and are O.K.

**May 27, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well, Beck, I got your letter last night and was very glad to hear from you. I'm very glad to hear that you enjoy your traveling. You should be able to live like a king on your \$5.00 a day expenses. You should be able to save most of your wages when you are out of town, huh? So you like your 38 Cheve huh? Why don't you make them give you a '41--Ha Ha. You better be careful driving that old Cheve at 75 mph. It's liable to fall apart on you or leave the road.

You're a fine one--went through all that country and didn't even try out their fishing. You are a little late in warning me to stay off of the lakes in a boat.

The cords fit just right, but I sort of got them plenty dirty yesterday.

You hadn't better use my fishing pole or else!!! Say, I'm sending my other one back--it only cost 5 cents postage. I broke it yesterday and I need it, so get a good pair of ferubs [?] and fix it for me and send it back in a hurry, please. As for me not knowing how to fish, I'll sure show you up when I get back.

You mention buying a car--you should be able to save enough money between now and then to just about pay cash for one. You got \$20 a month raise so that would make \$200 extra for the next ten



months. You got along before so you should be able to save at least that much, especially since you are getting expenses when out of town. Don't you think so? You better start saving as much as you can; with this war going on, there probably will be a big depression after it's over, and you might need all you can get.

Sunday was just another dead day and we didn't do very much but sit around. (Maybe my letters don't sound much like I do missionary work--at least that's what Lois told me--but as far as my writing about missionary work goes it is about the same from day to day, and as the novelty has worn off, I never say much about it, except when something out of the ordinary happens. I also write and tell you everything I do that is outside of missionary work, so I guess it sounds like I never do any work. But no bragging--I think and am sure that I do and have done more actual work than any other missionary in the district, or the West District, either.)

Yesterday morning, Jacobsens and Elders Gunn and Taylor, and Kuhn and Smith walked in. They were on the way to Spirit Wood Lake. I bought me a \$.50 license and Strasser and I went along. It clouded up and got cold and the wind blew, but we had a lot of fun anyway. We borrowed Brother Shipley's outboard motor, but there were whitecaps on the waves and they wouldn't let us take a boat on the lake. We fished. It was terrible. I darn near froze. However, I still held up my reputation. I've been telling everybody how good of a fisherman I am. Well, I only caught three fish, but that was two more than anyone else did. So I caught the most and also the biggest. I got a big bullhead about 1 1/2 lbs. It was better than 1 foot long, a great big head with whiskers all over and a yellow belly. It was a hideous looking creature. They say they are very good eating--it is quite a rare occasion to catch one out at Spirit Wood. However, I don't want any part of it. I wouldn't even take it off the hook. When I caught it I was standing on some rocks out a ways in the water. As I started to reel it in one of the rocks turned and I almost fell. I had the fish almost in, and as I started to fall, I gave the rod a flip so as to lift the fish out of the water on to the bank. The ferrule [?] on the rod broke under the strain and I almost lost him. So, fix it up for me. The other fish were perch about 8" and 9".

In the afternoon, the lake quieted down somewhat and we went for a boat ride and had a lot of fun. We used two boats. One with the motor and one without. I got in some good exercise rowing the one boat across the lake against the wind and the waves.

Last night Taylor and Gunn stayed with us and we went to our free show, "Men of Boy's Town". They left this morning for Grand Forks. They had been visiting Jacobsens in Mandan for over a week. Well, I thought I'd write and tell you to fix that rod and tell you about our fishing trip. So long and write soon, Eldred.

**May 31, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well, here it is the end of another month. Another week and I will have been away from home 15 months. It looks pretty big, doesn't it? When I started out 15 months seemed like an eternity, but now, the time is really sliding by. Enclosed is a monthly report. Just to show how we have to keep track of everything. The expenses are sort of high, but we intend to start batching soon. One reason for high expenses is that it is a 5 week month, we went to conference and a few other things. I have them all enumerated so you can see where I spent it. The only reason I have been staying here and boarding is because it is very nice, and I expected to be through with this town soon. However, things have come up, and I think we had better stay for awhile and see how things turn out. Elders have been in this town 2 years and haven't any results. It would be a feather in my cap if I could make something out of this project. The tracting here is about finished, but we can find plenty of work to do. The other night we visited a family. He thinks he is a member, he doesn't keep the Word of Wisdom, but is converted to the Church. His wife is a non-member. The other night she said she is ready to join. So we'll have to teach her a few more things, and then baptize her in the river, I guess. They (the mission office) want all of us to try and start a Primary. I think we can start two home Primaries here and then work through the kids and get to their parents, and get something that way, because our tracting hasn't accomplished very much. Also, there are a few small towns from 7 to 20 miles around here. We can go and work them over when it gets better weather. The people in small towns are most always friendly, and maybe we can get something that way. Valley City is 40 miles from here, and my and Lyon's best contact from Bismarck moved there, so we are going over to work on her once in awhile. So we have plenty to do. This is a nice town, but we are here to work anyway, so the locality doesn't matter too much. I would surely like to make a success of this project after the others have failed. School will be out in a week or so and then we should be able to live pretty cheap. Shipley and Dickson are good people. Shipley has 1/3 acre of garden, and we ought to be able to get some fresh vegetables, and if we are out of town a lot, boarding wouldn't pay even if it was cheap. So I guess I'll be in this town for a few more months anyway. (I'll probably get permission from Scott and take a couple of trips, but outside of that I'll

probably be here.)

Thanks for the money. Dad, I got your letter. So Elmer Peterson is bishop. He should make a pretty good one. Don't bother to send a belt for the cords as there is one on the cords.

Say, I'm going to buy a steamer trunk--a small one. Dickson has a swell one he's going to give me for \$3.50. It's been used, but it's a swell one. Wages must be pretty good there; I'd like to be getting 55 cents per hour.

Say, what is Ogden's population now?

You misunderstood my question about polygamy. I understand about polygamy. That isn't what my question was. We claim the Book of Mormon doesn't contradict the Bible. Also that the Book of Mormon, Bible and Doctrine & Covenants are in harmony with each other. That passage seems to be contradictory to me. I know that Solomon was condemned. That's O.K. I can find it in the Bible. But here's what I wanted to know. The Book of Mormon condemns David for his many wives. The Bible and especially the D&C say he was right in everything except in the matter of Uriah, and that his wives were given him of God (see D&C 132:39). That is a contradiction to my mind. It looks like a slip up. Our claim is that no contradiction can be found in our scriptures, but that looks like one to me.

Here's a couple of pictures. One is of a minister here in Jamestown. Odd enough his name happens to be Erickson, however there are lots of Ericksons out in this country.

We haven't seen the sun here since last Sunday, and it has been raining quite a bit, and has been quite cool. We have to have a furnace fire almost every morning. I wish it would warm and clear up.

Yesterday morning we went to a special High Mass in the Catholic Church. Elder Strasser was plenty disgusted at it. It really is, too. They surely have a lot of junk in the way they worship. They are worse than the heathens.

Say, why don't you try fishing the dam? It ought to be pretty good if you fish it right. Beck, I'll tell you how in case you don't know, Ha Ha. Here's how. [a hand drawn picture of a line through a bobber leading to a fish on a hook] Have about 4-6 feet of line from bobber to live minnow--it keeps the minnow off the bottom and lets him swim around out in the middle of the channel in deep water and if there are any hungry fish--well! Hook the minnow through the back, just under the back fin. Say, did you get my rod fixed? I hope so.

You know, the Lord takes care of his own in more ways than one. I didn't want to say anything before, but when I stayed in Fargo, during conference, at Cheney's, the kids both had whooping cough. I played with them, a lot, held them on my lap and etc. I was there three days. I didn't know they had it nor did their folks till the last day I was there and she took them to the doctor and he said they had it. I was afraid for a little while, but didn't think I would get it as I have more important things to do. Last summer in Bismarck the baby upstairs came down with whooping cough and also one of the other kids. I had played with them and etc. before they found out what it was. I've been away from Fargo 3 weeks so I guess I won't get it now.

Well, I'll close now, write soon, and may the Lord's blessings be upon each and every one of you. Eldred.

**June 2, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well, here it is the second of June and I had to build a fire in the furnace this morning again. It is still cloudy, I wish it would clear up so we could see the sun again. I haven't seen it for over a week.

I forgot to enclose that monthly report blank in my last letter, so I'll try and put in this letter.

Mom, I was way glad to get your letter Saturday. Why don't you write longer ones? You say you got my draft paper, why haven't you sent them out so I can fill them out and send them back. They are supposed to be filled in 10 days.

You ask about my staying out longer. I could easily get my time extended. All I would have to do is get your and the bishop's consent. Boeslund asked President for another 10 months on to his, and that is what President told him. If the war is still going on then, I'd just as soon stay out awhile longer. As far as the year's training itself is concerned, I wouldn't mind that so much, but I do think I can do more good by staying out here preaching than I can by going to war.

Yesterday morning We held Sunday school at Shipley, and last night We went to the Free Methodist Church. We met the minister and all his congregation--he didn't have many, but they all came and shook hands with us and asked us to come again. Even the kids, a little girl and boy came and wanted to shake hands with me. Lately I seem to have a way with kids. Jacobsen's boy always wants to hang around me. Shipley's two little girls always come and want to sit on my lap and talk to me. Cheney's two girls also pester the life out of me. When we were washing and changing the storm windows the little girl next door came over--I had never even seen her before, and she came up and took

hold of my hand and tagged me all over. Tailor and Edna tried to tell her I was no good, but she wouldn't believe them and stuck to me. Ha.

Well, I just wrote the other day, and I can't think of anything to write just now, so I'll close and write more the end of the week. Write soon, and may Gold bless each and everyone of you. Love, Eldred.

**June 2, 1941.** Dear Folks, Say please look over my things and see who set me a part as a missionary. I don't remember. Send the answer by return mail, as I got my conscription papers, and have to have it.

Beck, I got the fishing pole O.K. thanks a lot. Say why so much postage? It only cost me 4 1/2¢ to send it. They sure have a lot of questions on this questionnaire. I've got a headache already thinking about it. So long and write soon. Love, Eldred.

**June 5, 1941.** Dear Helen, Well, what are you doing now that school is out? How does it seem not to be going to school? Have you any plans for the summer?

I'm surely glad that you got in the Pep Club. You've got a chance to make someone of yourself if you'll only try.

You ask about your course for next year. You don't have very many credits, but if they'll let you graduate, why you are much better off taking subjects that help you to get out and mingle with people than by taking the ones that require a lot of study. You aren't going into any particular field such as science, so they are best left to those who are.

Your New Testament Seminary should be good. What did you just finish taking? The Old Testament?

You have to take history, though it isn't any good at all. If you could substitute some social science in place of it you would be better off. Your English is O.K., though if you are taking typing and office machines, and etc. to be an office girl, you should take business English. However, if you don't intend to study along that line, I would drop the course in office machines and take art instead if you are interested in art. There is a pretty good field in art, and if you like it, I'd stick to it. The course in driving should be pretty good.

Your picture doesn't look bad at all. You seem to be growing up. You could use a little more weight, though I guess you are like me--can't put on any.

You say there are 3 classes at high school, that is true. It is best to stay in the Middle Class. The other two classes as a rule, haven't very good morals.

You ask about work on a mission. Tracting is the only work, but mostly it's all fun. Just visiting and talking to people and trying to get them interested. Tracting is pretty good sometime and is a lot of fun? It's interesting anyway. However there are some places that tracting is terrible! We have been having very bad results lately. Either a refusal, or not home, or not interested at home after home. It gets tiresome when it's like this. However, the rest of missionary work is fun.

lady missionaries are practically always stationed where there is an organized branch of the church or else with the district president and his companion. Their work is tracting, and starting and holding primaries and the rest of their work is visiting people and sometimes holding a cottage meeting. They have quite a nice time. However, most elders don't like the lady missionaries as far as missionary work is concerned. They corrupt the morals of the elders and make them forget their work and some of them fall for the lady missionaries and they have a good time and don't work. However, the lady missionaries do some very good work and get in places the elders can't. A lot of them--especially any that are any good looking at all end up by marrying one of the elders after they are released.

**June 6, 1941.** A mission is a very good thing, it gives you an outlook on life you won't find anywhere else.

You ask about college. You don't have to have a language to graduate. You can fill the requirements by taking English, speech, literature or something similar. Unless of course you are taking some course that requires a language--that's different, but on the average course you don't need a language.

I have a history book, but I think it's out of date. You ask about joining school clubs. Join as many as you can especially such kind as Writer's Guild, Art Guild, Tiger Highlights stuff and definitely get on the Classicum staff if you can. It may be a lot of work, but it is worth it.

By all means, learn to play tennis and swim this summer, you should know how, and not be a killjoy.



Your gym team must have been pretty good to win first place by so far. How many of you were there.

I had a date to play tennis this afternoon with Edna Gums, but darn it, it's raining outside. It surely has been raining here a lot, more than they have had for years and years and years. The tennis courts are clay here, and the rain kind of wrecks them.

Well, be good, and write soon. Love, Eldred.

**June 11, 1941.** Dear Folks, Gee, I wish the sun would shine, all it does is rain. I've see so much rain, I'm sick of it. It rains practically every day, and if it doesn't it's cloudy anyway. Ever since April 3, it's been raining and stormy. I don't think we've had over two weeks of sunny days since then. They have had more rain this spring than at any time in the history of North Dakota. Some of the crops--corn--are beginning to rot in the ground because of too much rain. The sun has only come out 3 days in over 3 weeks. That was the days we washed. Boy it really rains. Several times we've had about one inch of rain in a few hours.

Well, maybe we are going to get moved after all. If you send anything--such as pajamas, send them this week or wait until you hear from me again before you do. We were going to move and batch it on the 15th. However, I had written a letter to President, telling about this project, and also he had talked to Taylor, and Taylor had worked his nine months here. So last Saturday we got a letter from President saying he was thinking seriously of moving us somewhere else, and let us open a new project.

Sunday Morning. We got a letter from Scott saying that he had heard from President and they thought maybe it would be best if we moved out of here--unless we had some good prospects here. I wrote back and said we'd move July 1.

In the afternoon we went out to see Ashboughs--our main reason for staying. He claimed to be a Mormon. (He smokes and drinks.) He is quite interested in either the Mormon or Reorganite Church. His mother and brothers and sisters are all Reorganites. His wife is quite interested, and he wanted her to be baptized Sunday, however, when we went out, his ma from Independence Mo. was here--to stay for the summer. Boy did she tell us off. Called us names and we just walked off and left her talking. The last thing we could hear as we went up the street was "7 wives" and etc. She said she had a certificate to show Ashbough is a Reorganite too. We never could locate his record, so I guess he is. So, as long as she is there, we haven't much of chance. Mrs. Ashbough is now in the hospital too, and we can't do anything anyway. So as that was our main reason for staying, we wrote and told Scott we'd leave anytime.

If it will stop raining enough, we will finish tracting the town this week. (We are hoping to get our transfer on the 15th, but probably won't.) We only have a hundred or so homes left. We tracted 100 yesterday in between rain storms. We surely tracted yesterday! Our results was very poor, as you can see--100 homes in one day!

Well, I got my conscription papers filled out O.K. and didn't change anything. I remember now that it was Apostle Callis that set me apart as a missionary, but darned if I could before. I even forgot to put it in my diary, and my missionary certificate didn't have anything on it.

So Dorothy Christensen is engaged. It seems like she is till just a kid, though I guess she is growing up. Everybody will be getting married off before I get home. Especially if I stay out over my time--which I'd like to do if the war is still going on.

Say Beck, pick out about two of my prettiest flies and send them out. Don't send two of the same kind. I want to show off my art.

Say, I'll bet you don't get any fish on the opening day. You need me there to show you how.

When I move, I guess I'll send my overcoat home. It should be worth what it costs to send it home. If nothing else, the Relief Society or Bishop's Storehouse can use it. Don't give it to the Salvation Army though. However, I or Beck or Dad could probably use it for work in the winter.

We had a disappointment this morning. Last night a lady called and said she would like to see us. She said she had read the tracts we had left in tracting and wanted to see us. We thought we practically had a convert. However this morning she didn't even invite us in when we went to see her. She had heard we were looking for a room and used that way of trying to get us to stay. She couldn't even read English. Were we disappointed!

Well, I'll close now and get this on the train. I'll write more on Saturday.

Hoping you are all well and happy. May God bless all of you. Love, Eldred.

**June 14, 1941.** Dear Folks, Write me at "General Delivery" Bemidji, Minnesota. That's my stomping grounds from now on--a little while at least. I'm leaving Monday on the train. I'm in a hurry now--packing, and we're invited on a picnic tonight, and out for dinner tomorrow after Sunday school.

Beck, thanks a lot for the p.j.'s, they are swell and fit O.K. Don't send another pair, though, one is plenty. All I can wear is one pair at a time.

Thanks for your letter, Beck. Say, What do you mean my fish were 7, 7 1/2, 8"? Here's a picture of them--you can see you've got to go some to beat my catch--I'll bet you didn't, Ha Ha! I'll bet you like that pocket on your basket--huh?

You hadn't better catch those fish by hand, if they catch you--anyhow it's not much fun that way. Here's a few pictures. What do you think of them?

Well, I'm in a big hurry, and will write next time I get a chance, I'll stay in Fargo a few days, and then head up to Grand Forks probably and then straight east into Minnesota about 100 miles or so to Bemidji. That's where the famous "Paul Bunyan" was supposed to live. Well, so long, and may God bless you all. Love, Eldred.

The pictures aren't so good. They did a very poor job of developing. I'm going to have to start fixing my own again.

**June 20, 1941.** P.O. Box 452, Bemidji, Minnesota. Dear Folks, I am now sitting within 5 feet of a big blue lake. I am under a couple of pine trees on a grassy lawn. A cool breeze is lapping the water on the edge of the lake and am I enjoying the scenery. The town is built on the shore of the lake and this country is all pines and lakes. There are 300 lakes within 25 miles. We surely passed through some beautiful scenery on our way here! We had a very nice trip, I'll start at the beginning and tell you all of my experiences.

We left Jimtown Monday afternoon and arrived in Fargo that evening. Elder Scott and Western met us at the train. We had supper and went down to see the lady missionaries. The six of us talked and played Rook till 3:00 a.m. Scott and I slept at Cheneys.

Tuesday, We spent in Fargo and fooled around, played tennis. The lady missionaries took Strasser and I on a picnic and then We took them to a show in the evening. We have a new lady missionary, Olive Parker from Draper. She is a young school teacher and very nice.

Wednesday, Scott and Western left for Roth, N.E., and we helped the lady missionaries hold their Primary. More fun, I don't think I'll try to start one. I taught the boys class and showed them how to make whistles out of willows and we had a lot of fun--oh yeah. Afterwards the 4 of us held a study class, and they all asked me questions the other three are comparatively new out in the field. After supper the 4 of us went roller skating. I had a lot of fun. Strasser had never skated so I took turns skating with the lady missionaries and had a swell time. Afterwards, the lady missionaries went with us to catch our train.

It left about 11:50 p.m. and arrived in Wadena, Minnesota about 2:50 a.m. and got a drayman to change our baggage to the great Northern Station. The train was due at 3:36 a.m. We had a hard time finding the station in the dark, and it was on the out skirts of town. When we found it, it was all closed up, and no lights. We weren't sure it was the right place, but we couldn't find anyone to ask, that time of morning, so we just waited. About 3:45 the station agent showed up and said the train was late we bought our tickets and waited, the train came about 4:15 we caught a little sleep on the train, it was sort of an old timer and quite dirty. When it got light we saw some very beautiful scenery--pines and lakes, with a little clearing once in awhile with a small farm house. We saw a few lumber camps and etc.

We got to Bemidji about 9:00 a.m. We had breakfast and started looking the town over we looked for rooms. We tried newspaper office and finally just started walking the streets. We walked for hours and finally found quite a nice room on the second floor. We are now batching it. We have a nice place, except for stove. We have an electric plate, and it takes a long while to heat things up. However it was the best we could find. After we found the room we plopped down on the bed and slept the rest of the afternoon.

Last night we bought a few groceries had supper and took a bath and walked along the lake shore. We only live one block from the lake (1/2 of one of our blocks home) We are one block from the post office and about 2 blocks from town. It's a nice looking town--excuse me, I've been watching the fish jump in the lake.--They have a big statue of Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox down the beach a little ways, also a museum, that has some of Paul Bunyan's equipment--a giant size ox, peavey, cork screw and a few other things they have a fire place made of colored stones from all over with 3 from Utah. This lake is several miles long, and right here it is a couple of miles wide. We live at 617-Bemidji Street, Bemidji Minnesota.

Dad I got your letter today (June 15) Thank George Taylor for me for the \$1 bill. I hope you get to do some good fishing this summer. You mention a hot water heater, have you one of those? What do you mean by a furnace changer?

Thanks for the remarks about the Reorganites. I might be able to use them. I understand there are a few here in town. We only have one Mormon here in town, and we have no address to look her up, and I know nothing about her, except she is on record. We have no friends or investigation so we are starting out from nothing. It will be some job to get something started. You ask how are my clothes holding out--fine. I have plenty. I can use that sport coat though, it will come in handy and save on my light suit. Those last two sport shirts won't do me much good, the sleeves are too short, so maybe I will send them back some time.

Yes I got a trunk It's a nifty one, a little used, but it's swell. It is a small steamer trunk, and I have plenty of room.

I hope I can accomplish something in this project, and I hope you are all well and happy. May the Lord bless each of you. Love, Eldred.

P.S. The Mississippi River starts just 25 miles from here. This lake is one of a chain of lakes connected by the Mississippi River. This is beautiful country.

P.S.S. A fish just scairt me half to death one about 2 feet long just jumped out of the water about 15 feet from us, and boy for a splash!

**June 22, 1941.** Well, how are you? I still haven't heard from anyone since I left Jimtown. The only letter I've had is the one Dad wrote before I left Jimtown. Did everybody quit writing or have they quit forwarding my mail? I'd surely like some mail. I usually get four or five letters every week, or more. But here over a week has gone by and only one letter.

Now we don't know a soul in town. Our landlady went on a trip for a few days and we are left alone. We haven't been able to find our family of members yet, and we have no tracts yet, so we won't do any tracting for a while. We have been looking the town over, and it is pretty nice. It has quite a large business district, and has some very nice stores. I haven't found the exact population yet, but they say that it is somewhere around ten thousand. There is a college here and all in all it is a very pretty town. Today we went to church in the Methodist church and then came home and had Sunday dinner.

In a way it seems good to batch again. You can eat when and what you want. Strasser isn't much of a cook--at least I've done it all so far. He has no ideas and just leaves it up to me. Today for dinner we had mashed spuds, lettuce, radishes and the main course--spaghetti ravioli. Made from onions, celery, hamburger and tomato sauce and spaghetti. It was plenty good! For dessert. I fixed some butterscotch pudding and put in a half a can of pineapple. It was good too! We had enough of both left over to make a meal for supper. It cost us about 45 cents for everything for the two meals, so at that rate we are going to live quite a bit cheaper than I have been doing.

I like our room pretty well, too. It isn't so very large, but we have a good bed--I'm tired of sleeping on and making up studio couches! We have a small dresser, a table that when the leaves drop down it is only 6 inches wide. We have a large closet with plenty of space for our luggage and clothes. We haven't a book case, but we intend to fix one. We have a small cupboard for groceries, and our two burner electric plate sets on top of that. We fixed the electric plate and it works pretty good now. We are next to the bathroom, we are about 15 feet from the telephone, and we have access to an electric refrigerator just outside our door. This is plenty good as we can keep things, and live better and cheaper. It is also good to cool things off--like pudding or Jell-O or something.

We get our dishes (not so many, but enough) and towels furnished, and it costs us a whole \$12 per month. Pretty nice huh? We can afford to spend a little more for grub with rent at that price, and now I have a companion who will eat most anything, and I can really cook a few things and not do like Lyon and I did. I ought to be able to learn to cook pretty well. My frying pan will come in right handy. I don't remember rather I told you or not, but when I was in Bismarck just before I left, I bought a big aluminum frying pan and a cover. It is a honey. It regularly sells for five or six dollars. It's really nice, and when you once get it hot it really holds the heat. The cover fits tight, and things can be steamed and not burned. You can cook everything from fried eggs to biscuits and cake in it. I hope our electric plate gets hot enough to make biscuits! I got the pan cheap after buying a lot of groceries and getting coupons. It's solid aluminum, about 1/4 inch thick. Who knows, I may even get to cook some fish in it...! (Say, while I think of it our address is 617--Bemidji Ave.)

I've talked to a guy who runs the boats at the dock, and fishing is pretty good. I guess I'll get me a license and try it. In the lake they fish for walleye pike. They are supposed to be a very gamy and good eating fish. Most of the ones they catch here are from about 12" to about 4 lbs., though they get larger ones quite often. There are lots of perch here, but they don't bother to fish for them. He said there were all kinds of them and that they were easy to catch (I hope so). If a person had a car, or better yet a motor boat, he could really get some swell fishing. On the other side of the lake the Mississippi River flows out



of the lake and it is good bass fishing there. I saw about 20 fish yesterday in the sporting goods stores. Some weighed about 4 lbs. They were plenty nice! The Mississippi River starts about 30 miles from here and just flows from one of these lakes to another and when it gets to Minneapolis it is a good sized river. Fishing is supposed to be good anywhere around here if you know how and where to fish. I've got about all the information I can get out of the guide, so I guess I'll try it a few evenings.

This lake is two by seven miles. It is about 19 miles around. We walked along the beach and bay this afternoon and saw people picnicking, swimming and with lots of boats. Also saw a seaplane flying around. Out in the lake there were a few boats fishing. We wandered around and looked things over, then we went through the zoo. They have a lot of the native animals of Minnesota and it was quite interesting to see. We are going to take a vacation and enjoy this country until our tracts come and then we will get in and work and make up for lost time. The people we've talked to so far have been quite friendly, and I hope that we can get some good results in our tracting. Say Beck, how did your fishing trip turn out? It must not have been any good or you'd have written. Ha Ha. Wait until I start sending you a few pictures of these big ones I'm going to catch--Ha Ha.

Say, do you still have that case of tomatoes that was given you last fall? If you do, and don't have any use for them, would it be any use to send them out? We can buy them here for 10 cents a can. It would probably cost about that much to send them out wouldn't it? Don't send them, but just tell me what it would cost, and whether it would be worth it or not.

Well, I hope somebody writes soon. We paid six bits for our P.O. box, and as yet I haven't had a thing in it, but I'm hoping. Well, so long, write soon and may God bless you.

**June 26, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well, today I finally got some mail in our P.O. box, I was beginning to give up hope. I got two letters, one from you, Mom, and one from you, Beck. Yes Mom, I still have the same companion--Dilworth Strasser. As yet, my hay fever hasn't bothered me any, and as for mosquitoes, they only come out in the evening. Down by the lake at night there are some mighty big ones. Why just the other night I saw two mosquitoes carrying a dog. One said to the other "Shall we take him down to the lake?" The other one said, "No let's finish him here, if we take him down to the lake the big ones will take him away from us." Some mosquitoes huh?

Mom, I'm sorry if you're scared of water, but don't worry, I'll be careful. I'm sorry that Grandpa isn't feeling very well. That was too bad about Leslie's getting his shoulder broken--right in the midst of summer too.

So Roy got his Draft Clarification, when will He go? Say how come they put me in Class 1A? What is class 4D? I thought I was supposed to be in class 4F. At least that is what Strasser has on his, what's the difference?

Grows seem to have lots of trouble don't they. Is it just Irene and Moyer that have the mumps?

I never did hear from Ernie Cook. I wrote him a card once, but He never did answer back. I guess it's a good thing that Howard is staying out; or he'd probably get in the Army.

I'm glad you liked the pictures, soon as we send in another bunch of negatives I'll send you some more. I wish I could do my own developing and I could do a better job, but we don't have a sink, so that's that.

Last June at conference in Glendive, Apostle Lyman took our names and said if He ever got in our home town he'd mention them, so I guess it was right. He's a swell guy, I like him a lot. Mom you should have been to conference and stood up. Do you want to give him the impression that my folks don't go to church? Ha Ha. After I made a good? impression on him. Ha Ha.

Albert Wimmer didn't come to this mission, He went to the East Central States, the same one as Randolph. He was mission secretary there.

So you got 5 fish eh, Beck. I guess that's pretty good considering. If I'd been there we'd had about 10 or 15 more. Ha Ha. So you think you've found another good place to fish--well you better find some good ones, 'cause when I get home I want some good fishing. I'm glad you like the Birthday card, I got it in Fargo--they have some pretty good ones there.

I can use the sport coat, but I don't need anything else. Except I do want one of my prettiest flies--one that hasn't been used, and one that is quite pretty. I don't want it to fish with--just to show what I used to tie. Flies are no good here--at least not those kind the ones they use here are 2 or 3 inches long and an inch wide. Made of hair and etc. These are different fish. Most of them are caught on live minnows or a June bug spinner. So you see those flies are no good here. Here they use a hook. [He shows a drawing of a 2 1/2 inch long hook] about this size of bigger and put a minnow on it. I'd like to be able to fish some of the better spots around here within about 10 miles or so. Everyday in the sporting Goods store window they have a few big fish caught that day. Every day there are some from 2 to 7 1/2

pounds. The bass about 4, and the walleyed and great northern pike--6-7 pounds. They look like they'd be fun to watch.

We went out the other day, and as luck would have it the lake was full of green algae, and the fishing was no good. We trolled for a couple of hours (that's the way they fish here--trolling) and I got two big perch--13 inches and 14 inches. I should have had 3 more, but I didn't catch on. No wonder they don't fish for those perch. They don't put up any fight at all. The first 3 strikes I had, I reeled in a ways and the line went slack and I guessed they had gotten off. On the next strike I kept reeling in to look at my spinner and lo and behold--there was a fish on my line, and I lifted him into the boat. Same way with the next one--no fight at all. Perch are thick and you can catch them by still fishing from the shore. They aren't bad eating, but the two I caught were enough, I like trout much better. The lake has cleared up and maybe we'll go out again this evening and try for some walleyed pike.

You ask how I get by on \$30 a month and spend \$36. Well, I had some money that was left over from before. I guess I'll have to go get my teeth fixed, I've put it off long enough.

These fish here have to be scaled before you cook them. I fried the ones I caught and they weren't bad, but I'd just as soon catch them and let some one else eat them. We thought we had one family of members here in town, but they have moved to Seattle so that leaves us none. We still haven't done any tracting as our tracts haven't come from the office yet. Most of our time has been spent studying, writing letters, and looking over the town. It's quite scattered out; Wish we had a car!

Say Beck what was that Envelop for that you sent those flies in? It had my name and address on it was postmarked April 23, 1940, and it had Union Pacific Railroad, Hotel Utah on the back--what was it for?

Well, I've got to get dinner. So long, write soon and may God bless you.

Mom, I hope you and Helen have a happy birthday, here's just a souvenir for you. Love, Eldred.

We just had a rainstorm. It come up all of a sudden and only lasted one hour but it **really poured** down.

Beck, Put these flies back in my case--please.

**July 5, 1941.** [post card of Paul Bunyan] Hi Beck! You mentioned Paul Bunyan in your letter, so thought I'd send you one of his cards. What do you think of it?

Well, how did you make out on the 4th? We had a swell one. We got your cherries in the morning. Boy are they good!! Cherries here are selling for 19¢ lb.--not very good ones at that. We went down and saw the boat races, and canoe Races. They were pretty good. Especially those of the kids. We had bleachers to sit on and it was right close up and a lot of fun. They had a fish display of fish caught here the last week or so. They had some pretty nice ones--I should have put mine in. Mine were bigger than a lot of them. They had a trout exhibit too. They were caught in a stream near here. They weren't so hot. They had two, about 12 inches, about three, about 10 inches, and about six about 6 inches--about; like the ones you usually catch--Ha Ha.

They had a long parade, and circus and carnival in afternoon. We looked on. We went to a good show in the evening, and also saw the "Texas Rangers" in person on the stage. They were pretty good. This morning we saw the start of the canoe race from here to Minneapolis down the Mississippi River. Through several lakes. There were about 40 canoes. It is 500 miles and they expect to make it by July 14. Some paddle huh? I got a nice letter from President Richards and He complimented us on the work we had been doing and said we were good and etc. So I guess that other letter didn't do any harm after all. Well I'll write later, write soon. Eldred.

Say, send one more fly. One that I have more than one of. So I can give it away.

Dear Folks, (Well, at last I got some letters from you. Two in one day. When you write, space them out so that I don't get two one day and then none for a couple of weeks. Oh, well, I guess I'm never satisfied, huh?)

Mom, Bemidji is pronounced like this, if you can understand what I mean. Either Ba-mi-ji or Ber-mi-ji. It's pronounced just like it's spelled with no long vowels. The slight accent comes on the mi.

I'm glad you like the pictures I send. Too bad I can't develop and print my own, and I could probably send more. You ought to see my album, I've got a pretty good collection. I get them pretty cheap too. I bought one dozen rolls of 35 cent film a while ago, and I got them for \$3.00 for the dozen. I have a deal with Strasser, I buy the film and He pays for the printing and developing.

Here's a couple more pictures; they are explained on the back. No cracks about my fish now, Beck, you can see these. That other picture was the first fish I caught and was just a 14 inch perch and when Strasser took the picture He sort of missed it.

Mom, you say it's been hot there. It's cool here. We've had the windows shut all day to keep out the cool breeze! The blankets felt good last night!

Who did Cecil Holley and Red Berret marry? Anybody I know? Gee, it seems funny to think of kids like Cecil and Bob getting married. From letters I get and the society section of the *Deserted News* there are quite a few of the kids I knew getting married.

I sent you the monthly bulletin. See my name on top? Ha Ha. Scott ran us a close second, but his wasn't tracting from house to house, his was just visiting people. Our district makes a very good showing according to the records. We are pretty close to the top in most things and we have 5 of our 8 missionaries on the Honor Roll for something this time. Take that Honor Roll piece and put it in my scrap book will you?

I'm glad to hear you finally got a railing on the porch, you should get it plastered now. That porch looks like a sore thumb. I hope you get the basement all fixed up.

The people I figured to be some of my best friends never write. I haven't heard from Don West for months, also Bob Manning, Alice Ezma have written once since I've been out, and I don't believe I've heard from any others of the family except Christmas cards. Oh well, it would probably keep me busy answering them if they did write.

I suppose you are in the midst of the 24th celebration. I ought to be there and enter my beard. I wish this impetigo would get better, we can't do anything. If it isn't better by Monday I'll see a doctor. Yesterday was my lucky day. I got a nice box of cookies from Mrs. Jacobsen and also a big box of fudge from Edna Gums in Jamestown. Nice huh?

Beck, you seem to have cut down on your letters they are not as long as they used to be.

Thanks for the fly. I guess I'll keep this one. Ha Ha. What do you think of my fishing ability now? Let's see you get as many or as big. Ha Ha.

The other night when I got the six I had a lot of fun. The fish seemed to be mad the way they hit and put up a fight. They were much tougher to land than the first bunch. I had this rod all taped up, but they sure put a nick in it this time! I didn't think it was going to hold. It was only the tape that held. If I was going to fish much I'd sure get another rod and send for that other reel. This one is about shot. But they will do for what I intend to do.

It's fun to catch those pike. Troll very slow with about 200 feet of line and hook on to one. It takes a long while to bring one to the boat, especially when they put up a good fight. I lost quite a few bringing them in. Most of it was due to slack line. They would make a rush all at once and I'd have to give line and the reel handle would just spin around, and then they'd come the other way and before I could get the slack wound up, some would get off. But then when they come close to the boat, that's when the fight is!! We'd think we had them and Strasser would reach for the wire leader and away he'd go (the fish), and I'd have to give line or break something. Sometimes they'd go straight down, or under the boat or way out. Then I'd have to reel and get them in again and on the larger ones it would start all over again (More fun!)

We had six. One boat had 8, but there were three in the boat fishing. So we again caught more than anyone out. Strasser hasn't a license so he rows the boat. I let him hold the rod for awhile the other night and I rowed. He caught one about 14 inches.

We are going to have the last of our fish tonight (maybe). It's surely good. We made steaks out of them. We have two left. Two steaks just fit my big frying pan. We roll them in flour and fry. There are no bones at all when you steak them, and boy are they good! Ummm. They don't even taste fishy. I guess it's cause the skins are off and also all the bones, etc. Anyway they are surely good. We have spuds and #2 string beans, peas or corn, to go with the fish and then have Jell-O with fruit in it or some good vanilla pudding with pineapple and coconut.

Tonight we have some rhubarb (pie plant) to go for dessert for a change. We are doing pretty good. I'm enjoying my eats about as much as I did at Guatchala's. Ever so much better than when Lyon and I batched. Boarding did me a lot of good. I learned to eat a lot of things, and I also kept my eyes open a little to see how things were cooked.

Nope, I haven't my teeth fixed yet. I had only two bad ones filled. This week I've got impetigo and can't go, and next week I hope its better. I'll have to have another dentist now. Mine got wrecked in that accident. He won't be able to work for two months, so I'll go to his partner, I guess.

So you don't think I can remember my flies, huh? Well I can. I don't know just how many I have, but I can remember most of those in my box. I'll bet there are around 60 in that box, huh? Maybe that isn't right but I know the kinds that are in there anyhow.

Are those tomatoes any good? Don't send the tomatoes unless you can send them cheaper than we can buy them. I guess.



I will probably be here several months. I may even be here the rest of my mission. Can't never tell.

I'm afraid it would cost quite a bit to send the tomatoes, wouldn't it. We can buy #2 cans here for 13 cents each. Could you send them any cheaper? If you decide to, tell me the costs because then I put it on our dope sheet and it's credited up to me, and then my postman has to buy a like amount of grub, or else, we usually total up at the end of each week and split up on grub expenses.

In a way, I'd like to come home when my time is up, but then again if I could get out of war by staying out, why I'd rather stay. If things are so I have to go anyway, I guess I'd just as well go the sooner the quicker and get it over with, if I can't get out of it. However I would rather stay and come home in May or June so that Spring would be here and traveling and scenery would be much better than in the winter. March is still real winter here. That terrible blizzard was on the 15th, and that is about when my year would be up. I don't want to travel that way. Boeslund (Norman) asked President if he could stay out another 10 months. Boeslund has been sort of a problem, so President hasn't decided yet. However, those elders who have done O.K., lots of them stay out 6 months over their time. If President lets Boeslund stay, then he gets a couple of weeks leave to go home to see his folks and then come back. That wouldn't be bad, to get a short leave of absence and then come back, that is if it would keep me out of the War.

Beck, you asked about what I need in the way of clothes. I have plenty of everything. I don't need a thing. Except an overcoat. I'll have to get one of those this fall. I may get a hat, I don't know. Here they want 1:00 to clean and block a hat. That's too much, I'd rather put 2 more with it and get a new one. My black shoes are about gone. I'm on my second pair of half soles. I'm getting pretty good at putting on those 10 cent stick on soles. They last about 2 or 3 months, and that's plenty good for a 10 cent. However, the uppers are going, and I may get some this fall. However I can make things like that fit into my monthly allowance. Batching is somewhat cheaper than boarding. So I guess all I need is an overcoat.

About those clothes we had our pictures taken in, our landlady in Jamestown owned them. They were her husband's.

Say Beck, if I thought you could use it, I'd send you one of these June Bug spinners, but I know you couldn't use it, Ha Ha! Wait until I get home and I'll show you how to catch those big ones on the dam with it. I think it will work plenty good. So, so long till next time, and may God bless all of you, As Ever, Love Eldred.

**July 2, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well, guess what. I went to the dentist today and got some bad news. I've got fine dental work to be done. Quite a bit too, darn it, I should have gone before, but I never got around to it. When I did decide to go something would spoil my plans. In Fargo, I was going to go, and then I got transferred. I then waited until conference time, and then things didn't work out right and I didn't get it done. I was going to go in Jamestown and talked to people and decided the dentist, and then we got word of a transfer so I got here and decided not to put it off any longer.

They are kind of high priced out here it seems, however I've got the same amount of work that Scott had to have done, and it cost him \$35 with discount. I can get it for \$30. It's a lot of money I know. I didn't tell him who I was just my name. I had an X ray taken--he thought it best. Then I had my teeth cleaned, and etc. He then quoted his price. Then I told him who I was and asked for a discount. He thought awhile and asked questions, and then gave me a discount. Will you draw \$25 out of my account and send it to me? With what I have I'm sure that will be enough. I wish it didn't have to be done but I better get it fixed now while I have the chance.

We went fishing Monday night it will probably be the last time for awhile maybe. Anyway Strasser and I went and rented a boat for 3 hours, 15 cents per hour, and bought one dozen minnows 20 cents. We rowed back and forth in part of the lake, and finally got a few fish. We did pretty good, I think. There were three other boats out and we caught more than the three put together. Strasser didn't get a license so I fished and he rowed. I got my limit! My license cost \$1.00. I got a resident license. I was going to get a non resident license, because I hadn't lived here before. I explained to the city auditor, and they gave me a residence license! In fact I had to put a 14 inch Perch and a 20 inch great northern pike back because I had too many. The limit is 8 unless you are fishing just for perch or smaller fish. I had 8 walleyed pike. They are supposed to be the best eating fish around here. They are good too. Out of my 8 fish, the smallest one was 15 inches and I had two nice ones, one 23 inches and the other 24 inches. They weighed 4 pounds or better I'd judge. The string of the 8 was just plenty heavy!

We Strasser and I, the landlady, her husband and friend, and another lady had 3 fish yesterday, and we had all we could eat. We'll have fish again tonight. We still have one large one and 4 others left!

Fish! They were a lot of fun to catch. We trolled very slowly with a June Bug spinner with a minnow behind, and let out about 125 feet to 175 feet of line. Those fish put up a very good fight, especially the big ones! With that much line out they really have a chance. When one struck, we would stop the boat, and I would start reeling in. They put up a good scrap until they got close to the boat, and boy, then watch out! You didn't do too hot a job fixing the rod, Beck. It almost broke again at the ferule. Those fish sure bent it out of shape. The rod isn't strong enough for these fish. It wasn't your fault though the ferules just aren't strong enough. I had to take it plenty easy with the rod. I lost two or three trying to bring them into the boat, and I had quite a few strikes that I missed, but otherwise I did pretty good. We got home about 10:00 and then we lost all the fun of fishing. We had to clean them and that was a job! All these fish have to be scaled besides cleaned! Oh, well!

Fishing is plenty good here though if you know where to go, and know where the sand bars in the lakes are. I saw a string of great northern and walleyed pike yesterday from a lake north of here. There were 8 of them and the smallest was about 6 pounds and the largest 9. Not bad, huh? They have an ice box down town, and every day they have some big fish. All kinds bass, pike, both kinds, crappies, and etc. They sure have some nice ones. Though I think that one string of so many big ones was the best.

I got a letter from Mrs. Jacobsen the other day. She writes quite often and she sends a cake or some cookies and candy once in awhile. She's surely been good to me. They want to move to Utah. She's going out this summer and try to get a job in Salt Lake. If she does, then Ben will quit his job and bring the boy and come out and try and get a job. I surely hope they can. She said she'd stop in and see you when she comes out, so I thought I'd tell you she is coming. If she comes through Ogden, could you pick her up for a night? Maybe she won't even stop in Ogden, but it wouldn't hurt to ask her. They've put me up several times and I've eaten there a lot.

Here's my monthly report. I thought you might like to see it. Everything is itemized pretty good.

I got a letter from Scott this morning and he said that we gave out over twice as much literature and visited about twice as many homes as the other six in the district put together. Also that we were way high on tracting and visiting non members. It is pretty close to getting on the Honor Roll. We have a chance, but some one will probably beat it. When I was with Lyon, we used to have a lot more hours tracting, but we never had any hours visiting non members. We used to get on the Honor Roll for tracting, but then they changed the system and put tracting and visiting in together so that cut us out entirely. However, we now have a chance. I just missed it last month by a few hours.

I shouldn't say it, I guess, cause it will probably never happen anyway, but I may have a slight chance of becoming Scott's successor as district president. When we were in Fargo, Scott told the three of us elders and two lady missionaries that if he had his way I was to be the next D.P. He has quite a bit of say in the matters. Of course, President Richards has the final say, and he very probably will bring some one in from another district to be district president. So very likely I won't get it. Here's one reason. In our weekly reports I always write to Scott and then he writes back to me. We kid one another along a lot especially about polygamy and girls. President Richards is very strict about us keeping our dignity and not associating with girls. Anyway, Scott was in a big hurry and by mistake placed my letter in with the reports to President. He got a letter back from President, Pronto! He, Scott, explained that we always kidded one another and explained things over O.K. However, I hope that it didn't change President good opinion of me any. The letter had nothing in about me. It was all about Scott so I'm all right. Scott had a hard time explaining a couple of things concerning lady missionaries and himself.

Can you smell the fish cooking? Ummm, fresh walleyed pike. It is a fancy dish. I bought some on the train and they soaked me 50 cents for a little piece. We've got more than we know what to do with. I'll bet we had 20 pounds in that string. We are having fish, fried spuds, canned peas and Jell-O with pineapple in it for dessert for supper. How does it sound? Want to help us eat it? We've got plenty.

Say, you never did say what you thought of those pictures I sent. How did you like them? I'll send some more to you in a week or so.

Here's a drawing of the town and lake. Maybe you can figure it out. The town blocks aren't very accurate as we live about 8 blocks from the college. However, the general idea is pretty accurate. At Diamond Point is one of the main bathing beaches. They have bath houses and a lifeguard, etc. That's where we go swimming. East Bemidji is about one mile or 2 away. There are quite a few people there. It's something about like Five Points at home. A highway connects the towns and there are houses and drive in stands and tourist cabins between.

In the lake you'll see my drawing of a sandbar. Where the X is, is where we got our fish. The sandbar is covered by about 20 feet of water. You have to fish just off the sandbar where it drops off into deep water that's where the fish are. It's hard to find the place because you can't see, you just have to "feel" it out. If you can find it you usually get fish. That's why we only got two perch the first time. We

couldn't find the drop off.

The shaded area just west of where we live is the business district of town.

Well, I can't think of anything more so I'll close and say, so long until next time. May God bless you all Love Eldred.

P.S. Mom, give me your recipe for making one large pie shell.

**July 10, 1941.** Here's a few pictures. If I have sent any of these to you before, then send the duplicates back and I will send them to someone else.

You folks are getting so you don't answer my letters very much. I've asked questions in about the last 10 letters I wrote, but none of you ever did answer any of them. When I ask a question I would kinda like to have you answer a few of them anyway.

Beck, here's that other fly you sent. Put it back. That's the only one I have of that kind, and I want to keep it. Send one that I have at least two of.

About those tomatoes, I guess you better keep them. It would cost more than they are worth to ship them, and I am always subject to transfers, and it would be best not to have all those on hand, thanks, anyway.

We finished up the cherries, and they were plenty good. We didn't get sick either! This country is good for my hay fever, I haven't had a trace of it--nice, huh?

So far, I've been getting quite a bit of mail except from you folks. I've had at least one letter every morning, Sundays and the 4th included for about three weeks now. I guess I'm doing O.K. for a change.

Dad, I enjoyed reading your letter. Especially the part about the fishing. Say, you ought to use a spinner like the kind they use here. I think they have something. At least it works on the fish here. The spinner is something like this drawing only larger. That isn't a very good drawing, but it will give you an idea. They only have one hook on the spinner but it is a big one, and when the fish grab, they get hooked pretty good. The hook is usually baited with a minnow here, but, I guess, worms would be O.K.

You just as well use my basket and save buying a new one. Only when you catch fish be sure and have plenty of grass in the basket so it won't get all slimy.

So you like that rod and new line. I'll bet it works pretty good. The rod is yours, don't you remember we traded that reel for the rod.

Sweden must have been pretty if it is like this. There are lots of Swedes in this country. Erickson is about as common a name here as Smith was home. Say, you never did answer my questions about your folks.

Are you going to run Plain City this summer? Do you plan on staying with the North Ogden Canning or do you intend to do something else?

There is no hurry about deciding, rather I should stay out longer. I've decided I can just speak to President and he probably would let me stay a few months longer. Look into that part about being deferred if attending college.

Sunday, Amundsens came over from Caso Lake and got us and took us over. We had dinner and visited with them all afternoon. The town of Caso [maybe Cass] Lake is about half Indian. Most of them are mixed half breeds and they are a very shiftless lot of people. They live in tar paper shacks about the size of a garage. I don't see how they keep warm in the winter. They say it is plenty cold here in the winter, even worse than North Dakota.

This morning was chilly. We needed our suit coats or a sweater on. This is the coolest summer I've ever spent. There have only been about 3 or 4 warm days since I've been here, and then it only went from 95 to 100. It always cools off at nights here and actually gets a little chilly.

Our tracting is just ordinary. We get the usual run of door slams and refusals, and we do get a few conversations. It will take time to get something started here.

I've been to the dentist and had a couple of teeth filled. I go again tomorrow. He seems to be a very good dentist. He has a new gas system to give you when you have your teeth drilled. You give yourself the gas, and it doesn't quite put you to sleep. You just feel queer and can hear, see, and understand, but you can't feel hardly any pain. You feel the grinding, etc., but it doesn't hurt. It's pretty good. He also has a little pneumatic hammer to pound in the filling in your teeth so they will stay in. He is much better equipped than the ones home, and works a lot differently. He even has a nurse to help him part of the time. He charges O.K., but I think I'm going to get a much better job done, than I've had before.

Elder Kuhn was a fast worker, Ha Ha. He got married just 4 days after he got home.

What's Howard going to do now he's released? I suppose you'll see him soon, has he changed much? From his letters, I don't think he has.



Well, I'll close and write more when you write. So long and may God bless you!!! As ever,  
Eldred.

**July 14, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well, here it is a blue Monday. It's cloudy and cool. Our nights are always cool. We usually sleep with a blanket on besides the sheet. Nice huh?

We were going to go to Bagley, Minnesota this morning and look up some members there, but, darn it anyway, I've got some impetigo on my face, and thought it best to stay here and try and get rid of it. Gosh, I can't shave or anything until it gets better, and that means I can't go tracting, darn it anyway!

Here are a couple of things I want you to put in my scrapbook. One is an invitation to the North Dakota State Tennis Tournament--too bad I couldn't have been there, maybe I'd have won. Ha Ha.

The other is my statement of an accident that I witnessed Saturday. It's kind of hard to read, but if you hold it away you can read it. I was plenty lucky on that accident. I had an appointment with the dentist, and was about late. Strasser was hurrying me off. I went downstairs, and then for no apparent reason at all I came back to the room, looked around and then went on downstairs and into town. As I was crossing the intersection a car swerved in and just missed me and went down the sidewalk. My statement will tell you what happened. If I hadn't stopped and gone back to my room, I would have been on that sidewalk and no telling what might have happened. "The Lord takes care of his own". A queer coincidence--one of the men hurt was the dentist I was on my way to see!

Yes, Helen, this country is much like Mirror Lake only it is much more dense forest. This country is all "bush" as they call it here. All you have to do is go outside of the city off the highway and you are in the woods in any direction.

I'm glad you and Mom had a good birthday. You mention getting hankies while I think of it, don't anyone send me any handkerchiefs. I've got more now than I know what to do with. I don't use them. I've been using Kleenex. It is cheaper and much more convenient than hankies. Also, I haven't any hay fever here!

I'm glad to hear that you can swim a little, Helen, keep it up.

Yes, I thought that Paul Bunyan card was pretty good too. Thanks for the money for the dentist. I hope it doesn't make it too hard for you. Why don't you draw out mine and use it.

Beck, so you say it's hot there. You ought to be here. A sweater feels good this morning. It's 10:30 a.m. and the temperature is 65 degrees.

Nope, I haven't been fishing anymore.

The cherries weren't spoiled a bit; we ate them before they had a chance to spoil.

Saturday afternoon, we walked over to Diamond Point Beach and went swimming and had quite a lot of fun, and got a little tan.

I take back what I said about fishing. That night we didn't have anything to do, and a roomer here was going fishing and took us along. It didn't cost us anything. However, he thought he knew where he was going, but he didn't and all we did was drag our lines through some moss. Fish? Huh! What do you think! If we go again we'll go where we know there are some fish. I did catch one perch about 14" and threw him back. They aren't much good eating and don't count as fish here.

I saw that letter of mine that got sent to President Richards by mistake. He sent it back to Scott. It wasn't anything to worry about at all, except Scott had some explaining to do. In the letter I asked Scott how he liked married life, and accused him of being a second Brigham Young. I also asked if Boeslund really proposed to Sister Buckley. (She was really a pretty lady missionary and all the elders were intrigued by her.) So they all had some explaining to do. The rest of my letter was just telling of the work we had been doing and of that talk we had with the preacher. So I'm all right.

Well, I better close. I'll write more next time. So long, and may God bless you all, Love, Eldred.

**July 26, 1941.** Dear Folks, You won't get much of a letter this time. I don't feel like writing, I surely feel miserable. I have a terrible infection on my face! It seems to be a combination staphylococcus and streptococcus infection at least that's what the Doc says. I've been going to him all week, but it's still getting worse.

I wish there was a skin disease specialist in town, but a small town like this hasn't many doctors. I don't know what to do. My face is so swollen I can hardly open my mouth to talk or eat, and it is covered with a thick scab I have to pick off twice a day and then paint it with Gentian Violet--that dark purple stuff. I can't shave and it really looks as bad as it feels.

I'm going to write to President Richards this afternoon and see what he advises. Maybe I'll have to go in to Minneapolis to a specialist, or maybe he will give me a leave of absence to come home until I get better. How'd you like that? It would be nice to see you again, but it would be heck to bring this

home for you to take care of. I don't know what I'll have to do. It's surely miserable. I can't do anything, study, or otherwise. It's really tough!

Dad, I was very glad to get your letter. What church did your folks belong to and how did they come to join "The Church"?

So Howard is home. Does he seem any different? Has he changed much?

It's been quite hot here the last few days. It has rained quite a bit and it is damp. I don't know how hot it got but it was 104 degrees in Fargo. It was in the 90's here.

Our monthly reports aren't so good this month, though we will be about average for several things even though we didn't work for 2 weeks.

My expenses were \$30.40. They would have been cheaper, but doctor bill and medicine and also a few miscellaneous items that I carried over from before brought it up. If I stay here and get rid of this infection I can live quite cheap.

Well, I'll close now, and may God bless you all. As Ever, Love Eldred.

**July 29, 1941.** Postcard: (Skyline, Minneapolis, Minnesota) addressed: C. L. Beckman 310--13th Street Ogden, Utah. Well, my face is getting much better, and I hope to be back in Bemidji soon. Am enjoying my stay here though it is very, very hot and damp! Love, Eldred.

**Tuesday, July 29, 1941.** Office of North Central States Mission, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, 3240 Park Ave. Minneapolis Minn. Telephone Regent 6372. [letterhead of stationery]

Still write to my Bemidji address, as I'll be back soon, I hope.

Dear Folks, As you probably know, I am now in Minneapolis.

President Richards just now got your telegram. Say, How come you sent a telegram to him?? I told you in my letter that I was writing to him the same time that I wrote to you. I sent his letter special delivery and he got it Sunday, and he telephoned long distance that afternoon for me to take the evening train to Minneapolis which I did. I caught the 11:15 train out and arrived here at 7:00 a.m. yesterday morning. President Richards wondered what I'd told you to make you send him a telegram. It looked kind of funny.

That Doc in Bemidji didn't know his stuff. He said I didn't have Impetigo, and that I had some other stuff and he gave me about 6 different things to try on it. None of them did any good.

This Doc here said it was a very bad case of Impetigo. I spent two hours there yesterday and the same today. I've got to go about every day for a week. He digs every bit of the scab off and then puts on a violet ray. The infection was quite deep, and most of my whiskers were infected and a few had to be pulled out. Now most of the deep infection is gone, and the surface has quit spreading, and some is getting better. I have some kind of blisters about like poison ivy on my hands, and he is curing that too.

So I guess I'll be O.K. soon and head back to Bemidji to Elder Strasser. He's all alone up there until I get back. I guess it's plenty lonesome for him. I'm enjoying my stay here. They treat me just plenty nice. I have a private room all to myself. President and Mother Richards are surely nice people. There are also two elders and one lady missionary here in the office force.

Boy, have I had misery at the dinner table. The food is swell, but my mouth is swollen about shut and a thick scab so I can't open it and have to just take a very tiny forkful each time. It takes for ever to fill me up. In fact I never get full.

This is surely a pretty town, what I've seen of it. I haven't seen very much yet, though I hope to. Today isn't bad, but it was surely hot yesterday. It was 97 degrees, that isn't so high, but the humidity was 87, that is extremely high. Normal is 37, so you can see how it was. It was so hot and sticky the only comfort was a fan. A few people have died on account of the heat.

The President just came in and said he was going to answer your telegram. I don't see how come you telegraphed him when I said I was writing to him. He is always kept informed as to how we are. We each write in a letter once a week. Anyway, but I did send the one special delivery before the regular letter.

I hope I get to see this town before I leave. The office force and President are kept busy so they don't have time to show me around. It's such a large place, I'd get lost I guess if I went alone. Ha Ha.

I'm glad to get that purple stuff off my face. When I walked up the street everybody would stop and look, even people in cars would all stop and turn around and look. Boy, was I a sight.

Well, I'll close and get this letter off. So long. Bye for now and may God bless you. Sorry if I worried you too much. I guess I shouldn't have said anything. Love, Eldred.

**Saturday, August 4, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well, I'm still here in the cities. My face is getting better. I

hope to be back to Bemidji in another week if not sooner.

I got your letters today, and one yesterday. I'll answer them in the order that they were written.

Beck, I'll bet that you can't catch or never did catch a mess of fish like those in that picture. Ha Ha. I caught them on a June bug spinner with a minnow on the big hook behind the spinner. If you think you could use one of those spinners, I'll send you one. They only cost 15 cents. You just wait until I get home, and I'll show you how to fish!!! (Thanks for the money and the stamps, I can use them.)

Yes, these fish put up a very good fight, they'd have to, to bend the pole the way they did. I didn't bend it trying to lift them into the boat. I grabbed the leader and pulled them in. They really put up a fight. I never caught fish home that large only once in a great while so I can't say rather they fight as much or not. However it takes about 5 or 10 minutes to land one about 20 inches.

Do that, send 12 cans of tomatoes, and we'll try them out, if we like them and it doesn't cost too much then you can send the rest later. Tell me what it costs though because I want to know. Fruit out here is plenty high priced. They don't grow any here except a few little plums and crab apples.

I would like a good fishing rod, but I don't suppose I'll get one. I'll make this one do, the whole outfit is about shot. A new rod costs about 3 or 4 dollars for a good one. The line costs a couple of bucks but my old line is pretty good. However, the reel is about done for. You have to do a great deal of winding and it is practically worn out. For this kind of fishing you have to use a short rod from 4 to 5 feet long. A casting reel like that one that Dad bought and I traded him out of, and about 100 yards of thin black line, remember that line and outfit I used to use casting on the lawn? We then use a spinner the kind I told you about and troll in a boat. Out here we use a wire leader about 2 feet long. My outfit has about seen its last days, but for what little fishing I do it will last. However when I get home I would like a new rod and line to go with that other reel.

I have most of my beard cut off to be able to shave because the blade razor would spread this impetigo.

I'll bet that you have the lawn looking pretty. No thanks, I don't want the job taking care of the lawn. Ha Ha. I've had enough of that. I've been taking care of President Richards lawn all week.

No I haven't got my teeth fixed yet. I will have to wait until this face gets all better, also my dentist.

Helen, you ask how I got to the Cities. As you now know, I took the train. Bemidji is only 225 miles from here. Bemidji is also about that far from Fargo. (Rest of letter missing)

**August 8, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well, I'm still here in the cities. Darned if I can get away from here. My face has practically healed up except for a few small spots, and these won't seem to heal. They just stay about the same no better or worse. The Doc won't let me go, and I have to stay here. I'm tired of sticking around here doing nothing. It's getting monotonous! I'll surely be glad when I can go back to Bemidji.

My hands are all better, though they are still peeling some. I go to the Doc's every day and undergo the same treatment. He pulls of all the scab and takes out some more whiskers and then gives me a violet ray treatment.

Monday will be two weeks here and two weeks that I had it in Bemidji. I'm kind of a total loss as far as missionary work is concerned.

The Church is losing money on me. The Church pays for all my doctor bills while I'm here in the cities, so that helps out quite a bit. I'll bet that I have a pretty good sized bill. Cause I see the Doc every day and then the violet ray treatments cost quite a bit. The Doc thinks I'll be better soon. Hope he's right cause I'm getting plenty tired of it.

They have kept me a little busy here in the office. I've helped some. I've wrapped things for mailing and then we put out the monthly bulletin. That is a job to put that out. There is a lot of work to making one of those. So, I've kept sort of busy, but I don't like office works. It gets on my nerves, and I'd like to get out and do something for a change.

Elder Strasser hasn't forwarded my mail cause I keep thinking that I'd be back soon so I haven't heard from you since those last letters that I answered. I wish I would have known that I was going to be here for Sunday. They asked me to talk at the investigators meeting tomorrow afternoon, but I didn't think I would be here so I turned them down, darnit.

However, I did have a chance to talk. I attended the Thursday night meeting. They had a pretty good program except they didn't have enough speakers, so what did they do? I was sitting back in the audience enjoying myself, in sort of a half daze, and the elder that was in charge got up and said, "We're sort of full of surprises tonight. We have an elder with us tonight from another district and we'll turn the remainder of the time over to him. Our next speaker will be Elder Erickson." I was astonished to say the



least, I wouldn't have minded if they had given me a moment's notice so that I could have thought of a subject. However, I got up and thought as I talked, and took up the remainder of the time. It was a dirty trick, but we all got quite a kick out of it.

Last Sunday was one of our hottest days since I've been here. The temperature was only 99, but the humidity was way up to 97? We attended three meetings, and boy was it plenty hot. That night we had a rainstorm and thunder and lightening. It rained 2.64 inches of rain in about 45 minutes. Some rain, eh? I also met Pearl Chaney at church. She asked about Ferrins.

I've seen my share of scenery around this town. President has taken us around quite a bit. I have seen most of the 11 lakes in the city, and it really is prettier than you can imagine if you haven't seen it. We also went through a cemetery that was more like the Garden of Eden. It was prettier than words can describe. As far as scenic beauty is concerned, this town is by far the prettiest I've ever seen. It's a good sized town over 1/2 of a million people. We are living about 36 blocks from town, big blocks too.

However just about 5 blocks away, there is more of a business district than there is in the whole town of Bemidji bank, Post Office, stores, movies, Woolworth's, Sears and Roebucks main headquarters, and it is a regular town in itself. I like to wander around the Sears and Roebucks store. It is surely some store. They have everything you can imagine, and then a whole lot more. The Doc also has an office in this part of town, so I don't have very far to go. I have gone down town a couple of more times by myself, and wandered around. Gee, for the big stores. Dayton's takes up a whole block and is really a swell store! I have a lot of fun wandering through the stores, and looking things over. I'd surely like to have a lot of money to spend, things are reasonable here, and you have so much variety to pick from. However, there isn't much use of me buying anything except just what I can use now.

I'm practically resigned to spending a couple of years or so in the army. It doesn't look like I can get out of it so I might just as well make the best of it don't you think. I guess it won't be so bad. However, I don't like the idea of the time spent, I'd much rather be putting that time into school. Oh well, maybe things will turn out all right.

Last night President took us to a show, or rather, he paid our way to one. I surely like President and his wife. They are certainly nice people. Being the son of an Apostle of the Church surely has its advantages.

I haven't taken hardly any picture here, cause it just doesn't seem to be suitable material for taking pictures. You just can't take pictures of a town this size, it's scattered out too much, and most of the scenery, I've seen in the evening when it is too late to take pictures. The post cards I sent show the town better anyway.

Well, I don't know of much more to write. Save any clippings of anybody I know getting married, and send them to me. You don't send very many, yet I see some every once in a while mentioned in the Deserted News. However that is a punk paper and doesn't say much about them. Every issue that is the Saturday night issue, there is usually one that I know. I wish I could see the Ogden paper Society section some times. Bye now, and may God bless you all, Love, Eldred.

**August 15, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well, at last I'm back in Bemidji. My face isn't entirely healed, but it's well enough that they thought I could take care of it myself. It won't even leave a scar, thank goodness, I was afraid that it would.

I went to the Doc's yesterday morning at 9:00. I go out at 5 to 10. I hurried back to the mission home and packed and caught the 10:30 bus for Bemidji. I don't like the bus nearly so well as the train, and it cost 55 cents more too! However, there aren't any trains coming here except at night, and I'd rather ride in the daytime. I got here about 5:30 after a very scenic ride. The highway is bordered on all sides by the "bush". We passed lots of lakes and it was really pretty. Part of the way, I rode with a Catholic priest. We had a pretty good discussion.

Last Sunday, I really spent the day in church. In the morning I went to priesthood and Sunday school. Had dinner (I was supposed to preach in investigators meeting in the Minneapolis Chapel.) However, President Richards took us to St. Paul to church there. We attended two meetings there. Had a little spare time, and we went through the largest Catholic Cathedral in this part of the country. It is quite a huge and magnificent structure. We got back to Minneapolis just in time to attend evening sacrament meeting--quite a full day of meetings eh? Afterward we had a late supper--we had company too, and didn't get to bed till quite late.

During the week I cut the lawn and watered the lawn. I really helped around there--I'll bet they'll miss me now I'm gone--Ha Ha. I wiped dishes every day--nice huh?

The Church made the arrangement with Sister Richards that she gets \$1.00 per day for boarding and rooming the missionaries. However, the Church pays half. So my board bill was only \$8.50 for the

17 1/2 days I was there, and the Church paid for all my doctor bills and medicine while I was there. Nice huh?

Say, you never did send me any clippings of Edna Bench's marriage. I'd still like them. It's in Sunday's paper, August 10. Sister Parker had the paper at the mission home--I saw it. She gets the paper once a week. Her folks send out the Sunday edition--why don't you do that? I'd surely like to see The Society page, I don't care so much about the rest. Sister Parker has a Sunday subscription--how much does one like that cost? --for Sundays only, they send it to the missionaries.

Beck, so you think you want a Pontiac huh? You don't want one of those lemons do you? They tell me that General Motors uses the Pontiac to try out all their new experiments to test them out. \$1133, that seems like a lot of money. Do you think it's worth it? I thought the Pontiac was about \$900 F.O.B. the Factory? Is that right? If so I should be able to save more than \$100. Does that price include radio and heater? Also does it include that new 10% tax. If not you will run into lots of dough. 10% is \$113 extra. How about it? [Along the margin he has drawn a little car, and says, "Do you like those sloping bodies, I don't!"] With the way war has made prices go sky high, I'd think it over good before buying. After this war is over--if it ever gets that way--things should be cheaper.

Say, please send me that Pfleuger Akron Casting Reel, will you? This one is about shot. Send it as soon as you can.

I hear you had a little storm out that way. If you think that was rain, you don't know nothing. You only had 1.40 inches of rain. Down in Minneapolis we had 2.64 inches of rain in one hour. Just think what it would have been if you'd had that out there, here it wasn't very unusual and caused no damage--in fact a few hours afterwards there were only a few puddles left.

You sort of misunderstood me about Edna Bench. There was a time when I could have had her for the asking--in fact I had a hard time getting out of it, but that was all over with long before I came on my mission. She's a swell kid and all, but I just didn't feel that way. She was a very good friend though, and it seems awfully odd to think of her being married. As far as my bringing back some one--not a chance, I'm not in the market for one.

Say Beck, how about getting us a good outboard motor before the price of aluminum gets too high? We could surely use a good motor. You can rent a boat cheap most anywhere, but having a motor is what counts!! It would be swell for fishing and duck hunting out on the Refuge--How about it? We could easily build a boat, I've got them all looked over out here, and there isn't so much to it. Dad, I'm sorry that you and Chuck didn't have a good fishing trip.

So you have a Royal Portable typewriter eh? That's supposed to be about the best one isn't it?

I was glad you told me all about your folks, it is good to know what they went through for the sake of the Church.

Well, I'll write more later. I've got 3 or 4 weeks mail waiting to be answered. So long, and may God bless you all. Love, Eldred.

**August 22, 1941.** Dear Folks, Mom I was glad to get your letter and the clippings. Thanks a lot.

Yes it's a relief to have my face about better. I still have one spot that persist. The rest have cleared up O.K. The one spot remains though the rest of my face is still red in spots. I found an infected hair in the spot though and pulled it out, so that place should clear up now that I found the cause. I had to disinfect the head of my razor so it wouldn't spread it again. I've tried to be careful in all that I do. It wasn't my fault that it spread. It was this Doc's fault. If he'd given me something to dry it up instead of keeping it moist I wouldn't have had all the trouble.

Here are a few pictures. I had extra and thought you might like to see. I'm send more some time later. I said I didn't like the bus. I don't in comparison with the train. Also the bus costs more money, another reason I didn't like it. However, it isn't bad. Though you just have had a long weary ride to New York, didn't you, Mom. Did you get to see Beth and Morris Taylor?

Yes, I'm still in the district and apt to be until I go home. Yes, it certainly was nice of the Church to pay half of my board bill, and all of the doctor bills. It would have been quite a bit. What made you think I was moving? How did that stop you from sending the clippings? I'm just curious. Anytime you don't know just where I am or where to write, always write to the Mission Office, 3240 Park Ave. They always forward it immediately.

It will surely be nice to get Sunday's paper and see some of the news from home. That must have been some storm there. That mountain country can't stand heavy rains.

I was just kidding about a girl. I'm in no hurry for that I've got lots of time yet--a lot of time out here, two and a half years in the army, 4 more years of school, 2 years to get a job and get settled. I didn't want one anyhow. Ha Ha.

We have done quite a little tracting this week, though not as much as I would have liked to accomplish. We ran out of tracts, and didn't get to do as much as we wished to. We had pretty good luck in our tracting. We got the usual run of refusals and not interested, but we also got a few invitations and had a few intelligent and interesting conversations. I've spent part of the time making a plan of Salvation chart to use (if I ever get the chance) in explaining the story of our life where we came from, why we are here on this earth, and where we go after death.

Today we spent part of the day rewiring our electric stove. It's about the 11th time we've done it. This time we didn't succeed, and the stove only blew fuses 7 times before we gave it up as a bad job. It's a good thing I remembered how to fix the fuses after they blow out. The landlady is out of town, so we borrowed her electric one burner plate until she gets back, and then we'll have to see if we can talk her into a new one.

Did I tell you Herby Harbertson (Herbert, from the Ogden 4th Ward) is a district president in the South Dakota District. Ira Young is district president in Washington. Randolph Fife was just made a district president in West Virginia. Pretty good, huh?

Yesterday was quite warm, it got up to about 87 degrees. Today it was cold, and a sweater was necessary, and it wouldn't have been too much if I'd had two. It rained and then warmed up a little. It rains here about every other day. Sometimes every day, and sometimes it misses a few days, but we get quite a bit.

Well, I'm run out of things to write, so bye now, and may God bless all of you. Love, Eldred.

**August 18, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well, right now, I feel like resting. I just put away a heavy meal. One thing I've learned since I've been out, and that is to eat. I'm getting so I really enjoy it. I eat more than anyone else, but I still don't gain weight. I guess it just isn't in me. Well, I'll tell you what we just finished eating: (Hope you don't get hungry). We had fried spuds (and boy, can I fry 'em), fried walleye steaks done to a golden brown. Corn on the cob, and for dessert we had coconut cream pudding. How'm I doing? Sound good? I'm getting so I like fish pretty well. We went fishing Friday evening and have had five meals of fish since then. One fish makes a good meal for both of us. We are getting to be experts at cooking them. For breakfast I cooked all the pancakes we could eat they were plenty good too. When we have fish, we have spuds and some vegetable, such as peas or beans--string or pork, and we usually have a pudding or a Jell-O with fruit in it for dessert. Then when our fish runs out, we have soup for a meal or two. Then we have macaroni and cheese or tomatoes or maybe some spaghetti, or else maybe we have hamburger or a meat loaf, sometimes a stew. Bacon and eggs or whatever we can think of. I'm getting so I really like batching. Strasser and I live swell in regards to eats. We try to go fishing about once a week, and then we have enough fish for the week.

Say, Beck, if you still want to try out one of these spinners, send me 50 cents, and I'll send you 2 or 3. I'd buy them only it has to go on my expense account and be accounted for some way and my expense is too high as it is. Friday night we went out and fished for 3 hours. It wasn't so good and we only caught six, none very large. The largest was about 18", and we had one small one about 13", and we put him back. We use those canned or bottled minnows. They work just as good, and a bottle costs 25 cents for about 18. They last us a long while. Live minnows cost 20 cents per day, and we always have part left over and have to waste them.

We surely saw a large string of fish the other night. A guide took some people out on the lake. There were about 6 people and they all got their limit, and boy, did that make a string, just think 48 fish on a stringer. Smallest one about 15 inches, and the largest 2 feet. We found out about where the bar is that he fished, and will try it next time.

As I say, we fish once a week. We get our recreation. Most elders see a show or two, but we go fishing. We kill two birds with one stone--recreation, and we also get part of our eats for the week.

Starting tomorrow we are going to get busy and get out a tract. Today we got our ears lowered (a haircut), shirts laundered and I got my suit cleaned. And we got our weeks shopping done, so now we can go to work.

I'm getting to be a jack of all trades. I can wire an electric plate, half sole shoes, do carpentry work, cook, wash and wipe dishes, launder clothes, make beds, sweep a clean house, what can't I do? I'd make somebody a good wife. Ha Ha.

Beck, thanks for the clipping, was that meant to insinuate I'd get lost in the big city? Better not!!

Well, my face is almost all better. I have three spots about this size 000. They have no infection and are just healing up. Part of my face is still red from the sores, but I think that will all go away. At least the Doc said so. Yes, my face was pretty bad. I'd hate to go through all the misery of that again. It was really painful. I had a picture taken, and I'll send it to you when I get it back. Yes, the Doc had to



pull out lots and lots of whiskers, but they all seem to come back, can't get rid of them.

As for how long I talked in Minneapolis at the meeting, I don't know. My watch was on the bumper and wouldn't run. I talked about missionary work in general and as to what our purpose was and what we should do. I also told a few jokes, and made them laugh. I don't suppose it was a very excellent speech, but I did O.K.

Conference is in Grand Forks on September 3, and 4. I'll get to talk there. I may also look for an overcoat. They have lots of stores there, and it is a good sized town. I should be able to do walk. No, I won't get a brown or tan. I'll get a gray, or blue or tweed. I'd like it a lot if you would send out the Society Section from home every Sunday. You never did send that picture of Edna Bench that I asked for.

Don't worry about the money. I have plenty for the present. I'll go back to the dentist and finish getting my teeth fixed as soon as my face clears up entirely.

Send out those tomatoes, and that reel. Also that little whetstone I had in that little leather case if you can find it.

My railroad fare to Minneapolis by train was \$2.25 (regular fare \$4.50). Bus fare from here back was \$2.80. I don't know what the regular fare was on that. My board and room in the cities was \$17.00, and the church paid half, also all my doctor bills. That's nice, isn't it. However, with railroad and bus fare, and extra board and room rent my expenses will be around \$35.00 this month. Something always comes up to put me over \$30.00.

The weather here is cool. This morning going around town, the rain coat over the suit coat felt plenty nice it's chilly here.

About fishing again. The art here in fishing is to find the bars where the fish are. After that all you have to do is troll until they bit and you reel them in. It's a big lake 7x2 miles, and there aren't so very many bars. It's an art to find them. You either have to be lucky, or have someone tell you. It's plenty hard out on the water and a couple of blocks from shore or maybe 1/2 mile. There are no land marks on the water, it all looks alike, and you can't see the bottom. We only know where one bar is, and that is one of the worst. It is only about a block from shore. A fellow, the barber, told us how to find a good one though. He said to row in line with a point of land and row straight for a railroad bridge on the other side of the lake. About 1/3 way out you line up with some smoke stacks on the south end of the lake, and keep all 3 in line, and that's where to fish. Sounds complicated doesn't it. However, it's knowing how to find the bars, (and that's the way they find them is by some land mark on the shore) that makes the fisherman here. After you find the bar, it doesn't take very much skill to catch the fish. It's fun though.

Where I'd like to fish is on the Mississippi. However, it's clear on the other side of the lake, and we have no way to get there. Fishing there, they catch all kinds of fish sunfish, crappies, bass, pike, pickerel, and sometimes walleyes. Also bullheads. You never know just what you have on your line when you get a bite.

Well, all our members but one lady, a Mrs. John Randall, about 40 miles from here have moved. So there is one Mormon within a radius of over 100 miles in any direction. Well, bye for now. Hope you are all well, and happy. May God bless you all, Love, "Erixon".

**August 25, 1941.** Dear Folks, Say, what are you guys trying to do? Get me married off when I get home? You must want to get rid of me pretty bad. Ha Ha. Can't you even take a joke when I mention bringing someone back. Anyway, Beck, you needn't worry about losing a hunting and fishing partner. Even if I did get married, that wouldn't make any difference.

Beck, I'm send you a couple of spinners. These are the two hooks everybody out here uses. They very seldom use anything else. The large one is a June bug spinner. The small one is a Prescott. I believe you might have better luck with it around home in the streams. The June bug is used mostly in lakes. They should be baited with a small minnow or you can use worms. In case you don't know how to bait a minnow, I'll tell you. Either run the hook through the mouth and out through the gills or hook in through the body of the minnow about 1/2 way back [illustration] or if they don't stay on very good that way, thread them on like you would a worm. Run it through the mouth up through the inside and come out the belly like this [illustration]. Think you can do it? Fish both of the spinners slow and quite deep. Just to bring you luck, I'm sending you two used spinners, the June bug has caught 24 walleyed pike from 13" to 24", and 4 perch about 13" and 14". The Prescott I only used it once.

We went over on the Mississippi River a few nights ago. The fish weren't biting, and I only caught two crappies about 12" and 14". They are considered one of the best fish around these parts. Anyway you get the general idea. So if you don't catch any fish, it isn't the fault of the spinners see!!

Thanks for the dollar, I can use it.

I still think you can save more than \$110 by driving a car back from the factory. They save that much by driving them just to Fargo. I think you're getting gypped! However, that's a lot of money to pay out for a car. Just think how long you'll be in the hole paying for it. What do you think, don't you think it would be better to wait until this war situation is a little more settled? If you have new tires on the Olds, it's still a plenty good car and will last a long while yet.

About an outboard motor. I haven't looked at prices here, so I don't know exactly. However, in Jamestown, Brother Shipley was interested and used to show us a catalog, and He has a 1.0 ? horse power motor. They cost around \$30 or \$35. However it is too small. It's all right for trolling, but it's no good for speed or if a storm comes up it only pushes the boat about as fast as I can row. (That's faster than you can. Ha Ha.) I think a 5 horsepower motor would be about right. It's good for trolling, and you can also get pretty good speed out of it. Of course, not like those speed boats, but it does clip along at pretty good speed. It is swell for getting places such as hunting ducks on the Refuge, or for crossing lakes, or etc. Most fishermen out here don't own a boat just a motor. You can rent a boat cheap most anywhere, and it only takes a few seconds to put the motor on the boar. It may be cheaper. I think Sears lists the 5 horse motor about \$83. See what Lowe's have. It's much easier just to haul a motor in the car than to take a boat too. Those motors are very cheap to run. You can run all day on about one gallon of gas or maybe a couple for the 5 horse motor. However, it wouldn't be hard to make a light safe boat and then you could use it when you want.

How did you make out fishing the Weber? These spinners should work swell there. Say, these canned minnows work almost as good as the live ones, so if you go fishing it wouldn't hurt to get and use a bottle unless you go wherever there's plenty of minnows.

Yes, the time sure goes by in a hurry. About another 7 or 8 months and I'll be home. Gosh the time flies in a hurry. I hope I can get a job or something and keep out of the draft. We didn't do much over the week end. We went to the Baptist Church and met the minister, and we've studied some. I haven't got my speech yet, so I guess I better get busy as we intend leaving here Saturday for Grand Forks. Bye now. Eldred.

Beck, I just got the reel. Thanks a lot. It came O.K.

Say, if you've sent the tomatoes O.K., but if you haven't never mind, keep them. It's been cool around here lately. It doesn't even seem like summer has been here yet, but it surely seems like winter is just around the corner. It rains about every day, and I don't think the temperature has been over 80 degrees for quite awhile. The nights are nice and cool.

Did I ever tell you that there are lots of big gray bushy tailed squirrels around here. Some of them are tame and come up and beg to be fed.

I just thought I'd put in this note and thank you for sending the reel. Bye now!

**September, 1941.** Postcard "Greetings from Grand Forks North Dakota" on front. 1 cent postage Defense stamp. Sent to Mr. H. E. Erickson, 310 13th St., Ogden, Utah.

Monday. Well, after 8 hours of hitchhiking, arrived in Grand Forks on Friday night. We are to work here for a week and help get ready for conference, I preached in church yesterday, and yesterday afternoon we went to Fargo and back.

Last week it was cold in Bemidji and froze ice!! Winter will soon be here. I'll write after conference, as I'll be busy until then. Bye now, Love, Eldred.

**Friday, September 5, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well, at last I'm back in Bemidji after a very enjoyable and inspirational conference. I have three of your letters, so I'll answer them, and then tell you all about my trip.

Helen, yours was written first, so I'll answer it first. So Mrs. Jacobsen was there. I got a card from her, but she hasn't written. Tell me all about it.

Your school schedule looks pretty good. I hope you like it. Say, do you still type? I have a lot of poems and things, if I send them home, will you type them for me? If they will let you graduate, I guess your credits are O.K., but when I went, they didn't count the 1/4 credits at Junior High.

Now that you are in the Pep Club, you have a chance to make something of yourself, if you will only try. Get in on everything you can. Push yourself forward. Don't be afraid, as Apostle Merrill says, it is only Satan that makes us that way. He just tries to hinder us in making progress in any way he can. Just try to do things, and you soon will forget your fears I did, and you can.

You are lucky to have your dentist work done. I've still got mine to be done. My dentist should be better soon. You are lucky to get yours done for \$13. They are much more expensive out here, darn it.

You all mention that Grant got burnt, he also wrote me a letter, but no one ever did say how he

got burnt. How?

It could be very good for you to go on a mission, would you like to? If you are thinking of it at all, get busy and read up on the Church works. It may be hard to understand at first, but keep on reading. Your seminary should help a lot. Read the Book of Mormon. Also the Articles of Faith.

Say, I suppose school is starting soon, do me a favor and ask your seminary teacher a question. (By the way this is a good way to "Polish Apples" and get in good with the teacher it helps a whole lot. Make friends with all your teachers if you can and you can study better and get better grades. Try it!) Here's the question. There are some who state that the doctrine of the Church is that all children who die in infancy will have a chance to be raised to maturity by their parents during the Millennium. I read a book in Minneapolis that says this is false doctrine. Elder Scott has one that says it is true. Ask your seminary teacher and see who's right, please.

Dad, I got your letter. Thanks for the money. Yes, my face is practically better (I hope). It is almost gone. I still have the marks though. I have a very slight scar and it is still red, though I hope and suppose it will go away in time.

So you fished Logan and broke the rod tip. It may be cheaper to go to Lowes and buy a new rod tip than to fix the old one. I'd like to ride through the mountains again. It will be good to see them again.

Beck, thanks for the hay fever clipping. I've been fortunate this year, and haven't been bothered at all, except for the past week over in North Dakota I had a touch of it. That country doesn't agree with me.

Have you tried the spinners yet? I see they get some big fish out of the Dam, why can't you? I guess it's just as well to wait on an outboard motor.

Yes, it's getting cold here, it won't be long until winter. It froze ice before I went to North Dakota but it warmed up since, though it is still cool. I guess I'll have to get an overcoat before the end of this month they say October is sometimes quite cold. However, when you send the money, draw it out of my account! I would like \$25 or \$30. I will look here, and if they don't suit me, I'll go to Grand Forks or Fargo.

No, I didn't get a line. Fishing here is quieting down, and I won't even fish any more, I guess. I'm going to get busy and work. Just as well not send the tomatoes or anything it costs more than it's worth.

So you met Mrs. Jacobsen and Elder \_\_\_\_'s family. Elder \_\_\_\_ may be in for some trouble. He is a peculiar fellow and is somewhat disliked by all the elders in the district. He was transferred out of the district a little while ago. Before he went, he pulled a very foolish stunt. He is a fellow that wants all the glory, and he always thinks he's right. He always wants his name on every ordinance or what have you that's performed.

Just before he left Grand Forks, he blessed two kids, twins, into the Church. The mother is not a very faithful member, and is unmarried. The father is a married man. He blessed the kids, and told the mother he would keep it secret. He didn't tell anyone not even his companion, and sent the record to President. President got suspicious and had Scott look into it. So now they are having an "Elders' Court" to try the girl. Elder \_\_\_\_ is liable to get in trouble. If you see Elder \_\_\_\_'s folks, don't say anything. Thanks a lot for sending the paper, I enjoy it a lot. Well, now I'll tell you what's happened the past couple of weeks.

About the 26th of August, Elders Wellman and Watern dropped in to visit us. They stayed 3 days as it rained too hard for them to get away. They were broke and we had to feed them. They left and Elder Scott came on a district tour. He stayed over night, and the three of us headed for Grand Forks.

We also wanted to stop and look up a couple of families on the way. Hitchhiking was poor and we had to split up. We met a Bagley 29 miles away, and visited a family. Scott got a ride south to look up Mrs. John Randall a member. He was going to stay over night. Strasser and I went on. We had to keep split up.

We surely went through beautiful country all pines, birch, poplar, and oak and some lakes. It took me 8 hours and 7 rides to get to Grand Forks 115 miles! Boy, that was the worst I've seen. I got stuck in one town about 13 miles from Grand Forks. I couldn't get a ride and finally started walking. A lady took pity and picked me up so I didn't have to walk far. It was the first time I've been picked up by a woman.

In Grand Forks we had to rent a room and eat out. So my expenses will be up again. It cost me \$10.50 for the week there for everything. We were supposed to help Elders Hinton and Taylor get ready for conference. We visited everybody and invited them out to conference and did a lot of walking.

Sunday at church, Strasser gave the two and a half minute talk, and I preached the sermon. Scott was there by then and said it was the best I've ever given.



In the afternoon Glen Bodily came down from Grafton and took us to Fargo. It seemed like home almost. Boy, that country is flat and looks odd. It's surely good farm country! It rains a lot and everything is pretty and green. It's rained every day for the last 3 weeks.

Say, you ought to see the sugar beets. Boy, they really raise them here. Along the road we passed patch after patch with 100 acres to the patch. One man had 400 acres of sugar beets, and boy, did they look good.

This whole Red River Valley is as flat and level as Uncle Walter's farm in Farr West, only more so. You can see wheat fields as far as the eye can see in places. Corn patches of a few hundred acres. All just as even as if it had been trimmed like a hedge. They raise lots of spuds too. It's really a farm country. Too bad the winters have to be so cold.

Monday and Tuesday we contacted people and studied in case, we had to talk at conference.

Wednesday we studied and got our Hall ready. In the evening President Richards, and Elder Joseph F. Merrill of the Council of the Twelve, and the rest of the elders came. Our lady missionaries have been taken away.

We held conference and none of us except President Scott got to speak. I was sort of glad. Elder Merrill and President Richards gave very fine and inspiring talks. But, we were very, very disappointed at our attendance after all the work we put in. Only 27 people came out and one of them was a paid piano player! Twelve of them were non members and the rest members. There are fifty people in the branch. We had fifty at the last conference and only President Richards came out.

Thursday morning, we held a missionary meeting at 9:00 a.m. We each reported our work and our feelings toward missionary work, and etc. until 12:00. Wellman said he'd hitchhiked a lot. Elder Merrill said it was against Church rules, but said nothing about us doing it. He said his sons on a mission didn't call it hitchhiking and they always managed to get places. So as he said that and didn't condemn us, I guess it's O.K. He couldn't come out and say it, but he gave the impression that it was O.K. if necessary.

We knocked off for dinner, and started missionary meeting again at 1:00. President and Elder Merrill gave their comments and advice until 4 p.m. I couldn't think of any questions to ask concerning doctrine darnit.

They caught the train and left. We were invited to supper at a members place. We tried our best to turn it down but couldn't, so we went.

The couple lived in a four room house and have fourteen kids the oldest is 22. They are a lower class of people very poorly educated and unclean in their habits. The house smelled like it was (it probably is) used for a toilet. The kids were filthy and all over everything cockroaches were running around loose. The place was messed up and filthy almost. So we ate there. I've still got a weak stomach. I had a hard time getting it down. I guess it was O.K. but it was just the idea of it. We had spuds and corn and bull heads, skin and all. I even hate the thoughts of it! We managed to get away, thank goodness.

We also had another appointment to hold a Book of Mormon class. We quit that at 10:00 and went home and got ready for bed and turned out the lights. Somebody got the bright idea, that since it was our last night together we should bowl. So we dressed and went to town and bowled. I got 154 and 167.

This morning I got up at 7:00 and managed to get the rest up by 8:15. We had breakfast, and packed our things to leave. At the last moment they talked us into going through the State Flour Mill. We did.

Had dinner and thumbed home. We had to split up again. I had two rides and got here in 3 hours for the 115 miles. Strasser got here a couple hours later. I rode with an army air pilot in a '41 Plymouth, and with a silverware salesman in a 41 Chev.

It was an odd thing. The salesman had sold sporting goods and silverware in Utah and Idaho for 8 years some time back. He knows all the big shots in Ogden, S.L.C., and Logan, Preston, Pocatello, and etc. His name is Dahl. We had quite a talk. He claimed the old man Pingree probably dead now, had two wives when he was there.

So we're home again. Tomorrow, we'll probably head 29 miles to Bagley to bless a child that a member left there with her folks while they went to Oregon to live.

Well, this ought to be long enough to make up for not writing last week. I was too busy then. So long, and may God bless you, Love, Eldred.

**September 5, 1941.** Here's a card they gave us at the mill. We went through it this morning. It is about the 6th in size in the U.S. It is quite a mill and it was very interesting to see how flour and cereals

and etc. is made. bye now. "Erixon"

**September 12, 1941.** Dear Folks, Mom, I was glad to get such a nice letter from you. You usually write such short letters.

So you think it's cold there? You ought to be up here when the old breeze comes off the lake. The furnace has been running quite regularly here, and when it isn't we have the wood range going. They use wood here for everything, furnaces, schools, etc.

This country has 9 months winter and three months late in the fall. According to the Weather Bureau reports, this is the second coldest spot in the United States. Hope I get moved out before winter sets in. Ha Ha.

Well, if it doesn't storm, I'm going over to Bagley tomorrow and bless Randall's baby. I don't know rather they are related or not. I've never met them and just wrote back and forth a few times. Their folks came from Pennsylvania if I remember right, so I don't know rather they are related or not. I'd like to talk to them, but John Randall's line too far from the Highway for us to visit, and Randalls went to Seattle and just left their baby with folks in Bagley.

So you never did see Beth and Morris, too bad. Say, do you ever hear how Mrs. Jacobsen is coming along? Yes, I write to Herby and Ira once in awhile. Herb's time is up and he will be released any time. Ira is also a district president, but he has more time yet. Herb is district president, too.

How is Aunt Tressa? Is she getting better? You told me more news in the last letter than I've heard in a long time. Keep it up!

Don't worry about me on the lake. I can handle a boat O.K. and I'm careful. Being a good swimmer doesn't make much difference in a lake. It's being able to take care of yourself, and in knowing what to do. We've attended a demonstration here and learned quite a bit, never try and swim to shore. The boat will keep 2 or 3 persons afloat for hours. However, we don't go out on the lake when there is any danger. Besides, now that it has turned cold, fishing has quit. The fish have gone down deeper in the lakes and people don't fish anymore until the lake freezes, and then they fish through the ice. So Beulah and June are building a home. Did I tell you that I met Pearl Cheney in the Cities? She asked me if I knew if Ferrins were building or not.

Say, speaking of cooking, you should have been here to help eat the biscuits I baked today. They were pretty good. How do you make your baking powder biscuits? It seems to me like you would roll them out and cut them with the can lid. The recipe I have calls for them to be dropped from a spoon. I tried one batch with not as much milk in, and they wouldn't raise, so, I'd like your recipe to try out.

You ought to taste my pancakes. Boy, can I cook those!

Say, we've learned a new wrinkle for cheap syrup. Better tasting too. We've bought several kinds and tried them, but they are expensive and don't taste any better than what we make. Use 2 cups sugar and pour one cup boiling water over the sugar and stir until it dissolves. Then add 1/2 teaspoon of Mapleine and a little lemon juice to keep it from crystallizing. It's plenty good! If you use syrup, try it.

The only trouble now is that this cool weather is bringing in the cockroaches. I hate the things. We can't move because there isn't any place to move to, and they say all the rooming houses here have them. We'll just have to be thankful that we haven't very many. We've only seen about 8 or 10 and killed most of those.

Did you hear the President's speech last night? It surely sounds like war, doesn't it.

Well, we've finished tracting one district of about 200 homes, over 3 times. As a whole, it's a flop. But we have found 1/2 dozen that are worth going back several more times, and we have a couple that are quite interested.

I explained the Gospel, according to the Bible, to a lady yesterday for an hour and a half. She wrote down all my references and asked us to come back in one week. She said she wanted to be sure she belonged to a religion that taught according to the Bible. At present she is affiliated with the Jehovah Witnesses. She thinks they have more than the other churches. However, she says she is searching for the truth, and we hope and pray that we can explain it satisfactorily to her. That is what tracting is for. It gives everyone somewhat of a chance, but it gathers out the blood of Israel--that few who will be interested to listen.

We haven't been doing too much as it rains here a lot. The last two days, the sun actually came out! It was the first time in about 3 weeks. Farmers can't thresh, or dig spuds or beets as it's rained so much the ground is too wet. It's clouding up again and storm is predicted so it's probably not over.

Well, nothing much has happened, and there's nothing to write about, so I'll close and hope to hear from you soon. Bye now, and may God bless you all. As always, Lots of Love, Eldred.

**September 18, 1941.** Dear Folks, Here's a couple or three extra pictures I have, so you can have them. Say, did you get that last bunch I sent awhile back, I never did hear any of you mention them. They were the ones that showed the infection on my face.

Speaking of my face, it's all healed up. All that is left is the dull red marks where it was. They don't show much, but I hope they will go in time. I am having a little trouble with my face though. All those whiskers that were pulled out keep coming back, and about every one of them sort of grows along under the skin and makes a sort of a pimple until it is pulled out. Then it starts over again. I'll be glad if I ever get all over it. *[Lois--He always had problems the rest of his life, and He would just cut them out, put merthiolate on the place, and a band aid]*

Beck, I got your letter and the money for my overcoat. Thanks a lot. Did you draw it out like I told you to? You'd better have done!!

I haven't bought a coat yet. It has warmed up considerably, and I won't need it for awhile. However, I have been looking them over. \$25 seems to be the price. At one place, I can get 10% off, so I guess that's where I'll get it. I like a tweed best of the ones I've looked at, and it will be the most serviceable. The one I've about decided to get is a sort of a gray one with a few other colors in it. It has a short belt across the back, and looks better than the loose drapes on me. The only other I like is a blue sort of soft, fuzzy camels hair type. However, I don't think it will wear as good, as the fuzz will all wear off the sleeve cuffs on the edges. So I guess I'll get the tweed. I know the guy at the store, and he says it will be in style longer than the others, it will wear better, and can be worn with anything.

Say, Beck, do you ever go to Varney's Canning Company at Roy? If you do, do me a favor will you? Tell them that I don't think their canned goods are good enough to feed to the pigs? We bought a couple of cans of their tomatoes. They were supposed to be solid pack so the label said. We thought they'd be pretty good since they came from Utah, but!!! They weren't solid pack, they were just slop, and half spoiled and rotten at that. I don't see how they get by with such stuff. Strasser wouldn't even eat them, and when he won't eat anything, it must be pretty bad! Tell them off for me, will you?

Speaking of letters, you guys haven't been writing very long letters any more, what's the trouble?

You say why don't I get a job topping beets here, that reminds me of Elder Western. He's been the "play boy" of the mission and spent from \$50 to \$100 per month. He's never worked a day in his life. Anyway, he was transferred to the new Canadian Mission. He had to wait a couple weeks in Fargo before his transfer came. Scott had Wellman for a companion, and Western was released from this mission. So as they were advertising for Harvesters at \$3 a day, somebody talked him into working so as to get some money. He'd already spent or threw away his month's allowance. So he got a job. He's about 6 foot one inch, and weighs 200 pounds or so and is a big husky guy. Played football and etc. He went out and worked. First he bought a straw hat, gloves, and etc. He went out and worked in the Harvest fields for 1/2 day and quit. He came back to the elders and went to bed for 3 days.

He said people were absolutely crazy to work like that for any amount of money, let alone 3 bucks. He wouldn't do it for anything. All he did was to break even on expenses and get sick out of it. We all got quite a laugh out of it. It would do the guy good to have to earn his own money. He's been so spoiled that it's a pity. Now he's gone to the new mission in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, so I don't suppose we'll see him again.

So, I guess I won't top any beets. I'm so "soft". It would probably fix me too! Ha Ha.

Say, it seems good to get the paper. The Deserted News hardly ever has any Ogden news. It comes Tuesday morning at 8:00. I enjoy reading the Society page. Gee, there are surely lots of girls that I know getting married. If that many have been getting married every week since I left home, I don't see how there are any left. I know about 1/2 dozen in each weeks paper.

So you bought a bowling ball, huh? Just wait until I get home, and I'll have to show you how to use it. Ha Ha. About the only time we bowl is at conference when we all get together, but when I get home with a little practice I'll really show you up!

Elder \_\_\_\_\_ got transferred to Canada, so I don't know how he came out, but I'll bet he got told.

Have you done any more fishing? I saw a big one the other day. Some guy caught a 17 1/2 pound great northern pike out of a lake up north always. It was a nice fish!

They have good duck hunting here too. I wish I could go, but I guess I'll have to wait and make up for it when I get home and don't think I won't either!

Say, Beck, that's some picture of you. It's all right except for that haircut. Where'd you get it? You look like a skinned jack rabbit. When we get one like that, we tell them that scalping days are over and they better take it easy. Elder Smith used to say he could cut hair too as long as the hair lasted. Why don't you have them leave a little on the sides, down around the ears. You'd be a handsome looking guy if you did!



We tried to get over to Bagley Monday afternoon for one and a half hours, and then gave up. We tried to get over to Bagley Monday afternoon for a half and then gave it up. We had the same trouble as I had getting to Grand Forks. Not very many cars, and all the ones that had some room to spare were women drivers. I surely don't like women drivers. They never will pick us up.

If it doesn't rain tomorrow, we are going to make another try at getting over there. If we don't get there pretty soon, we'll have to baptize the kid instead of blessing it.

You ought to have been here for Sunday dinner. I really put on a feed. I fixed muffins--they were plenty good, hamburger steaks and onions, spuds and gravy, carrots and peas, and for dessert I fixed apple and pineapple sauce. I get quite a kick out of trying different things.

Today I fixed rice and cheese and it goes pretty good. I also experimented and fixed a gravy that we like plenty good. Make milk gravy--1/2 tablespoon butter and heat in pan. put in 1/2 T. of flour and sort of brown just a little. Then pour in 1/2 cup of milk. Then after it has boiled, add grated cheese and let it melt. It makes pretty good gravy.

We have desserts quite a bit. We fix about every flavor of Jell-O, and put in pineapple, bananas or fruit cocktail, anything to make it different. We fix different kinds of puddings. We have rice, and I've cooked a lot of apples and mixed pineapple with some. I try out anything I can think of. I do the cooking and Strasser helps eat it. I like lots of variety, and so we have anything and everything I can think of. Vegetables--all kinds, spuds--fried, boiled, baked. Macaroni or spaghetti with cheese or tomatoes or hamburger, stew with vegetables and meat or sometimes no meat, and we have different soups that I make. We used to eat a lot of fish, but no more. Give me time, and I'll be able to fix most anything. I'm always looking for new ideas. If you have some, pass it along.

We have been lucky this week, and haven't had hardly any rain except a couple of nights. and we have did quite a bit of tracting, and have had pretty fair results. We have a pretty good sized slice of this town tracted over. If the weather continues good, it won't be long till we have 1/2 of it tracted over 3 times.

Say, a lady asked me a question today. She said she was in Salt Lake City 30 years ago and that there was a passage way into the temple underground from the street. You know where that men's restroom is on the corner, underground. Did there used to be a passage from there to the temple? I was just curious. I told her I didn't know, and it doesn't make any difference. Though I'd just like to know.

The one best prospect I've ever found sort of has me in a spot--so to speak. In the Book of Revelations 12th Chapter where it tells of the War in Heaven that book is sure a mix up. I can get the drift of it but try and prove anything to some one that has a different idea than you have. That war in Heaven for example. We say it happened before Adam and Eve. In the Book of Revelations 12th chapter it occurs after the coming of Christ. I know that John saw things before and after his time, and the things are kind of mixed up. But to someone who believes the War in Heaven occurred in 1918, try and explain it different. It's a headache. I wish Joseph Smith had finished his Inspired Translation so we'd have a little more to go on. I don't see how anyone who has studied the Bible can say that we don't need any more than the Bible. In lots of ways, it's sure a jumbled mess!

We have another appointment with the lady to discuss of all things--preexistence. I wish people would leave the mysteries alone and stick more to the first principles. There are lots of things the Bible doesn't give much proof for. One thing especially, and that is the statement of Lorenzo Snow's, "As man is God once was and as God is, man may become." That's hard to believe for a lot of people, and there doesn't seem to be much if any proof of it in any of our scriptures. Nothing definite anyway. I wish we had things a little more definite, and we would get along easier.

This lady seems quite sincere in her desire to find the truth, so we hope and pray that we may be able to show it to her in time.

Well, I've talked enough, and I've got to work. Bye now, and may God bless you all. Love, Eldred.

P.S. See if you can find Bob Manning's address, will you?

**September, 1941.** Here's a card they gave us at the mill. We went through it this morning. It is about the 6th in size in the U.S. It is quite a mill and it was very interesting to see how flour and cereals and etc. is made. bye now. "Erixon"

**September 26, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well, have you gotten over the effects of the storm yet? That must have been quite a storm. Think though, that wind was 60 mph. That one I was in last March was 85 mph and about 15 below zero and snowing so hard you couldn't see 10 feet. You can be thankful that you don't get those kind, as the one you did get was bad enough. Just a thought about the way the

weather is there. Things aren't going so good, as they used to be. J. Reuben Clark says it is because the people aren't living as they should. The promise was given that if they kept God's commandments, they would prosper, and "the desert would blossom as a rose." It did, until lately--the last few years things aren't nearly as prosperous as they used to be. People aren't keeping the commandments. Look how many "Mormons" that have made a covenant with God break the Word of Wisdom. Look how many smoke, drink and etc. Maybe they don't very much, but is enough that it breaks their promise.

Excuse my writing. I just came in from tracting, and my hand are sort of cold and stiff. This is sure some country! Last week we had a heat wave! The sun came out and the temperature went up to 83°. But that was hotter--so it seemed--than any 100° I've seen. After all the rain, it was just like a steam bath. This week it has turned cold. It's been down to 26° and boy is it cold! It's so damp from rain, and the cool breeze off from the lake is cold! They tell us, that this town is the coldest spot in U.S. according to the Weather Bureau temperatures every winter! (Hope I don't freeze! Ha Ha.)

Say, Beck, you are doing swell on the letter writing keep it up. Dad, you do pretty good, but Mom you and Helen don't do so good! I've asked you questions and things quite awhile back, but it doesn't seem to do me much good to ask--.

Thanks for the stamps you sent, Beck, and thanks for the newspaper about the storm. You could have saved 6¢ by rolling it up and sending it.

So you think there are lots of pheasants and ducks well, I hope you and Dad get a few of them.

Yes, I still have my skates, and I should get quite a bit of use out of them this winter. I may be here all winter. I may go to Grand Forks, I may go to Fargo (I hope) or I may get transferred out of the district. Most likely, I'll be here all winter. I won't mind though, cause I think we can accomplish something here. At least I hope so.

I sent some negatives off the other day, so maybe in my next letter I'll send you some. (I'm also trying to write and cook supper at the same time. We are having stew--beef chunks, carrots, spuds, onions, celery salt, pearled barley and vermicelli also tomato sauce in it--it's pretty good! Also we are having macaroni and cheese and apple and pineapple sauce for dessert.)

I don't know rather fishing through the ice is good or not, some catch quite a few so they say. About your picture and the haircut. I still think you'd look better if you didn't have quite so much cut off. Leave a little for side burns. I like mine a lot better that way. Notice the difference in my first and last postcard pictures and you can see what I mean. Also those two I had enlarged and colored. If you ever see Varneys, tell them off for me. It was a Leota brand and cost 2 for 25¢. It is the only Utah tomato here. However there are other kinds that are O.K. so don't bother to sending any.

Say, as for walking, you'll have to get a bicycle to keep up with me when I get home! So you better get in shape. Ha Ha.

You ask about what I must do to stay out longer. I asked President about it when I was in Minneapolis. He said that I could if I wanted to. All is necessary, is that he write to you and to my bishop and get permission. I told him that I'd like to stay longer, but that I'd think it over as there is no hurry yet. I've still got quite a bit of time left.

Say, you say you write a 4 page letter each time. That's good, but I can still put all four of yours on this one sheet and still have room left. Ha Ha. I'm just kidding too, as I do appreciate your letters a lot.

Well, Dad, how are you coming at Plain City? Things running O.K. They surely must be short of labor there. Here in this small county, they are 3,000 families on relief! Too bad work isn't spread around a little more.

So Howard is in the Navy. I sure hope I can keep out, though it won't be bad even if I do get in it. I would like to get a defense job. I got a letter from Mecham the other day. He was released in December and is now in California working in an airplane factory. I'm glad to hear that the Church is coming along O.K.

About Elder \_\_\_\_\_. He wasn't transferred to open any new project or mission. He was transferred to keep from making trouble. He has done a lot of good work out here, but he has done a few wrong things. He almost broke up Jacobsens, and was moved from Mandan for that reason.

You just as well keep the Cheve till you see how things turn out. As long as it runs O.K. you just as well keep it.

What's the reason for the Sugar Company moving out? Won't that be hard on the farmers?

What color carpet did you get? I'll bet the place will really look swell when I get back. I'll really appreciate it after the places I've lived in!

I won't need any more clothes! I have plenty of everything. I can handle everything from now on out of \$30 a month unless something comes up. I intend to get another pair of shoes, and later, I'll get

a pair of black pants to match my suit as mine are about gone. The coat and vest are still good and it is swell for every day wear and winter tracting. I haven't hardly worn my green suit. It will be good as new when I get home. I have plenty of ties and socks, so I don't need those, and as for hankies--I have oodles and never use them. I use Kleenex all the time as I don't have to wash them. I still have all my underwear, so I am well fixed. I don't need anything. Nice huh?

I got me an overcoat. I went all over town and compared prices styles and etc. and compared them with Grand Forks and Fargo prices, and decided to get it here. I didn't get a tweed like I said before. I got a new blue fleece coat. It's that new sort of alpaca stuff. It's supposed to wear good, and it really looks nifty. It is a single breasted and has concealed buttons. I'll send you a picture some time. I tried on both coats and looked them over good. Then I had two clerks try them on. They were about my build. The tweed coat looked like an old man's, and not nearly so nice. Mine is all lined with silk too, and is really a honey. It was \$25 and they gave me \$22.50 off. Pretty good huh? I also bought 3 pairs of socks for a buck.

Speaking of fixing up the house, we have been doing a little on our own.

[Hand drawn picture of three room floor plan: bathroom on left end, bedroom with bed and table in the middle room, and main room with clothes closet and radio, table etc. in the end room on the right. Above the rooms is a hallway with a wood stove in it.]

We are going to have a home here yet. I'll draw you a diagram. [drawing an arrow to the room on the right]

Here, we had another small chest of drawers for our cupboard, and to set our electric plate on. We used two orange crates and made a swell cupboard out of it. The clothes closet is a good sized one, and we put out clothes and luggage there. Above the door, we built another small cupboard and bookcase out of an orange crate.

In the bedroom is a table that folds to six feet wide and four feet long chest of drawers. We used some orange crates and built a book case and magazine rack and sort of a cupboard on top of it. We are getting to like the place fine, and it is very handy now that we have plenty of cupboard space. All the comforts of home, and our room is only 8 1/2 feet by 12 1/2 feet, but it's all compact. We have all the room we need.

We are on the upstairs. There are also three other apartments or rooms up here. An old lady in one, a fellow, in one, and 2 girls in the other. Downstairs there are about 6 girls and a family in back. So we are never lonesome. It's all just like one big family. Especially when the 3 of us upstairs decide to use the wood stove at the same time. Ha Ha. The cranny is a pretty busy place too. We got rid of most of the cockroaches, and only see one once in a great while and we usually get him.

Saturday, we thumbed the 30 miles to Bagley, and I blessed Randall's baby. We were back by one o' clock.

I guess I'm gettin' old. Ha Ha. A young lady we tracted the other day thought I was 25.

We bought us a whole bushel of apples this week. (Think we can eat them?) They are much cheaper that way, and we don't get very much fresh fruit, so they should help us some.

We are living pretty good--much better than Lyon and I ever did, and better than board in Fargo, and we are living cheaper too. It's all in knowing how to do things.

We have held 3 cottage meetings this week. Things seem to be breaking our way at last. We held two slide lectures, and the other place, I gave a discussion on pre-existence. We have two places that are very friendly, and we can go back anytime. The people we fished with have forgotten us I guess. We never see them any more. But they weren't interested in religion anyway.

We have been having much better results in our work lately, and things seem to be coming our way a little at last. We got a letter from President Richards this morning commending us on our work.

We have one lady that seems to be very interested. She can't see a few things as yet, and it will take a lot of time and explaining, but we are hoping we can explain and get her to understand things O.K.

One of these first week ends, we may take a trip. We have Scott's permission to do so. It gets sort of lonesome over here. No members or elders to talk to, and it seems good to see some L.D.S. again.

We talked to one man in tracting this week that was very prejudiced. He told us so and condemned polygamy. I explained it to him, and gave Bible references, reasoning and etc. when we left, he said he had an entirely different opinion of the Mormons now, and that he was glad we had called.

Well, the end of the month is here--according to reports at least. My expenses are about \$29.50. I haven't figured exactly yet. That's pretty good considering that I spent \$20.00 the first week. Part in Grand Forks for board and room and then for our room rent here. Then with the \$23.50 for coat and sox they will be about \$54.50.

Then if my dentist will ever get better, I'll get my teeth fixed and paid for, and I'll be setting



pretty.

Henley Harbertson was released and is now home. Elder Hinton from our district was also released, and we have a new man in the district. He is Rex Thompson and is in Grand Forks with Taylor. I'll have to go and meet him I guess.

Well, I'm run out, so bye for now, and may God bless all of you in your righteous endeavors. As always, lots of love, Eldred.

**October 31, 1941.** Dear Folks, well it hasn't rained much the last week, but we have had some snow, we had about 3 inches, most of it's gone now though. An overcoat is starting to be a necessity now. It's been kinda cool--you'd call it winter, at home I guess. It went down to 7° above zero, and most of the week the temperature has been around freezing, though today and yesterday it went up to about 40°. My overcoat is quite heavy, but it feels none too warm. The cold seems different here and penetrates much more. It doesn't bother the people here though, as most of them get along with sweaters, jackets and top coats now. They think this is nice weather--I guess it is.

Here's a few pictures--what do you think of them?

Well, we didn't go to Grand Forks as we had planned. The stormy weather sort of spoiled our plans--so, I guess we'll spend Halloween as usual sitting in the room listening to the radio.

Beck, you asked about the cost of our .22 It was \$15 or so. Now they have gone up to about \$16.75--here anyway. If Rulon can get one for \$13.75 he's getting a real bargain. However, I think it must be some other kind.

You must have been "polishing apples" pretty good with the canners to get all that canned stuff, Beck. I'm glad to hear that you folks are well stocked up on grub.

I'd sure like to go to the Minneapolis--Northwestern football game tomorrow. I'll bet it's a honey of a game. However, it would cost too much to see it. I could probably hitch hike down, but then I'd have to pay Hotel bills for about 3 nights, as I wouldn't dare look up the elders or President, because we're not supposed to go out of our district. There the game it self costs about \$3.00 or more for the cheapest seats. Also, we are afraid to leave the project just now. We are kind of expecting a letter from President, Scott's time is up--some time ago, and he may go home any day, and when he's released, there may be a shake up in the district--we hope. That's another reason we didn't go to Grand Forks.

I've got plenty of money, so you needn't worry about that. As for my teeth--they still aren't fixed yet. I wish the dentist would get back to work soon. However, I still have the money to pay him whenever he does the work.

My face has all cleared up. But the whiskers still bother me. Most of them were pulled out, and they all are coming back again, and many of them are ingrown. I hope they get straightened out soon.

Tell me rather you ever sent in the guarantee for my razor, in case I ever decide to take it in. It may be all right. Maybe it's just this house, as it's very poorly wired.

We are going to start a new tracting district Monday, as we've run out of work. We've been over our other districts several times, and we have it all cut down to about a dozen and 1/2 people, so it's time to start a new district.

Elder \_\_\_\_\_ was released last Friday--he came out the same time Scott and Tippetts did. He came through here Saturday night at 11:00 and stopped here between trains, and left at 3:00 a.m. We met him and talked to him. He may stop and see you when he gets back. However don't take too much store in what he says, as he sometimes distorts things; for instance when Elder Taylor's mother came out here, he told her Taylor wasn't a very good guy, and didn't work hard and a lot of other things and then said, "Just leave him with me a couple of months and I'll make a good man out of him." So you see what he is like--according to him there's no one like "Elder \_\_\_\_\_."

Scott said he'd stop to see you when he gets released--I hope he does. I don't know of any one that I like better than him. He's certainly a swell fellow! You'd like him for sure.

Well, I baked muffins twice yesterday--for dinner and supper. Fourteen big muffins to the batch, and the two of us ate fourteen for dinner but we only got away with twelve for supper. That was in addition to "Erixon's stew."

They--all the elders so far--like my stew or soup a lot, I'll have to get a patent on it. It's plenty good you ought to try some. I still haven't made a pie yet, but I'm going to one of these first times soon as I get around to it.

Well, I don't know anything else to write--it's the same old grind. So, bye now, and may God bless you. As ever, Eldred "Erixon".

P.S. Will you look in the phone book and see if there is a Larry Anderson listed at 969 24th St?

P.S. #2 I forgot to tell you, I got the film tank O.K. Thanks a lot.

**November 1, 1941.** Well, folks I guess I'm roped in for a fact. Scott is going home in a few days and I received a letter from President Richards today appointing me to succeed Scott as district president. However, I don't get to go to Fargo. I've got to stay here a while, and then probably move district headquarters to Grand Forks--the place I didn't particularly want to go.

Well, I guess I've got a job ahead of me. Hope I can make out O.K. As ever, Eldred "Erixon".

**December 6, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well, at last I've found time to answer your letters and tell you how I'm getting along. Boy, I've been as busy as a one armed paper hanger with the itch. I just now finished unpacking my things--I've been here a week, and only today did I find time to unpack my trunk and suit cases.

First, I'll answer your letters in the order I received them. Beck, yours is first (November 23). Yes, I had a very nice Thanksgiving the candy--my favorite and cake--my favorite too, were swell. I saved the cake, and we are just finishing it.

Here's a picture of one of my meals in Bemidji. I guess my baking days are over, we only have a gas plate here.

The .22 Rulon got must be the model older than ours. So you showed him up shooting eh? I'll bet! Ha Ha. You know more than I do where the peep sight is, it should be on the gun.

I don't mind if you let Randall use the earphones just so you get them back.

So you've had a little cold weather eh? Ours has been good during conference. It's been above freezing most of the days. It's surely swell, though it's getting colder now.

I'm sorry to hear Mr. Keeter died, I'll bet it seems odd not to have him puttering around.

Mom, I was very glad to get your letter. Yes, I'm through having my teeth fixed. I had trouble with both that were pulled. The first bled, and the second one broke off and had to be dug out! They were both wisdom teeth so I won't miss them.

Yes, I got the money before I moved. Thanks ever so much. I hope it didn't put you out to send so much at one time. Would it be any easier for you if you sent the money twice a month instead of once? I don't think you will need to send me any more money till about the 15th of January. My expenses will probably be a little higher now as rent is higher here, and the district president has more expenses than the rest--such as postage and etc.

I'm glad to hear that you had a nice Thanksgiving dinner too.

I'll bet the town of Ogden's surely a lot different now than when I was there. I'm sort of anxious to see what it looks like again. How does that tourist park affect the street?

Beck, I got your other letter this morning--sorry I haven't written--now you know how it seems not to get any letters. Ha Ha. I'll try and do better from now on.

I think I'm going to like this town and my new job. The town here is 23,000, so it's much larger than Bemidji--I'm in a city again. Ha Ha.

Say, how does it feel to be so rich with \$40 per week? You ought to be able to live like a millionaire on that if I can live on that much a month. Are you saving any?

So Scott was there huh? Is he going to have to go to the army soon? I haven't heard from him yet.

I haven't been skating yet as they haven't flooded the rinks, and anyhow, I've been too busy!

Yes, I think you are doing plenty by keeping me out on a mission, so forget the Christmas presents--though I wouldn't mind having a Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and Pearl of Great Price Combination book.

Yes, my razor works better than it ever did. Well, I think I've answered your questions, so I'll tell what I've been doing.

Well, here goes. I caught the train out of Bemidji at 3:00 Saturday morning--after staying up till then--so I didn't get any sleep that night. We got off the train in Crookston at six o' clock, and let our baggage go on to Grand Forks. Six o' clock in the morning is pitch dark up in this country.

We found the elder's place. Luck was with us, and the landlady was up. She let us in and we went up to their room--a sleeping room only. I pushed open the door and turned on the light and woke them up--all four of them. Elders Thomson and Taylor had come over to visit them. We sat around and talked and went down town and bought breakfast.

Elder Taylor and I then hitchhiked 30 miles to Grand Forks, and the rest followed us since then, last night has been the only night I've had hardly any sleep. The six of us have lived in one room 8" x 12" one good bed, and one cot with a ridge down the middle. So we've slept 3 in a bed for a week. We never got to bed before about 12:00 and then we'd spend half the night listening to Elder Thompson talk in his

sleep. So we didn't get much sleep. I took some pictures of him in his sleep--they should be good.

We contacted everybody and invited them out to conference and prepared for conference.

We separated in to 2 groups--the junior companions and the seniors. We went bowling to see who slept in the hard bed. (We had it cinched as we three have bowled quite a bit, and the junior companions have only bowled a few games and aren't any good.) Of all the humiliating experiences! They beat us!! So, we've slept on the hard bed. They had beginners luck and bowled about 160 a piece, and we had an off night. They beat us 38 pins for two lines. I had a hook ball and couldn't get rid of it, and couldn't control it, so I didn't do so good.

They sure razzed us!

Well, Wednesday came, and also President Richards and Elder Jensen--mission secretary. I held my first conference--(and first public meeting since in Fargo). I didn't do so bad I guess--I hope anyway.

We only had 30 out. President wanted all the elders to talk, so when it came to my turn, I only had time for about 5 minutes, but that was O.K. by me. We had a very good and inspirational meeting and it lasted about 2 hours and 15 minutes.

President and I planned the personnel of the district, and decided to make Strasser a senior companion and send Elder Thompson with him to Bemidji. In Crookston we have Elders Vickers and Shaw, and my companion is Norman Taylor--again. He has been here 7 months and knows the town and people, so he will get me acquainted with the town, and then he is due for a move--out of the district. I'll hate to see him go, as he's a swell fellow, and I'm glad to be able to work with him again. He is a good man and should have a junior companion again, so it wouldn't be wise to keep him with me.

We surely have some fine elders in this district. I don't know where you'd find finer.

Thursday, we held missionary meeting for about four hours and discussed various things and planned our work. We showed them the town and etc., and then President and Elder Jensen left for Winnipeg and conference was over. Elders Vicker and Shaw went back to Crookston yesterday morning, and then I unpacked, and started this letter. I haven't even had dinner, and its now 4:00.

Speaking of eating, we have been eating at cafes this last week because we didn't have time nor equipment to cook for six, so there goes my expenses up a little more.

I haven't bought my shoes yet, but I will soon as I get time. The only pair I have left is that pair of brown ones I had when I left home. They have been half soled 3 times, and this is the second pair of stick on soles so I guess I've got my money's worth out of them.

I've also got a stack of letters to answer, I've got to preach and give the Sunday school lesson, and I haven't even given it a thought, also I've got to go to town--12 blocks from here--and buy groceries and etc., so you see I'm sort of busy yet. However, I'll write more when I get time.

Speaking of the army, I've about decided I just as well come home when I'm released and enlist and get it over with. It looks like no matter how long I stay, I'll still have to go, and I can't stay here for ever.

I'm going to look in to it, but the way I think now, I'd either like to enlist in the air corps and become a mechanic. My eyes would keep me out of the air--I hope. Or else, I'd enlist in the army and see if I could get in as a cook. Either of those would suit me fine (if I have to get in the army) and it would be better than the regular army, and I wouldn't go to the navy--not on your life!

Well, so long, and may God bless you all. Love, Eldred.

**December 11, 1941.** Dear Folks, Well, about 3 months now, and I think I'll enlist and go fight for Uncle Sam. Do you mind? Ha Ha. It sure looks bad doesn't it. Did you hear rather Howard came out of it all right or not? He was surely stationed in a bad place. To heck with the Navy. I'll take the army or the air corps every time.

Say how come you folks got so worried cause I didn't write for a little over a week. You should know that I'd write if I had time, or that if something was wrong, I'd send a telegram. No sense getting worried like you did. How come you called up Lois anyway? Well, you should know I'm O.K. by now. You know now, I'm about a mile and a 1/2 from the Post office so I don't get to mail letters as quick as I used to, also it takes 3 or 4 days for a letter to get there!!

I don't think Scott or I ever can qualify as a chaplain. You have to have a certain amount of schooling. Besides I don't want to be a chaplain. I'm glad Clarence didn't go to South Africa, but now that he's here, he'll probably have to go in the army.

How do the rest stand on the army?

Say I found out that John Pederson served his mission here in Grand Forks. You know who I mean, the one that used to be in the bishopric. He was up here not so very many years ago and spent his mission here in this same town. You ought to talk to him and see what he thought of the place and



people. Ask him what he thought of John Morgan and family. They used to have a good organization here and owned a chapel. A lot of them moved away, and President Broadbent sold the chapel, and a lot of the ones left lost interest, so there isn't a great deal left here to work with.

Well, I bought me a pair of ear muffs and boy do I need them. It's kind of cold here lately, it was 10 degrees below zero yesterday. The wind blows quite a bit and it's been snowing quite a bit today.

I also bought me a pair of shoes. Boy prices have gone up. I had to pay \$6.10 for them. My expenses will go up again this month, I surely hope it won't be too much of a hardship on you. This town, and being district president will make my average expenses run a little higher than before, though after the first of the year, I think I can cut them down again. I may have to get me some gloves or some mittens. These ones I have are no good--not for here anyway. They don't fit, they aren't long enough, and they let the cold in. If it gets colder and I see some I like, I may get a pair of dress fur lined mittens. Tracting is awfully cold on the hands! though as yet, I haven't done any here. I'm just getting acquainted with the town, people, and friends. Soon as I get acquainted, Elder Taylor is to be transferred out.

This is the darnedest town, as much as I've been here, and can still get lost and can't tell which direction is which. The streets here are not built straight nor are they built to run North and South or East and West. They run any direction they feel like and some of them feel like wandering around. We live on University Avenue at one place it runs South East where we live it runs straight West. So you can see what a jumbled up mess it is. There are no mountains for a landmark, so you never know where you are going--at least I don't. I can go to town, and get off of the main drag, go in a store, and come out a different door, and I'm completely lost. I just follow Elder Taylor around. I don't know what I'll do when he goes. Ha Ha.

Part of the main streets here are made of wood. They are made of 4"x 4" x 2' sunk in the earth endwise. It's a novel way of road making. I'm going down town, so I'll mail this. Sorry it's short, but I'll write another one soon. Bye now, and Lots of Love. Eldred.

Dear Folks, Well, here's the letter I promised you, though I'm not feeling too well as I have an upset stomach--guess I ate too many of Elder Zingers cookies from home.

Well, we are getting along fine and enjoying ourselves. The weather is still nice--can't figure it out--but I suppose it will turn cold again soon.

As I told you, we moved again. We now have a swell place, and in a ritzy section of town. Our room is on the N.E. corner on the second floor--most homes here have 2 and 3 stories. They are really some big swell homes. Our room is about 12' x 22'. Nice paint and wallpaper and in a nice home of friendly people. Our furnishings consist of 2 good beds, 1 good studio couch that makes into a bed for visiting elders, 1 dresser, 1 closet, 1 table, 1 book rack, 1 glass enclosed cupboard, 1 wall cupboard of shelves for books, tracts & etc., 1 radiator to keep warm, 1 dining room chair, 1 leather overstuffed chair, and 1 new gas stove with 3 burners and oven. The bathroom is across the hall. We also have a few assorted dishes and pots and pans. The price was \$20 + gas bill and we turned it down and moved to the other place. The elders used to stay here and she likes the elders a lot. We visited here the other day and she said she'd give it to us for \$15 plus the gas bill so we promptly moved in and like it fine. It's like a palace compared to the "sheep camp" we had in Bemidji.

The Crookston elders were here over the weekend and helped us move and we went to a pretty good ice carnival.

Say, Dad, are you coming out here or not? I wish you'd say one way or another so I'd know what to do. I've got some traveling to do, and I want to be here in case you come--I hope it isn't this week as I'm going to Fargo to look up some information, etc.

About staying longer--either way suits me O.K., but if I get released when my time's up, I think I can enlist and get in the Air Corps as Scott did. See about it will you please. Also see if my number has actually been called. They sent questionnaires to everybody and classified them accordingly, but a lot of the numbers haven't been drawn. Mine was supposed to have been in the last few, so it may not have been called.

See also about my enlisting in the Air Corps. They haven't an application place here, or I'd ask. They just have Army, Navy, and Marines.

In case President writes and asks you to let me stay an extra six months, insist that I get to come home for about 3 weeks vacation and then come back. That would be swell to be home for my birthday.

Randall Fife is drafted already. Tippets, one of my former companions is in on it, so I guess it looks like we'll all get it sooner or later. But it won't be so bad--even if a person does get killed in action. We as Latter-day Saints have much to comfort us. We know that if we die, that it is only a mere parting, and that we will see each other in just a little while in the spirit world. If we have lived good lives, we

have nothing to worry about after all, this life here on earth is but a mere drop in the bucket to what has gone before, and as to what comes after for an eternity. So if we will just live our religion everything will eventually turn out all right.

We have been doing some tracting again. It's Elder Zinger's first experience and it's quite amusing. It's also the first I've done since I left Bemidji.

We have been having fine results but there were a couple of old sisters today that I'd liked to have rung their necks. They condemned polygamy up one side and down the other. I could hardly get a word in edgewise, and when I did, they wouldn't listen. Was I burned up! I about scared the wits out of the lady at the next door, when she said she didn't want a tract. I scared her so bad she said, "Yes, I'll take a tract," and then shut the door. Ha Ha. Tracting gets monotonous at times, and I'm glad I've got lots of other things to do so I don't have to tract all the time. If the weather stays good, I'm going to go to Fargo again, and then over to Jamestown 200 miles from here, and then also to Bemidji 115 miles so I've got quite a little traveling that can be done whenever I get around to it.

Well, its bedtime so I'll close. Bye for now and may God bless you. Love, Eldred.

P.S. Thanks for the clipping. No, that isn't the Johnny I know. He is an instructor in the Canadian Air force up in Winnipeg, Canada. See you soon--I hope. I've been out now over 22 months, only 1 more to go. My time is up approximately the 9<sup>th</sup> of March.

**January 24, 1942.** Dear Folks, Well, this letter may be a little short as here it is Saturday and I've a talk to give tomorrow, a Sunday school Lesson to give, and I haven't started either of them. Well, I'm glad to hear Dad's coming out, I only wish that the rest of you were coming too!

Last night we attended a wedding reception for a young couple. They surely got a lot of nice gifts and we met a lot of people.

The weather here is still nice--spring. But everybody is wondering how much longer it can last. February is always a cold month here and March too. We are surely lucky to have such a nice winter so far. Well, I've been a little sick. Some sort of a flu is going around and I caught it, I guess. I haven't been feeling very well--stomach is upset and bad cold, but I think it's getting better. I hope it's better for tomorrow. It seems I always have to have a cold when I have to talk.

Beck, I was glad to get your letter. Thanks a lot and also for the cartoons. They are pretty good.

You ask about my camera--well I cut a couple of pages out of Eastman's catalog so look for yourself--nice looking isn't it? I hope it takes as good looking pictures as it is. You ask about my birthday--that's right I do have one coming, I'd almost forgotten. I probably wouldn't wear a white shirt out here much, though it would be swell to have when I get home. However, I've got plenty of shirts. I'd rather have a camera case if it wouldn't be too much. They are quite expensive as the one for my camera--like the picture, costs \$7.00. That's quite a bit, but it's the only case made for this camera and you don't even have to take the camera out of the case to take a picture. It's very handy.

Say, Beck, if you happen to have a lot of money to invest for pleasure, (Ha Ha) you could get a good slide projector for about \$25.00 or less. This camera of mine will take colored slides and after awhile I intend to do that a lot. They are surely nice. However, I'm almost afraid that projectors like cameras are going to be scarce pretty soon.

I wanted my hunting knife to use as a butcher knife and to steak fish, my sweat shirt to use in the gym as they don't heat it very well.

About bowling--I don't see you are so hot--in the paper your average was only 151. I can do that good or better, and I don't step over the foul line either.

So you are going to have less work on cans--Is that liable to cut you out of a job? How about if they start making glass cans--can the Can Company make them? Or will it have to close down? I'm sure glad to hear that all of you are getting along fine. I hope it keeps that way. Say Beck, are you liable to get taken in the army, or will your job keep you out of it? I surely hope so.

Say Helen, you should be pretty good at typing by now, will you type some things for me? I've been sending all my stuff to Lois to type, but I've been sending so much lately I'm afraid I'll wear out my welcome--I'll hope you will, and I'll send it with Dad when he comes. Well, bye for now and may God bless you. As ever, Eldred.

We surely like our new apartment. The people and all the roomers here are very, very friendly and treat us swell.

**January 29, 1942.** Dear Folks, Well, its snowing out today and I took advantage of it to stay inside and catch up on straightening up the place. I've spent all morning sorting tracts and pamphlets and district and project records etc. I also cleaned the room and then wrote some weekly letters to the

elders. I never get caught up on writing letters. My postage bill is between 3 & 4 dollars a month counting mine and district postage so you can see I write quite a bit. The office is supposed to furnish us with typewriters but they don't. I could sure use one and save time.

I never get time to do much studying, there's always letters to write, people to visit, tracting to do, and a dozen other things it seems like. When we do have some spare time, the people in the next apartments come in and talk or invite us in to talk to them so we keep pretty busy. It's certainly different from the other place I've worked in--except Fargo.

I got my first roll of film back from the photo studio and am I burned up. They surely did a punk job of developing. Did I ever write them a nasty letter and tell them what I thought! Guess I'll have to start doing my own again and then I can't blame anyone except myself.

If I can get it in the envelope, I'll send you one of the pictures I took of myself. It's the first one taken with the camera, and I set the camera on the tripod, set the shutter and then walked over, sat down, grinned, and then the shutter went off and clicked the picture. More fun.

**February 2, 1942.** Postcard of The Canadian Pacific Railway Station, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canadian postage 2 cents, addressed: Mrs. H. E. Erickson, 310 13<sup>th</sup> Street, Ogden, Utah, U.S.A.

Hi ya Folks, Sorry I didn't get to write this week. Dad and I are here in Winnipeg looking the town over and having a swell time. I'll write later and tell you all about it. Bye for now. Eldred.

Stationery of The Marlborough, Winnipeg, Canada, Fred J. Fall, Manager.

Dear Folks, I'm sorry I didn't get the other letter finished and mailed, but this will have to do. I guess Dad will tell you all the news, so I won't bother to write it. I surely enjoyed his stay here. It was good to see him again, he hasn't changed much as yet. Well, it won't be much longer till I get to see all of you again.

Beck, thanks for your letter--don't alibi your bowling, you are just no good. Ha Ha. You ask about a camera case, yes I can get one here for \$7.00 and probably get a discount if you can't get one there. Never mind bothering about a slide projector. I'll be home soon anyway and we can decide then. There is no hurry on that anyway, I thought they'd be scarce and I thought I'd be here an extra six months or more.

I'm glad to hear you are having nice weather. It's good here too, snowing a little. I'm surely glad we had nice weather while Dad was here. It was very nice for our trip to Canada. I'm glad it wasn't cold or we wouldn't have had any fun.

You better watch out if you do any skiing. You know you never could stand up. Ha Ha.

Oh yes, thanks for the money.

Mom, thanks for your letter too, also all the news. If you want, go ahead and draw my money out and put it in bonds--whatever you think best.

So you don't like the ward divided. Well, it's probably for the best, and it gives more people a chance to help in the work. I'll bet if Dad tried and wanted to he could make a bishop.

Sorry to hear Helen is sick. Hope she gets better soon. There is lots of flu here, and the hospitals are full and the halls are filled with beds.

Well, I'm busy, so bye for now, and may God bless you. Love, Eldred.

**February 13, 1942.** To Mr. Leonard Beckman. Dear Folks, Well, I've still got some of this stationary, so I just as well use it. I'll answer all letters first, and then give you all general information.

Beck, Thanks for your letter and for the clippings.

So Dad thought it was cold while he was here. He should have stayed 3 days longer, and he would have seen a little cold weather. It went down to -12 degrees and windy, and we hitchhiked over to Crookston and I got a cold out of it. Elder Strasser went to Winnipeg two days after we were back. He's been wanting a transfer, so I asked President and he put him in Winnipeg.

Yes, I've heard from Howard, but from his letters, you'd never know he was even in a war, or on a ship even. He surely doesn't say anything about it.

About my birthday--if you insist on getting me anything I could surely use a camera case. I hate to pack this camera around without a case for fear of damaging something.

Sure I'd like a job when I get home--if I could stay home for a while. However, I'm afraid I won't be there long so I just want to look the country over real good before I leave. As for buying me clothes--I don't think much of it. I'd probably not get much chance to use them anyway.

Say Beck, could you get 2 or 3 weeks vacation and come and take a trip with me when I'm released? Let me know if you can. If not, then I'll start writing to missionaries and see if I can find one



who's going home about the same time I do. We could surely have a nice trip together. It would be swell for you. You've never been East, and with me along, you wouldn't have to worry about getting lost. Ha Ha.

Dad, I was glad to get your letter, and to learn that you had a nice trip home. You must have done all right to sell all those canned goods.

It's been snowing a little here ever since you left, and we have about six inches or so. The weather has been pretty nice all except the two days we were in Crookston. I got chilled, and got my cold back again, and have been inside most of the week. All the elders in the district except one, met in Crookston to see Elder Strasser off on the train.

Then the two elders from Crookston came back with us and spent the weekend. Went skating once, and played a game of Basketball (that was before my cold came back.) They did the talking in church Sunday and then went home the next day. Sunday for dinner we went to Buckleys, a family from S.L.C., we just found them in tracting. We had a very nice supper, and they took us for a ride around the town.

We are having trouble getting a hall for conference, and have been trying all over. I've about decided President should change his schedule and come on another night. If fact I just wrote him to that effect. Then I've got to locate a place for the elders to stay when they come for conference, got to assign talks, get one myself, see all the people in town and get them invited out, write a notice for the paper and a few other things.

Tracting here is very poor. I'll be glad to get out of this town.

Sunday, I guess I'll go to Fargo for a day or two if I can get away.

Guess I'm getting wore out at writing letters. I just can't seem to think of much to say, etc.

Well, I'll be home pretty soon and tell you all about it then.

Well, bye for now and may God bless you. Eldred.

**February 27, 1942.** Dear Folks, Well, it's just been exactly two years since I went into the mission home in Salt Lake City. The time has certainly gone by in a hurry. I'm sorry in a way that it has to end. Conference is next Wednesday, so I'll be pretty busy until after it is over. I finally found a place to hold it. We tried all over town, and finally the minister in the Congregational Church here said we could use the recreational hall in his church. So now we have a place to hold conference--all we have to do now is try--try and get someone to come out to our meeting. Well anyway I think we'll have about ten there, there are 8 elders in the district, and President Richards should be here, and the Sister Lehew will be there without fail, so if anybody else shows up we might get our \$4.00 worth out of the hall--I hope.

The weather here is still winter, it snows every day, but we don't ever get any more snow on the ground--the wind never lets it reach the ground, and keeps blowing it around till it evaporates. It's still pretty cool here, and goes below zero occasionally. We were tracting the other morning and it was 5 below zero, and I didn't even have my ear muffs on--I guess I'm getting sort of used to it.

Beck, I got your letter, sorry to hear you registered for the army, but I don't imagine they'll take you for awhile, at least they hadn't better. My hat--in case you want to know--is still as good as ever. I've only worn it once or twice--no use wasting good clothes on these people here, or anything else for that matter. I'm sorry to hear that you can't come back and take a trip with me, we could have had a lot of fun and a nice time. I've written the elders I came out with to see if any of them plan on a trip, and if they'd like a little company. It will be fine with me if you send me a birthday present in the form of money to buy a camera case, and if you include it in with my monthly allowance. I hope it is on its way, as I'm about broke. Ha Ha.

Don't bother having the newspaper subscription renewed, as I won't be here long enough to use it, at least I don't think so.

You say that you don't think you'll run cans long as you can't get the things you want. Will the factory shut down, or will they run glass cans--they can't do that can they? What will you do for a job if they shut down? If you get out of a job, that will mean that you go into the army for sure won't it--unless you can't pass the physical exam, which I don't think you can. Ha Ha.

We were invited to attend a Jehovah's Witness meeting the other night, so I accepted. It lasted till 9:00, and then the head man and I went the rounds till 11:30. The discussion was much like this war, with me representing the U.S. and the rest of them the Japs. There were about 17 of them, and two of us except my companion didn't count, as he didn't say a word. I started asking questions, and kept him busy explaining things, and I got quite a bit of information. However, when it came to the argument, it was still one sided with him on the winning side. He kept talking and quoting and misquoting so much scripture and so fast, that I didn't get time to put in a word edgewise, and when I did give him a good

piece of scripture, he would say "It comes from the Greek, and doesn't mean what it says," and then the discussion would go on. Just as I finally got all wound up and ready to give him the works and tell him where he was all wrong, I happened to notice how late it was--we had come with a young married woman friend of ours, and had left her husband watching their two kids, so I decided it best that we break it up and get her back to her husband before he wondered where we had gone. So I didn't get to put over our side of it till I got home. Then I spent the rest of the night in bed telling the old buzzard where to head in at. Ha Ha.

Well anyway, I still think I came out of it better than he did. I at least learned a few things, and he didn't, except that he thought he took us in an argument. And I hate to leave him with that impression. I would like to go back, but I know that it's a waste of time, and if I do, I'll probably tell the old boy where to head in at and the rest of his following with him, so I better let it go at that.

We went to a funny funeral yesterday. It was a Lutheran funeral, and all the preacher did was call the audience to repentance. I don't doubt that they needed it, but I thought he would try and give the relatives a little comfort, and tell a little about the hereafter. But he didn't.

Our work has been going pretty good, but I still think it best to close this town, as the members here hinder rather than help the work. I think it best to get into a new project, and work it over good.

I've been playing a little volleyball and basketball, and I'm getting in much better condition than I was. It's quite a lot of fun, and it's the only exercise we've had for a long time--since I rowed the boat on Lake Bemidji.

I don't know much to write about. Nothing much happens, and life here is the same old thing. I haven't even seen a picture show since January 1, except one that we got a free pass to, and the ones Dad took me to. We keep fairly busy, but it's the same thing, and as I don't think much of this town and most of the people in it, it isn't the least bit interesting. I'll be glad in a way to get out of this town, even if it is by a release. I suppose when President comes here for conference, that he may give me some hint as to how long I can stay out. I'd like to stay quite a while, but as I say, I surely don't like to stay here. If my time wasn't so short, I could transfer headquarters somewhere else, but as it is I can't do a thing. Oh well such is life, we have to have the bitter to appreciate the sweet. Boy, I'll certainly appreciate home after this town. When I went down to Fargo last week, that place really seemed like home. I surely wish I could have had headquarters there like Scott did. I think I might have made something out of the place. We at least have some good members there as examples. Here we just get someone interested, and soon as they meet some of our members, or hear about some of the rest of them, there goes all the chance we had.

The only redeeming place about this town is the room in which we stay, that almost makes up for the rest. However, there is still a drawback to that. My companion wants to live so cheap, that we seldom have a really enjoyable meal. Oh we have very good meals, but we don't have any fancy things at all. Meat is a rarity, and we seldom have eggs though they are cheap. We get cheese once in a while, but use it sparingly. However, we do eat lots of carrots, cabbage, and a few other vegetables. I haven't baked a pie since I've been here. Muffins either, and biscuits only a few times. It's been so long since I've done any baking, I've about forgotten how. And here I was lamenting the fact before cause we weren't in a place that had an oven. Now that we have one we are almost afraid to use it for fear that it will run the gas bill up a few cents. As for milk, we buy about two quarts a week, Lyon and I used to use 3 a day. I guess that may be the reason I'm not gaining any weight. Oh well, it won't last much longer.

Helen, did you get that stuff all right. How are you coming on typing it? About got it finished. When you do, send it back to me--the part you typed I mean. You can throw the old stuff away. I don't remember rather I told you before or not, but on some of those tracts from other churches, and similar things that I sent, I only wanted the part encircled with pencil to be typed. When you send it back, don't fold the paper.

Well, its time to get supper, and then we've got to go and visit, so I better close. I've rambled on long enough anyway.

Bye for now, and may God bless all of you. Love, Eldred.

**March 10, 1942.** (Fargo, N.D.) Dear Folks, Well, I'm on the first lap of my district tour. We came down from Grand Forks Friday, and have been here ever since. We are staying at Beth and Morris Taylor's. We have had a nice time since I've been here. We held a home Sunday school Sunday, and we have held two cottage meetings and shown our film slides since we have been here. Today is cloudy and windy and looks like a storm, so we'll probably postpone our trip to Jamestown till tomorrow. We are hitch-hiking, so we have to sort of cater to the weather. I am with Elder Taylor, who is to take my place as D.P. We left our companions together, and sent them to Thief River Falls for a week or two till we get

back. They are handling all the district stuff till I get back. Soon as I get back to Grand Forks, we intend to close that project, and then reopen a small town north of Grand Forks, Grafton by name. Dad, you may remember going through it.

We had a very nice conference and had a good attendance, and we all got a chance to speak. I was surely glad that it turned out so well.

I got my eyes examined yesterday, and got \$3.10 discount on the examination and on the glasses themselves. My eyes have changed since the others were made, and I can surely put the new ones to use.

I don't know just when I'll get back, though I have to be there for the 21st of March. We are going from here to Jamestown, if things look good, we will continue on another 100 miles to Bismarck, then come back to here, and then to Grand Forks. From there we will go to Crookston, Thief River Falls, and Bemidji, if the weather permits hitch-hiking. Making a total trip of approximately 900 miles. I suppose I have a lot of mail at Grand Forks, but it will just have to wait till I get back.

I don't know rather I'll take a trip or not, my clergy book is good only to Chicago, and I can't get another one, so I won't go to New York. I've written to an elder in Minneapolis and St. Paul to see who is being released the same day as I so we may decide to go together. I've decided that I don't hardly care to go alone.

Well, there isn't much to say, and I'll write when I get back to Grand Forks, and let you know when I leave for home, and if I am going on a trip. If I decide to take a trip, I'll wire you or send a letter airmail, and you can draw out \$50 dollars from the bank. However, I may not go on a trip, so don't bank on it. See you soon, Eldred.

**March 17, 1942.** Dear Folks, I'm back in Grand Forks for a day, and am as busy as a cat on a tin roof. So far I've covered 650 Miles on my district tour, and I have 250 more to cover before I leave here on Saturday. I also have packing to do, friends to see, and things to turn over to Elder Taylor, so you can see I haven't much time to write this letter. I'll tell you everything when I get home so you can get it first hand soon.

I'm wiring you today for some money, and what I ask for will be plenty, be sure and draw it out of the bank.

I'm going to Minneapolis Saturday, and then leaving there Sunday night with ex-president Fish of one of the Minnesota districts. We will go to Chicago, and from there I don't know just what I'll do. I'll drop you a card occasionally, and let you know just where, and what I'm doing, and as to when I'll be home. I plan on being home for my birthday, but I'm not certain, something may come up, so we'll have to wait and see.

I plan on enlisting in the Naval Reserve when I get home. That seems to offer the best possibilities, if I can get the Draft Board to release me and let me enlist.

I got a nice case for my camera, but I got it from Sears and Roebucks, and saved a few dollars on it. I've also got my glasses, and it sure helps my eyes a lot.

Well, bye for now, and may God bless you. Love, Eldred.

Postcard entitled, "Looking down La Salle Street, Board of Trade in the Background"

**March 23, 1942.** Chicago, Addressed: Miss Lois Belnap 1111--21<sup>st</sup> St. Ogden, Utah. Hi ya Keed, Been having a swell time so "fur." Been to the top of this building. Been to the Headquarters of the Northern States Mission. Rode Elevated Railway and been having a grand time. Leaving tomorrow for Carthage and Nauvoo, Illinois and intending to look the place over. This is quite a cozy little town. But I'd hate to live here! Be good--Bye for now. Erixon

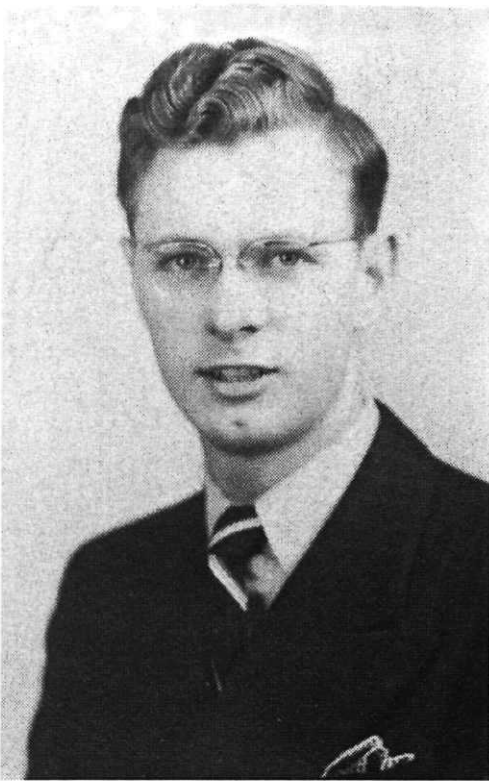
Postcard entitled, "Belmont Harbor Yacht Basin, Chicago"

**March 23, 1942.** Chicago, addressed: Mr. Leonard Beckman 310--13<sup>th</sup> St. Ogden, Utah. Been seeing a lot of the sights. Tomorrow I'm leaving for Carthage and Nauvoo, I'll look up church historical spots. Weather is very fine. This is surely a smoky city though. Going home via St. Louis, Denver, S.L.C. and etc. Will stop near St. Louis and look up Scott. Bye for now and see you soon. Eldred.

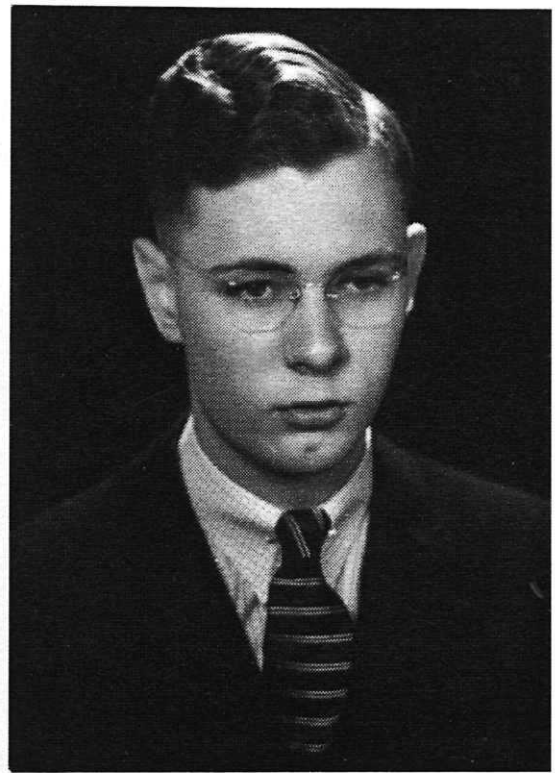
[He came home March 30, 1942 just before his birthday and then left for the Service June 6, 1942.]







Eldred before his mission.



Elder Erickson's mission portrait.



Mission Farewell Party at Belnaps in Ogden, Utah, February 22, 1940.

Back left to right: Jesse Jensen, Mildred West, Don West, Sid Noble.

Front left to right: Glen Wade, Betty Smeding, Luella London, Eldred Erickson, Lois Belnap, Mildred Belnap.

## Tenth Ward Will Hold Testimonial



### ELDRÉD H. ERICKSON

#### ... Called to mission

Eldred H. Erickson, who recently finished two years at Weber college, is making preparations for departure to the north central states mission of the L. D. S. church. Elder Erickson is the son of Hilmer and Luetta Randall Erickson, 310 Thirteenth. He enters the mission home in Salt Lake Feb. 26 and leaves for his field of labor March 7.

A farewell testimonial will be given Friday Feb. 23 at eight p. m. in the Tenth ward under direction of Bishop Arthur G. Pledger, with Elder Erickson's seventies quorum conducting. The following program has been arranged. Instrumental duet, Don West and Glen Wade; dance by seven-year-old Phyllis Randall; vocal solo, Leroy Randall; accordion solo, Grant Williams; reading, Dorothy Woods; remarks by Elder Erickson, his father, Hilmar Erickson, and Bishop Pledger.

Dancing will follow. The Tenth ward is on Kiesel at Sixteenth.



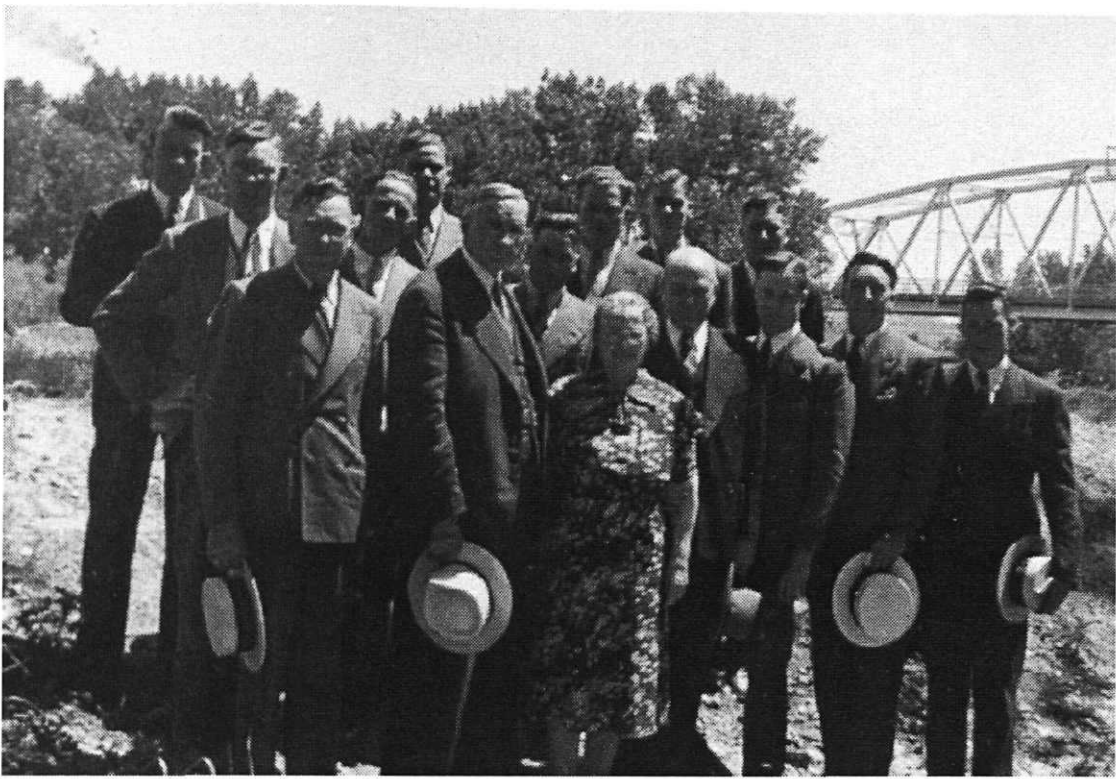
Room 6 in Mission Home in Salt Lake City, 1940.  
Elder Hinton on right front went to New England.  
The rest (Eldred included) to the North Central States.



Eldred Erickson and President Broadbent at the station in "Jimtown" at 7:30 a.m., September 1940.  
"We saw them off and then beat them to Bismarck."

Eldred's mission farewell newsclipping.





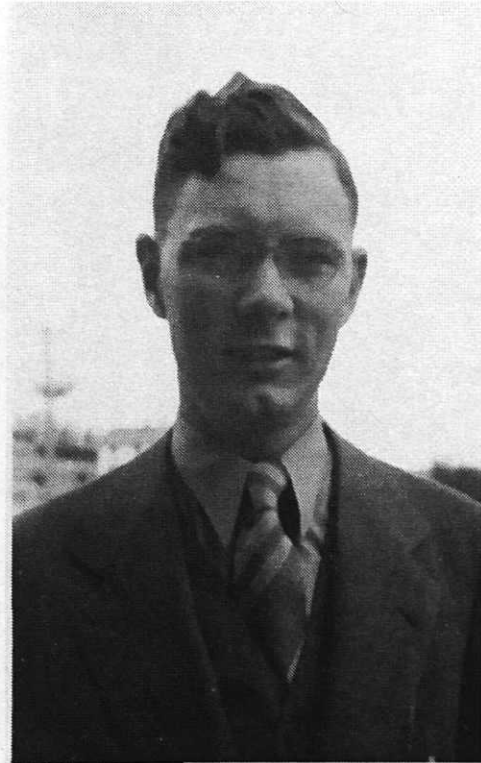
Missionaries of North Dakota District.

Elder Erickson is the first on the left in the second row.

Apostle Lyman is the second on the left in the first row, next to "Mother" Broadbent and President Broadbent.



Elder Erickson hitchhiking.  
(his main form of transportation during his mission)



Elder Erickson.



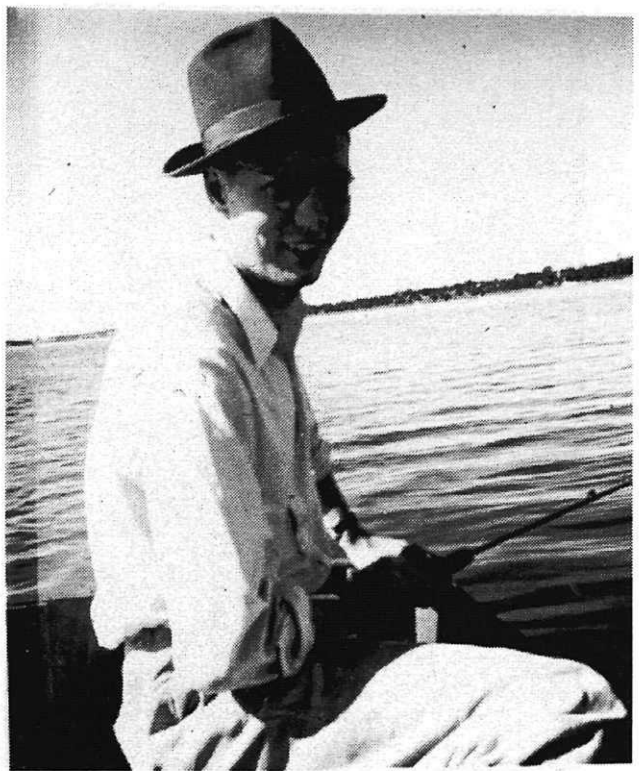
Our apartment house in front of telephone pole.  
Two windows over porch are ours and closets and kitchen on either side.  
House faces East.



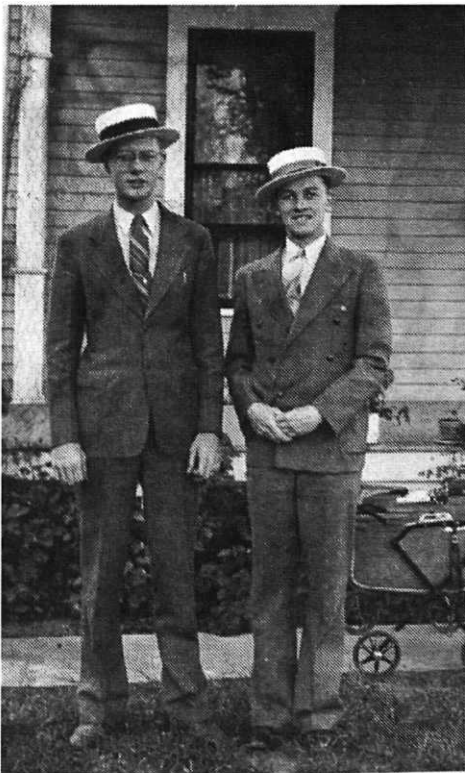
Six elders and Jacobsens on a picnic in the spring.



Elder Erickson.  
Entrance to the State Capitol, May 1940.



Elder Erickson fishing in a boat.  
Spirit Wood Lake, June 1940

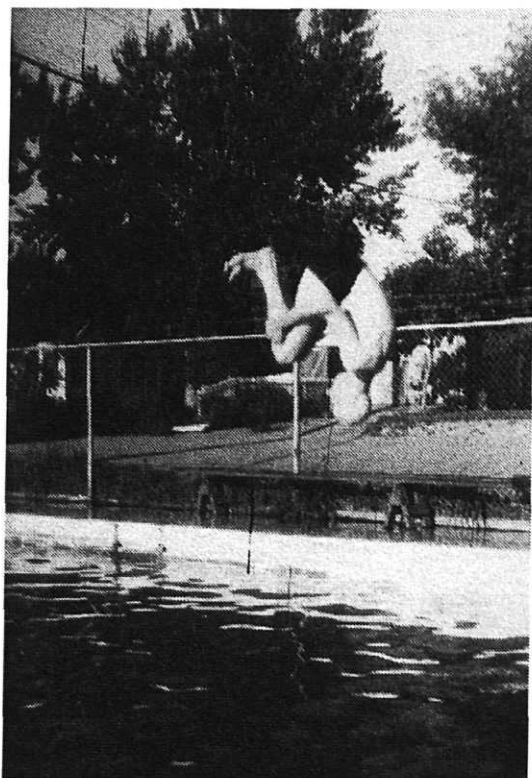


Elders Erickson and Lyon in their summer outfits.

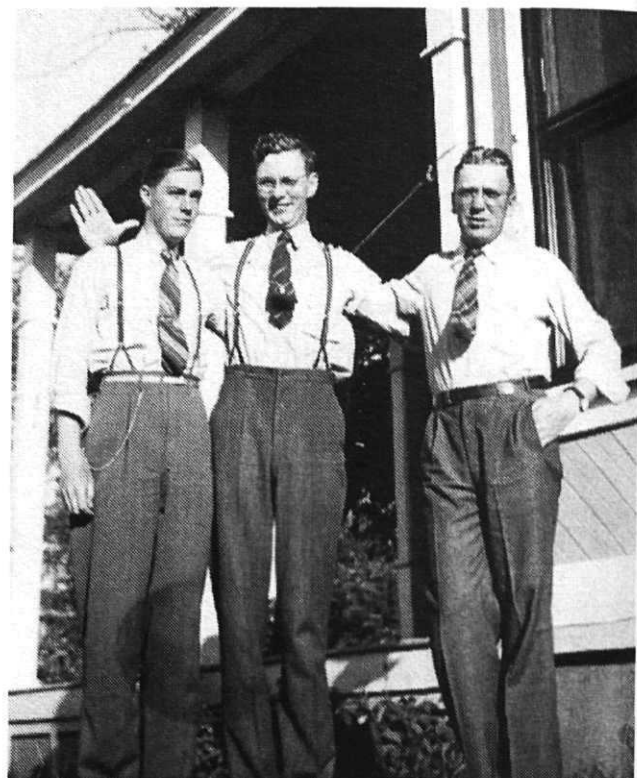


The Three Musketeers (Elders Lyon, Gunn, Erickson).  
Memorial Building, Bismarck, N.D., March 30, 1940.





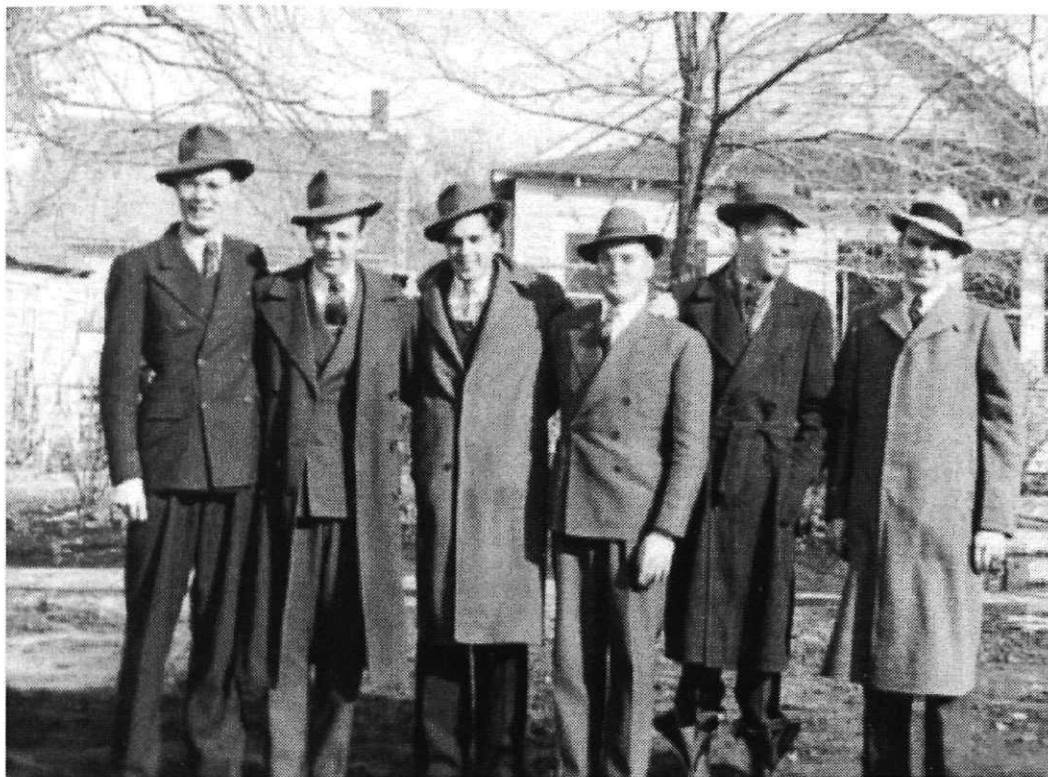
Elder Erickson in a back somersault, August 1940.



Elder Boesland--Ogden, Utah.  
Elder Erickson--Ogden, Utah.  
Elder Keller--Mink Creek, Idaho.



This is where we live now. See the bay window on left side covered by vines. That's where our bed is.  
We have from there to the door at the middle. People are two roomers and Lyon.  
We have about the coolest place in the house.



Taken during our trip in the western part of the state in Bismarck.  
 Left to right: Erickson--Ogden, Utah; Stucki--Rexburg, Idaho; Wellman--Vernal, Utah; Lloyd Smith--  
 Georgetown, Idaho; Scott--Provo, Utah; George Kuhn--S.L.C., Utah (D.P. of West N.D. District).



Erickson, Johnny, and Scott in front of Johnny's biplane, North Dakota.



Entrance to "Church." How do you like my sign?  
Johnny Anderson is the one behind. They took the picture before Sis. and I were ready.

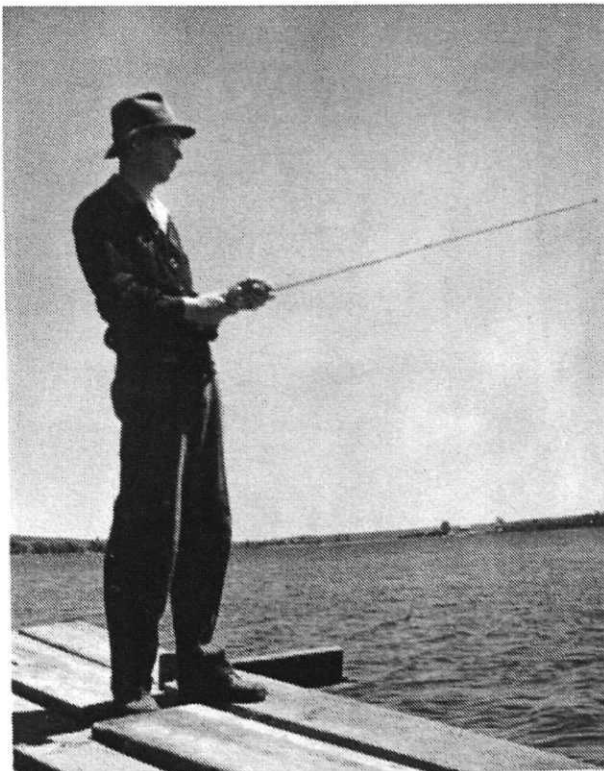


Part of our Sunday school at entrance to the "Mormon Church" on about the 15th of February.  
Left to right: Elder Norman Taylor, Sister Marjorie Gurff, Glen Klufa (Catholic), Elder Erickson, Sister Joyce L. Bulkley, Glen Bodily, Beth and Morris Taylor, Elder Boeslund.

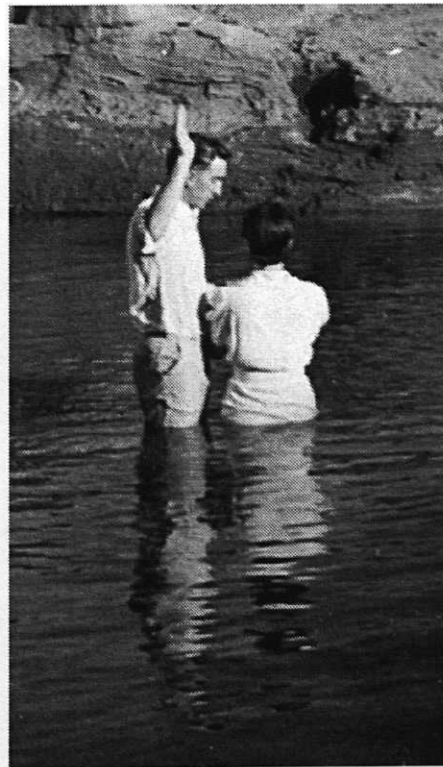




Sleeping four to a bed. Elder Scott got out to take the picture.



Fishing at Spirit Wood Lake.



Elder Gunn baptizing Mrs. Jacobsen.



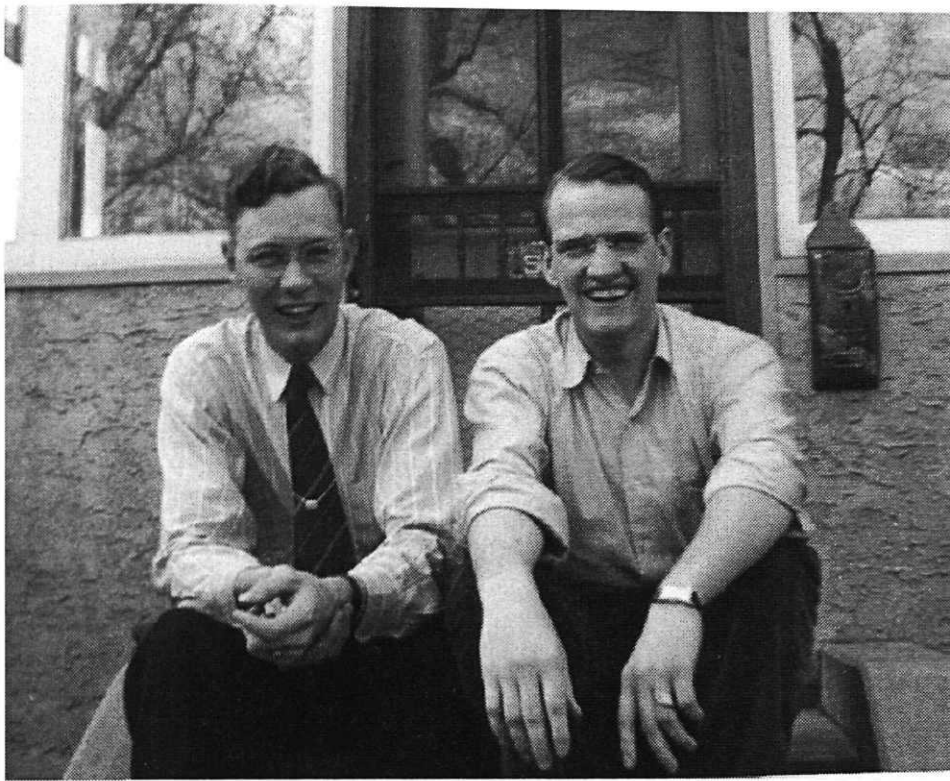
Missionary meeting on the banks of the Yellowstone near Glendive, Montana.  
President Broadbent front, Apostle Lyman right.



Elder Erickson in Elder Strausser's outfit in  
"Jimtown."



Eldred playing the minister.  
Jamestown, North Dakota.



Erickson and Taylor on Gruchalla's front porch at Jimtown.



Elder Erickson as the "Irish Washwoman" in Jamestown, North Dakota.

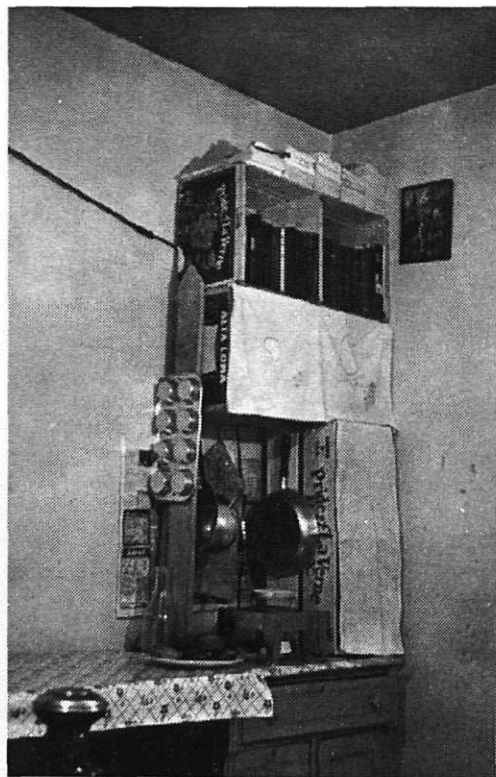




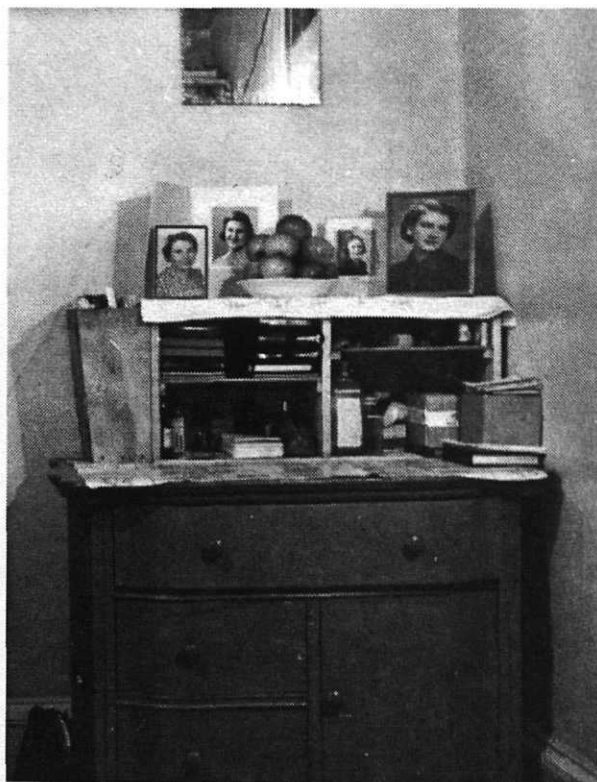
Elder Erickson.



Leaving Jamestown, conference bound last May.  
How do you like my technique?



How do you like my cupboard? Have one of my muffins. See the slice of bread above the electric plate—we have a "patent" on our wire frame toaster.



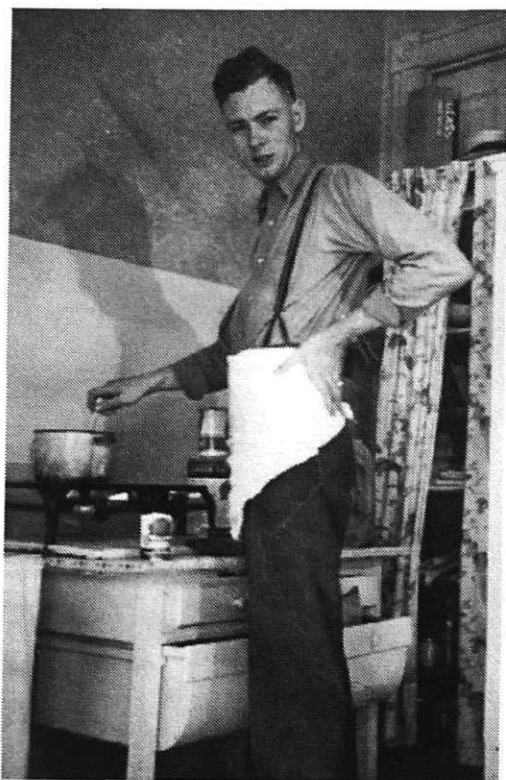
Our dresser after we remodeled it.  
Orange crates came in pretty handy.



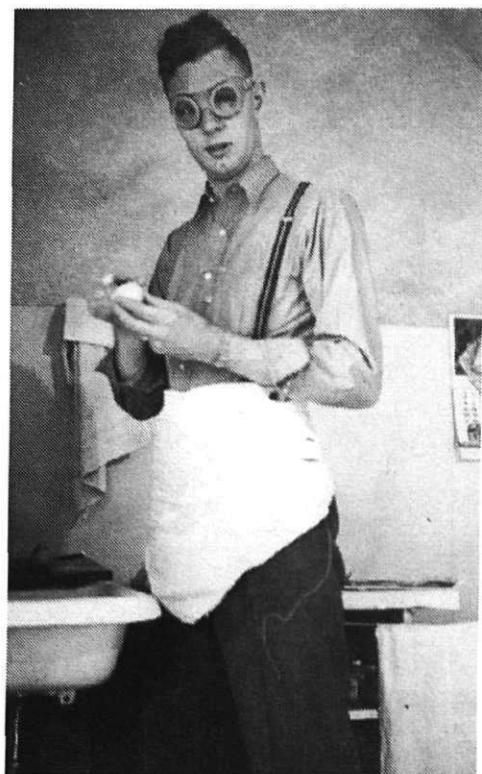
Elder Erickson in his apartment.



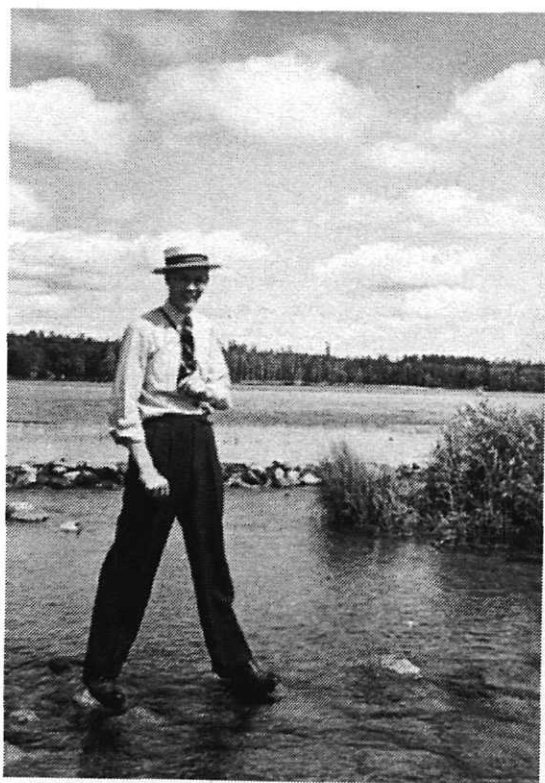
Here's a picture of one of my dinners in Bemidji.  
The negative got spoiled when I dropped it in some hot water.  
Strasser almost missed my pies. How does it look?



Stirring up some stew.



Peeling onions--those goggles are swell!

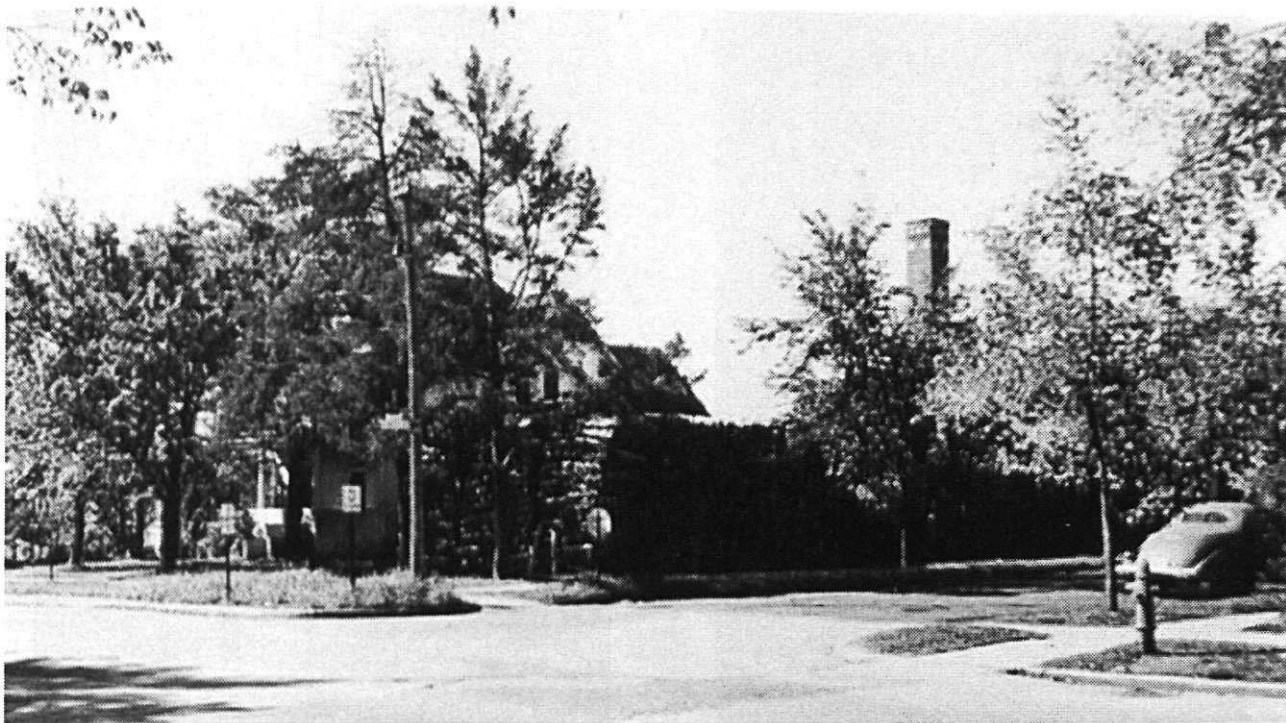


Standing in the middle of the mighty Mississippi  
at its source near Bemidji, Minnesota.

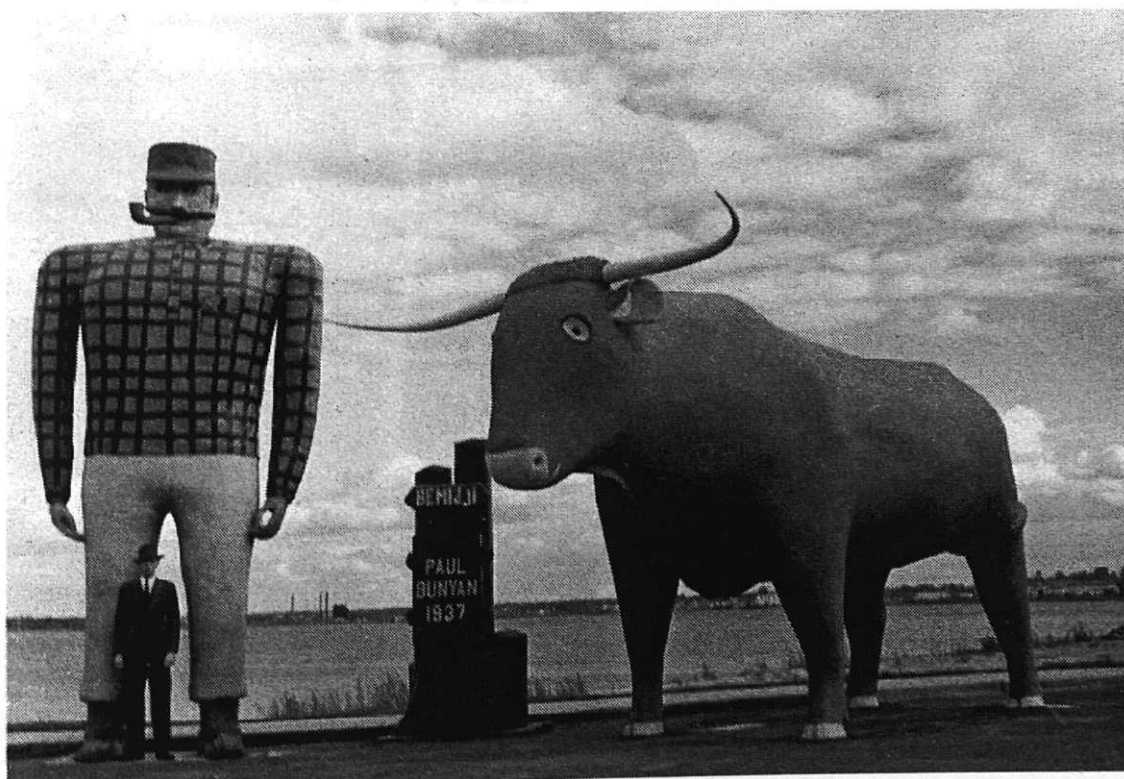


Elder Erickson at the Mississippi's source.





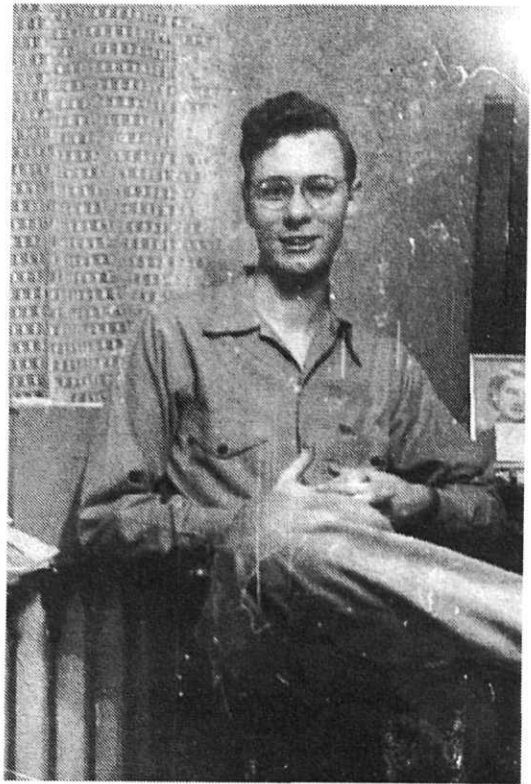
Our residence at 617 Bemidji Avenue. Winter supply of wood. Chimney is from school on other block.



Standing in front of Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox, Bemidji, Minnesota.



Elder Erickson.



I set the camera on the tripod, set the shutter, walked back, sat down, got a silly grin on my face, and the camera went off and took the picture all by itself.



Studying? Probably Field and Stream.



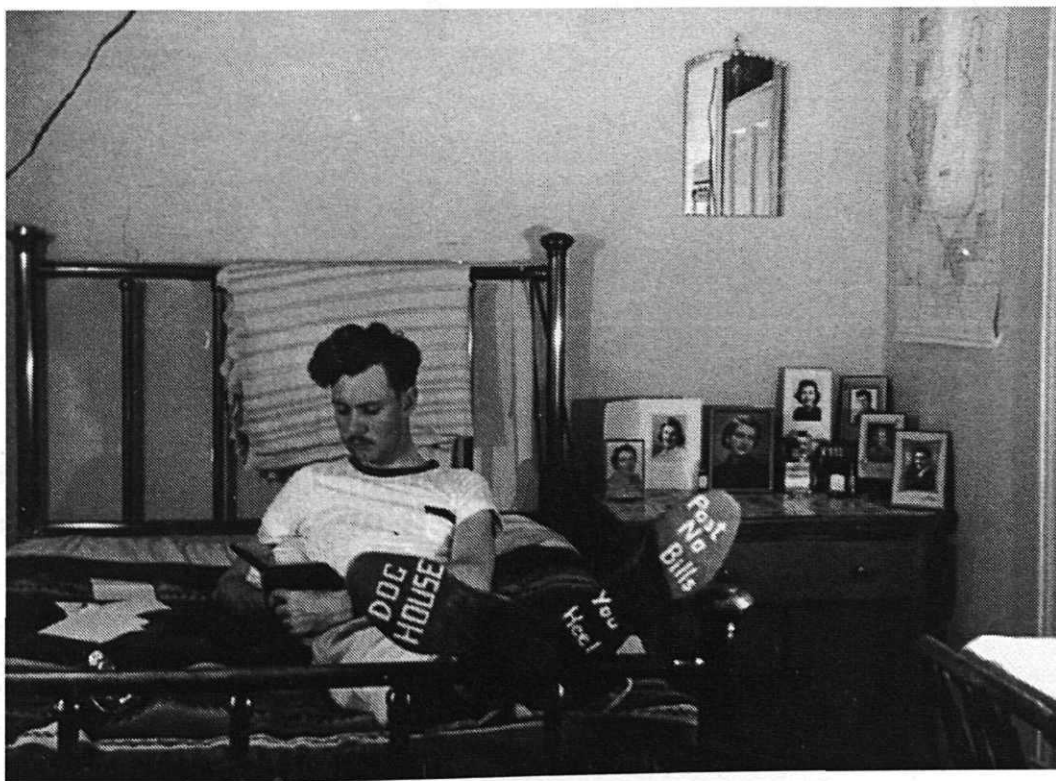
President Richards and Elder Erickson.



Taken before I went to the cities.  
Nice looking guy--eh?



Guess who? This was taken after most of the swelling  
had gone down, though lips are swollen still.  
That's about as far as I could open my mouth.



Studying in our room just before I left for Minneapolis.



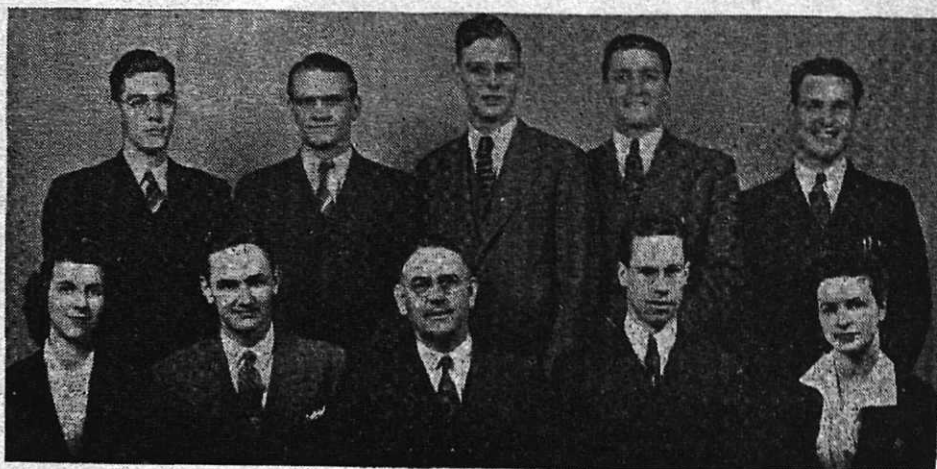


Conference at Grand Forks.  
Left to right: Elders Wellman, Scott, President Richards, Elder Merrill,  
Elders Taylor, Hinton, Erixon, and Strasser.

**MISSIONARIES OF EAST  
NORTH DAKOTA DISTRICT  
AT CONFERENCE,  
MAY 6, 1941**

Left to Right:—Front Row:  
Norma A. Hansen, Robert  
W. Gillespie, Pres. North  
Minnesota Dist., George F.  
Richards, Jr., Mission Presi-  
dent, Elmo Scott, Pres.  
East North Dakota Dist.,  
Joyce L. Bulkley.

Back Row: Norman N.  
Boeslund, Norman L. Tay-  
lor, Eldred H. Erickson,  
Joseph W. Gunn, Dilworth  
Strasser.



Mission Conference, May 1941.



Picture of Eldred in front of Lois Belnap's house the day he got off his mission in 1942.



Eldred and Lois, 13th Street, Ogden, Utah, 1942.



Eldred and Lois, 1942.



Eldred and his sister Helen  
13th Street, Ogden, Utah, 1942.



Left to right: Luetta, Helen, Leonard Beckman, and Blackie (the dog) and Eldred (in front).  
13th Street, Ogden, Utah, 1942.



Lois Belnap and Eldred Erickson at Lagoon Amusement Park, Farmington, Utah.  
After their May 6, 1942 engagement.



## Military Service

Poem kept by Luetta Erickson in her scrap book:

### He Left Last Night

(A Mother's Prayer)

He left last night,  
Amid a mass of khaki shirts;  
And when his face had blended with the rest,  
I still could feel a numbness from the kiss  
So like the ones I used to press upon his brow.  
Lord, keep him strong, I pray,  
His country needs him now.

Because I love him so,  
I merely smiled and stroked his hair,  
'Twas well my voice was muted, and tears were dry;  
I could not chance the quiver of a word,  
Nor let the memory of a moistened cheek  
Distort his faith in Thee or me,  
And make him weak.

I shall not be afraid,  
Because he knows the purpose of life--  
From whence he came,--to what he may aspire;  
But should he falter with the weight of war,  
Lonely at dusk, within a foreign land,  
Lean down, dear Lord, I pray,  
Lean down and stay his hand.  
--By Ivie Huish Jones

### Basic Training

Dale Browning and I were sent to Camp Crowder, Missouri for Basic Training in the Army Signal Corps for six weeks Basic Training. I remember the Captain, First Sgt. and Supply Sergeant assembled our company of raw recruits. "Men you will be here six weeks and can't leave camp. You are free evenings and Sundays. We have a recreation room but no equipment. For a thousand dollars we can buy a ping pong table, pool table, furniture, chairs and a washing machine. That comes to \$5.00 each--how about it? Naturally we readily agreed, and during the six weeks considered the money well spent. My orders were fouled up at the end of Basic, and I remained an extra week. Surprise! The furniture and equipment disappeared as soon as the trainees left! As a new group of recruits assembled, the next day I heard a familiar speech--they too contributed \$5.00, and behold the same furniture and equipment appeared in the Rec Hall! I've often wondered how many times they sold that same furniture during the War. I was then transferred to Camp Murphy in Florida for Radar Training. It was highly secret at the time.

They asked for volunteers to drop a portable radar behind enemy lines. Buck and I wanted to go, but our buddy Carlson didn't want to go. We told him he was chicken and he went and volunteered the three of us. We then went to Drew Field for additional training. They decided they only needed one radar man and took Carlson and left Buck and I. He later wrote "You got me into this, get me out." He had held the record for the obstacle course, but when I saw him after the War he had tropical diseases and wasn't in very good shape.

On weekends I went to West Palm Beach and met the elders, and helped them hold street meetings. The response was better than anything I could have imagined in North Dakota or Minnesota. I stayed with a family there on weekends and taught Sunday school in the branch in West Palm. I enjoyed it very much.

While at Drew Field we had a would be "Cowboy" in our outfit. His favorite Saturday night trick was to come back from town "loaded" at 2:00 a.m., stagger noisily into the Barracks and wake everyone as

he loudly hollered "DRAW"! then, "BANG, BANG!" I decided to fix him. One Saturday night I had a rifle loaded with a blank cartridge, and with the rest of the gang eagerly waited in the dark for his entrance. As he yelled "Draw!" I pulled the trigger. Orange flame six feet long shot from the end of the barrel and the deafening noise awoke every man in the next Barracks. "My \_\_\_\_, I'm shot" our drunken cowboy exclaimed! The guard stationed at the gate nearby ran to see what was the matter, and stumbled over a drunk sleeping it off by the back door. "Officer of the Day" he called! "Someone has been shot". By that time I had hurriedly put my gun back in the rack and was "sound" asleep. After deciding that no one was shot the Officer of the Day, a crusty old Major, angrily awoke each "soundly" sleeping man, and unsuccessfully tried to find the culprit. How lucky I was that he didn't think to smell the gun barrels. He never did find out who did it.

At Deridder they put a new Lieutenant in charge of our supply tent. When he went to the P.X. he made it clear, that "I'm now responsible for tools" and locked up all our tools we needed to repair equipment. After several times of this I made a key to fit the lock. One day he locked up a coil of wire. After he left, I opened the box and took the wire out. When he came back, he saw the wire out, looked at it, shook his head and then put it in the box and relocked it. When he left I took it out again. When he came back, he saw it out. After that he opened the box and never locked it again.

At Drew we trained some more, and I was conscripted as Company Clerk because I could type. The others went out and trained, while I had to stay in the office. Disliking every minute of it, and preferring to be out on the rifle range with the rest of the gang, I grudgingly did my job. One day the Captain handed me a promotion list to type. After he left, I eagerly scanned the list hoping to find my name. No such luck! My name was not on it! I was very disappointed as I felt I had earned it and it wasn't my fault I had to stay and type. Then a crafty thought occurred--I wonder if anyone would notice if I added my name to the list. No sooner thought than done. An hour later the Captain bellowed, "Who put your name on this promotion list?" Quaking inwardly, I looked him square in the eye and said, "I did." After what seemed like an eternity of silence, he turned on his heel and stalked out, leaving me to ponder my fate. Two weeks later, I cautiously looked at the promotion list posted that morning on the bulletin board--would wonders never cease, I was now a sergeant!

## Transport to Alaska

Finally our time came for our duty assignment. They gave us a real parade and away we went. The train took a long zig-zag across the country and they didn't tell us where we were going to end up. We had trained in the Everglades for the tropics. The train came through Ogden, and stopped for a couple of hours for some unknown reason. I got unprecedented leave to leave the train and go home and get the folks and Lois. It was a wonderful reunion.

*Lois' Memories: The train stopped at Ogden, and he asked how long they would be there--"1 hour". He was given leave for one hour. He raced for a phone and called his folks and then called me--I was just leaving for work at the Thomas D. Dee Memorial Hospital, but called them and said I'd be late. His folks drove up with Luetta, Hilmar, and Leonard. I was wearing that blue linen suit, and he thought it was pretty. His folks had brought him a piece of black-cap pie, and he enjoyed that. We all just visited, and the hour was soon up. We wished him goodbye--would we ever see him again?*

Then we pulled out for Frisco and got there just in time to get our shots and load up. The boats were already loaded with troops who had trained at Ord, and they were waiting for us. We didn't get the training. We were now part of "Corlett's Long Knives" Mountain Infantry, heading for the Aleutian Islands.

I sat on the beach with a typewriter for 24 hours typing shipping orders by Coleman lantern, all the while sick from my shots. We packed all our radar gear into large crates. We laid our hands onto anything we could get--shovels, firewood, steel cable, saws, etc., anything we thought we might be able to use, and boxed them in the crates with our radar equipment. They wondered why we had so many crates, but because of our top secret assignment, they couldn't check to see what we had packed. We then put the crates on sleds and loaded them on the boat. We even managed to get a D4 Cat on a sled.

I'm a poor sailor and wasn't very well on the ship, a twin transport. We were on a LST transport and had a smaller LCT on top of the ship with Coast Guard crew. When we got to Kodiak, Alaska, they pumped water into the compartments on one side of our boat and tipped it on its side, which allowed the other ship to slide off.

We were part of a Radar and Signal Core outfit, and joined a zig zagging convoy through Jap sub-infested waters. A new radar had been installed on the ship in Frisco, but the Navy had no one to operate it--radar was something new and virtually unheard of. We volunteered to operate it and the captain unenthusiastically agreed. Running into a heavy fog, we tried to tell the captain that the radar

showed he was pulling away from the convoy. "I've been sailing these seas for 20 years and no little black box is going to tell me how to run my ship--I know where the convoy is!" was his response. Two days later the fog cleared and we were alone on the vast Pacific Ocean. We didn't have to say, "I told you so". The captain came and asked us to please find the convoy, which we easily did with our radar, and we steamed over the horizon to join them. After that on dark nights or foggy days the captain was a frequent visitor to the radar shack.

Several times on the day after leaving Frisco we had "abandon ship" drills. That night the intercom blazed, "This is your captain speaking. There will be no more drills. From now on it will be the real thing." As we settled back to sleep in our "mummy" down and feather filled sleeping bags, our "toughest and most vocal hero" said, "If the alarm sounds, don't bother me, I'll just go down with the ship." A little after midnight we almost ran into a small wooden fishing boat that our radar didn't pick up. The look out became excited and thought it was a Jap sub and gave the general alarm. Our "tough Hero" didn't even bother to open the zipper of his mummy sleeping bag. He literally burst from the bag in a cloud of feathers, and ran up on deck. The man next to him grabbed a soap and towel, another grabbed a pair of shoes and the third a carton of cigarettes--me--I was too sick to care and just laid there. When it was all over our "hero" borrowed a needle and thread and was trying to stuff feathers back into his bag.

We stayed at Kodiak a few days. It was a dream come true. I had always wanted to go to Kodiak, but it was a frustrating experience. The salmon were running up the stream, and my fishing tackle was in the hold of the ship. I couldn't get to it. I couldn't buy or borrow a fishing outfit, and had to be content watching others. I talked to soldiers stationed there, and they had been out and killed a big Kodiak bear. They wanted to get off the island, and I would have given almost anything to have stayed there.

## A Dinner at Keeleys?

We loaded up and headed west to Dutch Harbor at the island of Adak. Censorship was in effect, and we were not supposed to tell where we were. I wrote to Lois. We had made up a code, which was the first letter in each word of the second sentence. One of our favorite malt shops at home was Keeleys. My sentence read: "A dinner at Keeleys?" Lois then knew the name of the place, but still had a hard time finding where Adak was. We stayed there a month getting ready for the invasion of Kiska. It rained 30 days without stopping. We were sleeping in pup tents, two men to each with one end open. We were continually wet. The cook had a tent for mess. Stew was the order of the day, and the grease solidified in our mess before we could eat it.

One day on Adak a group of sergeants, "naked as jaybirds", crowded around the hot tin stove in our tent trying to take an evening bath in the tepid water heated in a five gallon can on the stove. The water was rationed out into our helmets. Outside, the usual cold Aleutian rain was falling on the muddy trampled tundra. The First Sgt. parted the tent flaps, flipped back his rain hood, and came in. "I want to show you guys how this grenade works, so you can explain it to your men tomorrow--first you pull the pin like this, then release the lever as you throw it. You have ten seconds before it explodes." He casually pulled the pin, and before our horrified eyes, the grenade slipped from his fingers to the ground releasing the lever! "Run!" he yelled! Six naked sergeants dashed pell-mell out into the cold pelting rain, desperately trying to cover as much distance as possible in the ten seconds allotted to us! Twenty-five yards away we dove into a muddy slit trench, scrunched down in the muck and waited for the blast to come--only to hear the loud uncontrollable laughter of the First Sgt. and the audience he had gathered outside the tent--the grenade was a dummy!

## The Aleutian Rain

On Adak--just about freezing and it rained 30 days and never quit. We were living in small pup tents open on one end. We put 2 tents together to close up the open end, and put our poncho on the muddy ground and put our sleeping bags on that. Why we got wet--never had a chance to dry out. Grease would solidify in our Sterno cans.

## Invasion of Kiska

Finally the day to invade came, and we loaded onto our ship and headed west with the rest of the convoy. We surrounded the island and bombarded it. The planes bombed it from above. The time came to hit the beach. We put on our packs and crawled down the net on the side of the boat and into small boats that took us ashore. We landed on the beach and set up communication. There was some shelling,



some rifle fire, and some land mines, and then all was quiet. We wondered if it would be another "Attu." Everybody was trigger-happy. Finally, after several hours the word came that the Japs had gotten away in the fog. We were relieved. The only casualties were from our own men coming from different sides of the island ahead of schedule. Meeting no resistance and ahead of schedule, they opened fire when they saw our own men and thought they were Japs.

## The Winds on Little Kiska

We stayed there several days and got things set up. Then our platoon took off for Little Kiska to set up our radar. We landed on the only place we could get on the island because of the cliffs. We found it all mined with electrical controls from a central spot. If they had left one man they could have killed us all. We set off the mines, and set about setting up our radar out fit. We picked the highest spot on the island. There was a basin nearby with nice, hard packed sand. It was a relief after trying to get our equipment across the bottomless tundra. It seemed the ideal place to pitch our tents.

We had a nice set up until the wind came--it seemed that it blew from all directions at once and just scooped our tents up and blew them away. Now we knew why the basin was there. We managed to exist a few days huddled together in the radar tent--the only place that was protected from the full force of the wind. We took turns trying to crawl against the force of the wind to salvage a can of food or something to eat. The wind was so strong it would roll a man over even when crawling on the ground, and it was almost impossible to breathe. After about four days, the storm subsided enough for the Navy to get a boat over to us with supplies. We moved our bivouac area, and this time we dug holes 20 feet square and from eight to ten feet deep and placed our tents in the bottom so the wind wouldn't blow them away. We totaled about 24--two officers and the rest enlisted men. We dug six holes in a week using only pick and shovel. We then rigged up a block and tackle with the steel cable and used a D4 Cat to haul supplies and driftwood up the cliff from the beach.

## Getting Married (Lois' Memories)

Eldred's outfit was sent to Florida, and he was given a 30 day furlough for over-seas campaign. Immediately I sent him a telegram and said, "Waiting for you, let's get married." He wired back, "What day, I can be home on January 22nd." At home we started planning, and on Saturday night, January 23rd, we decorated the "old" 20th Ward cultural hall, and Eldred was here to help.

We were married on Monday, January 24th, 1944 in the Salt Lake Temple. At that time we could have flowers in the temple, and Eldred ran across the street to the Florist Shop in the Hotel Utah and returned with a white orchid. They brought it to the sealing room, just before the wedding ceremony. We were married in the small sealing room just off the Celestial Room, where the elevator now is. President Thomas E. McKay, Assistant to the Quorum of the Twelve and brother of President David O. McKay, married us. He had been president of the Ogden Stake for many years while my father, Arias G. Belnap, was bishop and in the Stake Presidency. Prior to the ceremony we went to a corner in the Celestial Room for some advice, and one thing I remember very distinctly was, "Many times you will be separated doing the work of the Lord or even in community work, and each of you must remember it is most important that you trust each other at all times. Do not let anything interfere with this important marriage--it is precious!"

## Wartime Letters

**December 16, 1942.** Camp Murphy, Florida. Dear Folks, Well, how are you all making out with food and gas rations etc. I guess in a lot of ways we have it better than civilians. We went on Field Rations here December 1, and the meals have been much better. Now the whole camp is supposed to get the same. Before, it was up to the mess sarg. of each company, and they didn't do very good. Now we have a much better meal--except we now get tea or coffee almost every meal instead of lemonade etc. Of course the meals still aren't cooked very good--just slopped together, but we get along much better than before.

I guess I've been getting along fairly good in Radar. I have a final average of 89% in all written tests and trouble shooting tests. That's a lot better than I ever figured on getting, in fact it's above average. Now all I lack is the final system analysis--trouble shooting the entire unit. I've been waiting since Sunday for it. They are filled up. I'll probably get it today or tomorrow. They are shipping only 4 of our group of 20 out Monday, and it begins to look like we'll stay on awhile longer--maybe to take the British Unit.

Well, after about 3 months, I again got in the position of Right Guide in marching to school.

Everybody remembered the last ride I gave 3 months ago, and hollered to take it slow. So I just took it easy, but still a lot complained. Ha Ha. I'm just too fast of a walker for the army. Saturday down town I was going to mail a package. The place closed at 5:00 and it was 13 minutes to 5:00 and the place was 12 blocks away. I walked carrying 20 pounds, and got there 1 minute to 5:00. 12 blocks in 12 minutes--can you do it? Neither can the Army. Ha Ha.

Mom, I received your letter. Thanks for getting those books, etc. You didn't say rather you got the other things I asked or not. Did you? And what did you get--paid and etc.

Yes, I got your Christmas box as I've written and told you. The candy hasn't arrived yet. Mail is very slow now. In a way it's bad to receive Christmas things early, but as I said, Christmas won't seem that way down here.

Yes, I received Bessie's package, and one I guessed was from Charles it was C. H. Randall--I don't remember their initials, so it may have been Clarence. I didn't find a card in it, but I just supposed it to be Charles and Tressa, so I thanked them for it. I haven't received Ethel's yet. I have one from Alice. I had to open them up. They won't keep. This place is full of ants little tiny ones and big red ones. Anything sweet draws them and they come into the barracks, and get in lockers and really make a mess--so I enjoyed the packages as they came.

I surely like the watch and things you sent--they couldn't have been better. In fact I don't see why you bought such a good watch. It is a perfect one and just suited for what I need, but it cost a lot of money!

Yes, Lois' present was very nice, those colored pictures really are pretty when shown from it. I used it a few times and decided to send it back and let her keep it till I get back.

You'll have to get her to bring it down and show the pictures. They are really pretty.

I'm glad to hear everyone is well. I guess getting meat etc. is almost impossible out there now. People laughed at the Church officials a few years ago when we had plenty, and they advised people to store food. The Church condemned the government killing cattle, burning cotton, corn, etc. a few years ago--now look how we need it. Who says our leaders are not inspired of God. Some things may look foolish at the time, but time proves our leaders are always right when inspired by the Lord.

I got a Christmas card from P.J. Anderson, one from Randall, and one from Beth and Morris. They wrote a note and said they were fine. Thompson is now D.P. I guess.

Say did you read the article in the December 13 Colliers about the Mormons. It sort of bawls the Mormons out. Read it.

Dad, I have your letter too. I have the colored type glasses, our trouble is only in the way the lights are fixed. There is not near enough nor rightly placed. I haven't been doing so much studying lately and I'm getting along O.K.

I don't know why you want me to go to O.C.S. I don't want to be an officer! I'd rather take my chances of making a Sarg. The pay is about as good. I don't like army ways, and all O.C.S. is, is learning all of that stuff, and I don't want anything to do with it! I've thought a lot about applying, but decided against it. Several fellows here have applied and most were turned down, so it probably wouldn't me any good to try--if I wanted to, which I don't. As for doing me any good when I got out of the army--its no better than anything else, in fact as far as training is concerned--its worse. The sergeants run the army, and give all the commands etc.

You mention the picture I sent of two fellows and I. You say they look like two good boys. The small one is one of the biggest drunkards I've seen. Yet when sober he's a very pleasant fellow. I get along with everybody, and make friends with them all. But that is as far as it goes. I haven't found one that I'd want for a real friend. None of them even come close to living our standards. All the soldiers I've seen are an immoral bunch; wine and women are about all most of them want. Though once in a while there are a few who are different, and it's good to run into them, though they are few and far between.

You ask what I weigh 160 pounds with my clothes on. Yes, I've lost weight and I don't expect to gain much back. Though I eat pretty good. Breakfast is my best meal, and I'm gaining a reputation as a "chow hound". I'm usually the last to leave the mess hall. If they serve grapefruit to each man I usually eat 3 or 4, boxed cereal 1 to a man--I get two, hot cakes--all I can eat--whatever they serve, if I like it I get twice my share. As for milk they allow 1 cup per man for breakfast. I usually use 1 quart or 2 quarts if I can drink that much. How do I do it? Well, I take my time till everybody is through, and then I go around and gather up all the leftovers and I really eat. Ha Ha. I'm a "chow hound" but its worth it, and I don't care. Love, Eldred.

[Cute stationary showing an army man thinking about a red head and the letter next to him has a red stamp that says "keep them flying."]

**December 26, 1942.** Dear Folks, Well, Christmas is all over, I hope you had a nice Christmas, and that everything turned out all right.

Here's a couple of snapshots taken in Palm Beach. Did you guys ever get those pictures of yourselves I asked for?

Beck, it was good to get your letter, you say you had a hard time finding the watch--don't they have much stuff out there to sell? This place has just as much as usual, in fact they have done more business here this year than any other--due to the soldiers--and they still have plenty of most things to sell--you'd never know there was a shortage or a war going on!

The weather has been extremely warm for quite a while just like July. The only time it gets cold is when we have a northeast wind and rainstorm from the sea--and then boy, it's so cold, some of the M.P.'s wear their overcoats--then soon as it stops, it's summer again--its crazy! Did you have snow for Christmas? I hope so--gee I'd like to see some!

Tell Bob Anderson and Erny Cook hello for me.

Yes, Beck, I got the candy, it's surely good, and I still have some left. I also got Christmas cards from all of you.

Yes, I got a nice projector from Lois. It's really nice. I sent it back to her, and I just as well leave all the colored slides with it in its case. I'll tell her to let you take it so that you can see the pictures. They are really pretty.

Helen, I got your letter and card. Thank you and I'm glad you liked the coconut, go ahead and eat it if you want. I'll send another one. I don't know why you and Lois got them at different times, as they were sent the same time, place and etc.

I'll try and tell you about my Christmas.

We got off of school Wednesday night at 12:00 and our company threw a party. I went and got 2 cheese sandwiches, a glass of water and came back to the barracks and read awhile. At Camp Crowder and Ft. Douglas drunkenness is supposed to be a court martial offense in camp. Here--well I'll tell you. At our party they had 7 barrels of beer for 150 men, the rest had gone to town. The men were just like a bunch of wild Indians, just like the Lamanites in the Book of Mormon. They really had a drunken party!! You could hear the noise for blocks, and then they started singing Christmas carols, that did make me disgusted! Some of them tried their best to get me to come over and even came over with cups of beer to try and make me drink it, but they couldn't. After the things I've seen, you couldn't get me to touch a drop of that stuff for any amount of money! The fellows really got drunk. Before it was over, they were pouring beer down one another's necks, shampooing one another with it, etc. It was really a mess! It finally ended about 4:00 a.m. A lot of the fellows had to be packed back to the barracks as they'd passed out. Don't let anybody tell you beer isn't intoxicating, because it surely is. There were surely a lot of sick soldiers. When they did get to bed they kept talking and telling stories etc. and making a lot of noise. Finally I couldn't stand it anymore and hollered out and told them either they shut up or they'd go out! It was surprising they all shut up and I didn't have any more trouble. When I got up the next morning, I got even by waking up all the fellows who'd bothered me, and not letting them sleep. They all had hangovers, and boy were they sorry they'd bothered me. I wouldn't let them sleep at all.

Here comes the worst part. The mess had to be cleaned up, and they took 2 men from each barracks, and drew cards to see who went. I was very unlucky and drew low card! So, though I didn't have anything to do with the mess, I had to help clean it up. Boy, was I burned up, but I couldn't do anything about it--that's the army way of doing things! I've never smelled much of anything that smelled worse than that mess hall with its beer and etc. all over--it was really a mess, you couldn't get me to drink beer for anything!

Finally we got it cleaned up, I cleaned up and went to town and fooled around. I went to a couple of shows and had something to eat. For 10 cents I got a great big glass of orange juice--was it ever good. I then came back to camp and got to the books about 1:00 a.m. and went to sleep. At 6:30 some crazy fool turned on the amplifying system as loud as it would go, and started playing Christmas carols and woke everyone up. I'd like to have wrung his neck--so I didn't get much sleep that night.

I had breakfast, cleaned up and left the barracks at 9:30. I got down to Thompsons at about 11:45. Bus schedules are surely slow. There we had a swell dinner. Two elders and two soldiers were there and a couple of other people. We had a big turkey dinner with all of the fixings. Boy, was I ever full! It was a swell meal. Later in the afternoon the elders, soldiers and I went to another show, and then we came back to camp. There are quite a lot of fellows down here now from Utah, Arizona and Idaho--none that I knew, but they all know someone I know. However they are all in different companies and in different shifts so at church is the only time I get to see them. In my company there are 4 others from Utah, but they don't belong to the Church, so by now, there are a lot here, this camp has grown several times since I



first came here.

I slept till noon this morning being Saturday, and caught up on my sleep. I forgot to send out my laundry the other day, so I've been washing a few things out in the sink. Everyone's gone to town so I'm not having any trouble. I'm going to stay in tonight and then go to church in the morning. Then my holiday will be all over and I'll have to go back to school. I'll be glad when I get through here.

I got to drill the platoon during drill period the other day. All the non coms (non commissioned officers) here above a corporal have been shipped out so we didn't have anyone to drill us--so I got to, it was sort of fun, and I did pretty good. There have surely been a lot of fellows shipped out, and there are new ones coming in all the time.

Well, I'm out of stationary so I'll have to quit. Bye for now and may God bless you all. Love, Eldred. HAPPY NEW YEAR!

**December 29, 1942.** Dear Folks, Well, things still go on as usual here, nothing much changes, it's the same old life. I wish I'd soon ship out and get a change, I'm tired of this place.

Dad, I got your letter, thank you for finding out about my garments so quickly, I don't see how you got it so fast, it seems as if I just asked a little while--wish my other questions could get answered like that. Ha Ha--or maybe my other letters never reached you. Anyway I'm sending my garments and pajamas home soon as I find some wrapping paper. They'll probably need washing, though only 2 pair are dirty. Say did you ever get my Bible and Book of Mormon--you never did say. What did you do with the underwear I used to wear before I went on a mission--did you give it away, or is it still around if so, you just as well send it and let me wear it out, if not don't send any new ones.

One thing a little out of the ordinary happened, a lot of the fellows were sick this morning. Something was wrong with the food, and they got sick. They had the medical officers and nurses inspecting this morning I don't know how it came out. Whenever, I see something on the table that doesn't look too good, I just don't eat, and quite often about all I eat is bread and butter, and then I finish up at the P.X. It seems to run in streaks, the food won't be prepared good for a while and then it improves, then the cooks get lazy again and we go through the process quite often except the good meals are sort of few. Ha Ha.

**December 30, 1942.** (I had to drill and didn't get to finish)

Well, I invested some more money. I now pay 10% tithing, 10% Bonds, and 10% Insurance. I signed up for the \$10,000 as there is a very good chance now that I will go overseas when I finish here.

Well, I've been studying as usual, I've learned how to operate the "588", and the last week, I've been studying the diesel motors that go with the outfit. They are really some motor, I've learned a little about them. I got 88% and 90% on my tests.

I may get transferred to another machine, though, they have a small portable set, and I may get it. It's just a new one, and would be good to get since there are only 1 or 2 out in the field, and there would be a good chance of getting a rating. They promised us a staff Sarg. rating when we first started if we finished school but of all those who have finished, none have got it. That's pretty good, and this is the longest technical school in the army. Oh well, such is the army.

I've been making inventory of Christmas. I got over 50 Christmas cards. I got a fruit cake and candy from Alice, candy from both Lewis and Bessie, and Charles and Tressa. Shoeshine outfit and cheese, chipped beef and Ritz crackers from Ethel and Leonard, a \$1 bill from Bill and Lottie--cards from everyone except Earl so far. Mail is slow and things are still coming in.

You surely picked out a good watch! It's surely a honey! One of my friends got a new watch too for Christmas. It's stopped already from the high frequency radio waves, etc. that we work with--mine is antimagnetic and isn't bothered. You really knew which one was best!

Dad, I'm glad you had a nice trip to Chicago. It's nice for a change.

I went for a ride in a "Lorny" yesterday (a British tank.) They have one here, it's a queer looking gadget but it works O.K.

I also had a merry-go-round ride. I crawled up on one of the antennas, and the fellow in the control room turned it on full speed and it went round and round--more fun. This stuff won't be so bad if I can ever get out of this school. I'll be so glad to get out! This camp too. I'm tired of the whole place, Florida included. I'd like to go to Alaska, Africa, or South America, and see some excitement of some kind. I haven't any mail to answer, and there isn't anything to write about so I guess I'll have to close. Oh yes, if I happen to go overseas I'll get 20% more pay, and if I happen to get a staff sgt. rating I would be getting \$120, besides some travel and a chance to help win this war.

Well, bye for now and may God bless you. Love, Eldred.

**December 31, 1942.** Dear Folks, Happy day, I got some letters from you today! I got my razor too. Today is payday and there is really a lot of excitement going on. We just now had another big fire. I believe I told you our theatre burned down awhile ago, (a couple of weeks). A big radar hangar just burned completely down. They managed to save the nearby buildings. \$100,000.00 worth of building and equipment went up in just a few minutes--it sort of looks fishy to me! It really made a big fire, and come just at noon, and on payday with no one around. Yes, its payday, I'll send my tithing soon as I get a money order.

Boy, your letter really came through in a hurry. Mailed the 29<sup>th</sup> at 10:00 a.m. and I got it the 31<sup>st</sup> at 12:30 noon. The others I've got took about 6 or 7 days each.

Well, tonight is New Years Eve, and we are supposed to have no school. With today being payday--wow for a celebration I'll bet. Lots are going to Miami for the Orange Bowl, some to Daytona Beach and any number of places. All for a good time. Me--I'm going to be different and celebrate the New Year in a big way. I have K.P. for New Years. That's really a laugh isn't it. I'm really going to start the New Year out right. Well one thing there won't be so many dishes to wash as most will leave camp--I hope. Ha Ha.

Time out, I just had to scrub the floor. Darn this night shift anyway. They can't stand to see us sit around in the daytime and do nothing for 3 hours (the only time we have for ourselves.) Also, we have to make beds, shave, shower, wash and shine shoes during that time. (They don't realize we have to put in a full days' work besides every night.) We scrub at least 5 hours a week, we march 1 hour everyday--sometimes 2 or 3, then there's always something else that turns up--so you see why I don't have time to write very much. Lois said you hadn't heard from me for quite awhile--it seems I write 2 or 3 times a week though at Christmas mail was very slow.

Back to your letter Helen, I'm surely glad you had a nice Christmas. I thought you'd like the corsage. You sure got a lot of soap. Ha Ha. So I gave you a sweater and skirt eh, well I'm glad to know. Ha Ha. I hope you like it. So you wrote with Lois' pen. I had a notion to get you one. If any of you want to buy pens, let me know. They are way cheap at the P.X. So while Lois' pen is very nice, it didn't cost too much. Don't tell her. Ha Ha.

Beck, it was good to get your letter, and hear that you all had a nice Christmas. I hope you all liked "my" presents. I was worried enough about them. Ha Ha. I'd still like to know just what I gave you all! Yes, I had enough money. I had it all figured out to almost the last cent. I got by too. I still had 50 cents plus a round trip bus ticket left this morning and then as I said, I got paid. I didn't go without anything, and went to town a lot and saw shows, ate, etc. So, I came out just right. I'd like to have got all of you more, but that's all I could afford so--Ha Ha, you'll have to be satisfied. Anyway you know that I'd give more if I could and that I think you all are the grandest folks possible to have.

So you went up to Lois' and saw the pictures and projector, etc. Don't you think it's swell. How did you like the pictures? Helen, if you want some of those, I think Armstrongs can have duplicates made, if you want some, have them made, and I'll pay for them or you can have black and white enlargements made quite reasonable. Eastman Kodak Company would be best, though I think that's what Armstrongs would do. But as for mine, I want them left with the projector and I believe it's just as well to let Lois keep it, don't you? If you want to use it, Helen, ask her, I'll tell her to let you take it if you want it, you may want to show the rest of the family. O.K.

Yes, the ones from N.D. weren't so good. They were taken with a cheaper camera and cheaper film. My camera does a real nice job, don't you think?

Sorry to hear you didn't have any snow. Yes, I got the razor and its O.K. I like the cord. Thank you. So you want my picture in the paper--why? I think it's crazy, but it's up to you.

Well, I've got to run. Bye, Eldred.

**New Year's Eve.** Dear Mom, Well, I finally got your letter written December 26, 1942. I can't tell you how glad I was to hear from you. I guess the letter sort of made wrong connections as it came tonight and Beck's (written and mailed the 29<sup>th</sup>) came this morning.

Well, this is New Years Eve, and I'm staying in camp. There was no school tonight, nor tomorrow or Saturday, so it's a celebration! All but a few of the fellows have gone. I'm staying to do K.P. tomorrow--I hope they don't come back and I won't have much to do. Ha Ha. I don't 'spose they will as it was payday today--and they'll really have a time! I guess I've established a pretty good reputation. Usually soldiers are pretty close with their money and don't lend or borrow very much. Tonight as they were leaving, they'd ask me if I'd keep some of their money for them, so they wouldn't spend it all, so they'd have some for the rest of the month. I got \$20 each, Ha Ha and I have over \$100. How'm I doing?

I sort of get a kick out of the way the fellows regard me. I'm good friends with all, but of course I

don't have any for a real friend as they haven't the same moral standards--if you get what I mean. I could be best friends with any if I'd drink and etc. As it is, I razz them all about their drinking etc. and they have a pretty good respect for me. Anyway, the other night a couple of new fellows came in, and they asked someone what kind of fellows were in this barracks. Since they razz me a lot, one fellow said I was a terrible fellow, drank and all the words to that effect, they really poured it on, then another said, "yes, I even heard him say 'darn' once." I really got a kick out of it. Another time I was bawling out another fellow for swearing, I was razzing him and really telling him off. Someone else piped up and said, "this life is getting you Erickson, I heard you say son of a gun and heck the other day". It seemed sort of funny, but they do notice all those things even though they are exactly the opposite.

I'm sorry, if I gave you the "scotch blessing", about not telling me what you got with my money for your Christmas presents, but I did want to know. The reason I wanted to know exact prices and made such a fuss was for two reasons. First by knowing the price I would have some idea of what you got. The thing I was so worried about was rather you'd got my letter asking you to get the things for me. It really had me worried! Ha Ha. Second, I wanted to make sure you spent the money! I learned my lesson on yours and Helen's birthday. Even Lois bawled me out about that. Remember I sent some money home and told you and Helen to take \$5 or \$10 each and buy yourselves a birthday present, but I believe you took \$1 and put the rest in the bank. So this time I wanted to be sure you spent it on your selves. See? Thanks a lot for getting the things. I guess it really kept you busy buying Christmas presents.

Did you get the dress changed O.K.? I hope you can exchange it for a nice one. I'm so glad you had a nice Christmas, and wish I could have been there with you--but we'll make it the next one instead O.K.? Ha Ha.

I've written to Howard, and am going to write again. I guess his mail makes very slow connections! It's too bad, but I guess there will be a lot of the rest of us in the same boat soon.

I hope Leroy gets to stay in the states in a way. I'd like to go somewhere though if I get the chance, I'll stay here as long as possible.

Yes, I get good marks in school, but I don't know if as well as I'd like--I just seem to study and know the things they ask on tests. Ha Ha.

That was too bad about Don Taylor. Thank you for the clippings--so Baker is overseas all ready, have you any idea where?

Yes, I got the Christmas cards you sent on (I haven't one from Earl and Naomi as yet.) They were from some of the elders and people I met in the mission field. Thompson is D.P. now. I've received about 55 Christmas cards and packages. I've kept a list I got them from everybody back home, even Boyd and Viola, and oh a lot of them. It was surely nice of them to remember me. I'd like to write to them all, but I just can't. I don't have enough time to even write to you and Lois. So you tell them all thank you and hello for me.

Beck, I didn't finish answering your letter, as the whistle blew, and I had to quit and put it in the mail as I went to line up. You're some guy, didn't even get any ducks, that makes about 3 years in a row doesn't it? Ha Ha. Well, we'll make up for it next year. O.K.?

I guess Ogden is really getting to be a tough place, it will sure be good when the war is over, maybe they can clean up the town.

Yes, the books got here O.K. Thanks a lot. I haven't had a chance to send my garments back yet so don't worry if they don't come for a while. They did cause quite a bit of comments and a little embarrassment, and I practically had to keep covered up all the time, which was impossible a lot of the time, and then there were always questions asked.

Helen, I'm glad you and Mom liked the flowers.

Well, I've got K.P. tomorrow, so I'll get some sleep tonight, then I may go in town tomorrow night if we get done early.

Well, bye for now, don't worry about my being in the Army, I will be O.K. Ha Ha.

May God bless you always. My love to some very, very swell Folks--none but the best! Eldred.

P.S. There surely lots of fellows from all over here all the way from lumber jacks to school teachers. We also have 2 civilian instructors and they really seem funny in their bright clothes. Ha Ha.

P.S. Please send me out my pen. It will be safe, this one writes very poor, I guess it's about worn out. If there is a money order \$6.60 is for tithing. Take the rest for what extra you put on my Christmas presents.

**January 1, 1943.** Dear Mom, Well, I didn't get a chance to mail this letter so, here I am again. Well, I started the New Year out right! I hope the rest isn't like this. Ha Ha. I really had a day! I sort of



figured K.P. would be easy today as there were only 20 men left in the company--but! The Mess Sarg and the Cook had a hangover and were in an ornery mood, so they really made us work! They dirtied as many dishes for 20 men as for 200. I had to rewash all the silverware, we had to scrub all the tables with soap and water, and scrub the entire floor, even though we only used 3 tables, then they had us clean everything else we could find. Besides peeling spuds and carrots with an 18 inch butcher knife--more fun. Oh yeah. They were sure ornery today--just another result of liquor.

I'm the only one in the barracks tonight, everyone else has gone. I'm going to stay in again tonight and then go in, in the morning and stay Saturday night and Sunday morning.

One of the fellows came back today and asked, or demanded that I give him back his \$20--he'd spent the rest last night, and wanted some more--I guess he'll be broke for the rest of the month--liquor surely fixes them--I can't for the life of me see why they don't get wise to themselves and leave it alone.

Here's a picture of Beth Taylor and her youngster--you can keep it if you wish.

**January 7, 1943.** Dear Folks, Dad, I was pleased to get a letter from you today--so far, I can't seem to get a word from Helen about what I asked. Ha Ha. I hope it's just that the mail is slow. Mom did write and give me part of what I wanted to know, but all my letters can't seem to get the rest of the information I've asked and asked for! Ha Ha.

We've been out on maneuvers this morning with guns, gas masks and etc. charging a supposed enemy over in the swamp. It's really tough country, and we got a small taste of what they are going through in Bataan [the Bataan Death March in the Philippines]. We need some such exercise as we are getting too soft!

We are also supposed to drill before going to school, but we have a venereal disease inspection, so we get out of it.

No, I don't like this schooling I have now, it's British and just like everything else British, it's got many complicated gadgets to do a little work. For instance, to turn a big electric motor on and off and from one direction to another, they use a complicated 18 tube radio circuit!

I don't like it at all, and they have so much theory that I didn't get to learn in radio. But after it's all over it doesn't seem to be worth it. A lot of fellows have graduated with good grades left here on "special orders". They go to "Drew Field", the "Hell Hole" of the army. More men have committed suicide there than any other camp. Instead of being assigned to a unit, they write back and say they are put in with new recruits, they take basic training over, some lose their stripes, a lot are re-classified. Some become K.P.'s, some cooks, some truck drivers, etc. Two of our instructors went over there. He lost his stripes and they made a truck driver out of him--the fellows who flunked out here got a good break. A lot have Sgt. stripes now. It looks like all this hard schooling isn't worth the trouble, for what they dish out to the fellows that finish. One wrote back and said they had him cutting lawn with a mess knife, and grubbing stumps etc. on Sunday. A fine reward for graduating from this school!

Dad, I was interested in all the news you gave. Thank you.

You surely have done well financially. I'm glad to see you paid tithing. It always pays to do so. The Lord has promised that if we pay an honest tithing we shall never want. It will surely be nice if you can get the house paid for!

So Eldon and Rulon were home on furlough. Everybody can get one except us. We sure got rooked. There are fellows in our company here who have had two furloughs since I've been here. They are assigned here though and don't go to school. They are the cooks, clerks, etc. They sure have a cinch and get a rating too! Sometimes I get disgusted and almost think of applying for officers training, but then I think better of it. That's one thing they can't get me in to!

**January 8, 1943.** Well, I didn't get to finish this yesterday, so here I am back again. There doesn't seem to be much of anything to write about, it's all the same old thing!

Did you get my tithing O.K.?

Saturday (tomorrow) I think I'll go fishing. Helen, remember the boat dock--that's where we will go, and rent a row boat and try our luck. A week from Saturday, a few of us are going to try and charter a cabin cruiser--like the small ferry boat you rode on--and take a trip back into the Everglades--I sure hope we can work it out O.K. Then if I can buy a roll of colored film and rent or borrow someone's camera, maybe I can get some more Florida pictures. I hope! We'll see.

Oh, by the way, I've been put in charge of our barracks in case of fire. (I'm a reserve fireman. Ha Ha.)

Well, I guess there's nothing else to write about, so bye for now, and God bless all of you. Eldred.

**February 7, 1943.** Dear Folks, Sh, sh, don't say a word, I'm writing letters in school. Ha Ha. We've been sitting around here in school for almost a week with nothing to do, so now I'm writing letters--wish they'd let me go home instead. Ha Ha. We were supposed to clear school yesterday and ship out so I didn't go to town and go to church as I'd planned. However they changed things at the last moment, and we are awaiting further orders.

Yesterday after finding out that we weren't shipping, Buck and I went over to the beach. We went swimming in a private pool on one of the estates, and had a lot of fun. Everything is pretty and green now. Then we went over on the beach and played in the breakers. There was a wind and some big breakers yesterday and boy did we have fun. We'd wade way out and wait for a big wave, just before it would break and hit us, we'd plunge ahead of it, and it would catch us and carry us at a high rate of speed toward the beach and throw us up on the sand. Then we'd do it all over again. A couple of times I got caught when I wasn't looking and the wave just picked me up and tossed me end over end and threw me up on the beach dazed and wondering what happened. It's quite a sensation to have a big wave pick you up. I picked up a few tiny shells just for fun.

We played beach ball and ate at the canteen and then came back to camp. I washed out some dirty clothes and 2 pairs of shoes. Since we are on shipping orders we can't send laundry. I then went over to the day room and played on our new pool table. I was lucky and beat all comers. I think I only lost one game. Ha Ha.

I shined my shoes, and went to bed. I slept till about noon today as I didn't get much sleep the other night. Our company had a beer party, and Company M had one too. Their mess hall is next to our barracks--so between them, I didn't get much sleep.

Mom, I was very glad to hear from you. You asked what they do to companies or barracks that don't pass inspection--they keep them in camp a week, or put them on extra K.P. or find some extra work for them to do--that's all.

I'm surely glad to hear you are doing so well on the house. Now is the time to do it. When you built the house, a dollar would buy more than now. Now money is plentiful and won't buy as much yet you can pay off debts with it, that were made when a dollar was worth more than it is now. And that is really a break, actually you are getting off cheaper. How much more do you have to pay? Why don't you help Leslie find a girl? Him and Clarence and Roy are just too lazy or backward to get out and try. I don't know anybody, though there should be plenty to pick from.

Thanks for offering, but don't bother to send any cake etc. I'll get along by buying at the P.X., besides, from now on I don't know how long I'll be at one place.

Thanks too for saying if I need money to wire for it. I think I have plenty. If it's all right with you, I'll send a few things home express collect, and also to ask you to pay for the flowers for Lois on Valentines. O.K.? Here's why. I have plenty of money, but I want to wait and see if things go as I'm hoping for. If it does, I won't have to wire for more money, if it doesn't, then I'll send you the \$35 I borrowed, my tithing, some to pay my bills, and I'll probably have some for you to put in the bank. See?

Thank you for all the news.

I guess I told you before they promised us a higher rating when we finished here--well they broke their promise, and no one is getting it--as I've said, some even get "busted". The reason seems to be a rivalry between the Air Corps and the Signal Corps. We go and are assigned to air corps from here, but since we are signal corps men, they are jealous and won't pass out the ratings. So as I said if I keep what I have, I'll be lucky. We are getting gypped but we can't do anything about it. Everyone here is pretty much disgusted. If we'd known it, we'd all have flunked out. Those who did get transferred to a 3 week diesel school and now are T/4 sgt. We really got gypped! While I think of it, buy a couple of rolls of Verichrome size "20" film and when I get my next address airmail them to me, and I'll take a few more pictures if I get a chance. We can't buy film in Florida anywhere. They are all sold out.

Well, I've ran out again, there's just nothing to write about, it's all the same old thing, though after I leave here, I'll probably wish I was back. Ha Ha.

Well, bye for now, and may God bless you always. Eldred.

Dear Folks, Dear Helen and all Ha Ha. Here are the pictures I took on the Everglades trip. I have them in the order they were taken if you wish to look at them that way. I didn't have a big enough envelope for the two enlargements (they were given to me), so had to fold them. Keep the pictures--they are yours. Do what you wish with these negatives--if you want prints get them, but I don't want the negatives so you can throw them away. But keep the ones of my trip to the Glades except the few I marked with an X.

Don't write any more letters till you hear from me, cause I'll be moving the first of the week--I wish Utah wasn't so far away. Ha Ha. All I can get is 5 days delay, and that isn't long enough to be any good, so I don't think I'll take it.

Helen, get me a corsage for Lois on Valentines Day--I believe I asked you in the last letter, and told you--I just wanted to remind you in case the other letter didn't come.

Well, we are having another beer party tonight. No wonder we starved last summer--all they did was save money from our mess fund. Now they use it to throw beer parties, buy \$125 radio and a pool table and other things--a fine system!

Don't ever let anyone tell you 3.2% beer is non-intoxicating as the State of Utah says it is--That's all that's allowed in Army camps, and it makes drunks as I told you about our last beer party!

Well I hope you like the pictures and I'll write again soon. Bye for now, Eldred.

P.S. I hear that stories are going around that I joined the commando's and that I didn't want you to know and not to tell you. Lois said Dick Payne told Naida's Mom. Any idea how it got started? Funny isn't it? Ha Ha.

P.S. #2 Horsemeat isn't as bad eating as I thought it would be.

**February 8, 1943.** Dear Folks, Here I am again in school writing to you with a borrowed pen. Well, I have a new address: 712 Signal Co. (A.W.), Drew Field, Tampa, Florida.

I could only get 5 days off, and I don't know what I will do with it, Buck, Carlson and I will probably see a few more towns in Florida.

Mom, I got your other letter today, thanks a lot. Glad to hear Helen partly got over her illness. I hope she's all better! The snow you got should clear the air a little I hope. Dad, I hope you are feeling O.K. now.

I shipped some things express this morning, when it comes, open it up and put things away. Look at my radio books and see what I studied before I got in Radar--you'll have a small idea of what a headache it was. Ha Ha. The radio needs the lead in wires soldered on as I only taped them. I sent the things home 'cause I won't be able to take them with me.

We drilled today as usual, and that's about all the news since I last wrote. I'll write a long letter next time. I hope you are all well, and I pray that God will bless you. Love, Eldred.

**February 12, 1943.** Dear Folks, Well, I'm still taking it easy and living "the life of Riley". I'm not at Drew Field yet, and won't be until Monday. I'm due there by midnight Monday.

I finished up at Murphy on Tuesday, and could have left there that night. However, Carlson and I wired our company in Drew Field and asked for a furlough. Then we waited and waited all day Wednesday (one of our 5 days' leave) for the answer to come. It finally did come just in time for us to catch the city of Miami Streamliner which gets to Chicago in 29 hours with an additional 10 days (15 in all) we would have been fixed just right--but they refused us, and told us to report as our orders stated. So, I didn't get a furlough. Some of the fellows do, and that's why I wanted the \$35 as you probably guessed, though I didn't want to get your hopes up and disappoint you. Do you want the \$35 back right now or shall I wait and see if that one chance in a million comes and I get one from Drew Field? Well Carlson and I took the Streamliner anyway, and here we are at Daytona Beach. It's one of the world's famous beaches, and it is here they used to run the world speed races until Salt Lake City's salt flats proved better. It's cooler here, and is 200 miles north of Camp Murphy. But it has been nice except today and last night has been a little cool. The beach is pretty here, more so than Palm Beach or Miami in it's way, though there are no palms here (just a few) like in Palm Beach and Miami. Here there are lots of cypress trees with long grey moss beards. The beach is 23 miles long of hard packed sand, and there are lots of beach houses etc. The only trouble this little cold wind made it too cold to swim. Carl and I rented a room in a private home, and so far we've slept till 11:00 every morning in anticipation of those 5:00 mornings in Drew Field. We've done some sightseeing, saw a show, fooled around, and played lots of pool in the service clubs. This town is the W.A.A.C. training center and there are around 10,000 waacs in town. I've never seen so many women in all my life, all kinds, shapes and sizes.

Having a room and being on my own, with no whistles blowing every 5 minutes seems almost as if I were in the mission field again. I've about forgot how to sleep on soft beds. Ha Ha.

Well, I'll write again later. I found some film that will fit my camera, though I have to re-roll it as it's a different size, so I'll send some pictures. How did you like the last ones?

Well, bye for now, and may God bless you all. Eldred.

**February 16, 1943.** Dear Folks, Well, I'm in the Army now, and no kidding! This is really an



army camp! I managed to arrive in camp late enough yesterday to miss a 16--mile hike, though they put us on a work detail anyway. Today, we went over the "obstacle course" twice. (You've probably seen them in Look Magazine etc.) And I'm a little stiff all over. Ha Ha. Going to school sort of softened me up. We've had gas mask drill, we've had several (5 or 6) lectures, had an hour's drilling etc. and I've only been here 24 hours.

I've been put in charge of a squad for all roll calls and I also drilled them this morning. We are getting rifles issued, we have an hour's exercise every day besides the hours drill and every morning obstacle course run. I think I'm going to like this better than going to school. We will get some shooting practice too--in other words, we will be all toughened up soon or die in the attempt. Ha Ha.

Meals are pretty good here. Though we have to eat out of mess kits, and wash our own. It's sort of like hash when they put your beans, tomatoes, spuds, etc. all in the one pan, but we get more, and it's more and lots better than at Murphy. Though we get no butter, and all they've had to drink was tea or coffee--not even any water.

It's cold here, it's been down below freezing the last couple of nights, and there's a cool wind off the Gulf almost all the time. It's cool when we've been used to Palm Beach.

I'm now in the Air corps. I'm a signal corps man attached to the 3rd Air Force Fighter Command. As per address: 712th Signal Aircraft Warning Co. (done by our Radar). I'll wear a new emblem besides our Signal Corps braid: [Drawing of a circle with two wings on the sides and a star in the middle with a circle inside.] It's worn on the shoulder, it's a blue background, orange wings, white star and red dot in the center.

Tampa is a Latin city (where Tampa cigars are made) about the size of Salt Lake. It's a dirty town. I spent about 20 hours of my 5--day vacation, and I don't care rather I go back again or not--I don't like it!

However, I don't suppose I'll have much chance to get to town, passes, I find, are hard to get. I had a nice time at Daytona Beach. It's a very nice town, and I had a lot of fun. I went to the Service Club Dances, and had a pretty good time. Out of all the crowd, I happened to pick the only Mormon gal. She was from Jacksonville visiting a friend. We had quite a bit of fun, it was queer how I happened to pick her to dance with, out of all the crowd. I have a few pictures I took of Daytona, and if I ever get a chance, I'll send them to be developed and send them to you. This is a large camp and the Post Office is a few miles away. Speaking of Post Office, I won't get much time here to write letters, but I'll do my best.

I'm sending a picture, look at it, and give it to Lois to put in our album, please. How do you like it? Ha Ha.

We had quite a trip across Florida, this part isn't swamp, but is a lot of pines, lakes, orange groves, farms etc. It was quite an interesting trip and Buck, Carlson and I kept the whole bus laughing all the way at our jokes, antics, etc.

It's surely dark when we get out of bed here in the mornings--it's quite different than at Murphy. Here we rollout shivering in the dark and someone says, "Report," I salute and holler back, "First squad all present or accounted for!" And then we run for the chow line a couple blocks away. They feed several thousand out of one mess hall.

Boy oh Boy, I feel like an old man! We had our exercise, held retreat, had a good chow, a few meetings, I've been fixing my equipment for inspection and I have a few minutes to write. (Letters are going to have to be fewer if it keeps up this way.) Those exercises!!! I've seen a lot, but none like those!! Every muscle and bone in my body aches. Ha Ha. Boy will I be stiff tomorrow, but after a few weeks of this--I should be pretty tough and able to take on a couple of Japs, or even you, Beck. Ha Ha.

Say, I put my pencil in with that pants presser, get it out and keep it, I can't use it. I'll also have a few more civilian things to send home. I can't keep anything from now on except G.I. issue--no extras as we have to keep down to a certain weight etc.

Well, I must quit. Bye for now, and may God bless you. Love, Eldred.

**February 20, 1943.** Dear Folks, Well, I received some mail from you, it's been a little slow, but I got it. Helen, I got your letter and the pictures. Thanks for letting me look at them. I'm sending them back as I can keep very little, in fact I'm going to have to send some more stuff home. Where did you have those pictures developed? I see why they were printed in Minneapolis, but they usually do a very good job, the developing on these is very poor! (In the things I sent home, I sent a roll of pictures that you may want reprints of. Those shells I sent home were just for fun. I saw lots of larger prettier ones, but I just gathered those few to put in a letter for fun. You keep them if you want, I don't want them.)

Thank you for getting Lois the corsage, if I ever get near a Post Office, I'll send some money to pay for it, also my tithing. But when I get near a P.O., I don't know. We are on 7 days a week here, and

get no time off. They put us to a lot of work. I don't see why they couldn't have given us 10 days off, as we aren't doing anything important.

Thank you all for the Valentine. Beck, thanks for your letter--so you have to work six days a week, 8 hours a day--sounds tough--how'd you like to put in 12 hours 7 days a week--that's what I got. Darn these Army promises anyway. They promised us we'd get a Sgt. rating and be in charge of a unit over here. We find we are worse off than the privates (almost anyway), we draw guard duty and K.P. before they do, and we do the same work etc. as they--yet we are supposed to be technicians--I haven't even seen a radar set over here. Ha Ha.

We had a clothing inspection, and I had to hurry and wash some clothes. I put my suntan pants between my blankets and the canvas to get them pressed. Ha Ha. They took away my overcoat and winter hat, and gave me a nice mackinaw, a pup tent, tin hat extra leggings, and cartridge belt, etc. I now have all my equipment except a gun, and I guess we'll get some soon.

Beck, you asked about the Everglades. The Interior of Southern Florida is to a certain extent swampy. We just followed one of the rivers back to its source--about 20 miles from the coast. Listen, if you haven't already, don't buy the films. The only reason I suggested color film, was I thought I might be home, or I thought you might want to take some pictures, and if you did, to get the film, because they don't make any more till after the war. On the 620 film, if you haven't bought and sent it never mind--if you have, that's O.K. as I can use it, but don't send anymore, or anything. I wonder if you get all my mail, sometimes I think you don't. So you have some snow eh--well it's warmed up here. It froze a few nights, and boy for cold. 27 degrees is awfully cold here!!

We hiked out to a lake the other day and went through lots of citrus fruit groves. It was sort of pretty. Lots of oranges, etc.

We played ball, ate and came back. Since I've been here, I've averaged about 10 miles a day--except today, and we tore down and moved and rebuilt some wood tents. Besides our regular duties, we drill 1 hour, run the obstacle course, and exercise 1 hour every day. Lots of fun--you should try it. Well, I must quit. Bye for now and may God bless all of you. Love, Eldred.

**February 26, 1943.** Dear Folks, I suppose it will be awhile before this letter reaches you, but I have no stamps so I'll have to send it regular mail. I can't get any stamps here as yet, so you'll just have to wait a little longer for letters to come. Also, they are beginning to give us a lot to do, and I may not be able to write too often. We are going to be issued rifles--they have to be cleaned at night, all my clothes have to be marked, socks and clothes mended and washed, I have to keep my equipment ready for inspection. I'm supposed to learn to send and receive Morse Code at 8 words per minute--that isn't so slow as it sounds. Then we are going to have to brush up on our radio knowledge, we have to study our army manual, and then there are other things that come up, so you see, I'll be sort of busy, but I'll write as often as I can. I'll have to stop writing to any except you and Lois.

Say, when I sent my stuff home, I sent my notebook. In it was my copy of my patriarchal blessing. I forgot to keep it. Helen, type it over for me on a small sheet of good quality paper, and send it to me soon will you please? Thank you.

Beck, I received your letter, and as usual I was very glad to hear from you, and hear all that's going on. I'm glad you like the projector and my colored pictures. I think they are pretty good too! I got the two rolls of film you sent. Thank you. I'll take some pictures and send to you. It's impossible to buy that size film here. I took some pictures yesterday on our hike and will send them when I get them developed.

As for the things I sent home--I can't keep anything except what they issue, so I'll have to send some more things home soon. We have to cut down to necessities. And what we have now completely fills both barracks bags and that's all we can take. We have practically everything now except an infantry pack.

We surely have a lot of stuff though, they really equip us. I have two sets of fatigues, 3 sets of suntans, 2 sets of woools, one dress coat, a field jacket, mackinaw, raincoat, socks, underwear, towels, blankets, tent with poles and pegs, gas mask, I will have a rifle, a plastic and a steel helmet, 2 pair of shoes. I can't seem to wear them out. I've had 5 soles on one pair of shoes, and the uppers are still good, and we have quite a few other things. I have a couple of radio books, etc. I didn't need those I sent home, they are just the fundamentals, and radio only. Radar starts where they left off, and there are no books on it. They are not allowed As I've said before, there are all kinds of people in the army. A fellow here in the barracks, played sax and clarinet for Tommy Tuckers Orchestra, which is one of the country's best.

Dad, I got your letter yesterday too. Are you going to get a new car? Or do you have it already.

I'd surely think it over before getting one! When this war is over, cars will be altogether different, and the present ones will be out of date and consequently depreciate a lot. Also with gas and tire rationing--what's the use of getting it if your old one will get you around. Putting the money on the house would be a much better financial investment! Also, the last cars put out are said to be of inferior quality. War shortages caused substitutions in materials. Of course if the old Cheve won't run, you have to have something to go to work, but I'd think it over. Say if you keep the Cheve, how about selling it to me when this thing is over? I'd like to have some kind of a car and I won't be able to afford much as I'll have to be putting my money in something else, and start planning for a home, etc. Say, did you ever get my life insurance policies? I think there are two at \$5,000 each. (I have \$10,000 in all) The second one in all probability isn't there yet though it may be.

You say Paul is in Florida--where is he? Find out which camp he's in. I have a bad cold tonight, and I've got K.P. tomorrow, so I'm going to have to get some rest tonight.

Yesterday, we took a hike out to Egypt Lake near here. That's where I took the pictures. We had a nice hike, and then played baseball, football and went swimming in the lake. It was quite cold water, but we had a lot of fun. I'm getting so none of the exercises or obstacle courses make me stiff anymore. I'm getting toughened up pretty good, and I've gained about 5 pounds, so I guess I'm doing pretty good. Our eats are pretty good. We get butter a few times a week, and lately we've been getting about one cup of milk for our breakfast cereal. All they have to drink is coffee about every meal, not even any water, darn it all anyway. Ha Ha.

Well, I'm getting along fine, and from all indications I'll be here now for a couple of months or so at least.

I haven't had a day off yet, and we have inspection on Sunday, so I don't know rather I'll ever get a chance to go to town and go to church or not--I hope I will though.

Well, I must quit now. Bye for now, and as always may God bless you. Love, Eldred.

I had a physical exam today, and passed 100%

**February 28, 1943.** Dear Folks, Well, how does it seem to get a typewritten letter again? Surprise isn't it? Some of the funniest, or maybe I should say strangest things happen to me every once in a while. I believe in the last letter I wrote to you I mentioned the fact that I was to have K.P. on the following day. Well I did, and was put on pots and pans all morning long. You should have seen the enormous pile of pots and pans I had to do. Well you can imagine about how many it would take to prepare a meal for a couple of thousand men. That wasn't enough, they kept dirtying them up as fast as we kept washing them. I kept track of one pan with a dent in it, and I washed it four times. Ha Ha.

Well, anyway to get along with my story, about noon the mess sergeant came looking for me, said he had a man to take my place on K.P. and for me to report to my first sergeant. I did, and now I'm on duty as--you'll never guess it--the substitute company clerk. The regular one is going to receive a discharge soon, and they are breaking me in temporarily I guess. I spent half a day yesterday, and all day today so far on the job. There won't be too much to it after I get broke in, and learn the procedure. There is some filing to do, and of course the army procedure to learn. Also a little typing on this signal corps type typewriter. It's like the ones Scott used to write on occasionally.

I don't know for sure how I'll like this, as it will be more like an office job. No hikes, no obstacle course, no exercise, and just after I got my muscles all broke in good too. No drilling either. Ha Ha. Well it will be good experience for when I get back home again, and will probably help in working, especially if I can get into the accounting business, or any other office job--don't you think. At present this position is only temporary, but I might even work into it permanently. Of course that still means going where ever the company goes, but at the same time it isn't the life of activity like the radar course is. I'll just take things as they come, though, and if they want me here O.K. or if they want me to work on the radar end, I'll do that. This is Sunday, and again I didn't get to go to church, but I'm hoping that next Sunday I can get off and go into town and look up the branch of the Church that is there.

Well, I sort of wrecked this letter (it is wrinkled), I had a lot of things to make out, and I had to fold this up and put it in my pocket, and it sort of mused up when I put it back in the machine. Hope you can read it O.K.

Well, there isn't a great deal to write about, but from what the first sergeant said, I'm liable to have this job for quite a while. In a way it's pretty good, I don't have to go through any of the training schedule the rest of the men do--pretty soft? Ha Ha. So, I guess I'll say, 'bye for now. Love, Eldred.

**March 1, 1943.** Dear Folks, Just a short note, as I haven't much time. I just came from getting a



haircut.

Mom, I was glad to get your letter and hear the news. Buck is David Buchanan from Wisconsin, a nice fellow though his morals aren't very good. Carlson is Carl Carlson from western Nebraska. He's a good kid, the three of us have been together for a long time.

Never mind sending those negatives to Barry. I explained in detail once and if you didn't get it--just forget it!

About meals, when there's only coffee which is most of the time, I just don't drink at meals. The meals aren't as good as when we first came here. Especially now that I'm still in company clerk taking life easy, the meals are poor. Before all the exercise made me so hungry, I could eat anything. Horsemeat included.

Boher Raton where Paul is, is supposed to be a good place. It's just south of Palm Beach. It's a radio school for Air Corps, but not nearly so technical as ours. Two instructors there are Mormons and nice fellows. I can't think of their names now. Helen met them. Tell Paul to go to West Palm to Church at 423 Iris St. on Sundays, or to look up Browns.

No, I haven't written to Scott's folks. Can't you understand? I don't have time to write to everybody. In fact I'm just going to quit it all except to you and Lois. I just don't have time, so from now on if others don't hear from me, I just don't have time!!!

I got a wedding announcement from Dilworth Strasser and Norma Petty of Salt Lake.

Beck, I got your letter, for your information, conditions at this camp are terrible, including everything! I'll be glad to get out!!!

I'm in the Signal Corps as I've often explained. The Signal Corps takes care of most Army signal equipment, radio, radar, telephone etc. So--the Air force needs some radar equipment--so a Signal Corps company is assigned to go with them wherever they go. We are to detect approaching planes, etc. So I'm a Signal Corps man attached to the 3rd Air Force. See?

Paul isn't in a Hell Hole. He's in a very good camp. It's near Lake Worth. Thompsons would be glad to see him also Elders etc. Elders address is same as Guests was. As to where I'm going from here--it's a boat ride--a long one but I don't know which direction. Why do you guys think I've kept asking for pictures. I wanted one of each of you, but it seems you don't try very hard, so if you don't want me to have one never mind.

Well, I'm getting along O.K. I will write again but I don't know if I'm going to send you any more pictures or not. Ha Ha. As ever, Eldred.

P.S. I met a fellow who played in Skinny Ernie's Orchestra.

**March 3, 1943.** Dear Folks, Just a short note--Here's a few pictures Ha Ha. How do you like them?

I'm still getting along O.K., and am still company clerk. There's nothing much to write about. It's raining and blowing and turned cool again.

So far I haven't received a rifle, nor have I had to attend the instruction classes. It looks like I'm not even going to have to do it. I get out of everything--guard duty, exercise, K.P., latrine orderly, work details, etc.--I've got quite a racket. Ha Ha.

Well, I've got to go. Bye for now, Eldred.

**April 2, 1943.** Greetings from the race track!! I'm now taking a little vacation at the famous Oldsmar race track at Oldsmar, Florida. Pretty nice of the army to give me a vacation with pay, don't you think! You should see the place. It's an inspiring sight, and really quite a place! Horses and all.

I guess the above sounds a little strange, doesn't it. Ha! Ha! Well in a way it's true... but circumstances are a little different than most people would imagine. Ha! Ha! The Oldsmar race track went out of business about 9 years ago, and since has become quite dilapidated. You know, rundown, and all that sort of thing. Oh yes, the stable is still here, and has one horse in it. We have people too. Hundreds of them, but they didn't come here to see a horse race. They are interested in a game of much different sort. You've guessed, it's a game of war.

Bright and early this morning, our company moved out of Drew Field, bag and baggage, and the long line of our convoy trucks brought us to here. Our first duty was to set up our pup tents on the spacious green. Next, was to get our orderly room set up. I'm now typing from what used to be the bookies room in the grandstand. Down below me are the several dozen ticket windows which we will use for a supply room and whatever use we can think of. The hot dog stand, has now become a mess hall, but the food is not nearly as tasty as were the hotdogs and mustard that was previously sold here.

It's really some place. Outside of the inconveniences I think we are going to have quite a lot of fun! However, I suppose we'll be stuck here, as Tampa is the nearest town, and it's about 20 miles away, and there is no bus line. Oldsmar? Oh, I believe there was a house and a gas station left that I noticed as we came through.

I took some pictures of the place this morning, and I will take some more, and send them to you when I get them developed. It seems every time I beef about accommodations, I get them worse. Here we don't even have a stable like latrine. Actually we are in actual camping out conditions. For shaving accommodations, I'll have to use my canteen cup, and small hand mirror. More fun! But at that it is a nice area. All grassy, and no sand like at the other places. Of course, it will be a little hard to get used to sleeping on the ground with only two blankets, but I've got to get used to it sooner or later, so I guess it is only for the best. Say, you should have seen my pack this morning as I came on over. I wished that I could have taken a picture of it, but I didn't get the chance. It was like the other picture I sent in full field uniform, except this time along with the other equipment I had then, I had a full pack, with tent half, and my rifle. Our convoy was a war-like looking outfit as we moved out this morning.

The new latrine situation has just been cleared up, and I've learned a new army trick. Our tin hats, make fine wash basins. I'll get a picture later on, and show you how it's done. Ha Ha! I guess I'm going to learn a lot of things now. Now you know why I sent so many things home. Practically all I have now is "G.I." issue stuff, yet I wish I had a few less things. We have so much to keep track of it is rather a job, and there really is a knack of keeping track of everything.

I guess from now on, I'll have to get up early in the morning, the bugler and I have a tent together. We are next to the First Sgt. Pretty good, eh? Ours was the second tent to be pitched, and it's the second on the row, "privileged characters" is right. Working in headquarters has a great deal of privileges and gets out of a lot of things and dirty work, that the rest have to do. Lately I've been getting out of all the standing line in the chow lines by having an early mess pass, and eating with the headquarters outfit, the food has been better too. I hope we can make the same arrangement here. The only drawback, is that I'll miss out on some training that I could use. I'll just have to pick it up later, I guess. However, I personally know all 19 of our officers, and all of our Sgts. And sometimes that sort of helps in getting things that others don't or can't get. For instance, I could get a 3-day pass if I wished, but as yet, I have no reason to want one.

As you notice, this typing is very poor--I'm racing along at high speed, and trying to do it unnoticed by the rest of the office force as I'm doing this at working hours, as I'll not have time to write to you tonight. For one thing I'll be busy getting my equipment in order, and for another, we don't have any electricity here. Though they tell us "Lights out at 10"! Ha Ha!

Well, I just received word I'm going back to school for a few days! I'm going to Drew Field and study some on a new report form. More fun--oh, yea! Well, it's almost dark, and I've got to fix by bed roll, and pack as I leave early in the morning.

Break in letter writing while stationed in the Aleutian Islands

**October 18, 1943.** Dear Folks, The boat came over yesterday and brought us our mail. Gee it was good to get some mail for a change. They say they are going to fly mail in twice a week to the main base, and then we will get a little better service. As it has been, it's been going by boat all the way.

I got 2 letters from Beck, 1 from Mom, 1 from Scott and 4 or 5 from Lois. Also, I got those Church books. Thanks a lot!! Say, you ask if you can send me something. Ha Ha. Here's a rather peculiar request, but if you can, send me a pair of garters.

Enclosed, you should find a money order for \$25.

Scott is still doing O.K. down in Australia. I've heard from Strasser. I told you he got married when he came home, and he is now in the Army in California. Taylor is A.P.O. New York and is a Sgt. I hear from them once in a while, but I guess I forget to tell you.

So the tomatoes are really good this year--I suppose you'll be all through packing by now. Boy could I go for some. Ha Ha. Well on the boat we got a larger variety of garb, and a stove, so now we'll have better meals, and also some bread and biscuits--I hope. Ha Ha. Say, speaking of meals, I had one really nice one. We had beef steak, all we could eat for Sunday dinner. It was really good. The first beef in a long time. Before what little meat--other than canned--we got was mutton or pork. That seems to be the army's main standby.

No Beck, I haven't had a chance to do any hunting ducks. There are quite a few. We can see them down on the ocean from our tents, but it's a long way down, and a tough climb back up. Besides

we don't have time. I wish we were over in headquarters. I'd like to do some fishing. How's this Beck, the government gives 10 cents bounty for each trout tail. They are trying to get rid of the trout because they eat the salmon eggs. We've seen a few seal and on the way up a couple of whales. On the island there are quite a few birds a lot like sage hens, and they are quite tame, or I should say they were. Ha Ha. They are good eating! That was quite a cartoon on the duck situation that you sent.

You ask about the Jap equipment. Don't believe all the propaganda. They are really very well equipped. I wish we had some of the things they did. They have very good stuff--not like they sold in U.S. However, I leave their stuff alone, it isn't worth taking chances.

Say how come you don't get in a little fishing or hunting, you'll have forgotten how by the time I get home. Ha Ha. Then you won't have a chance to beat me.

Mom, you spoke of Mark's situation. In a lot of ways mine is similar.

I got to see another picture show last night a film came over with the mail. However, I had to walk a couple of miles to see it. Earl Hough and I went. None of the rest would walk that far to see the show. It was "Pittsburgh" and pretty good. It seems good to see a show again.

Well, I've got to quit for now, so bye for now, and may God bless all of you. Eldred.

P.S. Send some airmail stamps often. These envelopes are rationed.

From: Sgt. E. H. Erickson 39027024, 767--S.A.W. Co., A.P.O. #730, Seattle, Wash. Postmarked: Army Postal Service November. U.S. Postage Via Airmail 6 cents. Censored by Lt. Donald Klopp [his personal signature]. Stamped: "PASSED BY" U 24299 S, ARMY EXAMINER

**October 27, 1943.** Dear Folks, Well, it's just me again, and as usual with nothing much to write about. The usual thing would be to start talking of the weather, but of course that probably wouldn't be proper under the circumstances. Suffice it to say it hasn't been the best. For some reason or another they tightened up on censorship again, so though there wasn't much to say, there's even less. Ha Ha. Oh well, I'm getting along fine and enjoying life about as much as I would anywhere in the Army away from home.

Our meals are really good lately. We are housed pretty well, so outside of our work details we haven't any more complaints. Ha Ha.

This morning we saw some walrus or sea lions down on the beach. They were pretty big fellows. I also saw a bunch of ducks on our pond and some of our wild chickens near it--but we're saving up for Thanksgiving. Ha Ha.

Say, how's the weather there--any snow yet? We've had a little but it melted. The mail came in the other day, I got a letter from Helen written about October 5 and one from Beck. Also got one from Grant. Also the fishing rod and the Christmas package. Beck, you and Dad did a good job of fixing it, how'd you ever get the idea? Well, now I've got an outfit, next time I get a chance, I'll use it. Ever since I've been in the army I've wished I had some tackle as I've had a lot of chances to use it.

The Christmas package was and is really swell? It is a long way from Christmas, but I opened it anyway cause I thought there might be something perishable, or else something I needed. My old shaving bag is getting pretty well bounced around and I can surely use all those things you sent. I'm glad you thought of the cough drops. It's really a swell outfit. That bag is the best I've seen!

Beck, you mention tomatoes and canning, it reminds me, we have a couple of cases of "Utah's Pride" from North Ogden. Doing pretty good eh? They are stamped B12B FT I've about forgot the markings but if I'm right, does that mean September 12th 1941 or 42 which? "F" is that Xtra Std or Solid Pack?

Well Beck, how's the traveling, about through for the year? Are you getting tired of it? Can't you get back in the factory, or would you rather not?

Don't worry about how I'm getting along. Sure, the conditions aren't very pleasant, but it could be worse, and I'm getting along fine. Sometimes I tell the rough side just to show you we don't have things easy, but that we can take it anyway.

So you got a hunting shirt, eh Beck. Ha Ha. I'll bet you scare all the game away. Ha Ha. You should see some of the equipment I have, I'd really like to have some of it! It's very good!

Helen, thanks for the weekly news clipping. I hope the Church runs Peery and his outfit out of town--of course I guess they can't go that far, but they can at least put him out of office. So he doesn't like the Church stepping in eh? Well, it's about time they did, they've almost waited too long! But I hope they can stir the people up to "cleaning up the town a little." What do you think, Dad?

Those pictures of Grant and Howard were nice. Did I understand you to say Ira Young and Shirley Hardy got married? Say, you and Jean really did O.K. on that Dime Fund! I'm glad you enjoyed



doing it! Keep it up!

Thank you for getting Lois' birthday present. You mentioned bag, gloves, hanky and flowers, is that all? She mentioned some pearls--were they from me? Ha Ha. I'd just like to know what I gave her.

You should see the washing I did. One pair of fatigues, one pair of wool O.D.'s--like I used to wear in high school, shirt and pants, couple pair underwear, 4 pair wool socks, 4 handkerchiefs, one hat, couple towels, and one pair long handle wool underwear--all done in 5 gallons of water (Kind of conservative on water, but they really came out nice and clean.) I used a couple of 5 gallon cans for wash tubs. We are really getting fixed up in style. We now have electric lights in our tent. We have one central 12 volt can battery and a battery charger, we run lines to the tent and use an auto bulb. It is quite a bit better than the candles. Also, we're trying to promote a deal whereby we run a cord from a small speaker to the radio in the officers' tent--Maybe we'll have music, I hope. Well, I guess I've finally exhausted my supply of information, so bye for now. Love, Eldred.

I got a letter from Carl Carlson, he's in India. I got another letter from the "Can." Beck, thank them and change the address.

P.S. I forgot to tell you, Lois, remarks on how well she likes all of you, and of how pleased, and how much she appreciates all you do for her. Thank you. She said to thank you for the swell job of picking out birthday presents.

**November 4, 1943.** Dear Folks, Just a note more or less to let you know I haven't forgotten you and that I'm still getting along fine.

As usual, there's nothing to write about which is the reason I haven't written sooner. Also, we haven't received any mail for quite some time, and probably won't for a while longer.

Remember that stuff we used to have along side the house on 304-13th, that plant the doctor said gave Helen the rash like poison ivy. Well, we have quite a bit of it here.

Say Beck and Dad, I was cleaning that fishing rod you sent, and found one more joint telescoped inside one of the joints, so I did a little soldering and the rod is a foot longer than when you sent it. I hope I get a chance to use it.

Today was wash day in our tent and we've really done quite a bit of it. Also, Jimmy sheared quite a few heads of hair. The Palmer House is quite a thriving establishment.

Well, I hope you are all well and happy and that everything is going along fine.

Say Beck, how's the shotgun shell situation, have we any left? Did you go after deer?

Well, I guess I'm at the end of my ink, so, bye for now, Eldred.

**December 9, 1943.** Dear Folks, Greetings from Florida, the land of sunshine, sand and mosquitoes! Ha Ha. Well, it's good to be back in the states again! We just got in after a 6000-mile journey. Our 15-day boat ride was the worst part, we really had a rough trip down, and a bad trip all the way!

We spent a few days in Ft. Lawton in Seattle. I lost a lot of weight on the boat, but am still heavier than when I left the states. It seems a little hard work agrees with me. From Seattle, we took the northern route, Idaho, Montana, North and South Dakota, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Chicago, Cincinnati, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and Florida.

Well, it's good to get away from the censor--he was no pal of mine.

We stopped in Chicago a few hours. I didn't write the last month and a half--simply because the censor wouldn't send any mail out because of the movement. I got all the Christmas packages the night we left, and if you don't think I had a hard time finding a place to put them on my backpack--well you've got another thing coming.

Well, I lived on the stuff on the boat as I couldn't make it through the chow line.

Well, its Drew Field and time for lights out, I'll write again. Bye for now. Eldred,

P.S. Furloughs are rumored.

They had a band in Seattle and also one here to meet us and parade us through the camp. Some style.

767--S.A.W. Co., 1st Tng. Bn. [Training Battalion?], Drew Field, Florida

**December 10, 1943.** Dear Folks, Well, my wiring for money wasn't much good. I almost got home for Christmas, but not quite. 75% of our outfit go on a 30 day furlough starting the 15th. 87 men go, and I was 89th on the list. So close and yet so far. The reason--well all Murphy men got rooked because of our 5--day delay en route and consequently men with only 8 and 10 months service get to go

before we do. However, they promised us we'd get it when the rest come back, which will be around the middle of January. (Say what's my chances on getting a little gasoline about then?) While I think of it now that I'm back in the states, how about sending that other short casting rod, the new one. Also those plugs I have, red and white, green, etc. The other one didn't work out so good. Ha Ha. I got to fish before we pulled out of Kiska, and I got one that was too strong for the rod--it snapped. I caught some rock cod and flounder.

Say, I got the packages you sent. Thank you very much. I was lucky to receive the one with all the airmail envelopes in Seattle.

A lot of the packages we got in Kiska were damp and the envelopes would have stuck.

I had a mess when I got the Christmas packages. We were all packed and ready to hike to the ship. Then we got our Christmas packages. I got about a dozen all at the same time. If you don't think I had a mad scramble to open, condense and pack all that stuff in my already full packs. I wasn't too pleased. Ha Ha. In the scramble and hurry, I don't know just who I got what from. However I got all your packages--one from each of you, a couple from Lois, one from her folks, one from Charles and Tressa and one from Ethyl and Leonard. I'll write and thank them. If anyone else sent any they may be in Kiska and will catch up with me eventually. Also some may have went down with a ship, I'll tell you about it when I see you. We really had a bad trip down!

I've got all kinds of stuff to tell you, but I think I'll save it until I get home. But if you have any questions--ask them.

Here's something that may interest you. All men returning from overseas are not supposed to go over again until they have had a furlough. Also, we are not eligible to go until March 1, and then it depends upon circumstances just how long we stay--it may be quite awhile. Though of course the army can change most anything if they want. Ha Ha.

I weigh more now than when I left the states, though I imagine I lost a lot of weight on the boat--incidentally those Christmas packages were a lifesaver on the boat, I lived on the fruitcake, candy, nuts and crackers and gallon of raisins I acquired when I couldn't take the 1000 man chow line--which was most of the time--sea sickness is a terrible feeling, and I had it for 2 weeks.

At Lawton in Seattle was really nice. I'd really liked to have stayed there. Eats--boy were they good, and we had fresh milk too! Boy oh Boy.

I was sorry to hear of Uncle Randolph's passing.

Well, I'll have to quit now so bye for now. And may God bless you all. Eldred.

**December 22, 1943.** Dear Folks, Well, I suppose by the time this letter reaches you, Christmas will be over--I hope you had a nice one! Speaking of Christmas, I received your package today--thank you very much. I've opened it already and the candy and apples were very good. Did you make the candy? I haven't tried the cake yet, but if it is any thing like the others I've had--it will be plenty good!

This surely doesn't seem anything at all like Christmas. First of all we came from "winter to summer." Then we received all our Christmas parcels up there, so to us it seems like Christmas has already come and gone. Mom, how did you like your Christmas present? I don't know what the rest of you did get. Ha Ha. Whatever it is, I hope you like it.

I got a Christmas card from P.J. Anderson and family. I don't know their address, so thank them for me. I also received one from Aunt Lucy. I received a card and letter from the 70's quorum, and I wrote and thanked them. Also the \_Canio?\_ and several others. I got a short letter from Strasser's wife. He's at Ft. Ord. She's expecting a baby in January. I hear brother Pete Kranenburg and Herby Harbertson already have one a piece. I haven't heard from Scott or Taylor for a while, but I did hear from Strasser, and he went deep sea fishing, and got seasick, now he's worrying about that boat trip "over."

Well, I had a pleasant surprise last night. Dale Browning walked in. He's looking good, and was surely glad to see me. We talked for along while. I was supposed to see him tonight, but he got held up on something or another.

He's been out on maneuvers and just got in was the reason I didn't see him before, so I sent him a letter and he looked me up at the first chance.

Speaking of maneuvers, it is rumored that we are being transferred to the 3rd Battalion which is on maneuvers up in Mississippi. I'd like to go there, and get out of this place. I've been here long enough to vote.

I saw the film, "The Battle of Russia" today. I wish these "high toned" people that call strikes etc., and cause all the trouble, that whine about rationing etc. would have to go through what those Russians did and are! It's too bad the men in the army don't have a little bit to say about how this country (for

which we are supposed to be fighting for) is run. We'd make them go "all out for war!"

As usual, I've been working hard these last few days. Ha Ha. That hour of baseball each day is pretty strenuous. Ha Ha. I'll really hate to go back to work after this vacation. One thing at least, my cold is almost all better, though I still have a cough. Those cough drops came in handy after all!

I've been expecting a letter from some of you any day, but except for the one from Mom, none have come. I guess you were pretty busy Christmas shopping or something.

I don't suppose you were able to get that .22 pistol since you didn't mention it. Well, thanks for trying. I guess they've been sold out for quite some time!

When I get back, I'll have some pictures to show you. They aren't bad. Now the next thing I've got to do is find another camera, a cheap one to take with me again, since my other one busted. I can't take a good one cause I'm not supposed to have any, and they'll confiscate them if they're found. I'm going to look for one when I get a chance to get to town though they'll probably be like everything else--all sold out.

Well as usual there isn't much to write about, we're just sitting around taking life easy, anxiously wishing the 15th of January would come!

Well, bye for now, write when you have time. Love, Eldred.

P.S. Helen, enclosed are a couple of things will you type them into my leather looseleaf notebook. Put them in with others of their kind. Poetry with poetry, anecdote with anecdote in alphabetical order or according to subject. Probably under speaking.

PS. I didn't send the packboard, I decided to wait awhile.

**December 23, 1943.** Dear Folks, Well, Florida weather is here again, and it's nice and warm. I can hardly believe I was way up there. In fact I've given up telling a few of the things that happened. People won't believe me, they think I'm stretching it. Ha Ha. Say, I've spoken quite freely to you about what has happened. I hope you aren't spreading it around!! I didn't think to tell you at the time, cause before I've asked you not to pass on information that I give to you.

Beck, I got your letter of December 15 today, and was surely pleased to hear from you. Say I got the Canco Magazine today, I saw a place in it where it says, "Len Beckman should stop putting his finger in people's beer to see if it's cold." Ha Ha.

No, Beck, I didn't bring back the bullet proof vest or any of my souvenirs. I didn't have any room! Ha Ha.

O.K. about the fishing rod, never mind sending it if you wait cause about that time, I hope to be getting ready to leave--or at least a little later. The reason I wanted it, was I hoped to be able to get off and do a little fishing, but I guess I won't get the chance, so I'll just wait and get the rod when I get home. Do you think we can shoot some snow shoe rabbits or ski when I get home. I hope so, I hope there's some snow, I'm tired of mud and sand.

Say, speaking of mud, where I was, I saw a 2-ton truck--one of the few they had in the middle of the main road. About 2 inches of the cab was still out of the mud, and traffic went on as usual. Now you see why they won't believe me here. Ha Ha.

I'd like to have gone after Christmas trees with you, Beck, though you'd probably wear me out. I haven't done a stick of work since November 15. Ha Ha.

I've really taken life easy since then. Don't worry about the money, with what you sent, if they'll just give me the furlough, I'll get there. Ha Ha.

Yes, I got the cake, though I'm sort of saving that till Christmas, though if the crowd clears out, I'll probably sample it tonight.

Glad to hear there's some gas available, I'll get a ration certificate for food, one for shoes (maybe), and maybe one for about 5 gal of gas, so I can help out a little if I can just get there. Ha Ha.

Well, I'll quit for now, bye, and God bless you all. Eldred.

**January 12, 1944.** Dear Folks, Good morning, its now just 12:30 a.m., and I'm doing a shift of C.Q. so, I'm taking advantage of it to pass away a little time and write a letter to you. I got your telegram too late to try and call you Monday night. For some reason the telegram was addressed to me at Drew Field via Bradenton, how come there I don't know, anyhow it took longer, and was way late getting to us. Anyway, it is impossible to call, I tried the other day, and I just couldn't get through! I'll be seeing you pretty soon, so whatever you wanted to talk about, we can do it then. Sorry though I couldn't get in touch with you.

Dad, I received your letter of the eighth, and the blank forms from Utah. Thank you, I already



have my blood test taken, but I'm going to see if I can get them filled out. I'd just as soon not have to take them over again! Ha Ha! I don't like to have any more needles stuck in my arm than I have to.

Glad to hear that you have some snow, maybe I'll get a little chance to do a little skiing. It's been a long time since I saw a white winter in Utah, and I think I'll like it though I'll probably freeze after being down here again.

I'm surely glad to hear you don't mind my getting married, I never knew there was so much to go through to get it done. Glad to hear all the news, though I still wonder why it is that Mom hasn't written for so long, or at least it seems like a long time, it's been since before Christmas.

Glad to hear you made out so well financially, and that you paid tithing on it, I know you'll never regret it!

I got a package in the mail the other day, and it was a silver name bracelet from the American Can, it was surely nice of them to send it!

There isn't much doing here as usual, though we have been working some repairing our radar sets that we brought back and getting them in shape so they can be used again. They're in pretty bad shape after the knocking around in the boat trip. We also have had an inventory, we only turned up short on about \$8,800.00 worth of equipment. We had to abandon some at one of our outposts, because they couldn't get it away in the boat, since it was too difficult to land in the rough water.

Well, there isn't much to write about. I'll be home soon to answer all your questions. So bye for now, and I'll see you soon. Love, Eldred.

Remind me when I'm home in case I forget. I promised Dale that I would see his folks for him. I see him several times each week, and we go in town to church together. Here on the Post we usually see a show, or get something at the P.X. to eat.

**February 9, 1944.** Postcard, addressed: Mr. & Mrs. H. E. Erickson, Leonard & Helen, 310--13th Ogden, Utah, from Sgt. E. H. Erickson 39027024, 767 Sig. A. W. Co., Drew Field, Florida

Dearest Folks--Howdy! Everything's fine and we really got a nice train. We are having a nice trip--sleeping--no snow, the ground is barely covered. Should arrive on time--good schedule. There's practically no scenery, but weather is nice. Hope everything is fine there and you enjoy a pleasant trip. Love--Lois & Eldred.

**February 10, 1944.** Postcard, addressed: Mr. Leonard Beckman, 310--13th, Ogden, Utah. Dear Leonard, Yep, we're still on the train and there's a blizzard outside, but it doesn't seem to deposit much snow anywhere. How does it seem to use your car again? Plenty good--betcha! You should be with us--we've seen "scads" of ducks--but you'd have fun. How about now for a hunting trip? Tell Helen "hello" and convey our best wishes to all. Have a "Happy Valentines Day". As ever, Love, Lois & Eldred.

**February 15, 1944.** 809 Azeele Street, Tampa, Florida. Dear Helen, Hi ya, honey! How goes everything back in the Rockies? Fine, I hope.

Well, we are all situated and I'm settled down as an old woman and ready to take life easy. Wish I could. Ha! Ha! I still have all the "thank you" notes to write, and that's quite a job.

We arrived in Tampa, Sunday at 8:30 a.m.--late, as usual, but all in one piece. Traveling conditions are really bad. We sat around the USO for a while, and then went to get breakfast and buy a paper to see if we could find any place to stay. Due to the fact that it was a weekend, all of the hotels were filled and we were really left out. We spent many nickels calling the ads, but I believe everyone in town was doing the same thing. Finally at the USO we got a tip about some lady out on Azeele St., so out we went. When we got there she said friends had come in and were using the room, but thought they would be out in a week. We said we would contact her tomorrow then Eldred suggested we walk a few blocks and I remembered several places seeing "Rooms" signs. We walked back six or eight blocks and saw a lot of these places with "No Vacancy" signs. We walked about 3 more blocks and still no luck. Eldred said, "This reminds me of the mission field. It was always necessary to go canvassing for a room." We were enjoying the walk, but were sort of discouraged about a room. It looked for sure like a park bench would be our spot for the night. Across the street was another house and a "Room" sign, but we didn't think it much use to stop, and then decided that we might as well try since that was cheap. The lady said, "No there isn't anything, but there may be a vacancy tomorrow. Yes, I know there will--etc." Well, it was really a break because I'll bet a dozen people stopped after that. Housing conditions are very bad.

We have two small rooms. One, the bedroom, has a bed (innerspring mattress), a day couch and a closet, which covers one side of the wall, and yes, a cretonne covered chair, table and six windows with

cardboard venetian blinds. We are sort of at the back of the house on a porch. The other room has a table, metal cupboard, wash basin, and dresser. We have to share the shower. The rest of the house is very nice and there is a large living room and front porch that we may use. It is nice and is \$10 per week. Pretty high, but then that is Florida and the tourist season besides. Mrs. Campbell, the lady of the house, is very nice. She lent us knives and forks, plates, dishes and glasses, and I thought that was nice of her.

We are close to buses and street cars to town in any direction by 3 blocks. Also there are several markets, a 5 & 10 store, drug stores, cleaners, etc., all within a couple of blocks, so that makes it nice. We are about eight or ten blocks from town I imagine, and it is nice. Eldred came in from camp last night, but I don't know just how often he'll get back in now because he thinks he might be on maneuvers. He didn't know when he left this morning.

We had a 14-hour layover in Jacksonville, and we walked practically the whole town over. It is surely a nice town and it is very clean. I felt quite out-of-place in my slacks. It really looked different this time. We couldn't see anything from the bus station before; this time it looked better. We took a few pictures--hope they turn out O.K.

Tampa is quite nice, I think, and even Eldred had to admit it looked better this time. The town is quite pretty and there are some lovely homes. It has a business district about the size of Salt Lake, I believe, and the Kress, Woolworth, & Penney stores look familiar. In case you might be wondering, we spent Sunday night at the Hotel Floridan. It was nice.

Sunday night we went to church and it seemed swell. They have a nice chapel here and quite a few soldiers attended. We met a nephew of J. Reuben Clark and another fellow from Idaho. It seemed very good. I'll bet you can't guess what I did today! Yep, I attended Relief Society! They were quilting a quilt so I helped and felt right at home. There were only six of us there. Quite a crowd, though, what say? You would feel right at home, Helen, with plenty of bows, flowers, etc., in everyone's hair. It hasn't changed a bit. We've eaten at Morrison's several times, and it's just as good as ever. There is also a Ritencliff Cafeteria, too, so we really feast every once in a while.

As you might guess, "y'all", etc. still prevails, so if I get to talking like that don't mind me! There are still plenty of Confederate memorials and statues in every town: just the good old South in every detail. On the way to church today (I made it on the bus too--I have to go clear across town)--I saw a large poinsettia tree--it was as tall as the house and they were drying clothes on it. The blossoms were about 12 inches across. I also saw roses and nasturtiums. It really seems funny to go around without even a coat on the 15th of February. No, that isn't me! My suit and coat feel good, but everyone else seems to be enjoying the weather.

Here's a coincidence: our house where we are living is numbered 310 on one side of the house; we're on a corner 310 Bend.

Well, Sis, how does it sound?! Thanks oodles Helen, for everything. I surely do appreciate everything that you have done for me and for us.

Please tell Leonard hello and he'll get the next letter. You folks have all been so grand to us. The canned goods are coming in handy, but we don't have any time or place to heat anything so we are managing on everything else. The radio is a godsend. It really is wonderful, and the alarm clock works. So everything seems to be going O.K.

Well, honey, I'll see you later, and take care of yourself. Will you please send that "Presidents of the Church?" It's in Eldred's dresser in the top drawer. You can send it at this address. Drop me a note and let me know what's going on. Thanks again. Love, Lois.

**February 17, 1944.** Dear Leonard, Eldred said that he'd write you as soon as he could, but I thought I had better drop you a note just in case he didn't get his off.

When he got back, his outfit was on maneuvers so I haven't seen him since Monday night. That is, Tuesday morning (he got in Monday night.) I only hope he gets in this weekend. He was here Sunday and part of Monday at least--long enough to help me get partially acquainted with the city. I can find my way to town and back, and to church. So I can find plenty to do.

First of all, Leonard, we want to sincerely thank you for all that you have done and are doing for us. As you know we felt badly about banging up your car and making you walk, but we do thank you for letting us take it. I'll bet you don't know how to act with having your bedroom back! That was nice of you, and we surely enjoyed it. There's no place, outside of my own home, of course, that I enjoyed more. I surely was made to feel at home, and I surely appreciated the consideration. Thanks also for the lamp. It's surely beautiful and I hope it won't be long before we can use it. There are so many things which you have done, but I won't be able to mention them all, so thanks a lot.

We had a nice trip down. Of course the trains are crowded, but after we learned to push and

crowd with the rest we got along O.K.! We had one sort of bad night; that was when we got shoved out of our car in Omaha. That nice train we were on and three others were taken off at Omaha, and they just crowded us into the other--with already filled cars. I slept in the ladies lounge and Eldred sat in the aisle until about 2:30 a.m., and then got a seat across from some drunken sailors. I had the best deal, but they turned off the heat and I nearly froze to death. But everything went O.K. after that.

Chicago had the worst blizzard in 30 years that night and we got out just before it started. We have wondered ever since about Mr. & Mrs. Erickson. I surely hope it has cleared up since then, because it was terribly cold even without the blizzard.

Tampa is quite a nice place; much better than Eldred will say. We are located in a very nice section of town right in the midst of everything. We were especially interested the other day: To get to our place, we have to cross a large bridge over a river which is at sea level; it is right by the University of Tampa. As we walked along the bridge, we noticed great flocks of diving ducks. The water was quite clear and it was possible to see them dive to the bottom for food. The ducks were very dark and almost the color of the water except for a white streak on their backs. There are usually quite large boats on that river or inlet or whatever it is. We saw what we thought were Liberty boats. I thought that was pretty close to see such things, but you haven't heard anything yet! I just about crawled in a hole the first time I heard a bomber! They aren't way up in the sky as they are at home. Sometimes I wonder if they clear the tree tops; they really make a noise. Yesterday, 500 were supposed to fly over Mac Dill Field; maybe they did. I only saw about 200 over Tampa here, but they surely made a racket. They seemed down very low. I realize that they might be up quite a distance in altitude, but you just feel like you could reach up and touch them!

Yesterday I inspected "our" lot, house, flowers etc., and it's really nice. It is completely surrounded by large trees and several palms. We have two flower boxes on the front with petunias, and they are really pretty. There are several large wooden tubs full of fern like that one in the dining room. It grows profusely with no effort at all. It even grows up the trees and they cut it out. Oh, yes and tell Helen this: We really have some grass and they keep it watered well, but do not cut it. It grows long and in very thin blades.

I must quit for now, Leonard, but drop us a line if you can get around to it. Don't work too hard! Wish you could be here with us and enjoy the sunshine.  
Love, Lois.

P.S. Eldred wants to know if you (the folks, I mean) have sent his Bible? If so, when and to where! Love, Lois. LBE (How do you like my new initials? Ha Ha!)

**February 23, 1944.** Dearest, Folks, Greetings from the sunny South! I haven't written sooner because I didn't know when you were expecting to be home, and I knew Helen would be unhappy if it sat around waiting for you. She's as curious as I am.

First of all, thank you for your wonderful son. I as well as he, appreciate your wonderful and remarkable care of him, and teaching and training. He is priceless, is very dear to me, and I shall do all in my power to make him happy. He appreciates you folks far more than he can or will write, and relies upon you for advice and counsel. I sincerely appreciate the love and kindness which you have shown me, and I shall always try to be worthy of it. You folks are so sweet, generous, and unaffected, that I am proud and very pleased to be in your family. I feel that you have made every effort to include me.

Thanks again for everything and especially for the lovely crystal. It will have special love, care and admiration because it came from you. Eldred and I are very happy, and we are a little sorry that we might be separated, but Eldred wants (and is anxious) to do his duty, so I shall not even let him know how much I shall miss him. I am glad he feels that way, because it's easy enough to shirk without having encouragement. I will stay here until the 6th of March at least. The rent is paid until then, and from all indications, there will be nothing to keep me here after that. Eldred wanted me to be sure and tell you this: If that allowance or money comes and you can wire it (and get it here by the 6th), O.K., send it. Otherwise, keep it until we send for it. Things are pretty uncertain right now, but I think this will be the best way.

Eldred received his authorization to live off the post, if he didn't tell you. So I hope to see him quite often this last week. Of course, if they get busy, he must stay, but we have surely enjoyed our time together. Saturday night he brought home some freshly picked grapefruit, and they are really very good. I am enjoying them. Our radio is surely a godsend--I don't know what I would do without it! We can get all the Columbia Broadcasts (major ones) that we do at home, but of course, two hours later. It is surely nice. Our alarm clock works like a charm. I'll never forget the first night we used it: one of us was awake practically all night, and then when it did go off, we were so surprised that Eldred couldn't find it! I kept



saying, "Turn it off," and I'll bet it rang several minutes. I think it must have awakened the entire house--and at 6 o'clock!

We can't cook in our little place, but I do make sandwiches, open fruit etc., and have milk for prepared cereal in the morning. The canned goods really come in handy, and thanks again. As yet, I haven't been able to use the things I have to heat, but the rest is grand. The tuna fish really tastes good. Now that Eldred can live off the post he comes in before chow time so we usually "grab" a bite here, and it tastes good. Milk is 17 cents a quart though, and I don't like that! If we can't buy an extra suitcase at the PX to ship these canned things in, I may send them home by express--I wouldn't change a cardboard box on the train. I bought a really small bag to carry my personal things in, and the rest I'll ship through. I couldn't begin to carry them and fight the traffic.

Most all things are reasonable down here except piece goods. Cheap seersucker is everywhere from \$1.05 to \$1.50 and other goods range upward. I have seen Kress advertise prints for 59 cents, but that is still terrible. Dresses, though, are quite reasonable. The average wash or print dress is about \$4.98. Some start at \$2.98.

Print spring clothes are out and they are surely beautiful. I wouldn't dare be responsible if Helen got loose in this town! Ha! Ha! But things are very pretty.

Tampa is really a nice place, and is very peaceful and quiet. The only thing is that is so damp, but a few minutes in the sun and you're hot. The only way clothes will dry is by being in the sun. It seems strange, too, because there is always a breeze.

Mrs. Campbell here is very nice, and she treats me grand. She surely has a houseful of boarders; I don't know where she puts them all. She would clean and make our bed every day, but I just as soon do it as I don't have much to do. All I've done so far is write thank-you-notes. I am really getting tired of them. That's not nice to say is it? Ha! Ha! Well, they'll be times gone by pretty soon. Tomorrow is the 24th. Remember? It was surely the happiest time of my life, and just a month ago! I am surely glad that we went through with it!

Well, I had better quit, I guess. Once again please let me thank you for everything. Eldred and I do thank you. Love, Lois, your new daughter.

**Saturday about February 19, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, summer is here and it's really warm! Though when we first hit Jacksonville, Florida, we just about froze. Ha! Ha!

I should have written sooner, but I guess I've just been too lazy and let Lois do all the letter writing. I guess she's told you how we've been making out, and anyhow, it's been pretty good. In fact, I've got a "racket"--if it would only just keep up. Ha Ha, but we are supposed to go back to Drew Field tomorrow or the next day. Since we've been back, we haven't done anything except take life easy; though I did do ten hours of guard duty. Since they got in more men for maneuvers and had things all going, we were told not to do nothing, so we don't! So, except for two nights, I've been in to see Lois and stayed every night. We are about 20 miles from town, but I hitch hike back and forth and I've been pretty lucky so far. When we get back to Drew, I should be able to get in almost every night.

It's quite pretty around here and I've taken some colored pictures. There are lots of citrus groves: orange, tangerine, grapefruit, and lots of lakes and southern pine. I've been fishing a little, but didn't do so good, as fishing here is only good in the morning and evening, and at those times I've either been going to--or coming from--town. However, I caught my first bass--about 11 inches, and believe it or not, Beck, I caught it on one of those plugs! Ha Ha! The guys here all made fun of it, but they were surprised when I caught on! (So was I.) Ha Ha. I can't go into town tonight, so if I get the chance, I'll try it tonight or in the morning. If I could just get some live minnows I could catch lots--maybe. Ha Ha!

Gee, the bugs are sure bothering me--all kinds, chiggers too. Ha Ha. I've also got a bee sting and a sunburn. How'm I doing? Well, that's about all there is to tell about me, except, Beck, can you get me a small pocketknife? A good one if you can. Also, send that tripod for the camera; I've wished I had it. Whatever you send, insure it. My allotment is still going through yet, so when it comes home, please pay \$7.80 tithing as usual and send the rest back to Lois--unless you hear different before then.

Say, Mom and Dad, how was your trip? I'll bet you had a nice time even if it was cold. I got your two cards and was glad to hear from you!

Well, there isn't much else to write so I guess I'll quit. Oh, before I forget, will you send me the rest of those rayon garments? I'll take them with me; they are much easier to wash. Something else: when Lois and I get those wedding picture proofs and send them back, will you get the pictures and pay for them? Use my money, however. Something else, I'm sorry I acted like I did before I left, but I wasn't feeling so good. I was worried about the train, and just nervous, so forget anything I said that wasn't nice.

I surely had a nice time home. It was surely swell and I want to thank you again for all you've

done for me! It was surely nice! Well, bye for now, and may God bless you all. All my love, Eldred.

**February 22, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, I'm back on Drew Field again, and it's about the same as usual. However, we may not be here much longer--just more maneuvers in Tennessee, so don't send either to me or Lois anything after you receive this letter. Just wait and see how things turn out. Something else, we got the proofs for our wedding pictures and they look pretty good, so we are having 3 made up: one each for you, Belnaps, and ourselves. Mildred is going to get them, so will you give her enough to pay for them? About \$10, and take it out of my money. Thank you.

Gee, but its warm down here now! It's really summer now, or at least it feels like it. Now that I'm here on Drew, I get to go into town every night, and it is pretty good. I had some good fishing the other night! The fellows have been kidding me about using those wood plugs for bait. They said they wouldn't catch fish, and that the one I caught was just an accident. Sunday night we were in a different location in the woods, and they couldn't let me go to town, so I went fishing again in a small lake that's used a lot for swimming. If I could have used a boat more I could probably have done better, but as it was, I did pretty good. First, believe it or not, I caught one about 11 inches long on that red and white plug. Then I changed to the green one and caught one about 14 inches that weighed about 2 pounds. He really put on a nice scrap, and jumped out of the water several times and tried to shake out the hook. Then I caught another one about 11 inches long. I thought I was doing pretty good! Then I got another one and thought my line would break, as it's really old and getting weak. But it held, and I had a lot of fun. He really put up a good scrap. I'd get him in close and he'd go out and I'd have to give line then he'd go deep, then he'd come to the top and jump, then he'd try to get in the rushes and then he'd turn and go under the boat. It was pretty exciting, but I landed him. A nice bass about 20 inches long and weighing 4 pounds. They aren't so long, but they are thick. I could easily put my whole fist in his mouth. It was too dark then and I had to quit. I gave the fish to the caretaker there. First, though, I showed the guys--and you should have seen their eyes! Ha Ha.

Well, were back on the field so I won't get to fish here anymore, but maybe I'll get some more chances. There doesn't seem to be very much to write about, not here anyway, and I think Lois has written about town.

Well, bye for now, and may God bless you. Love, Eldred.

**March 2, 1944.** Tampa, Florida. Dear Folks, Greetings! I got three letters from you: Mom, Helen and Dad. I was surely glad to hear from you! Sorry to hear that my and Beck's prediction came true so soon, and that Randall got in an accident. Glad he wasn't hurt.

Glad to hear, Mom and Dad, that you had such a nice time in Chicago; was glad to hear all about it. We've been having a nice time here. I've been getting off a lot. There's only 3 nights I couldn't get in, and a lot of afternoons I've got off from about 4 or 5 o'clock. Of course, it takes 45 minutes to get home. Then over the weekend I had from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning, so we've been doing pretty good. However, I'm not doing so good: we are going up to Tennessee for maneuvers till about the 26th of this month, and then come back. Lois will stay here, for a while anyway, and see what happens.

Helen, I was glad to get your letter. Gee, that was a nice picture of you. That was certainly nice to get your picture in the paper like that. Keep up the good work!!! I'm proud of you!

Sorry to hear about Lu's engagement. She'll always regret it if she marries out of the church and not in the temple. It's really worth waiting for!

I think Lois has told you what we've been doing, so I won't repeat except to say we've been having a good time! And it's been really nice. Say, you said you would send a few canned goods if we could use them. If you want, we could use a few cans of tomatoes, and maybe a couple cans of cherries, or something that can be eaten cold. Just send only something you don't have to use ration points for--like the tomatoes. In fact, tomatoes will do entirely and you won't need to send anything else.

You just as well send the rest of the things I asked for too. Send the tomatoes to our address in Tampa and the things I wanted, but wait a few days till you get my new address. I'd sure like my watch, so send it when you get it. Insure it.

Well, I can't think of much else, so bye for now, and may God bless all of you. Eldred.

**March 4, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, I'm now camped outside the small town of Bell Buckle, Tenn.! If you know where it is, I'm surprised. Ha Ha! It's about the size of Huntsville (if that large), and near no larger towns. We're somewhere between Chattanooga and Nashville. As yet, we are just waiting further orders and equipment.

We are camped out in pup tents in a cow pasture, it's sort of damp, and we didn't get any more

bedding; but we'll get along all right. Gee, though, the ground is awfully hard! I guess too much sleeping in beds again has softened me up. Ha Ha. Well I guess I'll get used to it again. Ha Ha. It's sort of pretty through here, hills & farms, trees, etc. We are near a small creek, so when I went down to wash, I took my rod along to see if there were any fish. It isn't much good: I caught a couple of small perch, and gave it up. We'll be stationed here for a while, or rather near here, as we'll keep moving occasionally. I think they sent you an A.P.O. number, but that is just where our mail goes, so don't worry about me being overseas. Ha Ha. Not yet. We've got to go back to Florida the end of this month, so Lois is going to wait there till I come back.

How are you all getting along? Fine I hope. If you want, you can just write to Lois and she'll send the letters on, or vice versa, and I'll do it O.K. My new address is 767--S.A.W. Co., Attached, 2nd Light Mobile A.W. Squadron Camp Forrest, Tennessee

Well, I'll write more later. Bye for now and may God bless you. Love, Eldred.

**March 6, 1944.** 767--S.A.W. Co. Camp Forrest, Tennessee. Dear Folks,

Well, I'm still at Bell Buckle, though we've changed addresses 3 times or more. An A.P.O. Nashville, and 2nd L.M. Squad, Bell Buckle, and now the present one. I wish they'd make up their minds pretty quick. Well, we've had a bad time of it while we've been waiting for them to decide what we're to do. We got rained (or rather flooded) out today!! It rained so hard it came right through our thin tents! It flooded the ground about an inch deep and we were on the hill; in fact, that hill became a river! We had our tents well ditched, but the water covered ditches and all. So, since they had taken away our good equipment, we got wet--our blankets, clothes etc. all got wet. Of course the officers had large pyramidal tents with board floors, and didn't even come out to look at us till it was all over. We have plenty of big tents, but as usual they sit unused. To give you an idea of the amount of rain, the small creek I fished in was about 2 feet deep and 15 feet wide, and now it covers the whole bottom of the valley and is about 1 block wide! Some rain, eh?

As usual, Drew Field screwed up and we're up here and they don't know what to do with us--just like on Adak. Such a life, and what a useless waste of time, money and equipment. I'm really disgusted with the army. I've been in almost 2 years and haven't done a bit of good. I almost wish I were in the infantry! Or at least somewhere where I could do a little good! I don't mind hardships when they are necessary, but it isn't here and I see no excuse for it.

Tonight, they finally took pity on us and let us stay in the schoolhouse; I'm going to sleep on the stage.

I saw a hillbilly band here the other night, and it really was awful! Or at least I thought so; some people liked it.

Mom, Lois forwarded on your letters and I was surely glad to hear from you. I hope you sent the money, cause Lois will need it for rent, etc. We may need a little more later, so if we write, draw some of mine out and send it. Ordinarily we'd get along fine, but it takes 2 or 3 months to get those dependent allotments straightened out. Eventually we'll get it all at once, but it takes a while for it to go through, and in the meantime, they deduct it from my pay. The reason I wanted you to wire by the 6th, was that we thought Lois might be going home then. But then we decided to wait and see if I came back to Drew on the 26th as planned. I sure hope so!

Thanks for LeRoy's address and for sending on Leon's card and address.

I wish you'd told me before about my ear; I've been telling the Army Docs all along that they were O.K. Several guys have been kept out of the army with a punctured eardrum, however, I don't know whether I'd like that. Ha Ha. Anyway, it's probably too late to do anything now, but I wish I'd known a week sooner, because we had a physical exam along with some more shots, and they asked again about my ears.

No, we never got anything from Naida. If Leon's present comes, open it and just tell us what it is. Keep it for us.

Thanks for the addresses.

Well, I'm going to try and get some sleep. Bye for now, and God bless you all. Love, Eldred.

**March 13, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, it has warmed up a little in Tennessee, and it's just about right--though the nights are chilly. However, now we have large tents, stoves, cots and mattresses, so we are living pretty well. Better still, we even have 110-watt electric lights.

Here's how: it seems we're close to a railroad, and they have a 440-volt line. A caboose stopped here the other day and was working (it had a step down transformer), and the men went and left the caboose on the siding for the night. It seems that during the night, someone put on a pair of Signal Corps



rubber gloves--and the transformer disappeared. So now we have a power and light system of our own!

Mom, I got your letter of the 10th (posted the 11th) today. It surely came in good time, and I was surely glad to get it.

From what you say, I guess LeRoy is down in Puerto Rico or one of those islands. I have heard there are quite a few down there; it's supposed to be a nice place to live. Or, he may be in Trinidad.

I'm glad to hear that you did send Lois the canned goods, 'cause at the last moment, we moved out here to an out-of-the-way place, and I managed to wire and have her stay there. We'll be through here in 2 more weeks, and then I hope to go back to Drew. So, in a couple of weeks you just as well write Drew Field instead of Camp Forrest. There's a rumor that we may go on to California! I wouldn't mind that.

I'm glad you got my watch, and I'll be glad when it gets here as I surely miss it! Say, in case Beck doesn't get a knife in Chicago, send that old one of mine that's home, as I lost my G.I. knife and I need a knife. I sure miss it. If I get a chance to go through medical processing again, I'll tell them about my ears, but I think it's too late to do any good now. Anyway, they don't bother me.

I'm glad you liked the wedding picture; I hope it turned out good. Did you give Mildred my money to pay for them? I hope! No, I didn't write to Browns or LeRoy yet, but I believe Lois did. So far I haven't had time. We are busy part of the time now. The present from Leon was nice. I didn't expect anything from them. Nor Aunt Mabel, but I guess she didn't send anything, did she?

Well, it's sort of late and there isn't any news, so bye for now and I pray that God will bless all of you. Love, Eldred.

**March 17, 1944.** Dear Folks, Good morning! It's nice this morning even though it did rain pretty hard last night. I don't go on shift yet for a couple hours, so I thought I'd write to you. Mom, Lois forwarded on your letter of March 7. Thank you for sending those things I asked you to. The watch hasn't arrived yet, but I'm expecting it any day now. I'll surely be glad to get it! Glad to hear you've been keeping pretty busy with your programs etc. Say Mom, you mentioned again about my ear. Are you sure I did have a punctured eardrum? It's funny; I don't remember it. Anyway what I want to know is, which ear was it: right or left? It would look sort of odd if I said I had a punctured eardrum and then didn't know which ear. Ha Ha. Well, I don't think anything will ever come of it anyway. It doesn't bother me, and after coming this far without saying anything, I don't believe they'd do much even if it did bother me.

I got a card from Beck and he says he's enjoying Chicago, and as yet hasn't got lost. Ha Ha. I went fishing in a creek near here, but didn't do so good: I got 3 small ones. I wish we'd go back to Florida so I could catch some more of those bass. However, I doubt very much that we will go back to Florida again--at present, anyway. From what information I can get, we'll probably go west, maybe to California. So, after deciding both ways a couple of times, I guess I'll have Lois come up next week as we'll be back in Bell Buckle, and I probably will get to see her some at least, and then she can go on home from there.

Say, Dad, whether you can pick up one of those short-sectioned hemp fly rods or not, will you send me that brown line in the tape can, and Beck's old reel that he used before he got his automatic (not the tapered) line? I have them both in tape cans. Just send the brown line and keep the can there. This line I'm using is getting old, and I can bust it anywhere with my hands. I want to keep my fishing tackle with me, as everywhere I've been so far there has been a place to fish--if I'd just had the tackle.

I just can't seem to think of anything to write. I'm getting along very fine; this is the softest job I've had in the Army. Ha Ha. Well, bye for now,  
Love, Eldred.

**March 18, 1944.** Dear Folks, Please, don't ever send anything to me by Railway Express!! My watch is in the town of Tulahoma--75 miles from here, and there's no way I have of getting it. The Railway Express will not deliver to an army camp. They keep the package at the railway station, and send a card telling you to pick it up, and say, "It's left there at your own risk." I'll have to wait till I get a chance to go to town, and in this place, I'll have no chance to go to that town. Camp Forrest is near there, but all we do is draw rations from there, and that's where our mail goes and then is forwarded on to us, but Railway Express doesn't do like the mail service. I guess the only thing I can do is write down and tell them to send it back to you. If it gets back to you, please send it by U.S. Mail insured, but please don't register it, as it is just that much more trouble to get. I'm lost without my watch, as I have no way of waking guys for shifts, or getting things going on schedule. So when it comes back to you, please mail it back as soon as possible, please. Thanks.

Mom, I got your letter of the 14th tonight. Sorry to hear you got more snow, though I guess it's a

good thing for the mountains. I guess I forgot to tell you, but we did get rid of our captain. One of our Lt.'s is in charge, and things are quite a bit better. However, we got in about 80 more men and 6 officers or so, and they aren't so good--so it is a little of both good and bad.

Say, if you can't find one of those short-sectioned fly rods, just forget about it; I'll get along. Tell me more about the mayor deal; what happened? Also, how about telling me a little about the polygamy deal and Richard R. Lyman. I'd like to know what's going on!

Dad, I'm sorry to hear you keep taking on more work, income tax reports etc. Why don't you take it easier? You don't need the money that bad; your health is more important! Why don't you take it easy and stay home so you and Mom get to enjoy one another for a change? For a married couple, you don't live together very much. How come?

Well, I've got to quit. Bye for now. Love, Eldred.

**March 9, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, I'm still here in Tennessee, camped on the same hill--but things have changed! After we had been rained out, it snowed and got cold, and half of the company had colds. The supply lieutenant did what he should have done in the first place: he requisitioned large tents, board floors, stoves, cots, and mattresses with another blanket! So now all is well with the world.

Tomorrow we (our section) move out and join in on the next maneuver problem, so we'll be busy for a few days. I'm planning on having Lois come up, 'cause I should be able to see her on the 2 or 3 days between problems, and we may not go back to Florida when we finish here the last of the month. So, just in case, I thought maybe I better see her while the seeing is good. You can never tell what the army will do!

If she or I wires for some money, draw it out and please send it. We can put it back in after the allotment finally gets straightened out.

Beck, I'm glad to hear you are getting to go to Chicago and see the big city. Now be careful, don't get lost or run over. Ha Ha. Aren't you scared to go so far from home? Ha Ha. You should have quite a time! Just for the fun of it, you ought to ride the elevated railway and the subway.

Wish you could come on down this way, but with maneuvers this way, it would be practically impossible to meet or see you 'cause it would be my luck to be on a problem then. When we're on a problem, if we get caught in town or even speaking to civilian, it costs 1/2 a month's pay for a fine and you get a week in the guard house (which is a pup tent in a mud field surrounded by barbed wire) with K Rations to eat. I'm staying away from town! Ha Ha.

So, you don't believe I caught that large of a fish, eh Beck? I wish it had of been light, and I'd have taken a picture! Say Beck, if you get the chance, pick me up cheap fly rod that takes down in small sections. I saw one in Kammeyer's once about 7 1/2 or eight feet long that was only about 18 inches taken down. One of the fellows here has one and it's handy to carry in a barracks bag. The one I saw only cost \$3.00. Can you send that brown line I have coiled up in that tin tape box with my other fishing tackle (not the tapered line), also one of the old reels that are laying around the house? How about the one you used before you got the automatic reel?

Don't try too hard, but if you can pick up one of those rods cheap, I'd like to have one.

Say, did you see our wedding picture yet? How'd you like it?

Well, we've got a gun inspection, so bye for now. Love, Eldred. In case you can get the fly rod, can you get a heavy cardboard mailing tube or something similar to pack it in so I won't break it? Like the kind "tinker toys" used to come in, only longer. Some bookstores have them.

**March 23, 1944.** Dear Folks, Greetings from muddy Tennessee! It's been raining again, and this old red clay is really sticky and miserable to walk around in. The rain has caused me a little more trouble than that: it's been leaking in on the set down in the inside, and causing the high voltage to arc all over, and I've had a job keeping it cleaned out. I also had 2 voltage regulators burn out and a couple of other things happen. I've been getting quite a bit of maintenance work lately.

Were due to move out this week sometime, and then we have to take a few days to pack and crate, and then I hope we go back to Drew Field. I have been having quite a time deciding what to do, one time they say we won't go back and the next time they say we will. The latest is that we will move some time about the end of the month. One of the Lt.'s told me once to bring Lois up, and I had written for her to come up--and then we moved out here where there isn't any chance to get in to town while problems are on because of fines, etc. Then on the weekend, I could get a day off, but that isn't very much and I don't think much of the town, etc., so we decided to have her stay there and see what happens.

Dad, I got your letter the other day and was glad to hear from you. Glad to hear you finished up

the income taxes. Can you take it a little easier now? If you can't (if I were you), I'd let some of those accounts go. Take things a little easier, and enjoy your life while you can.

You asked what books I wanted; I didn't know I asked for any, but I would like to borrow your "Essentials in Church History" (a green book) and read it. Then I could send it back as I don't want to keep it with me. Don't bother about that fishing pole if you can't find one; it was just an idea. I would have like one, but I don't need it.

Mom, I got your letter too; thank you, and thanks for sending that Bond check. You ask what I want for my birthday: nothing; I don't need anything, and you've done so much for me already it will take an awful lot of birthdays to catch up! Ha Ha.

Sorry to hear about the mayor and what happened; I guess he got a raw deal. Who is in now? Who was behind the deal? Dad, you asked about whether we were part of the air corps yet: no, not yet, as are attached to the 2nd army right now and we don't know what will happen.

Sorry to hear about Aunt Mary, is she any better now?

Thanks for giving the Belnaps the money to pay for the pictures. Did you take it out of mine? If not, do it. Helen, Lois forwarded your letter on to me, and I was glad to hear from you. Glad everything is going fine.

Say, remember those pictures of Kiska I took? The 4 small ones (one of me by the tent, anyway)? Will you send the negatives to me? Just those 4. Thanks.

I got a letter from LeRoy, and he likes the place he's at. He surely hits it lucky in going to good places. I don't see how he does it! I've been figuring: The end of this month will be exactly a year I've been living in a tent (except for the time on trains, boats, furlough and a couple of weeks in barracks)! I should be pretty good at camping when this thing is over, don't you think?

Well, I hope everything is getting along fine. I guess Beck should be getting home pretty soon. Bye for now, Eldred.

P.S. I'm sending a couple letters addressed to myself; put them with the rest.

P.S. I found we are to stay here awhile longer and the problems are over, so I'm wiring for Lois to come up.

**March 25, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, I'm back here in Belle Buckle now, and everything is quite nice. It's spring now, and its quite pretty--all green and the trees are all in blossom. Also there are lots of wild narcissus and pansies round here.

We are living in our large tents and we have board floors and "legal" electric lights. Pretty good, eh? But, something is even better than that: Lois called this morning and said she'd be here tomorrow night! So, I found a place to stay. I got a room in a house with a young couple. She's about 22. I got a large room with two beds, and one of those old style Bay windows--or whatever you call them. There is a fair bathroom with an electric water heater, and we have the use of the kitchen if we wish. It's a lot better than we had in Tampa, and at the same price. It's only about 3 blocks from the Co. area, so it's really handy. I just wish we could stay here a while, but we are supposedly headed for maneuvers in Louisiana. Maneuvers are all over here, and I have a 3 day pass coming, and as long as we're here, I can be "home" most of the time. Boy I'd sure like to stay!!!

Mom, I got your letter of the 22nd; it really came in good time. I haven't received the watch yet, but I'm hoping I get it soon. Thanks for telling me about my ear. I wouldn't worry about it, as it doesn't bother me, and I can't see how it will if I go over seas.

So Dad, you're going to give up the old mill, eh? Well, I really think it's a good idea, 'cause what good is the extra money you make? You and Mom don't get to be together and enjoy life. I don't even see why you do it. I'd think you'd want to be together more. I know Lois and I'd sure like to be together! Say, you ought to kick Helen out and let her have a room by herself, and you two have the one room together.

I think I told you we got a new commanding officer. He's only a 1st Lt., as yet, but he's better than Capt. Whalen was.

Dad I got your letter and the enclosed copy of the express order. Thanks. I hope they send the watch. I wrote and asked them if they could mail it to me; if not, to send it back to you. Thanks for sending the reel, line and knife. I'll be looking for it in a day or so.

Beck, I got your letter from Waukegan, Ill. I was glad to hear you had a good time and didn't get lost in the big city. Ha Ha. No kidding, I'll bet you had a pretty good time. Thanks for all the trouble you and Dad have gone to in trying to find a fishing rod. Never mind, I'll get along with this short one. Thanks for getting a knife. Glad you all liked the wedding picture. I thought the proof looked pretty good. [missing page]



**March 27 & 28, 1944.** Dearest Folks, You'll just say, "Yes, we've heard that before." I didn't know until this morning that Eldred had written you all the details about my coming up here. Well, even after he wrote you, he changed his mind again and he called again and told me to come up. I was at the bakery, Saturday, and he called. The day before, I was packed and then he said to stay there so I unpacked. I might have stayed packed except Lola Wilkinson, wife of a young L.D.S. service pilot, was coming to stay with me after the dance; that was Friday night.

Saturday he called about 11 a.m., and I worked until 1 p.m.; I had to stay until the other two got back from lunch. Then I hurried home and packed, and caught the 6 p.m. train out of Tampa. It was a lovely train, and very fast. I arrived in Bell Buckle at 5:30 Sunday evening. Eldred was on detail, but the lady from the U.S.O. walked across the street and took charge. She is a grand person and called Eldred's outfit, and he was over there in about 15 minutes. It surely seemed good to see him.

We walked about two blocks to our "second" home. It is a farm, and the house is a big white frame. It has the customary high ceilings, large rooms, many doors, etc., but it is better than anyone would expect by seeing the size of Bell Buckle. It is just a wide spot in the road! We have a nice room with three large windows facing east. We have the old fashioned wood "Venetian" shutters. There is a dresser, mirror, wash stand and an old-fashioned white porcelain pitcher and wash bowl. There is an old-fashioned couch too, rocking chair, and (our pride and joy) a fireplace. It is really nice. We have been using it the last two days for heat since it has been raining and is quite chilly. An old fashioned kerosene lamp adorns the fireplace double-deck mantle. We have electric lights, though. I forgot the bed: it is nice and quite comfortable, and has a blue chenille spread on it. There is linoleum on the floor. It has never been rented before; the people have never had anyone else here, so it isn't planned with that in mind. But most of all, the people are simply grand. When we got up Monday morning, Emily had breakfast ready: homemade sausage, fresh cream, butter, eggs, toast, bran flakes and country molasses, and yes, hot biscuits! Talk about Southern hospitality!

She (Emily) lets us use the kitchen and we share the bath. She has a modern kitchen, and it is really grand. Electric refrigerator, stove, hot water always, etc. She gives us all the milk, butter and eggs we want. We may pay her for it before we're through, but says, "We will we have plenty; you said you want". She also told me not to buy flour, sugar, salt, etc., because she had plenty and there was no sense accumulating a lot of stuff. I don't know whether I could be like that to strangers or not! We're left completely alone to cook and prepare whenever we want. Their name are Emily and John Meek, and true to Tennessee style, she was a child bride. We happened to read in the Bible in her room the account of their marriage; she was 16 he was 30! That was six years ago. So she is still a year younger than I. Her husband is very nice, and his bachelor brother lives here with them. They're surely grand people though, and have made it nice for us. We pay her \$10 a week, and think that is reasonable enough for all they have done. She also lets me use her iron and ironing board; she's going to let me help her churn butter. Eldred and I are really having a vacation. He had Sunday night off, and also a three-day pass which began Monday morning, so we will have until Thursday morning, and then every evening after that that they stay here.

Tennessee is really pretty. It is very hilly here (mountainous, in their language) and surely reminds me of Utah. It has rained the last two days, but things will surely be pretty when it does clear up. The wild violets, narcissus, flowering almond, etc. are all in bloom. The climate is much nicer than Florida, and the entire town is so quiet and peaceful. The only thing that can be heard around here are the trains that pass through. As soon as the rain lets up we will do some walking around and Emily wants me to go out with her to see their barns, dairy herd, etc. One thing I can't figure out (and Eldred suggested it first), is where all these people trade. It is actually about as large as Huntsville and there is a boy's prep school here, but they don't have any business section. Just a few places need a coat of paint, but the rest of the town looks better.

I surely hated to leave all our new acquaintances in Tampa, but I hope someday I'll see a good number of them again. A good share of them are from Utah, Idaho, and Arizona, and Harris hopes to come out. At any rate, it is hard to leave people who had been so nice to you, but then that's the way it goes, and it's awfully nice to be with Eldred again.

I'll quit for now, and we both send our love. Oh yes, Eldred's camp is about three blocks away. We hope to hear from you all pretty soon and thanks for everything. Love, Lois and Eldred.

**March 28, 1944.** 10:00 p.m. Dearest Folks, Here we are again. Eldred went over to camp about six and got his mail, and we thought we'd thank you for it. The box was here with the reel, knife, and line and he was surely glad. You people are always doing such nice things for us. The \$10 was sweet of you.

We'll probably save it and maybe get to a town where we can really buy a good meal. Eldred will really need it after he gets through eating my "specialties". Ha! Ha!

As you undoubtedly know by the mention of the money order, we received Mr. Erickson's letter and it was surely nice. I hope I can always be worthy of the compliments. Eldred is wondering about doing away with the peas at the factory. It is too bad about the Bramwell case. It not only affects him, but the entire community. His campaign seems a little ridiculous and false now, doesn't it?

We also received Leonard's letter from Chicago. It was good to hear from him. Probably by this time he is home. We surely hope he had a nice trip home. Maybe next time he goes, he can manage to go in the spring or summer--I imagine it would be much more pleasant.

The canned goods were grand. Most of them I kept and had them packed in a box with some of our clothes, but they refused it at the station. Harrises are going to freight it to us. We can use it here, and then after this I think we will just live from place to place and try not to accumulate anything. The goods are really wonderful, but as you said--they are hard to carry. But it is impossible to get things as nice as what you sent us. That's Utah for you.

Maybe you'll finally get this letter! Goodnight, and thanks again!!

Lois & Eldred.

**April 1, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, I'm Sergeant of the guard today, and I have a jeep and a driver to run me around--pretty good eh? Well, I don't have to change guards for a couple of hours, so I thought I'd write you a letter. (You'll have to excuse it because the "t" doesn't print very well.)

Well, today is April Fools day, and so far no one has caught me on it yet, though I fooled a couple. Anyway, one very nice thing happened to me today, guess what--I got my watch!! When I wrote, I asked them to send it to Murfreesboro cause I could pick it up there; however, before I got it there, we moved back here to Bell Buckle. Since I had never heard anymore about it, I asked one of the fellows who happened to be going to Tulaoma to see about it. They told him that it had been sent to Murfreesboro, and I would have to pick it up there. However, now that I'm here, it is impossible to get it. So I again wrote, and today it got here. Boy was I glad to get it!!

Well, I had a nice birthday. Lois baked a cake with 25 candles on it. We had a nice meal too. Thank you very much for the money, and for your birthday letter, Helen. Guess what I got with part of the money already? I got a new casting line for 1 dollar, as this old one is all shot. I wish we would stay here permanently! I really have nice accommodations here. I only live 3 blocks from our camp and I don't have to be here until 8:00 in the morning. I have about a couple of hours off for dinner, and I get through about 5 or earlier in the evening, so it is just like having a job. However I'm afraid we will move again soon. We have good eats where we live! We have all the milk, eggs and butter we want, and Lois has been doing a good job of cooking. I surely like having it this way.

Well, I'll write more later, bye for now. Love, Eldred.

P.S. Beck, I got your card, and my Co. is still 767 and not 726. Ha Ha. Helen, here are your clippings back.

**April 1, 1944.** Dearest Folks, Greetings on this beautiful spring morning! It is quite chilly here, but very beautiful.

Enclosed is a money order for \$7.70; Eldred's tithing. We would appreciate having you pay it for us. As usual, it goes in his name.

Yesterday we tried to celebrate Eldred's birthday, but there wasn't much to help. At least we were together and that is what counts. I had ordered some books from the Deseret bookstore, but they didn't come. So, I found a box of candy, a card, some tissue and ribbon, and thought I was lucky. I made him a cake, but had to make it in pie tins and cut off one edge to make it fit. It didn't look too good, but it tasted good--and it had 25 candles on it anyhow.

He surely appreciated the \$10, and we hope to do something nice with it. We! Ha! Ha! Whose birthday was it? Well, we can't worry about it now because there is no place to go; not even a show.

I must quit for now; I want to get this in the morning's mail. Take care of yourselves, and you can write me direct here after Eldred leaves, if you wish. Eldred wishes me to thank you for him, also, and best wishes. Love, Lois.

**April 3, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, today is a happy day. Lois's luggage finally came in; we were really worried about it. I have my watch, and everything is fine. We've really had a lot of time together here. So far, I usually spend only about 4-6 hours a day over at the camp. Ha Ha, though Saturday I had to work C.Q., and Sergeant of the guard for 12 hours, but then I had off until 1 o'clock today (Monday).

So, its really been grand; however, we probably will be leaving soon, and I sure hate to leave this place, as it's really too good for the army! Ha Ha.

Beck and Dad, I got a letter from each of you today. It was surely good to hear from you both. Beck, thank you very much for the birthday gift. Glad to hear you got back from the big city without getting lost. What did you do, get a policeman to show you around? Ha Ha. Glad to here its springtime in the Rockies again. I'll bet it's really nice. Ha, Ha Beck, so you're the guy that sent the watch express? Ha, Ha. Well, I got it O.K., and boy, it really runs nice!! I set it with my other watch, and after two days they are still exactly the same time, not even a minute's difference! It's surely good to have it again!

Dad, thanks for the negatives and your letter. No, that clipping about the drowned soldiers hasn't anything to do with us.

I haven't heard anything about the 3rd Air Corps, and I still have the "T" on my arm. Drew Field is still our HQs, but we are on detached service attached to this other force to do our jobs for them. Yes, we still have the same job as ever, and always will. That is all we do, though ever since being back in Bell Buckle we've mostly just loafed, with only regular duties (guard & K.P.), and a few hikes and lectures to disturb us.

Glad to hear you did so well at the Wilson Ward; I'd liked to have heard you talk.

I'm glad to hear you are quitting the old mill; I don't think you should take on any more accounts, though. Why don't you take life a little easier and do some of the things you'd like to do--but haven't had time before to do? You mention that Beck sent a knife. Did you, Beck? When, and where from? If you sent it from Chicago, it should be here, that is, if you didn't send it to the 726 SAW Co. as you did that last card. Ha Ha.

**April 4, 1944.** Dear Folks, Just a line to disagree with Leonard: so I'm a pest, eh? O.K., just wait until I get you! At the rate the weather is going, I'll probably be able to wash your face good with snow!!

The letters are surely nice, and it's so nice to hear from home. It is nice to be with Eldred, and I don't mind the traveling too much. We have surely been blessed by finding nice people to stay with; it really makes a difference. We have surely been fortunate. Yesterday Emily made apple pie and ice cream--with pure cream. We simply floundered on it. It was grand! It is fun to be somewhere where we can cook, too. The canned goods really taste swell. Yesterday we ate the corn. They don't have any out here like that, and we had Emily eat with us. She surely likes Utah stuff!!! Well, I'll quit--thanks again for everything. Love, Lois.

**April 6, 1944.** Bell Buckle, Tennessee. Dearest Folks, It is surely good to hear from you. We received your letter of April 3rd yesterday, and it seems good to hear in fairly good time for a change. Your letters nearly all come through in two days. That's really something.

It would be nice to see Ruth and Blaine, but we would probably be on one side of Louisiana and they on the other. I also feel that I want to follow Eldred around as long as I can. Please forget the times I said I wouldn't want to be a soldier's wife and follow my husband around! Ha! Ha!. We are surely sorry to hear that you have had the flu and hope you are feeling much better. Please take care of yourself, as we realize how long it takes to get over such things.

Spring really sounds good. I'll bet Leonard is having the time of his life. There isn't much cultivation around here, at least I haven't seen any activity. I don't suppose Leonard would like Chicago very well. Eldred wants me to be sure and thank him for the knife. It arrived in good condition, and it is really a "honey". Eldred appreciated his birthday presents; it was surely nice of you. We also wished that we might have been home, but that is a dream nowadays. But we cannot complain. It has all been very nice, and we are blessed beyond measure.

I don't know if or when Eldred will leave, but if such is the case, I will stay here until he is certain of the place, etc. If possible, I will go after.

We surely appreciate the offer to help us out financially, but so far everything is O.K., and we haven't any need at the present time. We surely thank you, though, and want you to know that we appreciate your consideration. Who knows, we might have to call on you sometimes! Ha! Ha! We are surprised that Eldon has gone overseas, but we surely hope he is where he wanted to be.

Today I watched Emily churn again. It is fun, and surely different anyhow! The weather seems to be improving, and I think we may have spring again--again, yet--I hope. It has been awfully cold, and Eldred and I have both had colds, but we are better.

Well, there isn't much to say so I'll sign off and say "Happy Easter". We surely hope that before another Easter passes we will be home, and be enjoying life in "the tops of the mountains". Beck, the knife came O.K., and it's just what I wanted and really nice. Mom, I was glad to hear from you, and to



hear all the news. Sorry you've been ill with the flu; I hope you get over it soon. Take care of yourself. I'm Sergeant of the Guard tomorrow, so I have to get up real early. So bye for now. Love, Eldred & Lois.

**April 8, 1944. Bell Buckle, Tennessee.** Dear Dad, I don't quite know how to address this note, but I guess maybe I can tag right along with Eldred. At any rate, we want to send you a birthday greeting, and since Bell Buckle isn't large enough to support a swanky gift for you, this will have to suffice at the moment.

We want you to know that we do appreciate you, and love you very much. You are always there to help us every time we feel that we need a little stronger support. We do thank you. We surely wish you a very Happy Birthday, and hope you will have many more of them. We hope we can be with you the next time you celebrate. On April 11--that's right, isn't it? We will be thinking of you especially. So, once again: Happy Birthday! Love, Eldred and Lois.

**April 10, 1944.** Dearest Folks, Greetings, and how are you feeling after Easter? Fine I hope. Eldred and I had a lovely day together. Of course it rained, but that is the general rule nowadays rather than an exception! We got up about 10 a.m. and dressed, and then tried to get the choir broadcast and church off the air. We got the choir broadcast quite by accident, but could not pick up the other. So, we read, and spent the rest of the day just loafing.

I cooked a fairly good-sized supper Saturday, and we sort of picked around yesterday. Saturday night we had meat loaf (Emily brought me some meat from Shelbyville), baked potatoes, cabbage and egg salad, buttered carrots, baking powder biscuits, hot gingerbread and whipped cream. It tasted good--Brag! Brag! So yesterday we, had the rest of the meat loaf, lettuce and tomato salad, biscuits, and some of the gingerbread. Emily ate with us, and we had a lot of fun. Eldred went to town and got two pints of ice cream. The chocolate one Emily helped us eat then, and for supper, we had toasted cheese sandwiches, and cocoa and a pint of ice cream, and some ice box cookies we bought. All we do is eat!

Saturday we had a lot of fun! Emily was dyeing Easter eggs for her Sunday school class, so we "helped" her. Eldred entertained her with the nickel trick and she was really baffled. So our mantel carries the result of all our "Easter-ing". We have a nice card from Ralph, a card from Marie McLean in Tampa, each of us has an Easter egg with our name on it, and today I received a cute little "Easter" bunny fussy pin from Mildred. The folks sent us \$2.00; you know how we were for holidays. Really crazy!!! Our Easter outfits? I wore my little gray dress with a lavender ribbon in my hair and a "corsage" of beautiful violets. I really felt dressed up. Ha! Ha! Eldred was very handsome in a charming, unusual creation of khaki! Ha! Ha! We did go walking for a little while later on in the afternoon. It stopped raining for a while. We saw some very beautiful violets, and Eldred said, "They look about like those that Leonard and I planted at the back of the house underneath the water faucet."

Things around here do remind us of home; it is so nice and peaceful and quiet. We have quite a bit of "game" around too: blackbirds are very plentiful, as are cardinals, robins, sparrows, morning doves, etc. Also, there are plenty of cute cottontail rabbits and squirrels which seem very tame. Everything seems just too good to last. We hope it could stay this way, but we know differently.

From what the other married fellows say, we have the best "deal" in regards to our "home" and "family". We are surely blessed, and they are so nice. They just turn everything over to us; we are most grateful. John said the other night that it is something to find such appreciative people. We do nothing unusual; they are just awfully nice.

Well, this is just a note, but there isn't much to say. We are both well and happy. Love, Lois.

**April 10, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, here it is the day after Easter, and things are progressing as usual. We are having our usual training program, lectures and hikes. We hiked 11 or 12 miles this morning in 3 hours (10 minutes in each hour was spent resting), so we hit a pretty fast pace--and it was up and down hills.

Yesterday Lois and I spent a very quiet Easter. We heard part of the Church program, but didn't get to hear conference as we'd hoped. So, we just loafed. We went for a walk and saw the town. Everything is pretty and green now, and it rains every day so it stays that way. Dad and Beck, I got a letter from each of you today and it was good to get your letters! Glad to hear you got your garden planted; how about some fresh radishes and lettuce? They'd really taste good! I've been eating well lately, and I really hate to go back to the G.I. meals. I've been razzing the cooks so much lately, that if I do have to go back, they probably won't feed me. Ha Ha. Well, we've stayed here a lot longer than we figured on, so we don't know if we'll go to Louisiana, or just what they'll do with us. I just hope Drew Field forgets all about us and leaves us here!

No, my allotment hasn't gone through yet. It's been approved and they take the money out of my pay, but it hasn't started going to Lois yet. While here in the maneuver area, I don't get a ration allowance or stamps so we don't get as much as we'd figured on; however, we are making out fine. Glad to hear you finally quit the Old Mill. I hope you don't take on any more jobs so that you can get a little time to yourself for a change. You need the rest and relaxation! I hope you get a chance to finish off the basement and make it nice. I still think you should get some of that fancy insulating board and do it yourself and forget all about plastering. At least you'd have it done, and it would be nice!

So, Irene is working at Hill Field? Well, I hope she doesn't get in with the wrong crowd! Did Randall get another deferment, or did they finally take him? Beck, that pocketknife was really nice: I couldn't have picked one I'd have liked better! Yet the address was right. Ha Ha. Mom, I'm sorry to hear you've been ill!! But I'm glad they made you go and see the doctor and that you are being taken care of. Hurry up and get well!! And take care of yourself. I'm glad to hear, Beck, that you didn't get lost in Chicago! Ha Ha. I'm like you: I wouldn't want to live there. I like a small town a lot better. I even like this little town; it's so quiet and peaceful! The fishing isn't much good here; the creeks are too small. There are a few catfish, a few perch, some shiners, and once in a while, a bass. Thank you for the 2 dollar Easter dinner--we'll see what we can do! You shouldn't send cash. Mrs. Belnap sent Lois 2 dollars, and she got the letter, but no money, so a money order is best. Say Beck, I asked for your old reel (the one you used before you got the automatic), and they sent another old one. Do you still have the one? You know, the one we soldered the ring on? If you still have it, how about letting me use it? Send it to me. The one you sent won't hold the line I have, so I sold the reel. If you don't have the reel, never mind, as this one I have will make out--only it's a different kind, and if I could, I like to have both kinds with me: one for the thin casting line, and the other for the heavy fly line. With the heavier line I can even fly fish a little with this short rod. Fishing is poor here, but you can never tell. We may go where it's good again. Well, there isn't any more news, so I'll close for now, and may God bless you all. Love, Eldred & Lois.

Dad, I hope you had a good birthday. We couldn't get anything in this small town for a present, so we just sent a card. Thanks for the clippings. Beck, you should be here with the .22. There are surely a lot of cottontail rabbits around here! And they are really almost tame. Say Mom, you know I have 2 old pair of rayon garments? There's no hurry, but will you send them to me? Just those 2. I don't want any new ones, just those 2 old pairs. Please. Thank you.

**April 18, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, Lois has been here over 3 weeks now, and we still don't know any more now about moving out of here than we did then. Ha Ha. Anyway, it's certainly been grand living like this, and I hope it continues. On the weekend, I got 44 hours off which is almost 2 days, and then every night I get off from 3 to 5 o'clock (depending on what we're doing) and then don't have to be back till 8:00 the next morning. We have a regular training schedule--films, lectures, drilling and hiking, also organized games & exercises--so we keep fairly busy, and then on Saturday morning, we have the regular inspection that the army goes in for. So, that's about all I do. At "home," there isn't much to do 'cause the town is about like Huntsville: no place to go, so we listen to the radio, visit with the family of the house, go for walks, pop corn and toast marshmallows over our fireplace and then we read quite a bit. Outside of that we just rest and sort of take it easy--a great life eh? Ha Ha

Dad, I got your letter and the newspapers yesterday. Thank you very much--we've been quite interested in the Bramwell case. I also got the books you sent. Thank you very much for sending them; I put you to a lot of bother as I keep asking you to send this or that, but I want you to know I certainly appreciate it a lot!!! You are certainly swell folks!!!!

Dad, you say Mom is still sick eh? That's too bad. Mom, you better take care of yourself and hurry up and get better!!! Gee, I hope you get better soon!! Dad, thanks for that booklet you sent with the others, it looks interesting.

We had a lecture and demonstration yesterday on explosives. Just in case we ever have to destroy our own equipment. They put some in [missing words] the creek, and it shot a column of water up 150 feet. It was quite a sight. I've been having fun with my "nickel and penny". I've shown quite a few people, and really had them guessing. We went to the Baptist Church Sunday, and my "fame" had preceded me. Ha Ha. The minister came and wanted to see me make the penny disappear. Ha Ha. Too bad I don't have a few more tricks and I'd really put on a show. Ha Ha. Say if you ever see any good tricks or puzzles, how about sending me one? The [missing words].

Well, I got interrupted and we had to go see another training film. I forgot what I was going to say above. It's noon now, so I've got to go--and anyway, I've run out of things to write about. The

weather is getting pretty good, though it still rains a lot. But it is nice spring weather now. Well, I hope you are all well and happy. May God bless you all. Love, Eldred.

**April 23, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, here it is--another weekend and I have 44 hours off again. Too bad it can't last, but finally, I guess, we are due to leave here about the end of the week and probably go to Louisiana. "DeRidder" (supposed to be the name of the town), near the Texas line is supposed to be the place, though how true this is, I don't know as it may only be rumor. Anyway, we are going to be moving soon.

Today is Sunday, and as usual, there is very little to do except sit around and read. It's rained some and is muddy so we can't go for a walk, and it's no fun listening to the radio as all we get are some local church programs--or else some of that corny hillbilly music!

Yesterday, we went on a picnic in the afternoon and went down to the creek. It was pretty and we had fun, but the fishing wasn't any good. A small goggle-eyed sunfish and a small bass were all we got. I don't think much of the fishing here. Ha Ha. We've taken a few more colored pictures; I hope they turn out good, as I'd liked to have one. I was packing Lois across the creek and slipped on a rock and we almost got wet. Ha Ha. It would have been a fine one! Ha Ha.

Friday night they had a dance here and we went and danced a few dances, then came home, as it wasn't so hot. So, I guess that's about all that has taken place. It's been so nice and peaceful around here I've forgotten I'm still a soldier and that there is still a war going on.

Mom, I got a letter from you today. I'm surely pleased to hear you are well enough now that you feel like writing again. I guess you must have been pretty sick! I hope it clears up soon. I'm sorry to hear that your teeth and goiter have to come out, but the doctor knows best so you better see to it you get well soon. Have them taken out so they won't bother you, and then you can get along fine without a lot of worry and sickness. I'll be worried about you, but I know that everything will turn out all right.

Thanks for the clipping and for the news; I surely have been lucky compared to most of the fellows! I'm really thankful for the blessings I have!

Glad to hear Randall was deferred, but sorry to hear about the hernia; that's too bad!

Glad to hear the church is finally finished--hope they get it dedicated and paid for soon! I'll bet your flowers are really pretty this year; surely wish I could see them! Well, Mom, there isn't much else to write about, so bye for now. Take care of yourself, and I pray that God will bless you and keep you safe. Love, Eldred.

**May 1, 1944, Monday.** Dear Dad, Thanks for the nice letter, which we received several days ago.

Time really flies, doesn't it? Here it is May Day, the wind is blowing furiously, and it looks as if it might blow up a storm. Hope not, though, until the clothes get dry. Emily decided to go to work in the Hosiery Mill, so I have been helping the preacher's wife do the washing. I also cleaned the house and did the dishes. I don't know why I did today, because I have plenty to do and they don't mean anything to me, but I guess I just figure it helps out. We are through washing now, though, and just got the dinner dishes done. So after I finish this letter I'll have to get busy and get Eldred's stripes sewed on his sun tans.

We received the tracts yesterday from camp, and thanks a lot. We have been talking with Emily quite a bit lately and she seems quite interested. Hope she will read the tracts now and really get curious.

I guess you are pretty well through with the auditors at the factory. That will be a nice job out of the way.

Eldred wants me to tell you we are also planning on doing something of our own along the business line. He feels the same way you do, evidently, about working for someone else. He's been doing bookwork the last couple days, and last night he was pretty sure he didn't want any more of it. Ha! Ha! Red tape is surely a nuisance and he gets quite disgusted. That sorting device really is nice; you really ought to get that patented.

We are surely hoping that you will find things easier this summer, and maybe get to do something that you've been wanting to for so long.

Eldred will probably pull out tomorrow. Naturally, I dislike seeing these "movings" come, but there isn't much we can do about it. He is probably headed for Louisiana, but things are still very indefinite. At least the way things stand now we have seen the last of Florida.

Well, I really have something to write home about. Ha! Ha! Eldred and I went to church with Emily and John, and they came and asked me if I would play the music. Finally, I consented and picked out the songs. We sang "Sweet Hour of Prayer" and "Count Your Many Blessings". Eldred said, "You'll get it as much like home as possible won't you!" After meeting, Eldred and I and the Meek's went over to



Barclay's (the preacher) for cake and peaches, and the first thing Mr. Barclay did was offer him (Eldred) a cigarette. Eldred was so surprised (and I guessed looked so shocked) that he apologized for smoking. It was really quite comical. We had a nice evening, but different from what I would like: the good old Mormon kind.

I must quit and get this mailed. We received Leonard's letter Saturday and will write soon. We surely hope Mother is better; it is surely a worry. Can we do anything? Thanks for everything. Love, Eldred and Lois.

**May 2, 1944.** Tuesday. Dearest Folks, Eldred said that I should write to the family directly instead of individually as that's the way he does it, so, here goes! This, then, has an answer for Leonard and for his letter.

Enclosed is a money order of \$5.60 for Eldred's tithing. Thank you for taking care of this for us. Eldred is leaving this afternoon, and I hope it won't be long before I can join him. We got a laugh out of Leonard's cartoon. That's pretty clever, and Eldred said that's how he feels half the time. And Leonard, you quit making fun of Eldred and his fishing! That was the only fish in the stream, so that was really exceptional--don't you think?! I can surely imagine how much you'd like to get to town, Mrs. Erickson. So would I! I really miss seeing those pretty stores. I'm writing down all those cracks, Leonard, and I'm going to make you eat those words before you get through! Ha! Ha! Glad to hear that Blaine and Ruth had a nice furlough. I have never seen such lucky people; they are really fortunate. Does your garden sound good! But a blackberry pie sounds better! I surely hope the weather stays nice for you now!

Last night Emily refused our rent: said we were going to be her guests, and we had paid enough! Imagine that! I don't know how it will turn out, but they are surely nice. I hate leaving here, in a way, but it still is away from Utah. We have left some tracts, though and hope they will be used. Thanks for everything! Love, Lois.

P.S. 11:15 a.m. Eldred just came in and said there was a fellow with a car who wanted to know if I wanted to ride with them, so Louisiana here I come! I'll leave in the morning. We got our allotment check!

P.S. If Eldred hasn't told you about his girl in Atlanta let me know Ha! Ha!

**May 5, 1944.** Dear Folks, Just a note to let you know I'm all right. We left Bell Buckle Tuesday and got here yesterday. Boy, we were disappointed: it was raining, and the place looked worse than Drew Field did. Then we got a further shock: they busted up our Co., so nobody knows what we are to do. The Battalion we were supposed to join here is also breaking up; gee what a mess. I hope they get it straightened out soon. Oh yes, we got the usual deal: the Air corps has barracks, and we live in tents. I'm tired of the Army! Lois is supposed to be on her way down here. I hope we can get a place to stay. Don't bother to write until I'm sure of an address. We're here, but as for the address, nobody knows for sure.

Well, bye for now. Love, Eldred.

P.S. Our allotment came through, so I just thought I'd let you know. Oh yes, Ha Ha, I'm at the DeRidder Army Air Base, DeRidder Louisiana, south of Shreveport 100 miles.

**May 13, 1944.** Dear Mom, Well, tomorrow is Mother's day, and I only wish we could be home spending it with you!! I even wish, as second best, that I could have sent you something as we'd planned, but they don't have anything in this town. So, we just sent a card and sometime later we'll make it up to you.

Well, there hasn't been very much happening here, except that I don't like this new set up in the air corps. We are still signal corps as yet, but the air corps has officially taken us over. Gee what a mess!! It's worse than basic training all over again, and I sure don't like it. We live in tent city: no P.X., no service clubs etc., and the air base is about 3 miles away, and poor transportation facilities. So, it's about the worst place I've been in the states for an army camp. Chiggers are thick too. I have a lot of bites on my ankles, and they really itch. I'll really appreciate Utah--if I ever get back there. Ha Ha. It's hot here!!

Keep writing to Merryville; we'll get our mail faster that way. Mom, I enjoyed your letter of the 9th; I'm glad you're finally feeling better. We may get a chance to see Blaine and Ruth one of these weekends, I hope. George London is coming over tomorrow. That will be nice if Howard can come back to U.S.!

We have a better place to stay now. We have 2 rooms and a private bath. It's nicely furnished, and is quite nice. We pay \$6.50 a week for it, for 25 cents extra a week, Lois gets to cook her dinner and breakfast in their kitchen. But for supper, we have to eat a cold lunch or go to the cafe. But even so that isn't bad--in fact we are quite pleased!

Here are a few pictures that I took in Tenn.; also a match folder. Give it to Moyer as he's collecting folders. I'll bet he hasn't one like that! To light the match, you squeeze hard with your fingers and then pull it out with the other.

Hey Beck, I'm a motor man. Ha Ha. In addition to repairing radar sets, now we've got to be able to fix the motors (Ha Ha I'll sure fool them). The Signal Corp unit had a motor man, but the air corps unit doesn't, so we've been having a few lectures. I actually put a motor back together after it had been torn a part--but as for fixing one! Ha Ha.

We tried again to find a place in DeRidder to live, but no luck, so we'll just have to stay here. The two fellows have cars, and take turns driving back and forth, so I have a good way of transportation. We'll be sending that blowtorch and volleyball any day now. Use them if you want, but I want them back when I come home. Ha Ha. Well, bye for now. Love, Eldred.

Dad, I almost forgot, we got a letter from you too. Thanks for all the news. Glad to hear you got through with the auditors as well! Glad to hear you are going to take a couple of weeks vacation. Make it a real vacation, and don't do a lot of work. Take it easy and rest up. Well, I've got to quit, so bye now. Eldred.

**May 21, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well here it is, another quiet peaceful Sunday here in Merryville, it's raining so it's much cooler than usual, and it's nice for a change! Well, Larry lent his car and it got smashed, and Zinn sold his car, so we have to take the bus to and from camp.

Last night being Saturday, the bus was full, and we couldn't get on, so Snow and I walked most of the way home--about eight or ten miles. Some walk! (People here just won't pick up soldiers at all! Lots and lots of cars passed us up with an empty back seat). There isn't much--or rather there isn't anything--doing down here, and nothing to write about, though I guess we will be stuck down here for a long time. They say eight months at the least. I'd surely like to get out as I don't like the country, and most of all the new outfit I'm in; it's a mess!!! The air corps still gets the best of everything, and we get what's left over.

Dad, I got your letter; glad you didn't want Zinn's car; I found out a few things wrong with it. Though I wish I'd bought it--I could have made money on it. Ha Ha. Zinn sold it to a Lieutenant for \$850, and the next day a Capt. offered him \$900, but it was too late then. Glad the flowers are nice. I'd surely like to see them and get a few colored pictures. Say, if we get back there, we'll have a lot of pictures to show you; they are really nice.

The way things are now, I'm supposed to get a 15-day furlough in August. Of course, that's a long way off and anything can happen, but it would be nice to get home again!!! Don't count on it too much.

Don't ask me about whether I'm in the Signal or Air Corps--I don't know, and nobody else seems to or cares either. According to our transfer orders, we are still Signal Corps, and yet we are now in the air corps and mixed with some air corpsmen. I can't figure it out. Ha Ha. I hope you aren't taking on a lot more work--and the Old Mill again too! Why don't you take it a little easier? Say, I hope I can get home in August and I'll show you guys how to fish! Ha Ha.

Beck, I got your letter; hope, we haven't a house here yet, Ha Ha; I wouldn't live in this country if they gave us one!!

We haven't found a place to fish yet either; though they say it's good as soon as the big river goes down. It's flooded now. There's a small creek near here that I thought about trying. Lois and I noticed oil on the water, and the next night we came by, you should have seen the dead fish--all kinds and sizes. Nice ones, too. I guess the new oil well they are drilling had something to do with killing the fish.

Mom, hurry up and get all fixed up so you will be all right. Better do it now before it causes more trouble!

Well Beck, how was Idaho? Have a nice trip? We haven't seen Blaine or Ruth. Alexandria is quite a long way from here, and I don't get enough time off to go that far to see them. So I guess we'll just forget about it. Bus connections are bad!! If we had a car, it would be different.

Thanks for offering money if we need it; not yet. Ha Ha. We are doing O.K. Lois still has the 3 allotment checks, and we haven't touched them yet, and payday is close. Actually, we are saving money. How's that?

Well, we'll write again soon. You say we don't write very often; you must not have received all our letters. Bye for now, Love, Eldred.

**June 19, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, I'm sergeant of the guard again tonight, and have a jeep to drive around and to change guards, and later on, to drive the men into town going on furlough. This guard

duty surely seems to come around pretty often; I get it about once a week. They're giving furloughs out here pretty regular, and if things work out, I should get mine about July 15th. If not then it will probably be August 1st or August 15th. I hope it's July 15th, because it's really getting hot down here and I'd like to take Lois home. It's too hot for her here and she doesn't feel good. Neither does anybody else not used to this climate. I thought Florida was bad--wish I were back there. That was really nice compared to here. We live in black tents on black asphalt runways--No shade, and does it get hot! No running water, no latrines--except a hole in the ground, and no place to shave except out of a helmet. We expect that in the field, but it should be better on a base with all the good vacant camps in the U.S. I don't see why they had to put us here!

I've been doing pretty good getting home, I hitch hike both ways, and usually make pretty good time. I just came back from town. I took a couple of guys in that are going on furlough--they were in 767 and were the guys that got home for Christmas, so again they got to go first and we have to wait the extra month.

Well, how's fishing? Beck we got your letter. Ha Ha! Some fishermen! So all you got was one fish, eh? Well, when I get home on furlough, be ready for a fish dinner--I guess you haven't had any since I was home. Ha Ha. There's nobody there that can catch them like I used to do, Ha Ha. There is pretty good fishing around here in some places, but so far I either haven't had the time nor the way to get out there. So I'll just have to wait till I get my furlough. It sounds too good to be true, doesn't it? And then I should get my next one by the first of February, and that will suit me just fine--if I'm around to get it then. I found a few Mormon guys around on the post, and we're going to try to organize a Sunday school. I hope we can find enough to have a good one! It would really be nice. Say Mom, if I get the furlough this time, will you do me a favor? One night have all the relatives and friends come around so I can see them. You won't need to have a dinner. A cool drink and some cookies would be plenty. Then Belnaps could do the same one night, and I could have the rest to do as we please. No dinner engagements anywhere!! I should be able to have about ten days home, and that isn't too much!

Say Mom, I didn't think I got all the bonds I was supposed to get, so I wrote a letter to the Bond Dept. and they said they say they sent the one I didn't get to you. Lois has the others. The one in question is serial no. Q297201304E. It was for the February 1943, and was issued the first of March 1944 and they say it was mailed to you, Mom. Did you get it? I'm just curious, as I wanted to make sure I got all I had coming to me. If you got it, you may have mentioned it and I've forgot all about it.

Well, I guess there isn't much else to say. Oh yes, I guess Lois told you the good news; what do you think of it? Well, I hope you are all getting along fine. May God bless you all. Love, Eldred.

P.S. Here are some flies you sent me in Kiska. They are good, but I don't need them here, and I have some others, so you guys use these. I don't like them with the gut already on the hooks.

**June 25, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well here it is Sunday afternoon and we are just loafing in our new place. We just moved in last night, and we like it fine. We are in DeRidder, and right close into town. It's a really nice room, lots of ventilation and quite cool--or at least as cool as it can be when the temperature is about 100, and it has been around there a lot lately. 102 I believe is the highest so far!

Say, the mail situation is very poor! We never seem to get any answers to our letters. How come? We write quite often and we get quite a few letters from you, but you don't seem to be getting ours. We've asked Belnaps too, and don't get any results there either. Can't figure it out.

Say, did you ever get those pictures I sent quite awhile ago, or did you get that book we forwarded on from Harris in Florida? You never did say whether you did or not.

As usual, there isn't anything doing here to write about. I'm hoping to get my furlough about the 15th of July, and it will surely be good to get home again! I've got it all planned out what I want to do. Ha Ha. I told you I didn't want to visit anybody else, and hope you'll have people down one night and we can visit and show our pictures. Then, I'd like to go to Salt Lake one day and take some pictures of the Temple grounds, etc., and I'd like to go down to Lagoon one evening. I'll be home one Sunday and I want to go to church. Then I want to go fishing up at Paradise, South Fork, Petersen creek and Pine View Dam, then outside of some of Mom's pies and fried chicken, I think that pretty well covers the time I'll be home! How does it sound to you?

Say Beck, you mentioned a jeep--can you get one? Some places they are selling them. They are really nice and would be nice to have after the war; they would be swell to go fishing and hunting in. I drove one over 60 miles the other night while on Sergeant of the Guard. They travel pretty fast too. I had to take a fellow to go on furlough and get back and change guards. I drove 20 miles over very rough roads in 25 minutes. I would have made better time except I had the top up, and it makes it hard to hold the road, and then I met some officers in one place, and had to go slow for a ways. Those jeeps really are



swell! Say Beck, you mentioned some sleeping bags at \$13.50--what kind are they? Describe them to me. If they are like we had, they're worth a lot more than that.

Helen, we got your letter. Glad to hear you got the presents; I hope every one liked them. So, Ardis got married! Did she marry a Mormon? Wasn't she Mormon? How come she didn't get married in the Temple if she was? I think it's terrible if so. Say Helen, you say that Maxine was on a mission with Ralph; where was he? Ralph was in the same mission as I for awhile at the same time I was. What was the fellow's name? Maybe I met him or heard of him. Just because he was on a mission with Ralph doesn't make him the same age. Most of the fellows were younger than Ralph.

Say Beck, so you still kind of think of going into business for yourself, eh? Me too. I don't ever want to work for somebody else anymore. I'm tired of being told what to do. As yet I don't know for sure what I want, but I've got a pretty good idea. I'll let you know when I find out more about it.

Well, I've rambled enough for now, I guess, so bye for now. Love, Eldred.

I'm in the air corps now, not the Signal Corps any more. I'm also a Buck Sergeant now (3 stripes).

**June 27, 1944.** Dad, we received your very nice letter of the 23rd today. Glad to hear you liked the tie and sox. So you think some day you'd like an auto trip through the South, eh? Me too, but there are only a million and one places I want to go first. I've had all I want of this South. I'm tired of heat, lazy people, Spanish moss, swamps, bugs, mosquitoes, cockroaches, dirty people, Negroes, tumble down shacks, and all that goes with the South. This isn't for me!!!

I'll bet those pictures of South American were good. Someday, I'd like to have some of my own taken there! Say, if the army does sell a good 16-mm projector, it would be a good buy if in pretty good shape.

I'm not worrying about that G.I. Bill, and I don't figure much on going back to school. I'm going to try and see if I can do something else.

So, Howard's an ensign now, eh? Good for him, he seems to be doing very good. I'd like his address if you have it. I haven't heard from him for a long while.

So you gave Mom the watch; I hope she decides she likes it. I'll bet it is really a nice one and she was surprised to get it. Did you get to go fishing? I'd sure like to go up Paradise on Lost Creek again; we surely used to have lots of fun on those trips, didn't we? Some of my fondest memories are of some of those trips we took together. I hope I can show my sons as good a time as you showed me.

Helen, I'm sorry to hear you are ill. I hope that removing your tonsil will make you feel better. Say Mom, how about you? Are you doing any more towards getting fixed up? You speak of us having a hard time settling down when this war is over 'cause we've moved so much. Not much--it will be so good to have a place of our own to do with as we please, and to make as nice as we can.

I hope you can get your CPA, it would be a lot better and then you could get full credit for your work. Glad you made out so well on the tax decision.

We saw a show last night, "A Guy Named Joe". It was good. It was good to go again; it was our first show together since Tampa. It's good to be back in a town again. Ha Ha.

Well, everything is going fine, and I'm still hoping to see you the latter part of next month. Bye for now, Love, Eldred.

**July 6, 1944.** Box 132 DeRidder, Louisiana. Dear Folks, Well, I'm on CQ again tonight, so again I don't get to go home at night. As a rule, I get home at night about 6 nights a week, so I figure that is pretty good. I get off every night at about 5:00 and there is a married men's truck going into town, so I get home about 5:15 or 5:30 almost every night. It's surely a lot better than hitch hiking the 17 miles to Merryville! Then every morning a truck leaves town at 7:00 and brings us back to camp. It doesn't cost us anything, so it's really nice! On the Fourth of July we got a half day off and celebrated by getting a big watermelon; it was good too, as I picked it out! Ha Ha.

Schonfelds, a young Mormon couple from Salt Lake, are in town, and he is in the same Squadron as I am. The other couple moved out of our house, so Schonfelds moved in, and except for Mrs. Hooper, we have the house to ourselves. We can't use the stove, but we have everything else and it is quite nice. I got a ration book, and I'm getting a commissary card so that I can buy things at the commissary on the Base, so except for this rotten base itself, we have things pretty nice.

I don't like my job very well; there is too much trouble keeping an up-to-date inventory on every part we have, and that takes all the fun out of it. Then we got in some new additional equipment we've never seen before, and we are having quite a time figuring how it operates. I haven't heard any more about my furlough as yet, but if things work as they should, I should be able to leave here about the 16th or 17th, and if not then, I should be able to get it by the first of August. I hope. Ha Ha.

Say I've been thinking, how about all of us taking an old-fashioned camping trip like we used to for a few days? Beck and Dad, could you get a couple of days off and go? Mom, you and Lois, and Helen if she could get off, and the rest of us could have fun for a few days. I'd like to go to the Granddaddies, but I guess that is out, as I couldn't take the high altitude. How about Paradise, or have you a better place in mind?

Beck, I hope that you won't have to go on a trip about the time I can come home, 'cause I hope all of you can be there when I come home. I got your letter, yesterday; glad you liked the birthday present. Mom, glad you liked the purse. Say, Beck, where do you get the idea I got a raise? Ha Ha, that isn't so; I still get the same pay. The only difference is, that instead of just having a technician rating, I have a regular Sergeant rating. Before I was a t/4, though, they did call it Sgt.--it didn't have the same authority.

Say, speaking of money, I guess I'll either have to get you to draw out some money for me, or else lend me some to come home on. We would have had plenty 'cause we had a pretty good reserve with us, but things didn't work out just right so we had to use our reserve to live on. One of our checks didn't come. We will get it some time, but it may take quite awhile to trace it, and then they made a mistake on the payroll, so I won't get part of my money till next payday. So, we are short \$100.00 until it comes, and that was what we were planning on using to come home on. Lois is going to check on the price of tickets, so before I mail this I'll know how much we need. If you wire it, send it to us at 111 North Royal at DeRidder.

Well, we gave up the idea of holding meetings here on Sundays. The first Sunday there were just two, and last Sunday we had seven. We were going to organize, but some of the fellows were either moving out or going on furlough, so there wouldn't be enough to bother with. Instead, we found out that they are holding meetings at Camp Polk near here, so we decided we'd go to their meetings instead. I hope it works out all right.

I got two letters from Howard, I haven't heard from Scott, but I got one from Strasser. He says that he is back on some island again, and that he has seen some action. From his other letter, I figure he must be on New Guinea where the fighting is. He said the Jap planes bother them quite a bit, and that he spends his time "living in a fox hole, or darn close by". He also said that their battery have 21 Jap planes shot down to their credit, so I guess they've seen quite a few of them. I guess it is pretty tough down there. I sure wonder about Scott since I haven't heard from him for a long time. I hear from Taylor, but not since the invasion; I wonder if he took part in it.

Well, there isn't much to write about, so by for now. Eldred.

**July 7, 1944.** P.S. We checked on tickets and we'll only need about \$80.00. I think we can manage nicely on that. Of course we insist on paying it back if you don't take it from Eldred's account. Everything was swell, until this check didn't come. By the way--Eldred says it looks about the 1st of August now, but no one knows until the time comes. Received Helen's letter--will answer it later. Love, Lois.

**July 11, 1944.** Dear Mom, We received your lovely letter of the 7th, yesterday. It was surely good to hear from you and get all the news.

We were glad to know that the pictures and books arrived safely, and especially glad to hear that the one from Ruth Peterson came all right. Yes, we got the letter you sent from Taylor, but Eldred has not heard from Scott since those he received at home six months ago. I can't imagine what is the matter with him. We have not heard from LeRoy since just a short time ago; I am not sure whether or not Eldred has answered it.

We were surely glad to hear that the present was all right, and that the gloves fit. I have quite a difficult time sometimes picking out things for my new family. Ha! Ha! What a grand birthday you must have had with all the lovely presents from your family and then the birthday party. That's really nice!!

When you mention peas and cherries, our mouths really water. People down here call our green peas "English peas", and there aren't very many people who like them. But I don't like their peas--beans they are to me--either, so I guess we are all satisfied. We are really anxious to get home.

There isn't any news around here. I got up at 7:00 a.m. this morning, cleaned and mopped our room and did a fairly good-sized ironing. I was all through with everything by 11 am. Since then I have spent about four hours on the Book of Mormon. Time really goes past in a hurry when one's trying to accomplish a lot.

It has been nice having Ruth and Ed here, and we've had a lot of fun.

We recently heard from Naida in answer to our letter of thanks for the presents.

There really isn't any news of importance so I hope I don't bore you too much. We are both well

and happy and still enjoying our "honeymoon". It has been so wonderful.

Things are pretty indefinite about the furlough, so we may walk in any time after the 15th. No one knows what the army will do. I had better quit; I want to get this out on the next train out. Best wishes to you all. Love, Lois.

**July 16, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, It's Sunday morning, we just got up, and as there's no church we've nothing to do--except finish packing. My furlough is all made out, and if nothing happens, we'll be leaving here tomorrow at midnight and should get into Ogden about 9:00 a.m. on the 20th--we hope! Ha Ha. I hope the government doesn't gyp me! Mom, would you mind inviting the relatives and friends down the night of the 21st, and we can visit and show pictures etc.? Don't have a dinner for all them as it would be too much work. Invite Wests too, then the 22nd we hope to do the same with the Belnaps, and we will have seen everybody. Sunday we want to go to church, and the 24th we want to celebrate. Then, from then on, we can do as we please. How about a camping trip somewhere for a few days? Dad and Beck, can you take off a few days, and then Helen, Mom and Lois could go, and we could have a few days vacation. Do you know a nice place to go? How about Logan Canyon, or do you have a better idea? Say, I've got to get a pair of boots. Beck, I can wear yours, or can you or Dad borrow a pair? Mine wore out the last time I wore them.

Say, see about a temple recommend, will you? Maybe we could all go through again like we did when we got married. Would you like to? Well, it isn't definite, but we kind of thought about it.

Say, if we get home the 20th, would you mind just inviting Belnaps to drop around in the evening, and we could all visit? That way I could be with you folks, Lois could be with hers, and we could still be together. O.K.? Don't go to any bother!!

Mom, we got your letter. Glad to hear you liked the purse and gloves and Dad's watch. Glad you had a nice birthday and party!!

Well, I've got to hurry and mail this before the train leaves here. Bye for now and we hope to be seeing you soon. Love, Lois & Eldred.

**August 4, 1944.** United States Army Air Forces. A.W. Squad 2nd T. C. G. Rept. Flight. Dear Folks, Well, I'm back to the old grind again and I surely don't like it! Gee I don't like this place! In fact, I don't like the army!

Well, air maneuvers have started and no one goes to town, so its good I didn't bring Lois back! I had a fairly good trip back. I had a good seat all the way, but the trains were hot and crowded, and the air conditioners didn't work. At Kansas City, I bought plenty of film and cartridges for my camera. Then I got a shave, shower, shine and shampoo, hair tonic and face lotion free at the U.S.O. Also, I got a free pass to the best show in town. I had some fun at another place though: I saw a sign "Free to service men", and a guy grabbed me and took me inside and gave me a glass of milk and cookies. Then I found out it was a church place and he then proceeded to try and "save us". So he and I had some good discussions on religion. At least, I had some fun. Ha Ha. My old missionary arguments came in handy, especially when he left himself wide open by saying that "believing" only was necessary to gain entrance to Heaven and then using the "Thief on the Cross!" to prove it. Ha Ha. Boy, did I tell him! And after that he wouldn't talk to me, and changed the subject, so I left. Oh well, it was interesting.

I haven't done much since I got back, except put a couple of big tents up. Oh yes, I got a new suit! One of those camouflage pair of coveralls. They fit pretty well. Ha Ha. I'd like to use them to fish in. I'll bet I could sneak up on the fish.

Mom, I got your letter today and was surely glad to hear from you! Thanks for sending Carlsons letter; he's still down in Burma. So Blackie still looks for me, eh? Well I wish I were back! Say Mom, why don't you go to the doctor now and get all fixed up?! Well, I'll write again. Bye for now. Love, Eldred. Say if there's anything you want to know just ask! Beck I haven't got a chance to go to the P.X. yet.

**Sunday, August 6, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, its Sunday and I'm on duty at the shop. I've got work to do, but I'm sort of putting it off. It rained last night and this morning, and it's pretty warm now after the rain. I fixed a radio this morning. Beck, I'll have to wait till Buck gets back from furlough so as to get the part for Helen's radio. He put it somewhere and I can't find it. Remind me so I won't forget. I don't know about the hair tonic. I haven't had a chance yet to get to the P.X. But even so, I'd have to wait until this phase of maneuvers is over so I could go in and mail it.

The meals are a little better now than before, especially breakfast. I get plenty of milk. The Mess Sergeant is on furlough, and one of our old bunch is taking his place.

I've taken a few pictures with the camera, but it will be awhile before I finish the roll. Say did I



tell you how good my lunch was on the train? It was surely good! Especially that fried chicken. They had fried chicken today, but they seem to have funny chickens here, they are all back, tail, necks and wings. The officers though, have a different kind of chicken, just breast and legs. Ha Ha. Did you ever hear the song, "the chicken in the army, they say is the very best, we get the neck and the rear end, the officers get the rest". Ha Ha, that seems to be about right.

Well, I guess I left my hay fever (if that's what it was) back in Utah, as I don't have it here.

Did you guys go up and try fishing the head of Sheep Creek? Well I guess I'll have to quit, the Lieutenant has something he wants done.

Bye for now, Love, Eldred.

**August 9, 1944.** Dear Folks, Say, How's Blackie getting along? Is he still packing his mouse? I hope he doesn't get tired waiting for me. Ha Ha. Well Helen, how's the throat; all better? I'll bet you're glad they're out. Did you have ether this time? Lois told me you were getting along pretty good.

We had a little fire the other day. One of our sections radioed for help. It seems a blowtorch exploded and set the forest on fire. It burnt several hundred acres and one radar set completely before the forest rangers and soldiers got it under control. The worst of it was, we had just completely overhauled that radar set. We were lucky though, no one was burnt. One did get hit by lightning on Sunday, and was "out" a few hours. So even if we are only on maneuvers, we are "under fire". Ha Ha.

Last night I did a lot of laundry and hung it out. The wind came and blew it on the ground! It makes me mad; it happens too often.

Dad, I received your letter the other day. I had no trouble with my footlocker; I had our driver and jeep go in and get it for me. Glad to hear the car is O. K. So far, I haven't had much chance to take any pictures. We keep pretty busy, now that maneuvers are on, and we have lots to do. And the eats have been pretty good lately—I hope the Mess Sergeant never comes back from furlough!

I've seen a couple of old, good shows lately. They have a screen up out here, and after it gets dark they show some old shows free. We have logs for seats, but it helps pass away the time. Well, I'll close for now. Love, Eldred.

**August 17, 1944.** Dear Mom & All, Well the weather hasn't been so bad lately, but today was surely warm. I got your letter today Mom, and it was surely nice to hear from you. Say, I wondered, did you ever tell Dad and Beck the "good news?" I just wondered. They'd probably like to know. Ha Ha. Thanks for the clipping about Barnetts, it was quite interesting.

Today I made me a flipper to see if I can shoot a few dogs. There's a bunch of mutts around here that keep me awake. If they do tonight, they'll be sorry. Ha Ha.

I bought some tomato juice and grapefruit juice when I was over to the base the other day. It was very good. Lois sent me some candy the other day and some cookies today, but I have to eat them as soon as I get them because the ants are so thick! So, it doesn't pay to send anything. You were welcome to the gum. That's one thing soldiers can always get plenty of. I chew quite a bit.

Yes, I saw Ethel's house; it surely looks nice since they changed the kitchen. There isn't much doing here, it's the same thing as ever, and nothing new to write about. Oh by the way, here's that part for Helen's radio. Tell Beck to put it in. Its the same value, but I'm not so sure of the wattage. Try it out, and let me know if it burns up like the other one did. If so, I'll fix up one that won't. Well, bye for now. Love, Eldred.

**August 24, 1944.** Dear Beck, Well, how are you getting along up in the wilds of Idaho? Haven't been run down by any cowboys on a horse yet have you? Ha Ha. I got your letter today, and was surely glad to hear from you. Did Mom tell you yet the good news that you are to be an "uncle" again? Ha Ha. Well, I guess it is to be so. What will you have, a boy or girl or twins? I'll settle for twins—that would be pretty good, don't you think? One of each!

The weather here is getting a little cooler. The nights are nice, except they are damp, but the days are just as warm as ever.

Air maneuvers end this weekend, and all our sections are coming back into headquarters. We lost all of the phases so far; we got taken pretty badly. Rumor has it that this outfit will bust up, reorganize, and start all over again. If so I hope I get changed around, and that I get to go someplace else. As usual, I'm tired of being in the same place so long, and I'd like to move again. At least I'd like to get away from the outfit I'm in now. As I said, I don't like the way its run, and as evidence that it's not run so good is the fact that we lost the maneuver so bad.

Did you get any .22 shells or shotgun shells up there? Ha Ha. I bet you don't go hunting again

until I get home. I'll have to come home and show you how to hunt as well as fish. Ha Ha. Think so? That sleeping bag that Randall got must really be a nice one. It must be on the order of those we had up on Kiska. I surely hope I can get one of those when the war is over. I saw a piece in the paper the other night that the government is planning on letting the soldiers buy things left over at cheaper prices than the civilians. If so, there are a few things that I think I'll get if I get the chance. First, I'd like a good sleeping bag, and then I'd like to get a good '03 rifle, and then, if I could get a good one, I believe I'd get a jeep--if they didn't cost too much. At least I could probably sell it for more than I would give for it, and make a little profit on it--unless maybe you'd want to buy it?

Something else I'd like to get (if they sell some good ones at cheap prices) would be a good enlarger, and maybe a press camera that the government has. They have a lot of good photo stuff, and if I could pick up some of the things I'd need, I'd almost have enough to start a business. Ha Ha. Would you want to go in with me? You could be the front man, and we could handle sporting goods besides. How does it sound? Ha Ha. I guess I've given up that idea of going to Alaska. I got some pamphlets from the government the other day, and it didn't sound as good to me as it did before. The more I think of it, the more I sort of like the idea of going into running a camera store similar to Ace Photo, and maybe handling some sporting goods besides. What do you think of the idea? The government says they will give us some schooling when the war is over, and I think I will take some on that. Also, they are supposed to give me \$300 when I'm discharged. I can get a loan from the gov't to start a business, and with what I already have, I might make a go of it. It shouldn't take too much to get started. For a couple hundred dollars I could buy most of the photo equipment I would need. In fact, I could probably get it a lot cheaper--if I could get it from the army when the war is over. Then all I'd have to do is rent a place and get enough stock to start. I probably could get some of the stock on consignment and pay for it later. At least I think it would be worth a trial, don't you? Well, it's an idea. Maybe things will turn out all together different when the war is over. I'll just have to wait until then to see for sure just how things are, and what I can do.

Have you been fishing up there yet. I'll bet you didn't catch a fish. Ha Ha. Just wait till I get back (and practice up), then I'll really show you how to catch them. Ha Ha. Well, I've sort of run out of things to say, so bye for now.

Write again when you don't have anything to do. As ever, Eldred.

**August 28, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, I just got back from my "day off". It was an unusual one for several reasons. First, I didn't spend a penny and that is unusual cause a day off usually includes meals, bus fair etc. I'll tell you what I did. I worked yesterday (which was supposed to be the day off--air maneuvers are over, ground maneuvers start soon). So I got today off instead. I didn't know where to go or what to do, so I took my camera and fishing tackle and walked out to the edge of camp.

I decided I'd take the first ride either way and just see where I'd end up. I wasn't particular, and just thought I'd go wherever fate would have me go. So, the first ride happened to be going west, and so I rode to Merryville with a man delivering furniture. I helped him unload his stuff--sofa, big chairs etc., and then, since I was in Merryville, I thought I'd stop in and see Weavers (the people we used to live with). They were just moving out to their summer camp on a lake and invited me to go along. So I did. I helped them move and went out to their cabin. They have a very nice one--pump, shower etc. We had dinner, and then took their motor boat and went fishing. There were four of us, a chaplain (captain) just back from Italy, Weaver's son and married daughter and myself. We had a nice boat ride through the swamps and saw lots of birds, animals, turtles etc. It's something like the Everglades in Florida. Finally, we got to the fishing spot, but it wasn't so good today. In fact, I caught the only fish. Ha Ha. It was a white perch, and a nice one. (So, I've fished one more place and caught one more kind of fish). We had supper, and they took me back to Merryville, and I thumbed a ride back here. I traveled a total of 70 miles, had two meals, had a nice boat ride, went fishing--and all for free. Pretty good eh?

When we went down and got minnows, I saw something I'll never forget. The people lived in a shack built of scrap pieces of lumber, and tin, a dirt floor, 2 old chairs, a homemade table, one rickety bed, a box with a few dishes. The whole place was only about half as large as our tents are! The woman (she might have been 18 or 40) wasn't bad looking, but wore no shoes, and she took us down to the river and waded out and got them for us. I would have liked a picture of her and the place, but I didn't dare.

Helen, I got a very nice letter from you the other day. (You guys just as well not send airmail as it doesn't come any faster.) I'm glad to hear the tonsils came out O.K. and that you got over it all right.

You gals must have had a lot of fun over the weekend. I'll bet it was really nice. I'm glad to hear those colored pictures turned out all right. I'll be glad when I can see them. Took some pictures today (not colored), and when I finish the roll, send them off and get them back, I'll send you some.

Mom, I got your letter today. Thanks for all the clippings. They were very interesting. So Grant is home, eh? I'll bet he's glad to be. Did you see him? Have you heard when Beck will be back? Thanks for all the news. So, Junior Sherman is finally in, eh? Mark finally got married to Norma Pantene; I always sort of figured he would. How did Payne's like it?

Did you and Lois go shopping? Ha Ha. Did you buy the town out?

Glad to hear the box came through O.K. The tonic was supposed to be Beck's as he paid for it, but I guess he won't mind. The razor blades were for Dad. If I get a chance, I'll send some more tonic some day if it came through the mail O.K.

No, I never hear from Eldon anymore. I got letters from LeRoy, Howard and Taylor the other day. Howard is now going to Harvard University. That's too bad about Helen Jo's husband; were they married in the temple? Thank you for the bond, but you shouldn't all the time be spending your money on me. Well, we should have a little rest for a few days before the ground maneuvers start. I hope so.

Well I'm getting along fine, and I hope everything is all right there. Mom, did you ever see the doctor or the dentist yet? Well, bye for now and may God bless you. All my love, Eldred.

**September 2, 1944.** Dear Beck, Hi there! I got your letter the other day, but there hasn't been much to write about. Last night Ed Shoenfeld and I went in to town and saw a show. That is the first time I've been into town for quite awhile.

How did you make out there in Idaho? Have you been fishing yet?

Yes, I'm still doing the same work, though there isn't much doing now between maneuvers. We are having lots of inspections, parades etc. I wish maneuvers would start again. Well, there isn't much else to write, so bye for now. As ever, Eldred.

**September 3, 1944.** Dear folks, Well, as usual there isn't much to write about, but, as usual, I'm getting along fine. I'm still at the same job, but there isn't much doing since maneuvers ended and all the sections have come in. We are just waiting around for the next maneuver to start. We have inspections every day and things like that to bother us though. This morning, we had the whole base out for a big parade. They save a couple of DFC's to a couple of fliers for landing a plane in a windstorm or something. Well, wonders will never cease! They came around today and asked me if I wanted a three-day pass starting Monday, so since I never turn anything like that down, I accepted. Now all I've got to figure out is where to go and what to do--providing they don't change their minds in the meantime.

Lois was telling me that you took her shopping and bought an awful lot of very nice things: bed, dress, etc. That was surely nice of you, and she said how pleased she was. We thank you very much, but you shouldn't spend so much money on us! Thank you anyway; we surely appreciate it a lot! Lois surely thinks you are all so grand, and she is always mentioning how much she likes all of you. I'm surely pleased that it has turned out this way, cause I surely would have hated for it not to be this way! Thank you for being the grand folks you are!

Mom and Helen, Lois was telling me of the nice, new clothes you have. I'll bet you are really dressed up fit to kill! Ha Ha. She said you both surely look very nice. Dad, she said you were going to get a new suit, did you get it? What kind and color? Well, mom, did you get your teeth fixed? I'll bet you have a miserable time of it for awhile, but you will probably be glad in the long run that you had it done. I'm sure you will feel better, now. When that gets feeling better, are you going up to see the doctor, or does your mouth feel so miserable that you don't want anything done right now?

I got a letter from Beck the other day, and he seems to be getting along all right--except a little lonesome. Dad, I got your letter the other day, and it was surely good to hear from you again. Glad you got the razor blades and the hair tonic all right. Glad to hear those colored pictures turned out all right; wish I could see them.

I got a letter from the can today, saying that I could probably get a job there when I come back home, but I hope I don't have to. I appreciate their offer though, and if times aren't very good, I may have to for awhile.

Dad, I'm sorry you worried about my trick on the Lieutenant and his toolbox. There is no danger even if he had found out. It was just a joke, and my telling it was just supposed to be funny. One of the guys here that was with us over in Tennessee went A.W.O.L., and they caught him in civilian working at a defense plant. They charged him with desertion, and he got sentenced to 20 years in prison. It surely doesn't pay!

I've got the night and day off tomorrow, but I don't know what to do with it. There is no place to go, and nothing to do. I wish there were a good place to go fishing, and I'd do that, but there isn't, so there isn't a thing to do. I wish there were a place to go to church, but again, no luck. All I wish for now



is a transfer out of this place. I'd surely like to go--anywhere.

Well, here's a stick or two of gum, so bye for now. Love, Eldred.

**September 9, 1944.** Dear Folks, I'm not doing so well at writing lately it seems, but don't worry as I'm getting along fine. I told you I was going to get a 3-day pass. Well, I did, and instead of going to New Orleans as I'd planned, I changed my mind and went to Alexandria to see Ruth & Blaine. I had a nice visit with them, and really rested up. I saw quite a few shows, among them were "Going my Way" with Bing Crosby, and "Girl Crazy" with Judy Garland & Mickey Rooney. Helen, you've probably seen them. I liked the first one a lot. Then I saw some cheaper grade pictures; I don't even remember the names. I got a spiffy case for my camera; it is really nice. It's similar to the one on my other camera, only of course this is made for this camera. I can even change the film with out taking the camera out of the case. It is brown, and top grain leather. Well, I had a nice time there. Ruth will probably be home about as soon as this letter, as Blaine was leaving. I was lucky to see them before they left.

After I got back here, they busted up the whole T.C.G. We've had--and still have--a lot of "organized confusion" organizing this outfit. They surely separated us this time. I hardly know anyone very well in this Sq. Buck is in one sq., Ed Schoenfeld is in one, and Bates is in another. I guess I'm just not lucky. I'd surely liked to have been with Ed or Bates as they are good L.D.S. fellows. I'm still in radar; don't worry about that, as I can't get out of it anyway! However, this time I will go out in the field with a section on maneuvers like I did before I had this HQ job. I think the time will go faster, even if I do get a little harder work. Say, while I think of it, do me a favor: look in that army store and see if they have a half of a pup tent. (We call them shelter halves.) If so, and they don't want over a dollar or dollar and a half, get one and send it to me soon, will you? I only want the half, as I have a half and want to be able to have a tent all by myself. If you can get one, be sure and get the bill of sale, and send it so I can prove it's mine and won't have to turn it in for extra.

Helen, I got your letter of September 1. Glad to hear from you. So you went to a Catholic wedding? I'll bet it was an unusual experience. If it was anything like their funerals, I'll bet it was depressing!

Thank you for the hospital bulletin you sent. You did a very nice job! I've been hoping to be able to send you some pictures I took with my camera, but it's been almost 3 weeks, and I haven't got them back. I can't figure why they are so slow.

Mom, I got your letter; thank you for the clippings. I was quite surprised to hear Jake Weese is a Capt. in the Marines. Gee, I'm sorry to hear that you caught cold after you had your teeth pulled. I'll bet that is really miserable! (I'll bet though you didn't stay in and keep warm like you were supposed to do!) I surely hope you're all better by now!! Are you still living on soup? Ha Ha. What kind do you like best? Glad you liked the picture I sent. I didn't think those bottles would break as I had them well packed, and I was glad to hear they didn't.

So, it's cool at nights there? Well, it's plenty cool & damp here at nights. I about froze last night with my two blankets. They took my mattress away from me in the reorganization, and I didn't get one back. I hope I get one soon. The days are still warm--or I should say hot. The evenings are cool though, and it's really cool taking a shower in the open air with the wind blowing!

Yes, Mom, I guess you are worth what it costs to get your teeth fixed and the operation!!! Also a whole lot more than that!!!!!! So you got to see Grant? I'll bet he has changed quite a lot!

Well, I guess that's about all I have to write tonight. I'm getting along fine--even if I am disgusted with this place. The colonel told us the other day we had made a good record on air maneuvers, and said even the general had commented on it. He said all we are here for is to keep trying out new tactics and ideas. If they work O.K., then they'll be used overseas. We try them all out first here, and then somebody else uses them while we wait for the next idea. Well, I hope it does some good.

Well Mom I surely hope you are getting along fine. May God bless you all. Love, Eldred.

**September 10, 1944. U.S.O.** Dear Beck, I received a very nice letter from you today; I was glad to hear from you. Ed and I are in town, and as usual, there's nothing doing, so here we are at the U.S.O. writing letters. In case you haven't read the letters I sent home, I had a 3-day pass the first of the week; I went up to Alexandria and spent it with Blaine & Ruth. I had a lot of fun and rested up real good. I saw a lot of shows and just took it easy. It's a good thing I went when I did, 'cause Blaine's gone now, and Ruth is on her way home. I got me a nifty case to go with my camera; it's really a nice one!

They busted up this whole T.C.G. and are reorganizing it. I'm out of my old job now, and when maneuvers start (soon) I will go out in a section and work on the Radar sets like I used to. They won't have a maintenance shop any more. I'll be glad, in a way, to get out of HQs. It will probably make the

time go by faster, and I may get near a place to go fishing. Ha Ha. I don't know what the new outfit will be called, but it's organized differently. The Colonel told us that all we are for is just to try out all new ideas concerning the use of radar that are figured out by a Board of Officers from overseas. If the ideas work well on maneuvers, then they use them overseas. So I guess we'll be here quite a while. They really split us up this time! Buck is in one Sq., Ed Schoenfeld from Salt Lake City is in another, and Bates from Idaho is in another one. I'd surely liked to have stayed with Ed or Bates or even Buck. I don't know very many in this bunch I'm in now, I guess, though, I'll get along.

Yes, when the war is over if I can, I'll get us a couple of rifles and sleeping bags, then I hope I can get some photo stuff. I don't know about the jeep. Would we use it enough to warrant getting it? I've thought a little that it might be a good idea to get a 2-ton truck if I could get one cheap. What do you think? I know it will be a quite awhile before this ever happens, but I want to figure all the angles and try and be all set when the war is over. What do you think? A truck could come in mighty handy. If I had to, I could make a living for a while by hauling stuff, or else maybe, if I got one cheap, I could resell it and make money on it. Well it's just an idea. I want a lot of ideas, and when the war is over, maybe one at least will work out! I hope. Ha Ha.

I've never received any pictures back yet; I don't know what is taking so long! Now, you just leave my coveralls alone; I'm saving them to fish in! Ha Ha. When you get home, tell me what you think of them. Did you get a chance to go fishing yet? I don't know whether the Lieutenant finally caught on to my picking his lock or not, but he finally gave up locking it. Ha Ha.

Well, Beck, I guess I'll go get some free cake and punch. Bye for now, Eldred.

**September 13, 1944.** Light Warning No. Reporting Unit Headquarters and Control Squadron Second Tactical Control Group DeRidder Army Air Base DeRidder, Louisiana. The above is my new address--if I wrote it out! Don't be too discouraged and stop writing; you can abbreviate as I did on the envelope. I don't know why the air corp. goes in for such long addresses, but it is a job to address an envelope.

Well, things are still disorganized, and nobody knows for sure just what is going on. Maybe they'll get straightened out some day. Now they think I may not go out in the field, but will stay here. I've about got to the point I just don't care. Say, I asked about that radio, and a half pup tent: if you haven't already got them to send, never mind. If you have the pup tent send it, if not just never mind. They are now deciding that we will probably get the large tents, but if you've already got it, send it as I can always use it. Something else: I used to have a lock when I was down in Florida. I believe I saw it in the top chiffonier drawer. If it's still there, send it. It was a small brass one. If it isn't, never mind; I'll buy one here. I wanted that, though, cause it was a small one.

Well, I sent in an application to a correspondence school. It's through the army, and only costs \$2.00. Of course, it takes a lot of red tape to get it. You have to give your past, present, and future history, and then get the commanding officer to sign it. I finally got it done; I've been going to for quite awhile, but could never get all the particulars. I signed up for a basic course in photography. I hope it turns out all right, and I hope I can get along with the course--by that I mean not being able to develop and print pictures here. If I make out O.K. and finish it all right, then I think I'll take an extension course from the University of Michigan on photography. It's good for college credit. In that, though, I'll have to pay half of the tuition. I'll wait and see how this one from the army turns out first. It's in conjunction with the University of Wisconsin, and should be a pretty good course. I only wish I had access to a dark room and could do the printing and developing as I took the lessons.

I got a letter from Beck the other day, and he seems to be getting along O.K. I got two letters from you, Dad; the one from Twin Falls. Say, you and Beck, in your travels, keep your eye open for a good town for me to set up a photo shop. I'd like to have one similar to Ace Photo. What do you think of Logan? Or does it have several places like Ogden's? So you went down to Delta. I don't know just where it is, but if you saw coyotes there, lets go hunting after the war! So you drove to Twin Falls; did you have a good trip coming back? Did you get enough help?

Mom, how are you getting along since you went to the dentist? Did you finally get over that cold that you caught? I hope it's all better, and that you are feeling much better.

Well, I'm still getting along fine, as far as I can here; so long for now. Love, Eldred.

**September 18, 1944.** Dear Mom, I got your airmail letter this morning and was surely glad to hear from you. It came through in the same time as Lois's letter mailed the same day regular. Thanks for all the news. So Beck is coming home? I'll bet he'll be glad to get back. I got a letter from him today.

So you're going to the hospital? I'll bet you don't like it! Ha Ha. I'll bet they have a hard time

keeping you down. Well, you do just as they tell you, and be sure and get all fixed up good for when I come home on my next furlough in a few months. I guess it won't be pleasant being operated on--probably you will have been when you get this letter, and you'll be miserable for awhile. But when you get a first class overhaul job and get well again, you'll feel a lot better, and won't have to worry any more about it.

Well, I've got a pretty good set up now. I guess I won't use that pup tent for awhile. I'll stay here in HQs. for awhile at least, and still live in the big tents. Food is better here, and I get to go over to the base once in awhile to the library, P.X. and service club. We have a small P.X. here, now, and they show several free outdoor movies a week. They are old films, but I haven't seen them, so they are just as good as the others.

Don't worry about my going overseas again. We are getting lots of overseas soldiers here. We have a lot that spent over 2 years in Alaska and the Aleutians, some that were down in the Caribbean for 2 years or more, some from Italy and North Africa. Some from the South went to the Pacific. Some of the boys tried to volunteer to go overseas again, but when they found out they'd been to Kiska, the major and colonel said no. So the fellows went to the Base to see the commanding officer there, and he still said "no." So you don't have to worry; we'll be here quite awhile. Regular maneuvers start soon and will last several months. Buesking and I will probably be pretty busy in our maintenance shop, but I guess we'll get along. If I get another 3-day pass, I think I'll go down to New Orleans. I think I can get one next month, maybe.

Well Mom, I hope you are getting along fine and not feeling too miserable. I pray that the Lord will bless you and keep you safe, and that you might have the necessary strength to undergo that operation. Love, Eldred.

**September 18, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, there isn't much to write about tonight, but I thought I'd write and answer your letters, even though I did send that other letter at noon today.

Beck, I got your letter. I'll bet you're glad to be home again. Ha Ha, How'd you like to spend 4 or 5 years away? So, you didn't do so good fishing; I should have been there to show you how! That boat sounds like the one I used over by Merryville. We ought to make us a boat and get a motor some day. It would be swell for lake fishing and for hunting ducks. That is, if you're not too scared of the deep water. Ha Ha. Say, that \$1.00 an hour runs up; you could soon buy a boat at that price. So you got some shells? I'll bet you don't use them! I'll have to come home and show you how to hunt too. Ha Ha. How is Boise, a nice town?

Well Mom, how are you getting along?! I hope you got my other letter before you got operated on. I surely hope you are feeling pretty good! Thanks for the clippings you sent with your letter and for the news. You ask what to send LeRoy for Christmas; that is really a hard thing to say. A soldier doesn't need hardly anything. In fact, as I've told you, we're better off with the fewer things we have. What few personal things we can use the P.X. has, and if he's like me, he'd rather pick his own. He's mentioned a nice P.X. down there and said it was better than the ones in the states, so he can get anything he wants. How about one of your good fruitcakes, and one of the newer church books? I think that would be very nice. But as for anything he can use, if he's like me and most soldiers, he'll have everything he can use, and if you send more, it'll just be excess baggage. You see magazines saying to send shaving stuff, sewing kits, stationary, etc., but the soldiers already have them, and it's just a waste of time and effort. Stuff they need, they always get at the P.X. and cheaper than you could get it. Then too, you'd have to pay postage.

I saw Bates tonight, and he wants me to try and get to Many and go to church some weekend. I'd sure like to go, but I sure hate to try. Even on weekdays you are lucky to get on a bus, and on weekends, it's impossible and there are hundreds trying to hitch hike. I wish Bates were in this Squad; the other fellows just aren't the type that are interested in religion. I think most of the better type fellows are overseas.

Well, Mom, be good, stay in bed, and let them take good care of you, get well soon, but don't try to rush and get up!! Ha Ha, if I know you, you'll be trying to wash and iron a week from now! Say, speaking of ironing reminds me, I washed some clothes the other day, and I'm going to try and iron them tonight; one of the fellows has an iron.

Say Beck, you asked if my camera takes good pictures. Ha Ha. I don't know--maybe I got a lemon; I still haven't got that first roll back. I wrote again and asked them about it. My second roll should be here pretty soon. I sent it to another place. Well, bye for now, Love, Eldred.

P.S. Mom, why don't you have Dad and some one else administer to you! Lots and lots of times that does more good than any doctor! I've seen it at times, and I know it will.



P.S. Note change in address: Sergeant E. H. Erickson 39027024  
L. W. #1 Dept. Unit, 2nd T.C.G. D.A.A.B., DeRidder, La.

**September 19, 1944.** Dear Folks, Just a short letter tonight as there isn't anything new to write about. Things are going on as usual. I hauled \$34,000.00 worth of junk radar over to the junk pile today-- it was the one that got caught in the forest fire. We finished the carpentry work on our maintenance shop today, and if we can get some parts now, we'll be ready to go to work. The P.X. is improving some, they've enlarged it (the one here I mean). The one over to the base is pretty good, but we've just had a small one with candy and shaving stuff. They now have ice cream and soda pop, also beer. Then they have a larger stock of other things, so it helps things quite a bit. Then with the 4 or 5 free shows each week, we get along pretty well. I've sort of got a racket: I don't have to stand reveille or any formation, and I don't have to drill, do calisthenics, or go on parade Saturday--as yet. Ha Ha. I hope they don't catch up with me!

Say, Mom, how are you getting along now? You should be feeling a little better I hope! I'll bet you'll be glad to get out of that hospital and go home, but don't hurry it up. You stay there until you are good and well, then take it easy when you do go home. Helen can help a lot, and Dad and Beck can help too. So take it easy and get well soon!

It seems I'm always asking for something. Do me another favor and see if you can find that brass condenser I used to use to make my crystal sets with. Beck, maybe you know where it is. I believe I packed it away with the earphones. If you've forgotten what it looks like, it is like the ones in the radio that turn when you change stations. I'm going to try and make some kind of a radio. Ha Ha. If you can find it, pack it so the blades won't get bent. Ha Ha, I hope you can find it, but don't look too hard. Say, if there's a piece of galena crystal or fools gold with it, send that too. Thanks.

Well, bye for now. Mom you be sure and get well soon. Love, Eldred.

P.S. Have a stick of gum!

**September 20, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, there really isn't much of anything to write about tonight, but I thought I'd just write and see how Mom was. I surely hope you are getting along and feeling fine Mom. Be sure and make them take good care of you, or when I come home I'll give them a little trouble! Ha Ha.

Say, last night, I wrote and asked you to go to the trouble of finding that condenser I used to have. I doubt if you have found it already, so if you haven't, forget it. Gee, I'm awful, aren't I, asking you for things, and then saying never mind! Well, it seems I asked last night, and today a Lieutenant gave me one, so I don't need it. I also got a selenium rectifier so I don't need any crystals either. I don't know if I can get enough parts or not, they are sort of hard to get. Say Beck, did you fix Helen's radio with that part I sent? How did it work?

Well, I'm getting along fine here, and it sort of looks like I still won't go out on the maneuvers whenever they start. Part of our sections are out in the field, but maneuvers won't start for 2 or 3 weeks yet from what they say.

Dad, I got your letter and the bill of sale. Thanks a lot. I may not use the tent here now as I'll probably stay in HQs. But there will be other times I can use it. It will even be handy after the war. As for its being used, that's what I wanted. If it wears out, I'll trade it for a new one!

Well, Mom, I hope and pray everything is all right and that you are getting along fine. Love, Eldred.

**September 21, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, I got a telegram this morning saying Mom was operated on and doing fine. I was surely relieved to find out she was doing fine! I was pretty worried for awhile!

First of all, here are a few pictures. Take them up and let Mom see them, and then when you've all seen them, let Lois have them to put in our album. I only got 1 print of each. I wanted two so I could send one to each of you, but they gave me another roll of film instead. It takes so long to get them back, or I'd order another set for you. I think the pictures turned out very well--considering how they were taken, and on film two years old. It was just part of a roll I had left over. Two of the pictures were exceptionally good, and the others aren't so bad. I was trying out the camera, and tried it under different conditions to see what it would do; I'm well pleased with the camera. I hope the next rolls are as good. I'll write explanations on the backs of the pictures. I wish I didn't have to get some body else to take the picture, they always move the camera!

I got the pup tent today; thanks a lot Dad. As you said, it isn't in very good shape, but I'm pretty sure I can salvage it for a new one.

I got letters from Howard and LeRoy, but they didn't have much to say. Say, I was thinking, you asked me about an Christmas present for LeRoy: don't send candy. Everybody does, and it spoils in hot climates if there's too much. He can buy all he wants at the P.X. cheap. A good strap for his watch would be a nice present.

Well, Mom, I hope you are feeling fine, and that you get well soon. Love, Eldred.

Note slight change in address. You needn't put my sea number--I have to put it on so the letter will go free.

**Saturday, September 23, 1944.** Dear Folks, Today is Saturday, and as there isn't much doing, I'm going to try and get a letter written today, and then I'll go over to the base library tonight like I did last night, and get a book or something to read. Or maybe I'll go to a show if there is a good one, and the line isn't too long when I get there. I've really got it pretty good here lately; I hope it keeps up this way.

In our section, no sets are out in the field, so I just keep watch over the shop. The radar men from the particular sections bring in their sets, and instead of me having to fix it, I let them do it themselves as they aren't operating, and have lots of time. So, all I do is watch over the tools and spare parts, and help a little once in a while. Ha Ha. Since here, I have a new Lieutenant for C.O., and so far he has been pretty swell. I don't have to get up for reveille, I don't have to be at any formation, and I just come and go as I please; no one tells me what to do. So far, I'm my own boss. I don't have a Lieutenant directly in charge like I did before. Also, right now, I'm the only one here in the shop. Buesking had to go with one of the sets, so if he stays there, I may be in the shop all alone. My main trouble is trying to get enough spare parts and equipment. These sets are old, and they surely use up lots of spare parts.

Mom, I got your letter written just before you went to the hospital, and was very glad to hear from you. Also, today, I got Dad's letter telling that you came through the operation all right, and giving me just a little of the details. I'm surely glad you made out all right! So you think you will be ready to get out and be well enough to go to Granddad's open house birthday party, huh? Well, I surely hope you are, but you be sure and take it easy and rest up, and don't do any hard work! See? You be sure and take good care of yourself, and take your time about getting well.

Dad, you mentioned sending the radio; I'll be glad to get it, as it will help pass the evenings away. It gets sort of lonesome around here some evenings with nothing to do, and I get tired of reading. I'll be glad when I start getting lessons on that correspondence course I took in photography, that will give me something to do, and give me something to take my mind off from the army.

Did you get those pictures I sent all right? I hope the others come soon, so I can send them too. There isn't much to write about as usual, so I'll say, good bye for now, and all of you take good care of yourselves. Love, Eldred.

**September 24, 1944.** Dear Folks, I got another letter from Lois giving me a little more detail about Mom and the operation. I'm surely relieved to find that everything turned out all right. Mom, I guess you had a real over-haul job besides getting your gums relined! Ha Ha, don't mind my bad jokes, but I'm surely glad to find out everything is going to turn out all right. Just think: you can just take it easy, and you can "sing" for James and have your meals served in bed! You don't have to worry about cooking food or meals. You can eat somebody else's meals for a change like you used to want to sometimes. Ha Ha.

Speaking of taking it easy reminds me: we are getting in more fellows all the time from overseas. They come from all parts of the globe direct to here. Just a delay en route before they get to this delightful "rest camp". It's one of the "best" in the country. Some of the boys complain though, and I can't understand it. They don't seem to like guard duty and K.P. a couple of times a week, and they don't like a little dust. They say the "organization" is the worst they've seen, that there's nothing to do and no place to go. Where do they think they are? The Riviera?! Why, I should think they'd be glad to get in a nice camp like this. Just a country club in the army--and they get paid for it too. Of course I guess it is a little different than the ones they saw in the movies and life magazines, but who wants to be like the officers and rich men's sons? Some must like it here though, 'cause they seem to keep coming. In fact, it's getting so there are almost as many soldiers as there are mangy cats and dogs. It's nip and tuck, though--as soon as a new bunch of soldiers come in, the cats and dogs have a few more litters and it sort of evens up again! I'm sort of curious to see who wins out. Ha Ha. I'm not sure yet whether this is an army camp or a zoo.

Well, I sort of celebrated today. I read a book from the library, had fried chicken and ice cream for dinner, and then saw the show "Rainbow Island" with Dorothy L'amour. It was pretty good. I also got some more ice cream and some peanuts at the P.X. Ha Ha, I'm getting along pretty good. Then I'll go

back to the T.C.G. and see the free show tonight. One of the fellows in the tent has an iron, so lately I've even been getting my suntans pressed and ironed after I wash them.

Say Beck, how does it seem to be home after your trip? Or doesn't it seem much like home with Mom in the hospital?! Well, if I know her, I'll bet she'll soon try and get up to work as usual. Well, you and Helen and Dad see to it that she takes things easy for awhile. Say, maybe you can get me an emergency furlough, and I'll come home and keep house?! I'll do the cooking and washing and ironing. I ought to be pretty good at making beds and sweeping and mopping floors too. How about it, want to try? Ha Ha. No, I guess I'll stay and take life easy in the army. Well, bye for now, and may God bless you all. Love, Eldred.

**September 29, 1944.** Dear Folks, This job I've got is just too good to last; I'm afraid any day something is liable to happen and I'll have to go to work again. Ha Ha. I haven't done any work for a long time, it seems. I've really got a racket! As I said before I just come and go as I please, and I don't have to get up for reveille or go to any of the other formations. Then on top of that, there has been very little work to do, and most of that has been done by the repairmen on their own units. I've let them use my stuff, but they have done the work by themselves, as they weren't busy operating in the field.

So for the most part I've just sat around the shop, and checked up on things and visited. I've read several books, and I've finally caught up on all my letter writing it seems. For instance, today I came up to the shop and opened it up, then I turned on my radio and got some good music, then settled down to read a good book. I finished a complete book this morning so you can tell how busy I was! Ha Ha. This afternoon, if nothing turn ups, I'll get some more letters written. Once in a while somebody will come in and want something, but not very often. Yesterday, for want of something to do, I straightened up my stuff, and took an inventory of my shop, and found everything as it should be, so I'm satisfied. Tomorrow, they are planning on running a convoy to Baton Rouge, about 175 miles from here to see the L.S.U.-Alabama Football game. If everything turns out all right, I intend to go along; it will be something different, and a place to go and get away from here for awhile.

Dad, I got your letter of the 25th today. It was nice to get such a nice long letter from you. I'm surely glad to hear that Mom is getting along very well, and I'm glad to hear that you were able to get and keep a special nurse for her at nights. It is worth a lot to know that she is getting the best care available. That is good, too, that the doctor goes in to see her everyday. I kind of think like you do that maybe Logan would be a nice place to open a business. I don't want to get very far away from home, and I think that is a pretty nice town, it also has a college, and also a temple, along with a lot of other desirable features. I hope everything turns out as we hope it will, but we will just have to wait till the war is over with and see how things turn out then.

I guess it is better now that you aren't working at Plain City like you did last year; that was just too many long hours to put in, and just wasn't worth it, I think!

Well, Mom, how are you getting along? I surely hope you are still getting along fine. I'm glad to hear that you had the bishop and the elders administer to you. It won't be too long until you are up and around again, but be sure and take it easy and don't rush matters any. That open house party for Granddad should be very nice, and I'll bet that he enjoys it a lot. You should be well enough to go, but be sure and take it easy and just visit--don't plan on doing anything to help!

Beck, how does it seem to be home? Not so good, I guess, with Mom in the hospital. Well, she will be out soon, and home will be the same as ever I guess! It won't be too long until I will be looking forward to a furlough again if I stay here as I am at present. Some of the guys that got a furlough in May are planning on leaving soon, or rather, on about the 15th of the month, so that is one thing about this place: they seem to be pretty regular on the furloughs.

Say Helen, do me a favor will you, get some flowers for Lois on her birthday? I guess a corsage of roses or whatever you think best will be all right. I'm going to try and get something else to go along with it. You get the flowers, and let me know how much they cost, and I'll send you the money. O.K.? In case you don't remember when it is, it is the 7th of October.

It's been raining here a lot the last couple of days, and has cooled down a lot. It sort of reminds me of Kiska when we were in tents and it used to rain so much, and be cloudy all the time. Well, it seems sort of dreary, but it is a relief from that hot sun!

Well, I've got a couple of lieutenants pestering me so I guess I'll have to quit for now. Love, Eldred.

**October 2, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, here it is Monday morning again, and another week is about to start. The time seems to go pretty fast, but then it can't go half fast enough for me!



Beck, I got a letter from you Saturday; glad to hear that you got and liked the pictures that I sent. I guess you have been pretty busy going up the hospital to see Mom; I hope it isn't very long now until she is home again. You asked if I was going to build a radio. Well, I was, but it is so hard to get enough parts that I don't know. Some things I can get plenty of, but on some other things that I would have to have, I can't get. So now that you sent this other radio, I don't think I'll bother--unless I happen to run onto some more parts. I'll wait until the war is over, and then I can buy the parts I want, and then I'll build one. So you will have to wait until then to see it, Beck. Ha Ha. Glad to hear that you got some shells in Idaho, but I'll bet they'll still be there at home to use when I get home. Ha Ha. I'll bet you don't go hunting again this year. Just wait though till I get home, and then I'll make you go.

I had a good time over the weekend. We left here Saturday at 1:00 in trucks and went to Baton Rouge. We got there at 6:00; it was quite a ride, and it got sort of tiresome riding in the back of those trucks. We were supposed to have had reservations at the YMCA there to sleep for the night, but somehow or another, they'd made a mistake, and so we didn't get them. I wandered around for awhile looking for a place to stay, but couldn't find any. Boy, you should have seen the people and soldiers! The town was really jammed. The restaurants were lined with people for part of a block outside of the doors trying to get in and just waiting their turn. I couldn't find a place to stay for the night, so I gave up, and decided that if I were going to see the game I'd better hurry up and get out there and buy my ticket and get in before the game started. I managed to catch a bus out to the game, and got there O.K.

That campus there at L.S.U. is the only place I've seen in LA that was very pretty. That surely is a pretty school--you should see the auditorium at the football field. Boy, it really is a honey! It's the best one I've ever seen, and I've seen Soldiers Field in Chicago. It holds 52,000 people, and there were between 30 and 40,000 people at the game. The only empty seats were those behind the goal posts high up. I was going to buy a ticket (service men tickets were cheaper, but they weren't such good seats), when a man came up just as I was handing out my money, asked me if I wanted a ticket. I said sure, and he gave it to me and wouldn't take any money. So I went in the stadium and an usher took me to my seat. Boy, was I surprised. It was in the reserved section, and right on the 50-yard line! One of the best seats in the place! The game was very good. There was lots of action--lots of running, passing etc. The final score was 27-27. It was one of the best games I've ever seen. I found a couple of overstuffed chairs in the YMCA to sleep on, so I spent the night quite comfortably. However, there were lots of people that weren't as fortunate as I. There were lots that slept on the street and on lawns--and not just soldiers either.

Sunday morning, I got up at 7:00 and it was 9:00 before I got waited on in a cafe and got something to eat, so you can see how crowded the place was. I found my way out to church, and went. It was surely good to go again. They had a pretty good crowd; mostly youngsters though. I got to talk for about six minutes. I wish it weren't so far there, and I'd go once in awhile.

Say, Helen, you should have seen the pep girls and drum majorettes at the game. Ha Ha, I'll bet they had more pep than you gals used to have! They turned somersaults and did all kinds of stunts. They had a real tiger for a mascot, too, and they surely had a classy band.

It's surely foggy this morning, and everything is all wet and damp, I'll be glad when I can get back to a high and dry state.

Say Helen, don't forget to get me some flowers for Lois's birthday, and let me know how much I owe you. Make it an orchid if you can instead of roses.

Don't mind the typing on this letter, it's awful! I've been trying to get it done too fast, as I've got some fellows here in the shop I've got to talk to.

Mom, how are you getting along? I hope you are feeling good by now. Get well soon. Love, Eldred.

**October 3, 1944.** Dear Folks, Hi there! How are y'all this ev'n? Fine I hope. I'm still getting along fine. In fact, I'm getting to be a man without a job. I have a position and a shop, but nothing to do. I'm afraid they'll catch up with me some day and put me out of a job, or rather, I should say put me to work. Ha Ha. Well it seems that all my spare parts are turned in for replacement, and it may take months to get them back through channels. So every time they bring in something for repair or replacement, I just have to turn it over to the civilians and let them try and earn their money. Ha Ha.

Say Dad, I got the new shelter half O.K. Well, it isn't brand new, but it is practically. I turned that one you sent in for salvage last week, and got this other one in place of it. Also, I found a broken tent pole that some one had thrown away, so I picked it up and turned it in for salvage too, and so now I have a whole tent complete with two poles! All I'm short is a few pegs, but I can easily whittle me out some. Say, I've got something else too. I have a good first base mitt, and a good catcher's mitt, and I don't know

just what to do with them yet. I signed out for them in the AW Squadron, and it broke up and they didn't take them back. Now there is no AW squadron, and they don't belong to anyone else that I know of. I could turn them into the supply of the outfit I'm now in, but then maybe some one in there would take them for themselves since they are not accountable. Besides, as long as I'm signed out for them I want to keep them and have them--just in case they ever run on to that slip of paper. However, I doubt if they ever will, 'cause as I said, there is no AW squadron.

I got my ballot to vote today, and I was sort of surprised. I've been kidding the guys before telling them I was going to vote for Norman Thomas. Well, they all got their ballots, and for the Socialist Party they had some one else running for President on the Socialist ticket. So they sort of razzed me. Now today, I got my voter's ballot, and lo and behold, in the socialist column it had Norman Thomas for President! So now they tell me the state of Utah is sort of behind the times, and I'm sort of wondering just who is running--not that it matters of course.

Well, Mom, how are you getting along? Lois tells me you were up in the wheel chair on the 28th so that is good news. Keep it up, and you'll be ready to get out of there soon.

I killed a big tarantula spider yesterday; a pretty good sized one about as large as my fist. It is the first one I've seen down here. It was in my shop just above the door when I came in.

Say Beck, we couldn't use a \_ horsepower electric motor could we? I have a nice little one. On that set that burned in the forest fire (that they took to the junk pile), I managed to save one motor, and fixed it up so it will run. Now I can turn it in for salvage, and get a new one. Since it is non-accountable, I could keep it if I wanted. The only catch to it is that it doesn't run on 110 volts AC--it runs on 24 volts D.C. Can you think of any way we could get 24 volts D.C.? Me either, except by making a supply for that voltage, and that would cost more than to buy a motor using the conventional 110-volt AC supply. So I guess I'll just keep it for an extra in case I come up short on the final inventory, or in case someone need one.

I've run out of things to write about. I'm getting along fine, and everything is O.K. here. I hope you are all getting along fine there. Love, Eldred.

**October 6, 1944.** Dear Folks, I don't feel so good tonight, so this will be sort of a short letter. I got another typhoid shot yesterday (my 16th one) and it kind of made me sick. I alternated all night long between high fever and really cold--teeth chattering, chills--and today I don't feel too much better. I surely wish they'd hurry up and quit giving me those shots. I'm not a red blooded American anymore. I think most of the stuff in my veins is serum of some kind. Ha Ha.

Helen, I got a letter from you today. It came airmail and was postmarked October 1, and I got it today. I got a regular mail from Lois postmarked October 2, and I got it yesterday. So regular mail goes just as fast or faster than airmail--except on a few occasions when it just happens to make good connections. I guess you've been getting along pretty well from what I hear. But I guess you are pretty busy doing housework, cooking and working at the hospital besides. Well, the practice will do you good! Those meals sound very nice; I wouldn't mind eating some myself!

Mom, I'm glad you are getting along so fine! I guess by now you are home, and I'll bet you are glad to be there. However, take it easy, stay in bed and don't try to do anything--or we'll send you back to the hospital where they'll take care of you! Ha Ha.

Well, I haven't any more news, so s'long for now. Love, Eldred.

**October 7, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, today is Lois's birthday. I surely hope we can celebrate the next one together! I got a letter from Howard today, and Mom, he says to tell you he hopes you get better soon! Me too! There isn't anything to write about as usual, things go on here just the same. Nothing doing. I'm trying to put through a phone call to Lois tonight. I hope it goes through. They say I have to wait 3 hours, so, I'm waiting.

It's been raining all day and it seems like fall. I've been wishing all day I had my guns and fishing tackle here so I could be cleaning them up. Then I'd like to go out and hunt ducks. It's funny, how I can remember all those details. I'd surely like to go hunting ducks again. I had a chance to go fishing tonight with some fellows over at the Base, but I wanted to try and phone Lois, so I didn't go. I hope they go again. It's a special service trip, and they furnish transportation.

Tomorrow I'm going to meet an L.D.S. Lieutenant and we are going to try to go to church. I hope it turns out O.K.

Well, there isn't anything else to write about. I hope everything is fine there. I guess I better go back and wait by the phone booth to make sure I don't miss my call if it comes. Bye for now. Love, Eldred.

**October 9, 1944.** Dear Folks, Say, what's this I hear about LeRoy being home? Lois, just mentioned it, and said she guessed I'd already heard of it.

I had a nice weekend—one of the best I've had. I got to go to church again and partake of the sacrament. That's two Sundays in a row, and that's pretty good for me. A Lieutenant Pugmire from Idaho is over at the base and has a car; he invited me to go along. Ed and his section moved back in from the field, and so I asked if he could go too. The Lieutenant had another L.D.S. fellow and his wife (a returned missionary) so we had a nice carload. We went up to Camp Polk. (They have an L.D.S. Chaplain there) but services were changed to evening, so we came back with one more fellow we picked up from Arizona. We went to Pugmire's place. He has a nice apartment he got with pull that is cheaper than the room I had. We sat around and talked all afternoon, and then had a lunch and went back to Camp Polk. The Chaplain wasn't there as he went to Salt Lake City to Conference, but we had service anyway. I took care of the sacrament. We had a nice meeting and visited awhile afterwards. I met a fellow from Wyoming who knew Victor Lyon, and also the Cheney's I used to visit in Fargo (he was their cousin). I met a fellow from Milwaukee who knew the Wolgenmuths I knew in N.D. The fellow from Arizona knew the two missionaries from there that I knew. The fellow from Milwaukee also knew Don Voss that I used to hold street meetings with in Palm Beach. Lieutenant Pugmire and his friend knew Marjorie Garff who was a lady missionary in Fargo when I was. Lieutenant Pugmire's wife knew Ira Young from being on a mission. (Note: Borchuat, who worked at what Paul is doing now—only in Brigham—knew Bill Tyson.) So, though I didn't meet anybody from Ogden, or anyone I knew personally, "we knew the same people". We had a nice visit and I enjoyed the day a lot.

Ed is back in here now, so we chum around together; Buck got married to his gal back home. Ed and I just came from a U.S.O. camp show, and it was pretty good considering the makeshift stage they had to perform on.

Well, how did Grandpa's open house turn out? Lois said that Leslie and Earl had offered to give her peaches, etc., free. Thank them for it.

Well, I guess there isn't much else to write. It's getting cooler down here and seems like fall. I wish I knew how long we were going to be here for sure—Lt. Pugmire wants some one to hunt ducks with! If I were sure we'd stay here as we're supposed to, I'd have my gun sent to his place. (I'm not allowed to have one.) However, there are a few rumors we may move to winter quarters somewhere. I hope so, as I'd like to live in a barracks again, and have good latrines, and a wash bowl and hot water instead of a trench and helmet and cold water!

Well they finally caught up with me! Starting today, I have to get up for reveille and stand all formations. They also put me in a platoon, so I may have to go to work. Ha Ha. Well, it would sort of help pass the time.

Well, so long for now. Say Mom, Lois says you're home now. I'll bet it really seems good to be back. Now take it easy!! Love, Eldred.

**October 13, 1944.** Dear Folks, They finally caught up with me, and so I'm on CQ for the first time in a long while—in fact, it is the first time I've had it since Lois was here. So I guess I can't kick. At least, I'll get a chance to practice a little typing. Excuse me if I forget to capitalize a few letters—I'm not used to using the regular style typewriter.

Dad and Beck, I got your letters the other day, and it was nice to hear from you! I'll try and answer them now. Mom, I'm glad to hear that you are now home again. I'll bet it really seems good! I'm glad to hear that you got to attend Granddad's party. How was it? I'll bet none of you expected LeRoy to be home for it. That is certainly lucky of him to be able to come home so soon, and to get a 30-day furlough. It was nice that he got to fly most of the way home!!

Dad, you asked about the radio. It came in good shape and works swell now, however, some time, if you or Beck happen to be near a radio shop, how about seeing if you can get me some new tubes? These are all right now, but if one of them happens to go bad, I can't get another one anywhere down here. Maybe you can't there either, but if you have time, try. I need a 25B8T and a 70L7. If I have those tubes, and a few parts, I can make another radio. Ha Ha. However, I don't plan on that. All I want is some spares in case these go bad. I can get parts enough to fix anything else that is likely to go bad.

I'll bet that your new suit is really nice Dad; I would like to see it. How did you come out on the baseball pool? Thank you folks for contributing to Lois's birthday. Say, Helen or who ever bought that orchid, how much do I owe you? Let me know soon. If I don't hear from you on it soon, I'll send \$5.00 and then if it is more, you can let me know and I'll pay the balance.

So Gwendolyn has a baby boy, that is nice to hear. The letters that Lois sends regular mail, seem



to come just as fast as your air mail letters, so you just as well save the extra postage. Yes Beck, I still have the baseball mitts; I guess I'll hang on to them for awhile. As for the motor, I guess I'll just turn it in, as there is no way I can figure out to get 24 volts D.C. I can get it all right, but not with enough amperage, so I guess I'll forget it for the time being.

We went through a couple gas chambers the other day--the usual one of tear gas, and then through one of Chlorine. You walk in with your mask off and in the case. If you can pass 100% in putting it on in a hurry and without breathing any air you are all right. If not, somebody is liable to pick you up off the floor.

Have you been duck hunting yet? I'll bet you couldn't hit any even if you did see some! I'll have to come home next year and show you how to hunt ducks as well as how to catch fish. Ha Ha. I think we should make a boat, and get a motor, so we can go out and hunt some of the better places. How about it?

As usual, there isn't much of anything around here to write about, but as usual, I'm getting along fine. I'm glad that I got C.Q. tonight, 'cause then I don't have to go in the parade tomorrow; then I won't get it Sunday so I will have a chance of going up to Camp Polk again and going to church.

We've been playing volleyball every afternoon for an hour this week. It's good exercise, and it's a lot of fun. Tonight we played radio against radar men. Ha Ha, it's a lot of fun anyway.

It's been pretty cool the last few days; the nights and mornings have really been cold, and we've been wishing we had stoves in our tents. If they don't get some pretty soon, I hope they move us to some other place where they have barracks. There are a lot of rumors to that effect, but so far they don't seem to be any good.

Say, Christmas is getting pretty close, so you might remind the relatives that they don't have to send me anything for Christmas. I don't need anything that I can have with me; I don't want anymore stuff to pack around, and I don't need any candy. Besides, I can get all I want cheap at the P.X., and I don't want to have any in my bags or footlocker, 'cause it draws the ants and cockroaches--and there are lots of them down here. I appreciate their sending me things other years, and I know they will probably be thinking of doing the same this year, so tell them never mind, and I appreciate their thinking of me anyway, and that they have done plenty for me as it is.

So long for now, and I'll write again when I get time. I hope Mom, that you are feeling fine by now, but be sure and take it easy for a long time. Have you got your gums relined yet? How do they fit? Can you manipulate them all right? I bet they are sort of uncomfortable at first, though some people don't have that trouble. Buck says he has never had any trouble at all with his, and it was a year before I knew he even had them--until one day I saw him cleaning them. Several of the fellows in the outfit have them, and seem to like them just as well as their old ones. Well, good night, and may God bless you. Love, Eldred.

**October 17, 1944.** Dear Folks, Just a note, as usual there isn't anything to write. But I'm getting along fine and having a pretty good time. I play volleyball every night, and am getting in pretty good shape. I went down to Lake Charles today to the electronics shop and traded off and exchanged some stuff--motors, potentiometers, etc. I got a brand new electric motor for the burnt one I fixed, and I've got to go down again tomorrow to take some stuff to get repaired and have a new modification put in.

Mom, how are you getting along? I haven't heard much from any of you lately. I hope you are getting along fine. Be sure and take it easy and don't try to do anything for a long while yet! Beck did you get to go hunting ducks? How about you, Dad? Have you been? Boy I sure wish I could go. Next year I guess I'll go. Ha Ha. Well, I hope you are all getting along fine. Love, Eldred.

**October 23, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, another week has passed. The time really seems to go by in a hurry, and it won't be long till I will be coming home on furlough again--I hope. Ha Ha. (2 months or so) It almost seems too good to be true.

Mom, I still haven't heard from you, but I guess you aren't feeling very well yet. I hope you feel better soon. Dad, I got two letters from you. I guess I'm a little slow in answering them, but I've been a little busy. I went down to Lake Charles a couple times and swapped parts, etc., at the electronic shop and took some for repairs. Saturday I went to town in the evening and saw a show and took in my ODs to be dry-cleaned. Sunday I didn't do much of anything but sleep, I guess--but I just didn't feel like writing. I got a kick out of you saying that Howard's letters have a lot of extra words--that's the way I always felt! Did you get to go hunting ducks yet?

You say Mrs. Keeter died--which one?

Dad, I think you have a good idea. Why don't you just lay off at the factory for 3 months and get caught up on your accounting work. Besides Mom won't be strong for sometime yet, and it would be

better if you could be home a little more. Then too, you'd have a little more time to be together. You'd have a little more time to do some of the things you've wanted to. You could study up some and pass that CPA. Why don't you tell Earl you are laying off for 3 months? You don't need the money very badly, and you'll make plenty from your books. Don't let them talk you into working in the warehouse--stick with your books, and if they try it, quit!

I agree with you, I think that the 300 Savage is the best gun on the market. It's really a nice one. Some day I'd like to have one too, but I guess I'll try and get an army Springfield. They are almost as good, and I'm used to them.

Helen, I'm sorry to hear you have a cold; I hope it's better. Take care of yourself.

Say, there's no hurry, but send me a couple of my pairs of cotton garments. These rayon ones are about done for, and I don't like them anyway. There's no hurry, whenever you happen to go down town and have time.

Dad, I'll bet it was nice to meet your ex-missionary companion from Canada. Too bad you couldn't have gone to that conference. You would certainly have had a nice time talking over old mission experiences.

Glad to hear you had J--? wire up the garage and coop; that will make it nice. I've done a little wiring myself lately. Some of the sections are going back out in the field again in a couple of days, and I've been helping get them ready. I may get to go, and I hope so, I'm on the list. I have been trying to talk them into it, but I'm afraid they'll say I have to stay with the shop 'cause there's no one else. I would sort of like the change.

The radio still works swell, and I get a lot of enjoyment listening to it. I cut into the main line, and wired up the tent, and we have the best-lighted tent in the whole area. I have a shelf built at the head of my bunk for the radio and I have a socket and switch for my light bulb. So I can lay in bed and read and listen to the radio with out having to get out of bed to tune it or turn it out. Ha Ha, I'm just lazy. Wish I was sure I was going to stay in that particular tent and I'd build a lot of things. Ha Ha.

There isn't much else to say, so I'll close, and say as ever, bye for now and may God bless you. I hope you are all well.  
Love, Eldred.

**October 25, 1944.** Dear Helen, I received your letter of the 19th (posted the 21st) today. It was nice to hear from you again. I guess you have been keeping pretty busy. I'm glad that Mom is feeling better, but if she's well enough to go visiting, I don't see why she can't write! I haven't heard from her since before she was operated on. I'm glad to hear that she's planning on staying with the chorus as leader when she gets well. I didn't know my phone call went through to home before it went to Lois; I told them the phone was under the name of Belnap. You should have let Mom take the call, and then I'd have told them it was the wrong person, and I'd have gotten to talk to both for the price of one. Ha Ha--maybe. Say, you still haven't told me how much I owe for the orchid. I WANT TO KNOW SOON. If I don't hear pretty soon, I'll just quit writing home until I do!

I'm glad to hear Grandpa's party turned out nice. So Leslie's dog is still growing? I'll bet he is really pretty now.

Well as usual, there isn't anything doing here to write about. I'm hoping to go out in the field in a day or so, and then maybe there'll be a little more doing. Say, sometimes I have quite a bit of spare time and nothing to do; that photo course turned out to be no good--I already know what they were going to teach me, so I thought it would be nice to tie a few flies. Get Beck to get it out and send it, will you? I don't want the box, just some of the things in it. I'll list them:

1. Quite a few brown, also tan, and grey hackle feathers (from the necks).
2. Some white teal feathers with the black dot in them.
3. Two peacock feathers (you may have to buy some; fold them to fit package).
4. Some of my yellow-orange chenille.
5. Some red & yellow silk floss.
6. Some white duck breast feathers (like the teal ones only without the dot).
7. Some (a piece) of that fly typing wax in my box.
8. One spool black silk thread.
9. A couple dozen (each) hooks sizes 12 short shank, 10 regular and short shank, and size 8 regular and short shank. Just mix them up. If I don't quite have all those, that's O.K., just send what there is.
10. One of the needles on a stick in my box.
11. Some grey wool yarn, just a little.

12. Some grey duck breast feathers (just a few).
13. One small bottle of shellac or lacquer (clear). I guess my bottle is dried up--can you refill it?
14. That piece of jungle cock feather.
15. A couple of pieces of red feathers for red tails.
16. One throat fly special out of my box.
17. One of those cardboard fly boxes I used to show my flies in, if there are any left.
18. Some toothpicks.

[Note: he had a couple of drawings to the side].

I think that should do it. You may have to look around a little in my box to find them; I hope it won't be too much trouble. Thanks a lot. (Say, cancel #16, and instead of the one fly, send my small fly box with all the flies in it, O.K.? It's in my basket.) Just pack the stuff in a cardboard box. It shouldn't take much space, as you can sort of mix the stuff up. Well, Helen, I hope everything is fine. Tell the rest hello. Love, Eldred.

**October 26, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, Mom, I received a letter from you today; it was certainly nice to receive one after so long and to learn that you are getting along quite well. Your letter took just 3 days in getting here. It was surely nice that you wrote LeRoy about Granddad's birthday, and that he was able to get a furlough. He certainly was lucky--especially to get to fly home! You say I don't have to pay for that orchid: look Mom, if all the time I ask you folks to do me a favor and do some shopping for me, you insist on paying for it--well, I guess I'll just have to quit asking you to do things for me. I don't want it that way!! How much do I owe you? I appreciate your wanting to help, but I want to pay my own bills! I'm glad to hear you are well enough to get out of the house and visit once in awhile. Is the operation about healed up yet?

Say, I asked for some more garments and some fly tying stuff; if you haven't already sent it (and I don't suppose you have had time to do yet), will you see if that old scout knife of mine is still around, and if it is, put it in with the rest.

I thought I was going to get out in the field for a change, but as I was afraid, nothing doing. We were to go out today, but they postponed it till next week. However, they told me that I was to stay in and still take care of the shop.

I've been sort of busy again the last few days. Some new stuff came in and I've been checking it, and I've been helping get a couple of the radar sets ready and operating to go out in the field again. I haven't been playing any ball lately as I haven't been able to get enough fellows together to play; I miss it. I had gotten so I looked forward each day to playing!

Say Beck, remember that field jacket that I wore home on furlough both times? That pale greenish colored one I wore skiing, and fishing? Here's what I want to know: do they have any there in the army store? Some that are clean and not in too bad of shape, with no X marks on the collar, or any other kind of mark that shows they are not real army issue? If you get a chance, look, and if they have some, let me know how much they cost. If they have some quite reasonable, I'll let you know whether to get one. They are issuing a new type of field jacket, and they are really nice. If I have an old one, I can swap it, and I'd like to have one to send home as they are really nice. There's no hurry about looking, just if you happen to notice one when you're down town.

That electric motor I told you about? Well I swapped for a new one, as I couldn't get the 24 volts D.C. to run it off of 110 volts except by a radio circuit, and that cost more than a couple of motors. So I gave up. Here, we have a gas motor running a generator to get our power!

Lt. Pugmire was transferred, so we don't go to Camp Polk anymore on Sundays to go to church. I still haven't received that roll of film back yet. Gee, I get disgusted. I'll surely be glad when I can take pictures, develop my own, and see them the same day like I used to do! I have two rolls of film sent away; I wish they'd hurry and get here.

They had a Negro troupe here last night and put on a show. It was pretty good. Well, I've run out of things to write, so I'll say so long for now. Get well soon, Mom. Love, Eldred.

**October 28, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, I'm in town at the U.S.O. Ed and I came in and walked the town over and went through the stores so many times that all the clerks could call us by our first name! Well, not quite. Ha Ha. The only show is a cheap cowboy show, and there's no other place to go, and nothing to do. We played 2 games of sloppy pool, but couldn't keep the balls on the table 'cause the rubber had gone hard. So we gave up and came down here. I did get a nice warm shower; I really soaked! It was my first warm water since I was home.



Beck, I got your letter today. It was nice to hear from you again. I guess you have been kind of busy keeping house. Ha Ha. Say, you'd make somebody a good wife--why don't you advertise? Ha Ha. (I still want to know how much I owe for the orchid!)

You ask about my furlough. Well, I can't tell 'cause anything can happen to change it, BUT if things go as they are now, I should be home before Christmas. Fellows who left before on the 28th of June are going the 2nd & 7th & 13th of Nov., so I ought to come soon after that unless something happens. I'm not counting on it too much, 'cause I'd just as soon have it the later part of January, but if they offer it to me I won't turn it down!

Say how long does duck season last this year? If it lasts long enough, I might get in on some. Say Beck, either you or dad has got to go: if I remember right, I'm about out of duck feathers for tying flies. First, shoot a cinnamon teal duck (the one with the white feathers with a spot in them on their breast) for trout flies, then save me some plain white breast feathers for plain white winged flies, also some grey ones. I just happened to think, I forgot to ask for my scissors. If you haven't already sent the stuff send them too. Say, I made me a nice little vise to hold the hooks yesterday; it really works nice--a lot better than the one I had you make. I got a new idea on it.

Did you fix Helen's radio?

Say, that would be nice if I could get home while you have your vacation. As for what I want for Christmas, well, I told you there isn't anything that I know of that I can use, so skip it. You've done plenty for me as it is.

Well, I'm getting along fine, I hope all of you are. Mom, get well soon, but take it easy yet. Love, Eldred.

**November 1, 1944.** Dearest Lois, Surprise! Here are a few pictures. I finally got that roll of film back, and just in time too, or I'd have written them a letter that would have made their ears burn! Ha Ha. How do you like the pictures? I like the finish and that type and size of paper best. That is the way I plan on finishing them if I ever get the chance. Let the folks see these too, will you "keed?" However, make sure you get them back to put in our album. By the way, how is it getting along? I sent some of the pictures to Weavers as I'd promised. They were mostly a duplication of these, just a variation is all.

I received a nice long letter from you today written and posted the 28th. I'm sorry to hear Helen got mad at my letter about Catholicism. I guess we'll just have to learn to keep out of other people's business!!

I wish you'd said before you wanted a razor for Ralph too; I could have gotten more of those all-metal Gillette razors, but I only bought the one. O.K. I'll take care of Ralph too: I'll buy a toilet kit for him, and one for Donald too. I'll wait and see if I can get a better razor for him too, and if not, I'll just have to get one of those half metal-half plastic models. Right now Gordon is the problem, but I'll find something. Also, I'll get Beck's (slippers, maybe?), BUT you'll have to do the rest. Books will do for your Dad I guess, and I refuse to even think of the others! O.K.? Ha Ha. As for the tennis balls, they HAD some in cans, and now just in cellophane, so if they won't be used till next year, they would sort of be dead.

I thought you'd know I was kidding when I said your seeing those puny gals would influence the baby's looks. I was just trying to be funny.

I had a busy day today. I finished building a supply room and winterizing it, then we carried 15 heavy motors and a bunch of heavy boxes of equipment and stored them, and then I finished up with an hour of volleyball.

Well darling, I enjoyed your letter very much, and I think I've answered all your questions. So, since I'm tired, I'll quit for tonight.

All my love, and may God bless you.  
Eldred.

It looks like we'll be here for the winter. They are issuing stoves--the inverted ice cream cone type.

P.S. Fellows leaving on furlough tonight left before on the 28th of June. Some due to leave on the 7 and 13th went July 4. They haven't posted my name yet, but it begins to look like it may not be much over another month before I get one too!

P.P.S. About what date is Jr. supposed to come?

P.P.P.S. I have to take it when it comes, otherwise they put it on the tail end of the list, and I'd just have to take a chance.

**November 1, 1944.** Dear Folks, Dad, I got a nice letter from you today. Say, you needn't write all of that address anymore. I'm out of the HQ. and Cont. Squad, now. Just write what is on the envelope

return address.

Well, I hope you and Beck got to go pheasant hunting like you planned. How did you make out? I hope you did well. How do you like the double barrel gun? Did you ever put that bluing on it? Can you get or buy any more shotgun shells? If so, get them just in case I happen to get home while the duck season is still open. I read that each hunter is allowed 4 boxes of shells, and also, the ducks limit is 15 now, and geese 6--if you don't get the restricted kind. Also that you can shoot 1 hour before sunrise then until sunset; that should be good. I never did get to shoot when it was like that.

I'm glad to hear you got through running at the factory and got rid of the Japs. I still think though you should lay off at the factory, and just do your accounts through the winter and study for your CPA. You may need it worse when the war is over than now.

Don't worry about not getting the radio tubes. I just thought they would be nice to have if you could get them. Wish I'd been there to have got that job with the potato chip company.

I finally got some pictures back. I sent them to Lois first this time, and I told her to let you see them too. After you've seen them, give them back so she can put them in our album. There isn't much news except I guess we'll be here all winter. We're beginning to winterize the tents, put in stoves, etc. I've been busy the last couple of days making a large winterized half building/ half tent for a supply room, then this afternoon I helped carry 15 heavy motors and a lot of heavy boxes in it. Then after, I play volleyball for an hour, so I feel sort of tired. I'm on C.Q. early tomorrow, so I'll sign off early tonight. Love, Eldred.

P.S. If I get a furlough, I'm going to have them make it out to California--to Leon's address. They now give traveling time, and I can probably get a couple more days this time, and get even for not getting it before when I should have. Give me his address will you? Soon. Then I'll just write him and ask him if they wire me at his address while I'm on furlough, to forward it on to me by wire collect. Do you think he would? 999 chances out of a 1000 though they probably wouldn't wire me. The way things are now, if some new men don't come in, or in nothing else happens, I'll be apt to get a furlough the first part of December--though I'm not due till January 18.

**November 6, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, my garments and fly tying stuff came today, and it really made good time. You did a good job of picking it out as I wanted. (I think I did pretty good to remember what I did have in the box 5 years ago!) I got the knife too. Thanks a lot. You only made one mistake: you sent me a piece of beeswax instead of the fly tying wax. That was my fault, as I'd forgotten I had a piece of the beeswax in there too. There should be a good-sized piece (shaped like a Shinola can) probably in the bottom of that metal box. If there is, will you and cut me off about half of it? (Part of it has already been cut off I think). Well, I'm glad the things came now so I'll have something to do to pass away the time, and when I get a chance to fish again, I'll have a good supply. One of the fellows here I chum around with is Gus Prante from Greeley, Colo. He is a fisherman too, and he ties flies. He sent for and got his stuff yesterday, so we're going to get together and tie flies, and he'll show me a few things and I'll show him a few. Ha Ha. He uses different kinds of flies than we used. I'll make some and we'll try them out. He says he catches a limit quite often, so if they'll do that for him, I'll make some for you guys and maybe you can catch ONE or TWO! Ha Ha.

Mom, I got your letter today too. I'm certainly glad to be hearing from you again; you had me worried for awhile. I thought maybe you were worse, or still very ill, and I'm surely glad to hear that you are feeling better.

Helen, I got your other letter too. Thanks a lot. Never mind, though, about that present I asked you about. I've got something else figured out, but thanks anyway.

Well, Mom, I'm glad to find out how much I owe you. However, now you'll just have to wait till next payday, as I forgot to make allowance for it this time; you took so long letting me know how much! So Helen and Beck have been helping you out? I'm glad; the work won't hurt them much, and the rest will do you good. Keep taking it easy.

Oh one more thing, Beck. You sent me some gray duck breast feathers, but I wanted another Grey's too; those all-grey, or sort of a slight color. Send a few of those too when you send the wax. You can probably just put them both in an ordinary envelope and send them.

So LeRoy has gone back. Well I guess he hated to go, but he certainly was lucky to get that furlough. I don't know how he did it. Even the fellows that have been overseas 2 to 3 years and come here only get a 21-day delay en route and then they wait here and take their chances on a 15-day furlough with the rest of us.

I'm glad to hear you got to go out to church again; I'll bet it seemed good after so long away. I'll

bet you'll be glad when you feel well enough to go regularly again and lead the chorus.

So Blaine went to England? Well that's a good place to go if one has to go. It's funny about Grant having to send for a basketball. Here or wherever I've been, if there is a gym, they have plenty of balls etc. They have one over on the Base, but it's too much trouble to get back and forth (though now we do run a truck over every night so as to get hot showers.) However, I get plenty of exercise playing volleyball. We really have some hot games! We beat 2 games straight tonight. I had to laugh: one fellow had been saying it was a sissy's game; we sure showed him! After a few times, he was afraid to play up on the net (especially after the other side "killed" a few shots and hit him in the face with the ball, and after a couple of big guys on the other side sort of ganged up when he was on the net and crashed into him.) Well, we really had some hot playing tonight, and he changed his idea about it being a sissy's game. Ha Ha.

Well, I think I told you about some wop second Lieutenant squawking to the Colonel cause we were getting our furloughs a little sooner than we should. So now I don't know when I'll get it. I kind of hope now that I can't have it December 1, and they'll wait till my 6 month is up and give it to me about January 18. Then I could be home to bless the baby. I hope it works out right for me as it has been doing for the other fellows. If so, I'll get at least 21 or 22 days, and if I say I'm going to Leon's, then I may get a couple more days. They asked me today if I wanted a 3-day pass. It's a fine thing! When I've wanted them before I never could get one, now they just offer them to me. I don't know what to do; I guess I'll just tell them to wait awhile. There's no place to go and nothing to do. I could go down to New Orleans, but buses are crowded and I'm tired of standing up on them; besides, I'd spend a lot of money and still probably wouldn't have any fun. So I guess I'll just tell them to wait and maybe I'll want one later. Well, bye for now and may God bless you. Love, Eldred.

**November 8, 1944.** Dear Folks, First of all, I want to put you to some more trouble! Will you look through my fly tackle again, and send me a few more things? First of all, do I have any more #10 & 12 short shank & #8 short shank hooks left? Or did you send them all? I like short shank best, but send whatever there is, and if there aren't any, never mind. (I want #8, 10, & 12 just like you sent.) If not, send me as many more as you already sent. (How many do I have left of each size?)

Did I have any yellow silk floss not yellow-orange, but pure yellow? If so send me all of it. Also more yellow chenille. I believe there is a lot of it in the bottom of the box in an envelope. If so, send me about 3 feet, not orange, or yellow-orange, but yellow if there is any. If not, some yellow-orange will have to do. Also, a black ostrich feather if it's still there. I think there's some of that silk worm gut left in the bottom of the box too. If so, send me about 20 strands of the medium size. (There may not be any small left, but I only want the medium.) Tell me how much is left. Beck, you and Dad go through your fly books, and pick out all the flies that are worn, or that you don't use, or those that don't get fish, or that you don't like, and send them and I'll rebuild them. Hooks like those can't be bought any more. Also a few more black dot teal feathers—if any left. I hope I don't put you to too much trouble, but this will sure help me pass away a lot of time on weekends when there's nothing to do. Also, some more brown and gray hackle feathers.

Say, Dad or Beck, do you think you could sell my flies like you used to, if I tied some? From what I've read, flies are hard to get, and what there are cost more. Could I get \$1.25 a dozen for them? Let me know what you think, and if it's favorable. After I've tied what I want, maybe I'll try and tie some to sell. Say also, I used to have a small fly tying dictionary. It's just a booklet about the size of an envelope. Send that too. I hope you don't have too much trouble getting to and finding those things. Thanks a lot.

Beck, I got a letter from you; so you went pheasant hunting, eh? Ha Ha, Say, you are getting poor to let Randall beat you! So you could hit them but not kill them, eh? Well looks like you didn't do much better than I did on those sage hens. I'd like to go out to Corinne and shoot again like we used to. Have you been duck hunting yet? Don't forget to get me a teal and also some gray and white breast feathers. If you get a goose, save some of it's breast and wing feathers. Beck, I didn't say to get one of those field jackets, I just wanted to know if you could get one and to let me know; we may not be able to turn them in. They stopped it this week, so I'll have to find out for sure. Also, I wanted to know the price. If it costs too much, it would be cheaper to get one on a statement of charges (which I could do for about 7 or eight dollars if I work it right.)

So, that part doesn't work very good for Helen's radio, eh? Well, I didn't know for sure whether it would or not; that is not a standard type resistor. I measured it for the ohm-age and it had about 90 ohms resistance, but on those kinds, all I could do was guess the wattage as it isn't color-coded. I'll see what I have at the shop. I want one about 90 or 100 SL & 3 or 4 watts, so I'll try and see what I can get.



I had to work for a change yesterday! We got in some new radar, and 3 other maintenance men and I went over to the base warehouse to check it. They pulled a fast one, and the major there said we had to load it on trucks. It was a job! The 4 of us moved it out of the warehouse and loaded it on the trucks--we filled 5 2-ton trucks in two hours. The stuff was heavy and it was really a job!

When we got over here, though, we got a detail of 15 men to help unload it, and it took an hour--and they thought it was hard work. Then I went on C.Q. (I was on all night.) I really had a tough time staying awake, especially about 4 a.m. this morning. I've been sleeping most of the day, though, so I'm about caught up.

I'm getting along fine here, and I hope everything and everyone there are getting along fine too. I'm going over to the base and take a shower and shave. So bye for now. Love, Eldred.

**November 14, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, nothing much has happened since I last wrote; it's still about the same routine. We've been getting a few more volleyball games lately; we've got some more overseas men in, and now we don't have any trouble getting enough to play. We have some good teams, and we have some hotly contested games!

Today we played 3 hours this morning, and one this afternoon--after checking some radar. The team I played on won 3 out of 5 this morning, and both games this afternoon.

I've tied a few flies--a dozen or two, but I can't do it so well without my scissors. I hope they come pretty soon. Say, Dad or Beck, if you get some ducks, save me a couple of dozen gray and white wing feathers. Match them (that is, for instance, 6 from the right wing and 6 from the left).

Dad, I got your letter yesterday; I was glad to hear from you. Glad you got some pheasant shooting in. So you missed one, and didn't shoot on account of the safety, eh? I guess you aren't used to it! I used to have a pheasant fly up at my feet, have the safety off and shoot before he was 20 feet away! That was my trouble--I used to shoot too quickly instead of waiting. Which gun did you shoot? The one I used to have, or the one you found? If that's the one, did you use that rubber recoil pad that I brought back from Kiska? How did it work?

Say, that would be nice if you could clean those barrels on both guns, or maybe just one if only one is shiny, and blue them. You also ought to sandpaper the stocks and stain them again. The guns would then look and be just as good as a new gun. I'd rather have a double barrel after getting used to it than I would any other kind; you have two different kind of barrels--one for short and one for long range. Also you can shoot twice, faster than an automatic or pump, then reload, and shoot two more at a flock of ducks. If I ever buy another gun, it would be a double. Also, I like that thumb safety. Someday, we should get some clay pigeons and a trap to shoot them, and get in some good practice before going hunting. I'm glad to hear you can get plenty of shells. Boy, if I were you, I'd really knock off work and go out and get some good duck shooting--especially now that you can shoot from sunrise to sunset, and can get 15 ducks and 6 geese! Boy I sure wish I could go!! I can hardly wait until I can get home again to fish in the summer, and hunt ducks and pheasants in the fall! I sure wish the war would hurry and get over with!!!

I don't expect to get home, now, until about the same time I did last year, and if I can work it right, I should be able to be home about 17 or 18 days, unless I get rooked again--which I hope not.

So, a broker wants you to start a canning factory, eh? Well, that sounds like a pretty good idea if you can get some one to put up the money. Honeyville would be a good location. You and Beck, could probably really do all right. You could handle the business end of it, and Beck could take charge of all the machinery etc. The two of you could really work out together good. You have good connections with brokers, business firms, etc., and Beck has been to lots of other canners and also would have a pull with the Can Company. At least, you'd be working for yourselves. Then when the war is over, maybe I could help out some place. Of course, you'd have to give me time off to go fishing and hunting. Ha Ha. It sounds to me though like a pretty good idea! Why don't the two of you try it? Or would you rather stick to what you are doing?

You and Beck, it seems to me, could really set up a factory. You've worked around enough to know all the ropes and angles, and you'd know how and where to best set up machinery, warehouse, etc. It is something to think about.

Well, there isn't much of anything else to write about. Mom, how are you feeling? I hope you're getting lots better now! Well, I hope all of you are fine. Bye for now. Love, Eldred.

**November 17, 1944.** Dear Folks, I'm sitting here on my cot tonight, all alone--even my pet mouse isn't around! I have a nice warm fire, the radio is playing very well, and I have a box of Ritz crackers. Nice, eh? Nothing different has happened since I last wrote, but I got a letter from Beck today, so I'll

answer it.

First of all, Mom, you mentioned sending my scissors. Did you send them? I've looked for them every day, but so far they haven't come. I wish they'd hurry up as its pretty exasperating trying to cut those feathers, silk etc. with my knife.

So that fellow got a deer with a bow and arrow, eh? Well, wait till I get home; I'll get one too some fall. You just wait and see. Ha Ha. Glad to hear you were able to find most of the things I asked for, Beck. Thanks a lot. I hope the stuff comes soon.

About those gray feathers, I may have used them all, but I'm pretty sure there were some left. They are small and dark grey. They came off a gray duck's breast. Those gray and white ones came from a mallard breast; I wanted a straight grey, but if there aren't any, you'll just have to shoot some ducks. Ha Ha.

Sorry, you weren't able to get any more pheasants. Someday, maybe, we'll get some good hunting in together.

Can you still pick tomatoes, or has it finally frozen? You must have had a nice fall.

Did Lois come down and show you and Lewis's folks the pictures? How did you like them? No, I don't need any film. I've got more now than I can use, and when I send in a roll to be developed, I get a new roll for 25 cents extra. If Ruth bought it, it would cost \$1.00, so I don't want any. I have 3 rolls of 36 pictures and 2 rolls of 24 pictures, so I think I have plenty. The only trouble is, there's nothing to take pictures of.

I would like to see Howard, but I doubt that I'll be home in December--I look more for it to be in January. I didn't like the election; I wanted a change. I think, too, I voted against Maw--unless he was a republican. Too bad he isn't for Fish and Game.

Sorry I don't have any more hooks left. I didn't care much about the #8 size; I wanted #10 and #12 most, both regular and short shank. If Henry Williams can get me some, get a few. About the gut, well, what I asked for is plenty, and I don't want any more here. But, I'm sure there's a couple hundred strands somewhere, 'cause when I came back from my mission, I tried to sell them to Cross Store, but he wouldn't take them, so I took them back home and I thought I put them in the box--but I guess not. Well, they're somewhere, but don't worry about it.

About the red hackle feathers, I guess I made a mistake. I wanted brown; probably I was thinking of Rhode Island Reds. Ha Ha.

Glad to hear your flies are still holding up O.K. Maybe it's 'cause you haven't used them much. Ha Ha.

Well, I made me a nice fly typing vise, and guess what: I don't use it. Ha Ha. I just can't do it as good in the vise as I can in my hands, so I guess I'll just keep on doing it the old way.

Say, where did the fellow get the deer with the bow and arrow? Do they have a special season now just for bow and arrow shooters? I'd like to try, only I'd need a lot of practicing first!

Well, my fire's going down and I've got to get some coal. So I'll say bye for now. Love, Eldred. P.S. Mom, how are you getting along? Fine I hope!

**November 23, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, Thanksgiving is about over; it's been some day. First of all, we turned in pillows and mattresses, then we took down our stoves, cleaned and oiled them. Boy what a dirty mess! They were really covered with soot, etc. After that, we loaded all our radar and equipment on trucks; that was a heavy job! I got through just in time to grab a bite to eat. I had a lot of nice turkey, my pick of the white meat, then cranberries, mashed spuds, grapefruit juice, and "punkin" pie. They also had celery, candy, string beans, creamed corn, oranges and apples. It was a nice meal. I had to wait on tables. Ha Ha. The fellows at my table gave me 5 pennies as a tip!

This afternoon, I rested awhile, then packed my barracks bag and footlocker. First thing in the morning, we'll tear down our tents etc., and move to Camp Polk, an infantry and armored camp about 20 miles north of here. It will be good to live in a barracks with hot showers, toilets, wash basins etc. Ever since I left Camp Murphy, I've used my helmet most of the time, and that's been over 1 year. I don't know just what the set up there will be, I'll let you know after we get settled and find out. They are closing up this place--thank goodness! I wish they'd closed it long ago!!

Enclosed is my last roll of pictures. How do you like them? Pretty good, eh? After you've looked at them, give them to Lois to put in our album. I'd give you a print of each, but they only print one each, and it takes ages to get reprints made nowadays. Look on the backs; I'll write on a couple that you can keep, because some are pretty much alike.

I'll bet you had a nice Thanksgiving Day. Did you have a turkey? I'll bet it was good! Well, even if I had to work hard today, this Thanksgiving was surely better than last one!!!! I was on the boat last

time and seasick. Then we had spoiled turkey for dinner, and boy did it smell!!! Ha Ha I'll never forget that!

Well, I'm still getting along fine. I've tied a couple dozen flies, and they look pretty good. Mom how are you getting along? I hope you are all fine on this Thanksgiving Day, and I hope we can spend the next one together! Bye for now and may God bless you all. Love, Eldred.  
L. W. Unit, 2nd T. C.G. Camp Polk, Louisiana NOTE NEW ADDRESS

**November 25, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, we finally got moved in, and it really was a job!! We've got a lot of straightening around and organizing to do yet, but the hard part is done.

The whole T.C.G. moved up here, lock, stock, and barrel. We moved everything, and it was some job! They combined L. W. #1 and L. W. #2 into one unit, and I'm glad. I'm really lucky: Ed Shoenfeld has been in #2 and me in #1, and now we're together; Buck is back again, too.

We are now in two story barracks. We have toilets, showers, washbasins and fountain--also gas heat in each barracks. We also have army beds with sheets and pillowcases! This is the first time since I've been away from "Camp Crowded" that I've been in a barracks--and with these conveniences. Most of my time was in a tent with a trench for toilet, and helmet for wash basin, bathtub and wash tub. Ha Ha. At Murphy, and also a short time at Drew Field, we had the small hutment type barracks, but they were just a hut to sleep in. This is really nice--even if it is full of cockroaches and a few bed bugs. After all our time in tents with lots of pests, these here will just have to look out for themselves. Ha Ha. What is even better though they have 3 rooms in each barracks, 3 beds in 2 of them, and 2 beds in the other. These are for the top ranking Sgts. Ed and I were lucky and got assigned to the same barracks, and what is even better, we are assigned to a room--and we have it by ourselves! It's really nice and cozy. We just shut the door, and have all the privacy we want. Buck was lucky too, he is in one of the other rooms.

I really like this, now we don't have to listen to all the filthy loud talk, or breathe the smoke all the time! This for me! Also I have a nice radar shop here. (Not in the barracks) Tommy and I are back together again, and it's a nice place with gas heat, and even a latrine and wash basin. Nice, eh? I hope we stay here for a long time. Ha Ha Just cause I do, we'll probably move again. I'll tell you more about the camp later; I'm just new here myself. Ha Ha.

Dad, I got your letter today. So you think you can sell all the flies I can tie, eh? Well, I'm serious about it, so see about it, will you? How much can you get per dozen? I'd like \$1.25 if I can get it, cause prices are up a lot, and it costs more to make them. For instance I used to get gut at 1 cent each--now it's 2 cents each. A hook was 7 cents, now they are 2 ? cents. So, where I used to make a fly for 1 cent each, they would now cost me about 6 cents each--if I buy the stuff from the catalog I just got. 70 cents a dozen to make. Dad find out for sure, will you, whether the Mecca will buy them, and how much I can get for them. I won't tie them to order anymore, that is, make any kind they want; I'll just make certain kinds and that is all. Also, I'll tie only on size 10 and 8 hooks. Beck, look again for that gut. I know I have a couple hundred strands somewhere (that's \$5.00 worth). Also, if Dad can sell the flies, I'd need hooks size 8 & 10. Can you buy them in town? If so let me know, and also the price. In New York I can get them for \$2.50 for 100. How many do I have left at home? Any? Also, if I'm going to tie them to sell, I'll need hackle feathers--brown and tan ones, both from the neck and "saddle" of the rooster. Also I'd need those duck breast feathers I wanted. Both the black dot teal, and gray and white ones. Dad, I'll tie up a half a dozen or so, and send them to you. Then you can show him what they're like. Don't ask until I send my sample, O.K.? After you get the sample, find out as soon as you can.

Say, I asked for Leon's address; send it. If I get a furlough, I have to give them my address.

Dad, thanks for all the news, and also I was interested in your remarks about canning factory. Mom, how are you getting along? Do you feel any better? How are you getting around now? I surely hope everything is fine!!! Well, I'll quit for now. So long for now and I pray that God will bless you. Love, Eldred.

P.S. I'm going to church tomorrow. This is where I came that one time with Lieutenant Pugmire

Dear Folks, First of all, I've got a new list of things you can get for me:

1. Some brown and tan hackle feathers from the neck and "saddle" of a Rhode Island red, buff orpington, or best of all a game cock or bantam rooster. (If you haven't already sent some)
2. Some more of those grey feathers like you sent with the scissors.
3. Some more of my silk floss. I want green, and orange. (I used to have some)
4. A spool or two of 00 black rod-winding silk thread, or if you can't get that, any black silk thread.
5. Some white duck feathers like those grey ones you sent with the scissors. They were real good



ones.

You probably wonder why I didn't ask for all those things at once so you would only have had to send one package, and only look once. Well, its this way: 6 years it's been since I tied very many flies, and during that time, I've forgotten a lot about tying flies, and as I go along I remember a few more things! However, I think I've about got most all I need now. Except hooks. Try and get me some size 10 & 12 both short shank and regular. If Henry Williams doesn't have any, Bennet's, or Kammeyer's or Armstrong's or Cross's may have some. When I was home in July, Bennet's had some.

I got the scissors and those grey feathers and the candy yesterday, thanks a lot! I've tied 7 flies tonight; they look a lot better than the ones I've tied since I first got the stuff. Before, I couldn't trim the flies up a neat as I like.

Here's a picture you can have; it was taken awhile ago in my tent. I'll write more later, bye for now. Love, Eldred. I got a letter from LeRoy. He's fine.

**November 28, 1944.** Dear Folks, Well, I've swept out the cockroaches and I'm ready to write a letter. I got the spray gun tonight and really sprayed the place, and boy, did I kill them. I'll bet I swept out over 100 already, and there's that many more behind our beds! I've only found one bed bug so far, and he paid for my blood with his life.

The L.D.S. Chaplain came over to see Ed and me today, and we had a nice chat. He's a nice young fellow about 28 or 29.

I got your letter today Mom, it was surely nice to hear from you again. I can't take any more pictures--at least while here because cameras are forbidden on this camp. I'm glad to hear, Mom, that you are getting along pretty good now. Be sure and still take it easy and get well and strong before you try to do any work!!

So you went to Dale Browning's reception, eh? I'm glad he got married in the temple! It's surely odd about the Collins fellows marrying outside the Church; they used to be so religious. You went to Ethyl's for Thanksgiving, eh? I'll bet you had a nice feed. Thanks for telling me about Midgley. I'm sorry Grandpa isn't feeling so well. I hope he gets better.

So you have snow again? Next year, maybe I'll be home for a white Christmas. As it is, I'll now get my furlough when my 6 months are up, which puts it about January 15. That will be about just right as Lois should be out of the hospital by then, and we can enjoy the furlough together.

Beck, I got your letter yesterday. Did you ever go hunting ducks yet? Ha Ha, you'd better, 'cause if I start tying lots of flies, I'll need more feathers! No, I don't think you need to send the vise you made; I don't think I could use it either. Ha Ha. Thanks again for sending the fly tying stuff. Did you get the sample dozen flies I sent home? Those two I tied purposely without gut. I'll tie them either way--whichever the customers want. Mom mentioned Midgley having hooks at his store; here's what I want to know: can you buy hooks, size #10 regular, and a few #8 regular? Also, can you buy that synthetic gut in rolls, 6 or 8 lb test? How much are the hooks, and how many is it possible to buy? I want to know the prices so I'll know whether it would pay to start tying flies again. Can you buy peacock feathers there? Did you ever find that gut? You said you hadn't so far. There should be 200 strands somewhere, and at 5 cents each which is the catalog price, that's \$10.00 worth. Can you sell the flies if I tie them, and if so, how much a dozen? I want to know so I can figure whether I can make any profit on the deal. Did you shoot any ducks in Huntsville?

Helen, I hope your cold is better by now. I'm sorry to hear you're not well. About "my" Christmas present: I don't need anything, including money. I'd rather you wouldn't send anything as I've too much stuff now. They are getting "G.I." again, and I'm going to have to get rid of a lot of the stuff I've accumulated. (Note: I can't use a sweater or scarf either) Thanks anyway!

So you're thinking of buying Stitzer's--.22 pistol, eh? I don't know if I would or not. The barrel was worn pretty badly, though it did shoot pretty well. We can get a new one when the war is over; you can buy them now through catalogs for about \$65.00--including some shells. So I don't think a used one would be worth too much.

Well, I've got to "sack in" for tonight. Thanks again for sending the fly tying stuff, and for going to all the trouble for me. Let me know what I asked if you can, soon. Bye for now. As Ever, Eldred.

**November 30, 1944.** Dear Mom, Well, here's that \$5.00 I owed you. I've been sort of slow paying you back--but not any slower than you were telling me how much I owed you!

Well, I'm getting along pretty well. I've done quite a bit of heavy work everyday moving radar equipment and motors etc., and then we have 1 hour of exercises each day; but I guess I'll live through it O.K. The meals here are 100% better than what the air corps dishes out. We are still air corp, but one just

wintering in an infantry camp. The infantry really lives in style compared to the air corps camps I've seen! We don't even have to stand in line to eat chow! I'm going to a show as soon as I finish this; I haven't seen one in a long time so I guess I'll go tonight.

We are in a good location here. It's 1 block to the dry cleaners and laundry, bowling alley and P.X. It's 1 block to the movie, a chapel is just across the street, it's 1 block to the main P.X., the service club, snack bar, and beer parlor, the post office, a bank, library, the finance office, etc. It's really nice for a change to get to those places in a couple minute walk, instead of not having any or going several miles. They even have a roller skating rink somewhere on the Post! This is quite a place, and really neat, and it looks more like an army post should.

Ed has gone back to DeRidder for a few days. He is on detached service and has to help tear down the wiring, etc., that was left back in DeRidder so I guess we won't go back there--I hope. Rumor has it that we'll either go to Arkansas or North Carolina when spring comes. Until then, we are supposed to work over our equipment and maybe get a little schooling on some new stuff.

Well, there isn't much else to write about here. Mom, how are you getting along? I hope you are feeling pretty well by now. Does it still pain? Is the scar all healed up yet? How much snow do you have there now? Is it very cold there now? Have you a Christmas tree yet? I'd like to be home for Christmas, but, I think if I get it in January it will be better. I may be able to get a seat on the train--or at least get on one, which would be hard to do at Christmas time.

Well, I'll be home for next Christmas, so we'll celebrate then. I hope you are all well and getting along fine. Bye for now. Love, Eldred.

Postcard from Kansas City, Postmarked January 7, 1945, Mr. C. L. Beckman, 310--13 th St., Ogden, Utah.

So far, so good. It's cold here. Going to go south now, hope its warm! Thanks for the nice send off.

**January 9, 1945.** Dear Folks, Well, I made it back, O.K. I had a pretty good trip, though I'm getting sort of tired riding trains. After I got to Shreveport, I had about a 170-mile ride on the bus down to here. I had seats all the way, and in good cars. I had a good visit in Kansas City, and went over to Independence, Mo. I went to church, then I went and saw the Reorganite Auditorium--it can't compare with our Tabernacle. Then I saw the future temple site; but I still like Utah best. Ha Ha.

Kansas City was cold, and coming down here yesterday it seemed nice, but I walked about 2 blocks this morning and almost froze my ears off! Ha Ha--and it wasn't even freezing. The infantry took almost all of our privates and corporals (except a couple of radar men), so, now the Sgt.'s have to work. Ha Ha. What am I laughing at? I've got to pull K.P. tomorrow--my first in 2 years. There are 5 of us Sgt.'s on.

The few guys here I know were quite thrilled about my being a "Pop". Most of the guys, though, that I know well are either on furlough or out in the field again.

The guys left here, sure go in for drinking. They've all got whiskey in their lockers. You'd never know there was a shortage on.

It surely was nice to be home! That Christmas was about the best one I've ever had, I believe. It was so good to be home again, and everybody was no nice. I really enjoyed that furlough; you all were so good to me, and did so much. I surely hope it won't be long till I can get back again.

The lunch on the train was very good! I had a good meal in Kansas City too.

Beck, send that stuff by express. They have an express station a couple of blocks from here. Don't send that small brown Book of Mormon and Principles of the Gospel in that cellophane bag; I want the bag, however, and the other books I asked for, whenever you get time to send them.

I got the package with the hooks and feathers O.K.; they are fine. Thanks a lot! Well, I'll say so long for now. Love, Eldred.

**January 13, 1945.** Dear Folks, Well, first of all, tonight I'll try to pay up my bills. Ha Ha. I know I'm "gypping" you a little, but this will have to do. Ha Ha. You sent me \$35.00 to come home on furlough when I wired for it, and when I was getting on the train, you all gave me some money--\$5.00 each. Dad gave me an extra dollar, and Beck tipped the porter, so that came to about \$17.00. You insisted on paying for my meals, etc., on the train, and I ate well along with the nice lunch you sent. So, I will allow about \$7.00 to pay for the meals etc., and I'll send the \$10.00 back. Thanks a lot. So, enclosed find a money order for \$45.00. There, I feel better. I know you probably won't like my sending it back, but I want to pay my bills. Ha Ha. Someday, maybe I'll want to borrow some more; as it

is, you've all done so much for me anyway I hate to take any more--and besides I'm getting along O.K.! Thanks a lot anyhow.

Also enclosed are some mantles for the lantern. I was going through some stuff today and found them. They were going to discard them, so I thought you could probably use them.

I'm feeling a little better today. I've surely had a miserable cold since I've been back, but I'm getting it licked. However, I'm having a little trouble with the cord in my leg. I guess it's sort of rheumatism or something. Anyway, if it isn't better Monday, I'll go on sick call.

Well, they put me on a job again and took me off the duty detail roster, so maybe no more K.P. We don't have a maintenance shop since they reorganized, but now they put me in Technical Supply, handling spare parts, etc. It's a job, and will probably be a headache--but it is a job and something to do. Also, it's under a good Lieutenant.

It's warmed up some lately, and several of the outfits have gone back out in the field operating on maneuvers again. I'll go over tomorrow and see if the chaplain is still here and go to church.

Beck, I got your letter today. Thanks. So you went up and saw Lois and the baby, eh? What do you think of him? Ha Ha, shall we take him back and exchange him, or do you think he will do?

Mom, did you hold the baby, and do you feel like a Grandma now? Ha Ha.

Beck, so you think you want to sell the pistol, eh? Boy, you hadn't better, or I'll come and make you get it back. I told the fellows about it and they'd sure like one too. No, I didn't get the room back. I could have had it or another one, but Buck and Ed are not here so I didn't want to be in a room with some guys I don't like, so I came out in the Bks. It isn't as private, but there are fewer bugs, and not as crowded or as hard to clean up.

I gave Gus Prante a few of those hackle feathers you sent; he's been trying to get some and couldn't. Say after all, I forgot those feathers we got. Send me just a few of those small grey feathers that we pulled off next to the wing--a couple dozen is plenty. I won't need any of the rest of the stuff now. They are in the top of the brown chest in a sack.

Say, I never did ask while I was home whether you'd received that \$5.00 money order I sent to pay for the orchid. Did you? Well, there's no more news here, and it's the same as before and I'm still getting along O.K. Thank you again for everything. Bye for now, and may God bless you! Love, Eldred.

P.S. Helen, have you tried painting any more pictures? Say, on the roll of film in the camera, just snap off the rest of them of you, Dad, Mom & Beck and send it in soon. I forgot this time, but next time I get a money order, I'll pay you for it, and then you can start out on a fresh roll for yourself as there's only 5 or six left on that roll.

**January 18, 1945.** Dear Folks, Well, here I am again, and as usual, there isn't too much to write about. It's been cold here the last few days, and then today it really rained! I'm still working in Tech Supply, and getting along pretty good.

Beck, enclosed is an instruction sheet I found in one of the new meters. Put it with mine, so we'll know all about how to use it.

Last night we had to go to a training film, so I didn't get to see the latest Walt Disney show like I wanted, and it isn't on tonight; they say it was good. Did you see it, Helen? Say Helen, once, quite awhile ago, you asked something about the three degrees of glory. Among my books somewhere there is a small brown booklet by Melvin J. Ballard that gives a good explanation. Read that if you can find it, and if you have any more questions just ask me. If you can't find it, in my top drawer is a "Way to Perfection". In the last part there is a very good explanation of the 3 degrees, and they also quote from Ballard. It's very good; read it.

They gave us a test last night after the training film--on airplane identification. They showed 40 projected photos of airplanes for ? seconds each, and we had to name them. These were just American and British planes (the most common ones) and I got them all right.

Sunday, at the church service, I was set apart as a "group leader", and I have the authority to start branches of the church where ever I go, and to perform baptisms, etc., just as I did have in the mission field. Also, since the L.D.S. Chaplain is leaving, I'm to remain in charge here. I hope I can make out all right.

They are still talking of moving. It's still just rumor, and I don't know yet if there's anything to it, but they say we will go up to Arkansas. I kind of hope we do, but then you can never tell. They are sending all the sections out in the field to operate on maneuvers again, so we may remain here again all summer.

I did some washing tonight, I washed out some of those new hankies I got for Christmas; they are really nice. Well, I hope you are all getting along fine. Bye for now, and I pray that God will bless you.



Love, Eldred.

P.S. Have you seen the baby any more?

**January 21, 1945.** Dear Folks, Well, here it is another Sunday night, time seems to go by pretty good.

I had quite an enjoyable weekend: Chaplain Jones and I attended a district conference up in Nachitoches, Louisiana. We went to Many, La., last night and stayed with some members of the Church there, then we rode over with them this morning to the conference. We really enjoyed it! There were a couple hundred people there, and the chapel was full. Both Many and Nachitoches really have nice, new, modern, small chapels; they are really nice--especially when built and sustained by a membership of less than 50. There were people there I'd met before, some from Alexandria, and some from Baton Rouge.

I really enjoyed the meeting, especially the talk by Mission President Warner. Then they furnished lunch for everybody, and it was nice--salad, spaghetti, peas and two kinds of cake. I certainly thought that was nice of them. In the afternoon, they held the usual missionary meeting, and we were invited to attend. It was very wonderful and almost felt like old times--except that the missionaries are all about 30 years older than the ones I was out with--they are calling the older folks on missions now.

Chaplain Jones was informed that he will be here another month, so he and I are invited down to the town of Rosepine next Sunday to do the preaching. It is just a newly organized branch, and there will be both members and investigators out. I surely hope I can get off to make it. Also, next week, I'm asked by the Chaplain to give the closing prayer at his regular Protestant service. At the missionary meeting, I assisted in ordaining a fellow to the Melchizedek Priesthood. We had to come back, and didn't get to stay to the evening session much as we'd have liked--just as well, I guess, 'cause if we'd stayed I'd have had to talk. Ha Ha.

Dad, I got your letter the other day; it was good to hear from you. Glad to hear you are still getting along O.K. and that the weather is nice. So you saw the baby, eh? Well, I'm glad you like him. I hope he keeps getting along O.K. I hope it won't be long until I can see him again.

Well, I'm getting along fine here. My cold is better and also my knee, and I've about decided that it was just caused by my cold. Good night, and I pray that God will bless you. Love, Eldred.

**January 24, 1945.** Dear Folks, Well, just a year ago, Lois and I got married--time has passed quickly it seems. However, it has been one of the happiest years of my life. I had 3 furloughs, had Lois with me half the time, and now have a fine son. The Lord has blessed me very much. I have been so fortunate, whereas others have been in battle or have been killed or wounded. I'm sure that part of my good fortune has been due to your prayers.

As you see by the stationary, the packages arrived today. I was glad to get them, as I need some of the books to prepare my sermon for Sunday. I was a little worried for fear they wouldn't come in time. But they came in fine shape, and nothing was damaged. Thank you for sending them.

I'm still getting along fine. My job is pretty good--in fact, it's a racket. It's easy, but plenty to do, so it helps pass the time. A clipping one of the guys got from a Little Rock, Ark. paper says that the 3rd Air Force, Air T.C.G. is going to take over the base at Stuttgart, Ark., so maybe the rumors are true. Well, I'd like to go up there--or anywhere for a change, though I don't mind it here; I'm not too particular any more.

Beck, I got your letter. Thank you. So you're mad cause I sent the money back, eh? Well, I feel better about it anyway. I just never did like to keep taking too much from you folks. If I'd let you, I'm afraid you'd give me everything you've got. Ha Ha. You hadn't better sell that pistol though--I was glad to take that. Ha Ha.

So you saw the baby and think he's O.K., eh? Well, you can't have him; we decided to keep him. Ha Ha.

Thanks for the feathers. I tied a few flies with them. If we're going to move, I think I will send some of my stuff home.

Mom, I received your letter too. Thanks for the bank account for the baby; that was nice of all of you. Yes, my cold is better, and also my leg. I think what happened was just that the cold settled there. That fellow must have had it pretty tough on Kiska--I knew the water was hard on teeth; I guess its good I came back when I did. I'm sorry to hear Randall is going to have to go. It's almost sure to be infantry if he gets in the army; they are really taking every available man from us. However, we are still exempt.

Well, I guess I've run out of news again, so good night for now and may God bless you all. Love, Eldred.

**January 29, 1945.** Dear Folks, Well, Sunday is over--and I'm in the army again! Yesterday, I was back in the mission field again. It seemed good for a change. Chaplain Jones is only 2 years older than I am; it is almost like having a missionary companion again. He held his regular Protestant service in the morning; I helped a little by passing out the programs etc., and then offering the benediction. In the afternoon, he got a jeep and we drove way out in the country, back in the "sticks". It is a scattered backwoods settlement, and there is one Mormon family there. However, they rounded up all their neighbors for miles around, and we held a preaching service. There were 35 people crowded into the small front room. We held a pretty good service, and they seemed quite pleased. I talked about 15 minutes on the Restoration, and the Chaplain took 25 on the First Principles. They invited us to come back again any time! We will probably go again next Sunday, and then the following Sunday we are invited up to Many to talk there.

Last night, we held our L.D.S. services in the Chapel; I conducted the meeting. We had 12 out--all different from those we've had before. They move in and out pretty fast around here, it seems. We had a sacrament service, and then a discussion period; it seemed to go over pretty well. After the meeting was over, it took an hour to get them to leave the chapel. Ha Ha. Well, it was a nice Sunday. I hope they keep up like that! Here's the program from the Chaplain's service yesterday.

Dad, I got a letter from you yesterday. Glad to hear you are getting along O.K.--and to hear all the news. It would be good if you could get back to putting on plays; you used to put on some good ones. I'd like to see Beck get in as a scoutmaster. Why don't you give it a try Beck?

Helen, I hope your cold is better now.

Beck I got a letter from you today. So you want my son, eh? Ha Ha, I'll bet if he started to holler, you'd want to give him back--so it's no trade. Ha Ha.

It really must be pretty warm there. I hope it keeps up. Say, is there enough snow in the mountain to fill the dam?

I've tied a few more flies, however, the only time I get a chance now is at night, and here I don't have a good enough light and it bothers my eyes, so I probably won't tie very many.

So you think you could hit a coyote, eh? I'll bet you couldn't even walk that far! I'm like you, though: I don't think that gun of Randall's is too good. It's a good gun for short range, but that's all. I don't like the scope either; I'll take my pistol any day. Ha Ha.

Well, I still like my job pretty well. I'd rather be doing this than fixing or working on radar any day. I hope I can keep it up! Beck, they haven't any more shaving brushes, and they don't have any Gillette blades. Is there anything else you want? Well there's no more news tonight, so bye for now. Love, Eldred.

**February 5, 1945.** Dear Folks, Here it is Monday again. I didn't write quite as often last week, as I was a little busier than usual. We've been working more; getting our stuff ready to move. We have to take care of all Technical Supplies. One night Chaplain Jones and I went to a show, and Friday night, we went into town and visited an L.D.S. couple and had supper with them. It was surely good for a change--especially the butterscotch pie covered with pecans. Well, it should have been as I made the filling! Ha Ha.

Yesterday, I had a pretty good day. I went to church in the morning and heard Chaplain Jones preach. Then in the afternoon, he got a jeep and we went out to the backwoods settlement of Rosepine. Boy did it rain! However, we had 25 people out to church. We held a sacrament meeting, and then a preaching service. I talked on the events preceding Christ's Second Coming--dealing mainly with the Restoration of the Gospel. Afterwards we sat around and talked, and had cake and milk. The Chaplain and I then came back to camp, had some ice cream, and held our L.D.S. service at the chapel; I conducted the meeting. We didn't have so many out, because of the rain--and part are out in the field--but we had a nice meeting. Next Sunday the Chaplain and I are invited to church, and the following Sunday back to Rosepine--but I guess I'll be somewhere else by then. I'm going to miss this place. Being with the Chaplain is almost like having a missionary companion again.

Gee, this barracks was worse than a saloon again the last couple of nights. They had to drag several off to bed. They were so drunk they couldn't even move. Last night some of them ran out of liquor, and the P.X. was closed so they couldn't get any more, and they were drinking hair tonic, shaving lotion etc. It's quite funny in a way.

We got some more shots today and as soon as they read off the names everybody ran as hard as they could--to get there first! Of course there's a reason: the more that get "shot", the duller the needle gets and it hurts more. Also, the guy giving them gets careless. Also, the longer you stand in line and smell the stuff, the more you hate to get it--and that's why some pass out. Some day, I hope I never have

to get any more shots.

Say, I sent a box home; you've probably received it by now. I decided to send the radio home as I don't listen to it much--too much hillbilly music and advertising. Also, it's too hard to pack around. Did it get there O.K.? It's insured. The razor I sent too because it doesn't work well down here. It's a damper climate, and it doesn't cut as well, and makes my face sore. So I went back to the Schick razor. The pliers and the small screwdriver: put them in the drawer with those others. The book: I read and enjoyed it; give it to Lois. I put it in the same package 'cause I would have had to get another inspection certificate.

My watch hasn't run right since I've been back. At night it keeps good time, and also on Sundays when I'm not working, but during the day it will gain over an hour. As soon as I get to Arkansas, send my Elgin in that box, and then I'll send this one back, and you can take it to the jeweler. The balance wheel is probably what the trouble is.

Mom, I received your letter today. So you've seen the baby some more, eh. Well, I'm glad he's cute, and I hope he gets along O.K. I guess you had quite a time with me--especially doing all the work you did. I'm glad Lois can sort of take it easy, and have a lot of help. However, I suppose she would rather be in her own home.

Yes, I wrote to Taylor. Say, what do you mean "you'll have to sell the home and live in an apartment" just 'cause I've moved out, and maybe Helen--there's no need for that! The house will be just right. You only have two good bedrooms as it is. I know you'll hate to see Helen leave home, but she will have to go someday. I sort of think a couple of months away at school would do her good. She's just like LeRoy and I. For some unknown reason we aren't so shy, and get along a lot better among strangers. Eldon was the same way. However, there are lots of things to think about.

Well, I hope things are getting along fine. I hope you are feeling fine. Bye for now, and may God bless you. Love, Eldred.

**February 9, 1945.** Dear Folks, I'm still here in Camp Polk, but for the last day! From now on, my address will be: L.W. Unit, 2nd T.C.G.S.A.A.F., Stuttgart, Ark. Our status there will be about the same as in DeRidder. Everybody there is just moving up to Stuttgart and we will take over that base. It has been closed down. We are moving there because we didn't have room down at DeRidder--which is why we are here in Camp Polk.

Last night, the Chaplain and I went to the show "Roughly Speaking" with Rosalind Russell. It was a very good show! The night before we went into town and visited Leacocks again; we really had a nice time. We all took a hand in fixing things: I fixed the macaroni and cheese, the Chaplain fixed the butterscotch pie, and I also washed the dishes. Ha Ha. We surely had a good meal. Besides the macaroni and cheese, we had maraschino cherries, pineapple and cabbage salad, diced beef, relish, dark bread and raw carrots. It surely tasted good after this army chow!

Beck, I received a letter from you. Thanks. Is it still spring there, or do you finally have some winter? Did they ever get the water supply fixed so they can put water in the dam again? Thanks for all the news. I got a letter from LeRoy. He is a corporal now, so he's making pretty good money (about \$79.00--less his insurance). I hope you are all getting along fine. I'm still about the same as ever, and as usual, there's nothing to write. So long for now. Love, Eldred.

**February 12, 1945.** L.W. Unit, 2nd T.C.G. S.A.A.F. Stuttgart, Ark. Dear Folks, Well, here I am in Arkansas; each move puts me a little nearer to home. I hope one comes soon that will put me home for good. Ha Ha. We had a pretty good trip up here; I came up on a Pullman. However, I caught cold, so now I have a cold again.

The camp is just a small one about 6 miles from town, and about 50 miles from Little Rock. All it seems to do here is rain! The country is really flat here, and the main occupation is raising rice. So we are surrounded by rice fields.

We are in the small tarpaper air corps-type barracks, with just as many men in as we had in the large barracks in Polk! These aren't nearly so nice, and the showers etc. are in a separate building, which makes it sort of inconvenient to shave, wash etc. They have the large consolidated-type mess hall here, and we all eat in the same place. So far, the meals have been very good--the best since I was in Seattle. I hope it keeps up, but if they put our cooks in, they'll probably spoil things.

We furnish K.P.s from five in the morning till 10:30, then the German prisoners come and take over. They don't get up early--maybe they have a union! Ha Ha. They are all husky looking fellows, but they make good K.P.s and do a good job of it.

We have double bunks here and a single floor, compared to Camp Polk's single bed, and double floors. I have an upper in both cases. Ha Ha. We have coal stoves here--and need them. The P.X., so far,



is small and doesn't have much to sell, but I guess they'll enlarge it now that we've come in. If the rain doesn't last all the time, this place shouldn't be so bad.

There is a branch of the Church in Little Rock, so I may be able to go occasionally; they say bus connections are fair. Well that's about all the news so far. I've worked all day unloading trucks, and will be busy for awhile straightening out our stuff. Send me my Elgin wristwatch, in the case, and then I'll send this one back. If you'd like, you can get it overhauled for my birthday; it needs a good overhaul job, and the crystal is scratched pretty badly. Also, try those heavy rubbers I used to have on those hunting shoes and see if they'll fit. If so, and not too tight, send them to me--as I could use them here! Send them as soon as you can. Well, I hope you are all getting along fine. I'll write you again when I find out more about this place. (Did I tell you I got a letter from LeRoy and that he is a corporal now?) Love, Eldred.

P.S. Dad, how about sending me your book on the life of Wilford Woodruff. I'll read it and send it back.

**February 15, 1945.** Dear Folks, It's been a nice day here today, and hasn't rained a bit. In fact, the sun came out and dried a little of the mud. I washed out a few clothes tonight; I hope I can get them dry before it decides to rain again!

Three of the fellows that left here (for overseas replacement and went to Greensboro) are now operating radar down in Panama. That is a pretty good deal; I wouldn't mind that. Things here haven't changed any since I last wrote, and I'm still getting along O.K.

Say, Beck, send me a couple of dozen strands of that gut, and I'll tie a few flies for you and Dad, O.K.? I saw a show last night. It was pretty good. They have a very nice theatre here, and a bowling alley with eight lanes--nice ones too. I don't mind this place at all so far, and if the mud would ever dry up, it would be pretty nice. That is, of course except for some of the things this crazy outfit does. Here's their latest idea to help win (??) the war: every day we alternate the way we lace our shoes. One day we lace them with the laces crossed [picture] as usual, then the next day they are [picture of laces straight across]--very intelligent, don't you think?

Dad, I got a nice letter from you today; thank you for the dollar bill. I suppose it was for Valentine's Day. Thanks a lot. I was glad to hear all the news. It's good to hear how things are going back there. Glad the radio, etc., came O.K. What did you think of that pair of long nose pliers? Pretty good set of pliers, don't you think?

Yes, I think you have a pretty good idea for building again--that is, if you can get what you want, and at the same time get enough out of the one you have. You could probably improve on the one you have--now that you've had the experience. Then too, you could build another bedroom, so you could get out of the basement. I don't blame you for wanting to get out the damp basement room. I'd never build a home without 3 bedrooms at least!

So the North Ogden isn't paying off, eh? It's good you have your other jobs! I'm glad to hear you are getting along O.K. Mom, how's your arm now? Feel any better yet?

Well, I won't be working for the Lieutenant Jensen any more--he was too good. All the other officers ganged up on him and railroaded him out, and they will put him out in the field. I don't think, though, that it will much change my setup, though they will put some other officer in charge. Well, I hope you are all getting along fine. I pray that God will bless you. Love, Eldred.

P.S. Helen, do you still have that roll of film in the camera? If so, give the camera to Lois and she'll send it in.

**February 18, 1945.** Dear Folks, Just a short letter tonight as there's nothing new to write. Army life is about the same anywhere. I've seen a couple of good shows; "National Velvet" was exceptionally good. I've played a few games of billiards, read a few books, and worked as usual in the daytime, and that's all there is to tell. I was going to town today, but it was too cold and miserable, and my bed was so warm I didn't get up till too late.

Beck, I got your letter today. Thanks a lot for the Valentine gift. Thanks for all the news. So you've seen the kid some more, eh? Well, I guess he's growing quite big. I hope it won't be long until I can see him again. So, you like the pliers, eh? Well you can't have them. I'm saving them for my post war workbench! I still have two other kinds of pliers here with me, and some screw drivers; I may decide to send them home. We are pretty well equipped with tools now, so there's no need for me to pack a set around with me. I did have a hammer, wrenches, chisel, small saw, etc., but I gave them to a Lieutenant who was short some on his checklist.

I've got my fly box all filled up, so I'll quit tying flies I guess (though I'll tie a couple of dozen for you and dad first.) I'll be looking forward to using them up Blacksmith Fork next year. Well, I hope all of

you are getting along fine. So long. Love, Eldred.

**February 22, 1945.** Dear Folks, Just think: 5 years ago I was leaving to go on a mission! Time has really passed, hasn't it? And a lot of things have happened since then.

As usual there's nothing much to write about. Army life is usually about the same. I haven't done much since leaving Tech Supply except loaf and read; I've read several books. I've seen 4 shows this week, and played several games of pool--but that's about all. So far, I haven't even been to town. I just don't have anything to go in for, so I stay here. I ought to go, I guess, and at least see what the town looks like, 'cause I may not be here long. There is supposed to be an order out to transfer some of us maintenance men. I'm hoping I'm on it, as I'd like to get out of this outfit. If we go, it will probably be to Shreveport, La., at Barksdale Field, which happens to be one of the best camps in the country--even if it is in "Lousyana". Ha Ha, so they say.

Well, I hope everything works out for the best. I hope you are all getting along fine. Love, Eldred.

Ed Schoenfeld is A.P.O. Miami now, so I guess he got a good break.

**February 25, 1945.** Dear Folks, Greetings from the Country Club! The army apparently decided we needed a vacation, so they sent us here; we traveled in style too. I had a Pullman compartment on the way down. Nice, eh? A G.I. bus brought us out from Shreveport. As we came through the main gate, I thought we were entering a college campus--but no college could be this large. Barksdale Field is one of the largest airfields in U.S., and it's really a beautiful place--beautiful stone and stucco buildings placed in beautiful landscaped parks. No such things as barracks! We could hardly believe this was an army camp, but upon being told so, we began to look for a likely place to pitch our tents. However, at present (at least), that wasn't to be our lot. We stopped at one hotel-like building and were told that's where we stay--until we are assigned.

We are in a 3 story building, and on the bottom floor are a nice dining room, barbershop, orderly and supply rooms etc., and a day room--better than most service clubs. It is like a hotel lounge, and has, besides two pool tables, two Ping-Pong tables and other things; also phone booths. Nice, eh?

The second and 3rd floors have large dormitories for sleeping--each larger than a barracks, and they have wall lockers to put clothes in. It's really quite nice. Also on each floor are fountains, and then a nice shower and wash room. No, I don't think I'm dreaming--at least, we've all pinched ourselves to see if it's true, and none of us have awakened yet, so I guess it is. Ha Ha. However, Monday we have an interview and they'll probably find out their mistake and find a muddy tent area and put us where we would feel at home.

The P.X. here is like one of the nicest drug stores! Nice fountain and everything--it even has fishing tackle. The theatre is nicer and larger than any in Ogden. For a Rec. Hall, they have "Hanger 9" which has a couple of basketball floors, also used to hold dances. About ten bowling alleys, a snack bar, boxing ring, etc., etc. Yes, it's all really nice, but that isn't all: you should see the residential district. It's better than Marilyn Drive. It's for married men, staff Sergeant or above. One area is for officers and the other for enlisted men. There are blocks and blocks of it. Also, a chapel that is really something. The houses are two story duplexes built of stone and stucco, and in a park like area. They really look nice, and look like they'd have 6 rooms in each apartment. Gee, I wish I had one more stripe and was stationed here permanently!

By this time, you are wondering what I got into; me too. Ha Ha. Well, I'll tell you as best I can: we were all ready to go out in the field--and the move was entirely unexpected. It is a permanent change of station, and we are through with the T.C.G. They asked for all overseas radar maintenance men, and so we made the list. All of the old maintenance men from the old 767 that were on Kiska made it, so Buck is along too. We get an interview tomorrow and will find out more, but at present here's what we could find out concerning our future possibilities: the Col. said they wanted overseas men so they wouldn't have to break up the crews by sending someone overseas. They are going to train B-29 crews here, and if things work out O.K.--and we can make the grade, we will help with the radar end, such as instructing the crews, installing and maintaining the sets, etc. Sounds nice, eh? Well, I hope it works out. I don't know though as it all sounds just too good to be true--couldn't happen to me. Ha Ha.

Well, I'll let you know when I find out, so don't set your hopes too high. We are just in the transient area here, and will later probably be assigned to quarters of our own. Bye for now. Love, Eldred.

**March 1, 1945.** Branch No. 1 Box 140--T Barksdale Field, La. Dear Folks, Well, I'm still living off

the fat of the land taking a vacation here at the country club of the air corps. Ha Ha. I hope they forget all about putting me to work; I like it the way it is.

Sunday I went into Shreveport and found the church there, and attended a district conference. It was good, but I don't think it compared with the ones we used to hold. We had an interview by a 1st Lieutenant in charge of schools here, and he had the 30 of us radar men that came down from Stuttgart get up and give a 5-minute talk on radar, then he talked to us individually. He said he liked the way I talked, and my background schooling, etc., and wanted to know if I wanted to be an instructor. I told him I didn't know if I could make it or not, but I'd take a crack at it. So he said he'd recommend me. The ten that he liked best, he sent here to Squadron T, and we've just loafed since then waiting to see what they assign us to. Out of the 10, 4 fellows are master Sgts., 1 tech. Sgt., 2 staffs, so I'm sort of low on rank. If it turns out as he said, we will be instructing the B-29 crews when they get here--which will be a few weeks from now. If I can make it, it should be pretty good; I hope, 'cause I'd sure like to stay here.

I've seen quite a few shows lately: "For Whom the Bell Tolls" with Gary Cooper & Ingrid Bergman (it was pretty good), and "Pin up Girl" with Betty Grable (it wasn't so good), "Bring on the Girls" with Veronica Lake (it wasn't too good). Then I saw a U.S.O. stage show that was fair. They wake us up early--5:25 a.m., but, so far we've just taken life easy waiting for our assignment.

Beck, I got your letter yesterday with the gut; thanks for sending it. I tied you up a couple dozen flies. There is the same amount of each kind, so you and Dad split them up, then you can split up that dozen I sent before for a sample. That should be enough to last you awhile with what you already have. Of course, I just as well not have tied the flies--I could have sent just the plain hooks, and you'd caught just as many fish! Ha Ha, in fact you just as well not even use a hook, as you can't catch them anyway! Ha Ha. I'll be looking for the watch, etc.; they'll forward it on down from Stuttgart. I've got some stuff I'm going to send home one of these days as I won't need it here. I've got a few tools that I won't be using, so I'll send them too. Say, we have to get 3 hours of physical training here a week, and they have a nice gym. Send me those leather basketball shoes will you? Thanks. Gee, I keep you busy sending stuff back and forth don't I? Well, I hope you don't mind.

So they planted some fish, eh? Well, if they planted brook trout in South Fork, I'll bet there will be very few caught there! They will go up to the headwaters of the stream! I'm glad they planted some German Browns. They are good and will take flies well. Also, they live good, and grow big. I can hardly wait for June to come so I can come home on furlough, and see the kid--then I want to do some fishing and use that .22 pistol! Then, if things are O.K. here, and work out O.K., I'll want to bring Lois and him back here. This place here is pretty good; they don't care how we lace our shoes. Ha Ha. Well, I'll write again. Bye for now. May God bless you. Love, Eldred.

**March 5, 1945.** Dear Folks, Well, I got a couple of letters from you today and finally the two packages caught up with me. Thanks for sending them, especially the watch. I'm glad to get one that keeps time; that other one surely wouldn't. (Note: I sent the other watch today.) If I didn't wear it, it kept fairly good time, and some days when I wore it, it seemed O.K. and the next day I'd figure the same, and then it would be an hour off.

Say, you didn't do as I asked about the rubbers! I didn't want you to buy some new ones. I wanted those old ones so that if they didn't fit, or if I had to move and couldn't take them, I'd just throw them away, and I wouldn't be out anything. How come you got the new ones? Well, I'll just have to send them back now, cause they don't fit. They are only a size 9, and my shoes are 10 1/2, so they don't even come close. So, I don't know what you can do with them. Maybe one of you can wear them, or exchange them for some you can. I don't need them here now anyway. Thanks anyhow for getting them, but if you'd sent the old ones as I asked, well, it would have saved a lot of trouble.

I hate to keep asking you to send things, but will you please send me one more package? I'd like that leather shaving kit that you gave me the other Christmas, Beck, for shaving articles, etc. Inside put that small Book of Mormon and "Principles of the Gospel" the Church gave me that I left home, and also my Articles of Faith book if you can find it. Thanks. There's no hurry on it.

Mom, thanks for your letter and the clipping. Say isn't Marian Williams kind of young to get married? At least it seems so. Well, I guess you've found out I'm not in any immediate danger of shipping overseas. In fact, I still couldn't go if I wanted to--though sometimes I wish I were over there helping out. I feel ashamed to have things so good when I know what the others are going through. I'm sorry to hear Grandpa isn't feeling so well; I hope he gets better.

So Baker Watkins is back! I guess he's been through quite a bit. How are you feeling now, Mom? Any better? Did you ever get your teeth? I hope they fit O.K. when you do.

Dad, I got your airmail letter today; it came a day faster, but then a day doesn't make too much



difference. I was glad to hear all the news. Did you bless the baby Sunday? I'll bet he squalled his head off. Ha Ha. Well, don't work too hard; there's no sense taking too much work. Why don't you sort of take it easy this summer and do a few of the things you've wanted to do?

We still haven't done very much here as yet. We took an hour of calisthenics today, and outside of two or three interviews, and checking our records, that's all we've done since we've been here--except just loaf. They wake us up at 5:25 a.m.--the only catch--and it makes a long day to loaf. Ha Ha. Yesterday I went in to town and went to Sunday school. I got stuck for the 2 minute talk, for the closing prayer, also testimony meeting. I got invited out for dinner and the afternoon, and had a nice visit. They had a nice meeting in the evening, and afterwards the young people had a "Fireside Meeting;" it was very nice. Tomorrow night is Mutual and I think I can go O.K.; I should have quite a bit of fun here. They have a pretty good branch--about 140 members. They haven't a chapel, but have rented a pretty good hall with classrooms.

I can't get over Nachitoches only having 37 members--some of whom are in the armed services--yet they really have a nice chapel. It isn't a large one, but is big enough for 150 people. Here there is a Merkley fellow and his wife from Blackfoot, Ida. He was a missionary in the Hawaiian Islands, and he's been stationed here 1 1/2 years. There are also a few other servicemen who attend, and with the young people here, we should have a good group. There's also a young fellow that looks about Moyer's age and size--gee, does he know his radio! He's built several sets, etc., and is pretty good.

Well, I've rambled enough. I hope you are all getting along fine. Love, Eldred.

P.S. There's no possibility of my ever advancing here either. Ratings are frozen.

**March 10, 1945.** Dear Folks, First of all, before I forget, I sent a package to you today, and I'll tell you what's in it, and what to do with it. You can have the towel, and the pair of garments; they are too small. Do what you like with the softball--I'm tired of carrying it around. The soldering iron--no you don't Beck, it's mine--put in my drawer. Keep the tent half and pole; I may want it later, though, but I doubt it. We turned in all our field equipment here, and I hope I don't have to use that pup tent again. There's a tobacco pouch with a bunch of gun cleaning patches, and a small vial of gun grease, and two drop-through type rifle cleaners. If you see Randall, give him one if he wants it. In the brown leather bag is my fly tying stuff; I decided I'd tied enough to last for awhile. Inside the plastic box with my feathers, etc., are the 2 dozen flies I tied for you and Dad--divide them up as I said before. In the bottom of the feather bag (in the green imitation leather sack) are a few tools you can also put in my drawer. No Beck, you can't have that knife even if I already have one, and they only cost 40 cents! I can't get any more! The book (I finished reading it) please give to Lois. It was a very good book!

Things here are still about the same as ever. Things are still unorganized and uncertain, and there's a little talk of maybe sending us to school. I wish they would, 'cause it's going to be pretty hard to learn it by ourselves. As yet, we get to read a little in a few pamphlets, also we've been in the B-29's a couple of times and looked at the equipment they operate. It's really all right!

So as yet, we still haven't done much of anything, and so there just isn't anything else to write about. I got a letter from Strasser; he moved from the Netherland Indies to the Philippines. I still haven't heard from Taylor or Scott.

Mom, how are you getting along? I hope you and all the rest are feeling fine. Well, I'll say so long for now. Love, Eldred.

P.S. Dad, I hear you did fine blessing my son.

**March 12, 1945.** Dear Folks, Monday is here, and another week is already going by. Still don't know any more about what we are going to do than before. It's generally conceded we are to be instructors, but the school starts just a month from now, and as yet no one knows any more about it than we do. If the set up continues, I don't think I'll like it. The students will all be officers--mostly college graduates--and as yet we know very little about our subjects. Before, they said they were going to give us additional schooling, but now they seem to have changed their minds. This just waiting around surely gets monotonous. I wish somebody would make up their minds, but I guess that's asking too much of the 3rd Air Force.

Yesterday, I went to town, and went to church. They have a nice Sunday school, and I'm going to be put in as a teacher in the adult class. They also assigned me a 2-minute talk for Easter Sunday, and I got assigned to speak in church next Sunday night. So I guess I'll be sort of busy. They surely had a good meeting last night: an elder from Richfield spoke (he's about your age Dad), and he surely gave a good talk. Then a lady missionary spoke and she was very good. It was one of the best meetings I've been to. Afterwards, we held our fireside group meeting. We had a nice discussion and ate popcorn balls. The

only trouble is, Sunday ends too quick.

Dad, I got your letter today, and the basketball shoes. Thanks a lot for sending them. I also got a letter from Howard—he's back in Hawaii again.

I'm glad to hear the baby behaved O.K. in church; I thought he'd squall his head off when he was blessed. I'm glad your work is coming along O.K. Don't work too hard. Why don't you take it easier now, and you and Mom go a few places and do a few things? Say, why don't you spend a little time and go down to the Temple, and do some of the work that should be done? Also, you ought to try and get a few more names.

They say bass fishing is pretty good around here, but the season doesn't open till May! I hope I get to do some. Well, bye for now. Love, Eldred.

**March 14, 1945.** Dear Folks, I'm still doing just the same here, and as yet don't know any more as to what our set up will be. I went in to Mutual last night after having dinner with the Merkleys, and it looks like I've got another job. They handed me the M. Men and Gleaner Girl class to teach. I didn't do so well last night as they didn't have a lesson book or anything, and they didn't have any ideas. Me either. Next week they are going to give me a lesson book, and I hope I can do better.

Helen, I got your letter today. I'll answer it later.

I got a letter from Taylor today. He's still in France and I guess he's getting along O.K. He didn't say much this time. I got the package today, shaving kit and books. Thanks a lot for sending them. That shaving kit is surely nice. Thanks for sending that small Articles of Faith, Dad; I'd forgotten you had it. It surely is nice. I'll try to take good care of it. It is surely a handy one!

Say Beck, I got your letter today. You sent it to the wrong (or I should say my first) address here—at Sq. A. They'd had it over there almost a week.

So Mom likes to hold the baby huh? I hear she won't let you get close to him. Ha Ha.

Yes, I got the watch and gut; I think I told you before. This watch surely keeps good time. I set it by the radio when I got it, and it's still right to the minute now. Good watch huh? Beck, what do you want me to try and get at the P.X.? I don't think they have much that you can't get in town—except Vitalis. I don't know who gets Gillette blades; I never see any. They have a pretty good shaving brush here—for only \$6.70. How many do you want, a dozen? Ha Ha.

So Earl Cook retired? That fishing outfit was a nice gift. Where'd they get it?! You hadn't better have sold that pistol! I'm figuring on using it if I come home in June!

Well, I'll write again when I've got some more to write about. Bye for now, and may God bless you all. Love, Eldred.

**March 17, 1945.** Dear Folks, It's beginning to feel a little like summer down here. Yesterday and today it's been plenty warm, and the high humidity has made all of us perspire. We are getting a lecture each day by a Ph.D. who taught ten years at N.Y.U. He's only a 2nd Lt., but he puts his ideas over better than anyone I've ever heard. He is trying to teach us the highlights of teaching. The only trouble is, the course won't last long enough! So, I guess it's pretty definite that we will try out as instructors whenever they open things up here. However, as yet, we aren't doing very much.

I took 3 hours of PT (physical training), 1 hr. of orientation, and stood Retreat Parade last night. Besides this, we study some, and that's about all. The Retreat Parades are U.S. and French as there are a lot of French women training here, and both flags fly over the post.

Beck, I got your letter today. Glad to hear you have spring; I hope it keeps up. Yes, it will be my birthday this month—the years sure seem to go by, 26 already; I can't hardly believe it myself! You ask what I want for my birthday: getting that watch fixed will be plenty. I believe a new crystal would be O.K. if they make it waterproof and unbreakable. I liked the strap like you got before; it was a very nice one. As for anything else, gee, I don't need much of anything; I have practically everything I can use. If you insist on getting something, I've got an idea—if it can be got and doesn't cost too much! The sun is pretty bright down here and makes me squint a lot. I wear those sunglasses over my specs, but that doesn't do to much good as the light comes in from the side, and the added weight and inconvenience of them makes it quite uncomfortable. I've thought sometimes I'd like a pair of Polaroid sunglasses ground to my prescription. I like the gold rimmed type or good plastic ones best, shaped like this [drawing], like you see in Bausch & Lomb or Ray Ban advertisements. They don't let the light in so much from the sides. Lois has my best pair of specs, and you could get the prescription from them. However, if they cost very much, forget all about it, and I can get along O.K. with these ones I have now.

So Randall has to go in May, he thinks. Tell him to try for the Navy, and ask for the Radar Test. I'm sure with his schooling he could pass O.K. The Navy is crying for men to send to radar school, and

they send them to good schools--much better than I had, and it takes quite awhile. The war might even be over before he got out of school.

Yes, that small Articles of Faith was fine; better than the other. I didn't know it was there. I'll bet the kid is growing quite a bit--I'd like to see him again!

They say fishing is pretty good here. They opened the season on catfish and bream today, but bass and crappie (the ones I want) aren't open till May! I'd sure like to go fishing again. I bought me a new plug in the P.X. today, and it should do all right on catching the fish. I'm anxious to try it out.

Well, I've still got more to prepare on my talk for tomorrow, so I guess I better get busy and study up on it. So long for now. Love, Eldred.

P.S. Mom, how are you getting along? You never say much.

P.S. Will you or Helen get Lois some flowers for Easter and send me the bill? Thank you.

**March 19, 1945.** Dear Folks, Enclosed is a clipping from the post paper of the French at the Retreat Parade the other night. However, that isn't what I want you to look at. The main point of interest is that building--that's one of the barracks. Notice the shrubs, etc. That isn't the one I live in, but ours is just like it.

As far as I'm concerned, things have not changed any, and we are still going on the same schedule. This letter won't be to long as I've got to get some kind of a lesson for my mutual class tomorrow night. As yet, I haven't the slightest idea of what to teach. I haven't got the lesson book, so I've just got to find something on my own.

I had a pretty good day yesterday: had a nice Sunday school in the morning, and church last night was pretty good, and also our fireside group--I talked last night for about 20 minutes. A lot of people came up and said they surely enjoyed it, but I didn't think I did so well 'cause I got mixed up trying to quote a passage and finally had to stop and look it up and read it. Then I couldn't get my train of thought back again the way I wanted.

Mom, I got your letter, and it was good to hear from you, though you didn't say how you were getting along. Have you been up and seen the doctor yet? Why do you always keep saying "stay where you are; don't wish you were someplace else," etc., etc., etc. I feel just like a 4F! As far as I'm concerned, all this time in the army has just been wasted time, and I haven't done any good! Even Howard says he's glad to be back over, 'cause now he feels like he's doing some good again. But don't worry about it, I won't volunteer. If you and Lois weren't so concerned though, I'd have tried a lot harder before now to get over.

Taylor said he told the guys how long I was home for Christmas, and said he hadn't heard so much cussing before! He was afraid to tell them I was home 75 days in one year. You folks just can't see it from my point of view: I always wanted to do my part and not take what I thought were unfair privileges--which is why I didn't try to be an officer. Oh well, let it go at that, and don't say anymore about it!

So you've got winter there again; it's hard to believe. The roses are in bloom here, and it's really nice--except when it rains, which it is doing right now. Well thanks for all the news. I hope everything is going along all right. Good night for now, and may God bless you all. Love, Eldred.

**March 26, 1945.** Dear Folks, It certainly is nice down here now. The weather is ideal, and the roses, etc., are in bloom. I wish Lois and the baby were down, but I guess we'll wait.

Yesterday was Sunday and it rained really hard in the morning, and then turned out to be a beautiful day. The rain frightened part of our Sunday school away, but we had a pretty good meeting anyway. I teach the adult class and we had some pretty good discussions. I'll be busy this week: I've got the Mutual class, then one night I'm going to help decorate the hall for Saturday, and on Saturday, we are holding a gold and green ball. Sunday, I have my class, then I have an Easter talk, and then to top it off, I've got the evening fireside class! Jay Merkley has been taking it, but his wife is "infanticipating" any day, so he's staying with her. So I got the class. Ha Ha. So it looks like I'll have a little to do.

They refinished the bowling alley here the other day, got new pins etc., and really have a nice place to bowl. The fellows have been bowling quite a bit, and talked me into going over. I really showed them how to bowl, and were they surprised. They'd been bowling with about 130-175, and I bowled 200 the first game. (I missed 2 easy spares, or I'd have had a good game.) How's that Beck? Can you do it? Ha Ha. I should have quit then while my reputation was good, but I bowled again and this time I got my old "hook" back--the one I can't control nor get rid of. So, I got 98 that game. Ha Ha, boy, did I get razzed.

They have a lake here on the post that is good fishing, but it's about 6 miles from here, and there's



no way to get out, so I guess I'll just have to wait till the season opens out on the lake near town.

I surely hope this school set-up doesn't cut out furloughs, 'cause I'm surely hoping for that furlough in June, and I'll come home and really show you some fishing. I've got some new synthetic gut that's really thin yet strong, so look out fish! Things are gradually getting organized here, so may be we'll be busy as can be before long. Ha Ha.

Mom and Helen, I'll bet you wouldn't like to go to church here. Whenever they are short a speaker (and usually there's one every meeting), they just announce the next speaker will be--and they just pick someone out of the audience without a second's warning. They do a pretty good job, too. I'll bet if they did that at home a few times, no lady would show up the next time!

Dad, I got and enjoyed your letter very much. Yes, it's too bad that Les, Roy and Clarence don't get married. It will be too late if they don't hurry up; though maybe they'd rather be bachelors. Glad to hear your Sunday School Convention came out so well, and that the General Board liked your special report so well.

I hope we get started doing something soon, 'cause I'd like to feel like I'm doing a little good for the war instead of just loafing. I am thankful to have it so easy, but I kind of wish I was helping out more.

Dad, so you bought Mom a nice diamond ring, eh? I'll bet it's really a nice one! I'm glad to hear you intend taking things easier this summer. You've always worked hard, and I don't think you've ever got the chance to do very many of the things you'd like to do. Why don't you and Mom sort of take it easy, and start doing a few of the things together you've wanted to do, and never got around to it?

Well, I think I've about run out of news, so I'll wish you all a happy Easter, and may God bless you. Love, Eldred.

**March 29, 1945.** Dear Folks, Well, it seems like it's my birthday, even though I have a couple of days to go. I got your nice card, Helen, and the nice book; it certainly looks like a very interesting book. The kind I like!

Dad and Mom, I got your nice card and the dollar bill. Thanks; I'll use it to celebrate Saturday.

Beck, I got your nice card and the dollar bill. Thanks a lot. I got the watch too, and it looks just like new! That strap is a nice one, and the watch runs fine. So a jewel was broken again? That's what happened the other time too; kind of odd. Beck, I got your letter today, and the note inside from Dad. Thanks for trying to get the sunglasses. Never mind, since they didn't have them; I'll get along O.K. without. I didn't want the smaller type, and maybe I can find some here later on if I can't get along as is with the ones I have. I'll tell you what though, you can get me 3 pair of garments like the pair I sent home with the tools--only 1 size larger than those were. That would be fine instead of the glasses.

I enjoyed your letter Beck. I'm glad you liked the flies; don't forget to split them up with Dad (Ha Ha), and also those in the box in my drawer I sent home before. No, you can't have those tools or the soldering iron. Ha Ha, I'm saving them for my workshop someday. So you had winter again, eh? I can't imagine what it's like as it's pretty warm here! I sleep with only a sheet on some nights.

So Lois brought the baby down for awhile! I'll bet he's grown quite a bit since I saw him. Ha Ha, so she (Lois) wouldn't leave him there, eh? So he rubs his nose like me? Oh yeah, and who says I rub my nose?

How come they plant so many fish in Spring Creek? I can think of a lot better places to put them. That place isn't long enough, nor does it have good enough cover for the fish. Well, if I get a furlough in June, I'll give you a few more lessons on how to fish; also shooting that pistol.

Tuesday night, I went to Mutual, and they held an election for Queen of the Gold and Green Ball. Then they held a "cake walk" to raise some money. A cakewalk, in case you don't know, is this: they have numbered circles on the floor, and you walk around the floor in time to music (if you've paid your dime). When the music stops, you stop on a number. Whoever has the lucky number gets a cake. Ha Ha, I wasn't lucky enough to get one.

Yesterday a lot of our equipment came in, and we really worked unloading the stuff and hauling it up to our building. Last night, I went to town and helped them decorate the hall for the big dance Saturday, then I came out to camp, had 4 hours sleep and stood my turn of guard over our equipment. Today, we worked uncrating some of it, and trying to get some of it in operation. It still burns me up though; it's still the same army. They give us ? million dollars worth of stuff--and no one knows how to work it. They won't send us to school--yet we are to instruct it, and on top of that, we can't as yet get any books or diagrams on the stuff that tells anything much! Just once I'd like to work on a job and know what it is all about. When I do something, I like to do it right, and not do this hit or miss stuff I've been doing all the time in the army. Well, I've still got to get me a talk for Sunday, so bye for now. Happy

Easter, Love, Eldred.

**April 2, 1945.** Dear Folks, Well, I had a pretty good birthday and Easter--considering I was away from home.

Saturday we held the Gold and Green Ball, and the hall looked nice--even if I did help decorate it--and we had a very good crowd. People came from all the branches in the district, and each district sent a Queen. I was sort of "official dancer" for all that didn't have partners; I'll bet I danced with over 20 people--at least it seemed like that. Ha Ha. I danced with both the mammas and their daughters, and I even got stuck in the Queens Court, and coronation and march. Ha Ha. Well, the dance about wore me out: I went to sleep on the bus going back to camp--and went by my stop. Ha Ha, I guess I'm getting old.

Sunday it rained, and scared part of our crowd away. However, we had quite a few out, and I thought our program went over very well. I was invited out to the district president's place for dinner with 3 other soldiers. We had a nice time, and I astounded them with my pet nickel. Ha Ha. We had a good meeting last night, and our fireside class wasn't too bad. We've been working pretty hard the last few days unloading equipment and stuff; mostly "backbreaking" work. I met Moore's son--that used to work at Cal Pack; his dad works there. He said he'd come out to church, but he didn't show up. I saw him in the mess hall today and he smokes and drinks coffee, so I don't suppose he'll come as most of them don't when they aren't keeping the Word of Wisdom.

So you're having winter there still? Ha Ha, it's summer and April here. One day it's almost hot, and the next it rains. The Red River flooded over its banks, and last night, the roads out of Shreveport were all closed as they were under water. We're wearing suntans down here now, so you see its quite warm.

Dad, I got your letter. So Louis James was home? I didn't know his mother died; what was the matter? You ask again about the glasses--I can get along with out them. I'll be satisfied plenty if you can get me 3 pair of garments instead. Sorry to hear the factory lost money. I guess they just don't quite have the help and methods to make out.

Well, thanks for the news. I'm getting along fine, and I hope and pray all of you are. Love,  
Eldred.

P.S. How do you like my stationary? Mildred Belnap gave it to me for my birthday, and Belnaps got me a white shirt and tie for temple clothes.

**April 7, 1945.** Dear Folks, The Red River here is going on the rampage, and is really flooding its banks. Lots of homes near the river, and places where the levees are broken are under water. There was danger of the city and the Field here getting flooded, but the levees broke down--river, and relieved the pressure enough here to prevent it as yet. From what the paper says, the towns on the river below us are really having a tough time.

Well, its just like I figured--we waited around for a month and didn't do anything cause the darn officers couldn't make up their minds, and how we have to work all in a big rush to get ready for school to open up this coming week. It could all have been done easily a little each day; as it is, we've got to work tomorrow (Sunday) and continue to get things ready. I've been doing some work of all kinds, mostly carpentry work lately. Another fellow and myself built a 50-ft. work bench and display table that can also be used as desks. We made it of pine, and covered it with plywood; it really looks nice. We painted the legs, etc., grey, and varnished the top. We also made a smaller one. The officers seem to think we're pretty good, as now they are all trying to enlist our aid in their projects.

Mom, I got your nice letter today and was glad to hear from you. First of all, let me thank you for getting the things for Lois for Easter. The things you got were very nice; thanks a lot! I'll bet your ring is very pretty; I'll bet you're real proud of it. I was sorry to hear about Mrs. James--I'll bet it was quite a shock to Louis. Thanks for all the news Mom. Did the plumber finally get the plumbing connected up to the sewer yet? My watch surely works fine now since it was fixed, and keeps time right on the dot! Mom, thank you for the \$10 for Easter; you surely do a lot for me.

Lois was telling me all about her Easter, and the nice dress and the things all of you gave Bruce. Ha Ha, I guess that he isn't quite big enough to get much enjoyment out of the bunny and Rompers (cat) yet--just wait till he grows a little more, and then watch him.

Yes, I hear from LeRoy as often as I write to him, and he writes right back. I owe him a letter now, and I'll answer it one of these first days. Ha Ha, he never told me about his hair making the newspaper--though he does send me clippings some times. So Clarence is going back to Africa! I hope he makes out O.K.

We were reading a newspaper this morning that had "Hamburg" in the headlines, and

underneath it said "Nazi General refuses to surrender". A German prisoner was standing nearby working on the electric wiring, and looked at it over our shoulders, and said, "That's my town," and then when he read about the General he said, "The son of a beach--why don't he give up? We've lost, and they'll just destroy the town". They sort of feel a little different now that it is their homes getting wrecked. He said he spent 18 months in France and had a French mistress. I didn't say much to him and he didn't say anymore. (It's against orders to fraternize and be friendly with them.)

Did I tell you I almost got a plane ride to Tampa and back? They were going to send me down with a plane that was going down there and I was to get some information, but they cancelled the flight, so we had to get our information by teletype. I was hoping I'd get on flying status, and instruct in the air on the operation of these instruments as I'd get 50% extra pay, but now they tell us we aren't eligible, and they won't have any instructors in the air.

Well, that's all the news from here, so goodnight for now and may God bless you all. Love,  
Eldred.

Say, are there many cars for sale in Ogden? Next time you look in the paper, see what they have in a '33-'35 model, and about what they charge. I'm just curious.

**April 18, 1945.** Dear Folks, Well, there isn't much more to write about. I'm still working as ever, but I'm sure getting disgusted with the way they run things on this field--and with the officers. I'd be ashamed to be an air corps ground officer; they are a disgrace to the army! I got so disgusted yesterday, that I was still that way at Mutual last night, and my well-prepared lesson was a flop.

Dad, I got your letter--thanks for all the news. Say, I asked for a couple of more pairs of garments, but maybe you'd better wait till I see how these fit after they're washed. How's your garden coming? Is it up yet? I'll be glad when I can get back so I can have a home with a garden, workshop, etc. I'll really run you some competition. Ha Ha! I surely hope your petition to fix the street goes through--that would help a lot. Did the guy ever put the sewer in? Gee, I'd like to be digging that hole at \$1.50 per hour. Ha Ha. That seems a pretty good idea, in a way, of taking a day off each week--then maybe you won't have to work quite so hard. Don't take too many accounts though, and don't figure on me helping you. I'm pretty sure I won't like that kind of work--though I guess only time will tell.

So Clarence is going back to Africa? He'll probably be just as well off there. And he wants to sell his car, eh? \$1300 is a lot for a 1940 car--even if it is a Buick--though one of the M/Sgt.'s I work with gave that much for a 1940 Chevy station wagon the other day. Well, if you ever do get a new car, don't forget I want to buy yours.

They are still keeping me sort of busy at church: I've got to talk Sunday night as the main speaker. I hope I can make out O.K.

Say Mom, I've just been thinking some, can you or will you have my bank account that's in your name transferred over to Lois? Or can't it be done without my being there? Lois doesn't know I've decided--or even thought about it--but I think it will work out better. So if you can, some day when you're both in town, get it done if you will, please? Thank you.

Did I tell you, Helen, I finished your book? It surely was good. I read it during meal times while I was standing in line waiting to eat! Ha Ha.

Well there's no more news from here, so bye for now. Love, Eldred.

**Monday, April 23, 1945.** Dear Folks, Well, I finally got a day off, so I've been wandering around town window-shopping. Last night I went in to church, and we seemed to have a pretty fair meeting--even if I did talk. Ha Ha. They gave me 25 minutes to talk, and for the first time, I used up all the time. I don't know where it went so fast. I got quite a few comments afterwards.

As usual, there isn't much to write about, except, I guess, I have to look for a new job. As usual, the army rooked us. After all the work we've done getting things ready (carpentry work, cleaning, painting, etc., and then in spare moments, learning how to operate and calibrate the Loran set without a teacher--and I had learned it well, too!), the "powers that be" decided that no enlisted men are authorized on that set. So, I guess they'll find something else to do, but I don't particularly care whether I work for them again or not. As likely as not, they'd hand out the same kind of a deal. I don't mind working--if I get something out of it. I knew there was no possibility of a higher rating, but I figured that if I was going to be with it, I'd work and get a good job out of it, and have things nice. But what's the use? It's the same old army game.

Beck, I got your letter a few days ago; thanks for all the news, and the prices of cars. I just thought I'd inquire, but that's too much money for what they are worth!

So you had your 50th Birthday, Dad? Well, at least I know how old you are. Ha Ha. Well, you



look and act younger and get around a lot better than a lot of the guys in the army from 30-35. I think it's from keeping the Word of Wisdom. These guys are worn out already; they'll be lucky if they ever reach 50. Well, now if I can just find out how old Mom is. Ha Ha.

Say, Beck, did you ever get your shotgun fixed? Now's a good time. I was in Sears-Roebucks today and saw a nice shotgun. It was a Stevens pump, 12 gauge, full choke, 28" barrel. It surely looked and handled nice, and it was a lot lighter than yours. It looked like a pretty good gun for only \$48.50 including tax (it was brand new). However, it was only to be sold to farmers. Sears in Ogden might have one, and you might look at one if you're interested in getting a better gun. Leonard Grow could get it for you.

Helen, I got your letter today; thanks for writing. Did you get the film sent off O.K.?

Say, did you folks notice the note in my last letter? In case you didn't, I'd like you to send my camera and film to me. If you happen to have used part of a roll then finish it up, but don't wait months like you did before, Ha Ha, 'cause I'd like it soon.

Well, as usual there's just not much to write about. The bass season opens here next Monday, so next time I get a day off, I think I'll see what I can do. Ha Ha, I'll bet I don't get any. Well bye for now. Love to all, Eldred.

**Saturday, April 28, 1945.** Dear Folks, Well, here I am in Florida again, back at our old "stomping grounds" in Tampa, only this time we are not at Drew Field, but MacDill instead. We had a nice trip down in Pullmans, and it was worth the ride just to get the meals on the train. They were surely good after that stuff in Barksdale! I hope it is better here. We stopped in New Orleans for awhile and looked the town over, and I went over and looked at the French Quarter and saw the old buildings, etc. It is picturesque, but I'd like to see somebody get a G.I. brush and soap and clean up that filthy place. I'd surely hate to live there. Helen can probably tell you more about it than I can.

We took a little different route this time, and went through Pensacola and Tallahassee, over to Jacksonville, and then back down here to Tampa. It's warm down here, and damp and dusty as it used to be. We are down here for 5 weeks schooling on some new equipment and then we go back to Barksdale. Buck would have come, but got an emergency furlough and went home. He's now the father of a son. (Note: all mail sent to Barksdale will be forwarded to me; it's still my permanent address.)

Enclosed is a piece of notebook paper. Will you please buy me a pad of paper that size, and send it down? I don't know whether you have sent the camera or not, but if you haven't I'd surely like it sent just as soon as you can, 'cause I'd like to get some colored pictures down here of some places I missed before.

Say, do me a favor again, will you please? Put in an order, and get Lois a corsage for Mother's Day, please. Let me know how much, and I'll pay you. If you haven't sent the camera yet, please include with it my pair of bathing trunks; they are in the bottom dresser drawer. My others ripped.

I've got a pass for tomorrow, so I'm going in to church and look up the people I used to know here before. Monday, we start school, and I'll let you know what's going on then. This field is about like Drew Field, only not quite as large in some respects. Well, Bye for now, and I hope you are all fine. Love, Eldred.

P.S. Helen did you get that roll of film O.K.?

Sq. A. 326 A.A.F. B.U.

My correct address: Branch #3, Box 929, MacDill Field, Fla.

P.S. #2 I met Don Fronk at Barksdale just as I was leaving. He's a Lieutenant in the medics!

**May 1, 1945.** Dear Folks, Well, it's school days again for me. It seems kind of hard to get back in the habit of studying and going to school again. The hardest trouble is to stay awake the first hour in the morning, and the first in the afternoon. The instructor's voice just seems to put me to sleep, and I really have a hard time staying awake and listening. Ha Ha. This week, we are having a review on Radar Principles, then we will undergo 5 weeks schooling on several radar sets used in the newer planes. I won't be getting very much letter writing done as I have to study nights too on "home work". However, the schedule is pretty good.

This field is right on the edge of the Bay, and is a lot prettier than Drew Field. Also, the food here is pretty good. Sunday, I went in to town and went to church; they were quite surprised to see me--but I still got put taking care of the sacrament. In the afternoon, I went out to Harris's and had a very nice dinner and visited with them. They were quite thrilled with the pictures of the baby. I met a couple from Ogden; I used to go to Weber with the fellow, Bruce Baird. He spent 32 months in New Guinea in the Infantry. In the evening I went out to Whitlocks, a couple from Logan. He is the exact same age as I,

same birthday and all--he used to go with Virginia Randall; we had a nice visit.

They have Mutual tonight, but I'm going to stay here and study and go to bed early so that (maybe) I can stay awake in class. Ha Ha.

They say the fishing is good in the bay; I may try it one of these days. They use small live crabs for bait, or else shrimp, and sometimes they catch some pretty good-sized fish.

How are you all getting along back there? I hope you're all getting along fine. I'm hoping that they don't make me wait for my furlough as soon as I get back to Barksdale, though I may have to for two reasons: it seems I've had two furloughs this fiscal year (it ends June 30, so after July 1 I'm O.K.), but if the school gets nasty, they could say they had to have me and could hold it back--but they hadn't better! Ha Ha. Two can play at that game. Well, I hope my mail gets forwarded on soon. Bye for now and may God bless you all. Love, Eldred.

**May 7, 1945.** Dear Folks, The Mailman finally caught up with me today, and I got 9 letters. 4 from you, 3 from Lois, one from a fellow I met at Polk, and one from Taylor--who's still in France. By the way Helen, I told him if he ever comes through Ogden to look you up, and you'd show him a good time. He said he was sort of lonesome and would take me up on it--and look you up if he gets to Ogden. So, since he's liable to get out of the army before I do, if he comes through and stops over sometime in the future, show him a good time for me, O.K.?

I went into church again yesterday, and in the evening several of us bought some ice cream, bananas, etc., and went out to Baird's apartment and spent the evening (I went to school with him at Weber). I met Miriam Pledger on the street Saturday and was quite surprised to see her. Did I tell you I saw Don Fronk the day I was leaving Barksdale?

Say, you've probably sent it by now--the camera, I mean, but I just happened to think, and in case you used the film, don't worry about it. All I need is the cartridge, and if you saved the empty ones like I asked, that's all I need.

Yes, I read about Max Snarr in the Salt Lake City paper. That's too bad; I hope they find him O.K. Yes, I knew about that plane blowing up at Barksdale, but I didn't know the fellow was from Ogden. There was also a fellow from Idaho in it.

I enjoyed reading all the news in your letters, and to hear how you all are getting along. Dad, I'm glad you liked the birthday present; I hope you can use it. Yes, I found out I could get those glasses through the P.X., but I figured they cost too much money, so never mind. I'll get along O.K. without.

You say the whistles blew there when they thought the war was over? Why do people get so excited? The war isn't over--though the civilians seem to think so. Japan is a lot tougher than Germany. They don't give up and surrender!

Mom, how come you tried to houseclean when you still don't feel well? Why don't you let it go until you get strong again? Hire somebody, if it has to be done--if you can get them, and if not, let it go.

They published our grades for last week's schooling and tests. I got 52 on the entrance exam; there were only 4 of us above 50. Then for the week's grades, I got above average.

So Leslie is selling his cows, eh? Well, I guess those things are silly, but if he gets in the army, he'll be doing a lot sillier things in Basic Training, and the inspections will be worse and sillier! These garments you got me fit fine after they're washed. Thanks for getting them. Dad, I enjoyed your letters, and the news and advice in them.

Lois was telling me about the nice high chair you got, Beck; thanks a lot. She said it's really nice. So you went up to Payette again? It's just as well you didn't go fishing for bass, as you couldn't catch any anyway. Ha Ha.

Well, I may be home in June, but it more likely will be around the first of July or last of June. I won't get through here till the 9th of June, and by the time we clear here and get back, and time I get my application in and the red tape and all, well, it takes time--but I'll surely do my best!

I guess the baby has grown a lot. I saw a little girl in church, 4 months old, and she was pretty big and quite cute. So I'll bet Bruce is quite the boy!

I rode the ferry across the bay (12 miles) and went to town. I think I'll take the bus from now on; I don't like boats. Ha Ha. Well, I'm getting along fine here so far, and they treat us the best of any place yet--so far.

Well, bye for now. May God bless you all. Love, Eldred.

**May 9, 1945.** Dear Mom, A Happy Mother's Day to you! I wish I could be there to wish it to you in person! I hope it is a nice day, and that you have a pleasant day.

This is some outfit! Just because they announce a VE Day, they won't let us out of camp. The

civilians have the curfew and horse racing ban, etc., lifted, but the GIs (who aren't excited like the civilians) can't even get out of camp. I couldn't go to Mutual last night; I hope they let us out Sunday so I can go to church.

I'm getting along fairly well here in school, but it's getting quite warm now. I'm glad I got the morning shift--at least it's cool enough to study. Did I tell you they published last week's grades? I got "2". 1 is superior, 2 is excellent, 3 very satisfactory, 4 satisfactory and 5 is failing.

I wish I could keep it up, but I'm at a disadvantage--the rest of the guys worked on the stuff for a month while I was working in the school doing carpentry work, learning Loran, etc. So they know it pretty well, and all I've done is seen the outsides.

I got a letter from Strasser, and he's invaded his second Philippine Island. His battery got a presidential citation for the largest percentage of Jap planes shot down. He was quite thrilled to hear about Bruce, and wants a picture.

Dad, I got your letter and was glad to have the news about home. Well, if I were you, I wouldn't be in too big a hurry to get a new car, but if you do find one that's reasonable and get it, then I'll buy your car from you. I guess there will be a lot out of work now that the war is over.

So Leslie sold his cows? It's about time he decided to do something besides work--he wasn't getting anywhere that way. There are other things in life besides work!

Dad, you say you could get me some boots? Mine are about shot, but if they are too expensive and not good quality, well, I can get along. I think mine are size 10. I wear a size 10 shoe, but I think boots are larger. Mine are one size larger than Beck's. (Note: look on the boot bottom. Mine fit fine, and if you get some, try to get tan ones like yours.)

I got the camera, suit and paper today. Thanks a lot for sending them; they came through fine. Ha Ha, where did you find the old pair of red trunks? They'll do O.K., but weren't what I thought I was going to get. Ha Ha. I couldn't imagine at first what had happened when I opened the package. I have a brand new pair of Jantzen trunks in my drawer. However, these will do, and I'll save the others. The paper is fine thanks.

Well, Mom, a Happy Mother's Day to you, and may you have many more. All my love and may God bless you and all. Eldred.

**Monday, May 14, 1945.** Dear Folks, Dad, I got your telegram today; thanks for letting me know that Mom is going to the hospital tomorrow. I hope and pray that everything turns out O.K., and that the operation is successful, and she gets along O.K. Let me know how she is getting along.

A B-29 crashed here late Friday night, and I got up and saw it. It surely made a blaze, and lasted a couple of hours before they got it out! Two men were lucky enough to get out. Saturday, one fellow fell out of a B-29 at 30,000 feet without a chute and made a "grease spot" in town where he hit.

I got off at 2:00 Saturday and hitch hiked to St. Petersburg. I did a little fishing from the pier, but all I caught were small ones. As I was taking one off the hook, a pelican came up, got over anxious, and grabbed the fish right out of my hand and skinned my finger up a little bit! Ha Ha. I was lucky, and found a roll of black and white film to fit my camera there in St. Pete.

Sunday, I went to church and they had a Mother's Day Program. Afterwards, I went "home" with Bruce Baird and his wife, of Ogden, and had dinner and sat and visited about old times at Weber. In the evening, we went back to church and I met Russell Carruth from the 20th Ward, and a Stevens fellow I know slightly from Ogden. After church, we went riding and had root beer with one of the fellows who had a car.

Beck, I got your letter Saturday and was glad to hear you got back O.K. Since you ask, I don't like Tampa too well; it's too hot and sandy to suit me. However, when I got sort of a raw deal at Shreveport, I just decided I wasn't going to work for nothing, so when I got the chance to come down here, I took it. Maybe things will all be straightened out there when I get back. I hope so.

I don't particularly like it here--especially the school. It's a tough course, and I still don't like radar. Today we had 9 hours straight, and it's surely hard to keep awake, and since it's so hot it's hard to learn anything. It's technical, too! For instance, they figure down to 2 tenths of a microsecond, which is 2/10 of 1/1,000,000 of one second. If you can imagine how long a time that is, you're better than I am. Ha Ha.

So they gave you some bass in Idaho, eh? Were they good eating? They're fun to catch, but not any more than trout--it's just that they get a little bigger. A trout the same size is just as hard to catch!

So it's hot there, eh? You ought to come down here! Ha Ha. Did you get your shotgun fixed, or did you sell it? Sure, I'll help you pick out a new one. Ha Ha, I'll use it for you too. Ha Ha. Did you shoot at any ground squirrels? I don't figure you hit any with the pistol--it takes me to do that. Ha Ha.



I'll be glad when June 9th comes and we leave here and go back to Shreveport. The first thing I'm going to do when I get there is ask for a furlough! I hope they give it to me. Well, there's no more news, so bye for now. Love, Eldred.

**May 16, 1945.** Dear Folks, Dad, I got your telegram today telling of Mom's operation and that she was getting along pretty well. I surely hope she gets better soon. I read in the paper last night that President Grant passed away; he was a good old man, and has done a lot of good. I wonder who his successor will be?

I went to Mutual last night, and we had a very good meeting--only, I got on the wrong bus coming home and went out to Drew Field by mistake, so I had to go back to town and start over again. Ha Ha. The buses are the same kind, color and company, and they load up at the same place.

Beck, I got your letter yesterday and was glad to hear about Mother's Day. I'm glad you were able to get the flowers for Lois; thanks a lot. (How much do I owe, and to whom?) I'm glad Mom had a nice day, too. I hope she's better soon and can have many more nice days! So you bought some of Joe Hunt's flies, eh? What's the matter, aren't mine good enough? Ha Ha. I'll still bet that if you use all his flies, I can catch more than you even if I just use one kind of my own flies. Ha Ha. That Don Fronk I spoke of went in the army with Eldon and I. I thought you knew him, or met him with Eldon and I.

Helen, I got your letter today and was glad to hear from you. That book you read sounded very interesting. So you've been swimming, eh. I'm glad you're getting better at it; it's good to know how to swim.

I washed out a lot of clothes tonight. With this heat and the way I perspire, it doesn't take long to get clothes dirty.

Well, I'm still getting along here O.K. at school, though I dropped a point this week. It's a tough course--for what we get out of it. But then, it's good practice to go to school again and study.

Well, there just doesn't seem to be much to write so I guess I'll sign off for now. I hope and pray Mom gets well soon. Bye for now, Eldred.

**May 21, 1945.** Dear Folks, Well, Mom, how are you getting along? You should be feeling a lot better by now, I hope! I guess it was quite an operation, but it was good you got rid of that goiter. Have Snarrs heard any more of Max?

Things are going along the same as ever here, and I'll be glad when this school is over, and I can go back to Shreveport. I went into church yesterday, and we had very nice services. They were dedicated to President Grant, and went over very well.

The bass season opened here last Wednesday, but I guess I won't go. There's lots of good fishing--but just no way to get to it. I could go on a Sunday, probably, and thumb out and back--but I don't fish on Sundays anymore!

Mom, you may have wondered why I asked you to change over that bank account. It wasn't 'cause I didn't trust you, Ha Ha, just the opposite. At the time I had something in mind, and I was figuring maybe I'd draw some money out if I came on furlough, and I knew you'd probably not want me to (like you did before) and want to give me the money instead. So, I wanted it changed just in case. Thanks a lot for doing it for me.

Dad, I got your letter Saturday; thanks a lot for letting me know how Mom was and the rest of the news. Did you say you gave her a larger diamond for Mother's Day, or is that the one you her got before? I'll bet it's nice. What size is it?

Yes, I'm still getting along O.K. in school, and my grades are O.K. However, I still would never want to make a living at this stuff--even if I could. I just don't like it!

As yet, I can get along on the garments I have, but I'll need some pretty soon. However, don't send them, as I hope the ones I have will do me till I get home on furlough! Glad to hear Helen Joe's husband is still alive; maybe he'll get rescued some day. Did I tell you? Buck has a son, too, born about May 1. He went home on furlough, or else he would be here too. I've met several fellows here I used to go to school with over at Camp Murphy. One was an instructor and he's still just a corporal--even though he was a good one! I got a letter from LeRoy, but he just doesn't have much to say either. Oh yes, he said they were starting to hold L.D.S. meetings, but he didn't say who was in charge.

It's pretty warm here in the daytime; it was up to 95 the other day. However, we're lucky so far as there's a breeze off the gulf at night that sort of cools the air off so we can sleep. We're sort of out on a peninsula [small drawing of MacDill Field and Tampa].

Well, I hope a month from now I'll be heading home on furlough. I hope! Ha Ha. Well, as usual, I've run out of things to say, so bye for now and may God bless you all. Mom, you get well soon. Love,

Eldred.

**May 24, 1945.** Dear Folks, Well, Mom, how are you getting along now? I surely hope you're feeling much better by now! I suppose that by now you are out of the hospital and home. Well, take it easy and don't try to do any work! Have a stick of gum! Gee, it's been--and is--hot here. That place where we go to school is surely hot--it even seems cool to get outside and stand in the sun!

Tuesday night I went in to Mutual, and we had a wienie roast. We had games, etc., and really had a nice time. I had to sort of laugh at their sticks--they don't have willows, so they got large palmetto leaves, cut off the leaf part, and used the stems! They made pretty good sticks, though.

Dad, I got your letter; thanks for writing as often as you do and keeping me informed. I also got that film cartridge; thanks a lot for sending it! I enjoy your letters a lot. So you bought some fryers, eh? I'd surely like some of Mom's good fried chicken! You must have misunderstood Lois about my not getting credit for my time on Kiska. However, those 4 months or 4 points don't make much difference anyway--if I had 100 instead of my 52, it still wouldn't do any good. I'm "essential," so they figure, and I never did figure on getting out before Japan is finished. Besides I haven't done enough good yet to deserve to get out.

It sort of makes me mad, though, that as usual, the air corps gets the breaks over the ground forces. Every airman from overseas has several medals and oak leaf clusters--each of which count 5 points. (I saw one yesterday with ten, also a D.F.C. & 4 campaign stars, making 75 points without even figuring his time of service.) The infantry and ground forces don't even get a chance at these medals, and so have a lot less points. Then, when they come back from overseas--2 or 3 years--they put a lot in the air corps. Of course then they can't get out, as the air corps is only allowed a certain quota, and there are too many with higher points! Oh well, that's the army. Two weeks and 1 1/2 days (81 hours to be exact), and I'll be through school here. Gee, I'll be glad. It's surely hard to study that stuff and learn it in this hot box. Well, there isn't much to write about as usual. Beck, did you have a good trip? Well, bye for now, and may God bless you all. Love, Eldred.

**May 28, 1945.** Dear Folks, Greetings from the land of sand and sunshine. I've got to go out and gather in my laundry; fortunately, they have a electric washing machine in this barracks, and it's lots easier than scrubbing fatigues by hand.

As usual there's little to write about. I'm getting along fine, but I'll be glad to get back to Shreveport.

Beck, I got your letter today, and was glad to hear from you! Thanks for the clippings.

I'm glad to hear that Mom is home and getting along all right. I hope you get better soon! Take it easy, and try not to do any work for a long while yet. I'll bet you're glad that it's over with.

Ha Ha Beck, no I didn't say Hunt's flies were no good--he ties some good flies--I just meant I didn't think you could catch any anyway. Ha Ha. So the flowers cost \$5.00, eh. Thanks for getting them for me. As soon as I get to the Post Office, I'll get a money order and send it to you. So you think you can get \$50.00 out of your shotgun, eh? Ha Ha--how much did you say you paid for it? How long ago? Ha Ha, well, maybe soon they'll be selling guns and etc. again.

Down here in Florida they don't even know there's a war on, I don't think. Well, I'll write again soon. Bye for now, and may God bless you all. Love, Eldred.

P.S. I guess by the time (or soon after you get this) you'd better write to my Barksdale address, as I'll be leaving here the 9th 10th or 11th of June to go back.

**May 29, 1945.** Dear Folks, First of all, don't throw away this new type of money order. It's worth 5 dollars--which Beck said was the price of the flowers for Mother's Day for Lois. Thanks again for getting them for me. I don't know who paid for them, but Beck told me the price, so it's in his name and he can pay whoever paid for the flowers if he didn't.

Helen, I got your letter today; it was nice to hear from you again, and to know Mom's getting along O.K. Say, if the visitors keep getting too thick, you'll have to put out a sign "No Visitors Allowed!"

Well, I'm glad to hear you are doing all right, Mom. Glad to hear you've seen some good shows Helen. I haven't seen any here; all they seem to have is second rate stuff, so I don't go.

So Vern Rassmussen was home? I guess he had quite a time. Well, I'm going on into town and going to church, so I'll close for now. As ever, Eldred.

**June 3, 1945.** Dear Folks, Here it is, Sunday again, but I didn't go to church today; I've got a lot of

"bumps" like hives all over my insteps and ankles, and all around my waist. They may be chigger bites, but I hardly think so. I went over to the dispensary and the Doc was gone, so the medics gave me some lotion to relieve the itching and told me to come back tomorrow.

Yesterday afternoon, I went hitch hiking out in the woods where we used to camp on maneuvers, and I fished for bass for awhile in one of the lakes. But I didn't do any good; it's too hot, and the bass stay in the deeper water, and as I didn't have a boat it was no good. Boy, has it been hot the last week. It's been up right around 100 every day, and even the nights have been hot. I'll be glad to get out of here next week.

The one story taxpayer building where we study radar has really been a "hot box"! I graduated from the ANAPQ-13-A with a grade of "very satisfactory", so I'm satisfied. Now we are studying a navigation set, and for a couple of days next week, we'll study the absolute altimeter, and then we'll be all through and go back to Barksdale.

Beck, I got your letter yesterday, and was glad to hear that Mom is getting along pretty good. Keep it up Mom, and get well soon, but take it easy and don't rush things. So Bruce likes to ride, eh? I'm glad 'cause some kids get carsick.

So you got some .22 shells, eh? Good--I'll shoot them up for you when I get home. So you could only get #8 shotgun shells, eh? Well, maybe you ought to get them to practice up with so you can hit something next time you go hunting with me. Ha Ha.

So Jim Doman quit the Can Company, eh? Well, he may do O.K., and he may not. As long as you have a good job, there's no sense quitting it if you like it fairly well, though that other idea you mentioned sounds like a pretty good deal.

As usual, there's very little to write about, and except for these "bites," I'm getting along fine. I hope it won't be long until I can get home again. Bye for now. As ever, Eldred.

P.S. If you haven't already done so, from now on write to: Branch #1, Box 140-T Barksdale Field, Louisiana.

**June 6, 1945.** Dear Folks, Well, it's just 3 years to the day that I went in the army. Gee, I never thought then that I'd have to be in 3 years. I thought 2 years in the mission field was a long time to be away from home, and if I had known then I was going to have to spend 3 or 4 years or so in the army, I almost believe I'd have given up. Ha Ha. Well, thank goodness the time has passed quite quickly and more pleasantly than for a lot of people.

Sunday I woke up to find myself covered with red blotches from the waist down, and itching like fire. The places were concentrated mostly on my insteps, back of knees and crotch, so, I didn't go to Sunday school. I went on sick call to see what was wrong. No Doc was on duty, so the medic gave me some lotion to put on, but it didn't help much. However, I did go in town in the evening and went to church.

Monday morning I went on sick call again, and this time the Doc was there. He informed me I had bed bug bites, and it seems I react to them and they really chewed me up. He gave me some stuff to put on the bites and said it would take ten days to heal up. Boy, they itch, and make chigger bites take a back seat!

I hadn't thought of bed bugs, though I had previously seen a couple. Last Wednesday they completely sprayed the barracks, all mattresses, etc., and in the shuffle someone exchanged mattresses with me. I guess by Friday night the spray had evaporated enough for them to come out O.K., so being hungry, they really ate me up that night and Sunday. So, when I found out they were the cause of the trouble, I turned my mattress in and got another one that they claimed was bug free. However, I didn't take their word for it--I got up at 2, 3, and 4 a.m. with a flashlight and looked to see if any had come out. I haven't found any yet, so I guess its O.K. Several of the others are finding a few, but none like I had in that one mattress!

We're having a little trouble in school, and we'll surely be glad to get away. Our first course was tough, but pretty good, and we had 4 good instructors--1st and 2nd Lts. For this course on Loran, we have a 20 year old 2nd Lieutenant who flunked cadet training. Right off the start, he insults us, our intelligence, etc. He doesn't know much, so instead of teaching the course, he just asks questions and seldom gives the answers. The first day, he asked me to draw a diagram of the set from memory. (It only has 35 tubes, most of which are 2 in 1 or about 60 all together.) He's from New York, and really a jerk! He asked one S/Sgt. a question and when it was correctly answered, he sneered and called him a "wise guy". Lots of things like that have taken place. Well naturally we lost interest in a course like that, and now he's trying to take his spite out on the class.

Brittain has been doing pretty good, and hasn't done anything wrong, but he didn't get too high



of grades on the tests. So last night he called Brittain after class and told him off! He told Brittain, that Brittain had insulted him etc., etc., and that Brittain didn't take notes (he had a good set of notes) and a lot of other false accusations. He wouldn't let Brittain deny it, and threatened court martial, etc. Brittain hadn't done anything wrong and asked to know specific examples, but the only answer he got was "if you weren't so ignorant and ill bred" you'd know. One of the other fellows also got "told off" for the same reasons.

Today, smokers had to sign up for ration cards at 9:00, so the guys all went down, and they were a few minutes late for class--which started at 9:30. Boy, did he tell them off! He threatened court martial, turned them in to the Sergeant as being A.W.O.L., and had their passes taken away. Gee, what a guy! He won't listen to any explanations, etc., and being an officer, there's not a thing we can do--unless someone sees him alone in a dark alley some night. Ha Ha. Well, I'll be glad to get away from here. I knew this set pretty good before I got in his class, and now he's got me all confused, but I think I'll pass O.K.

I think I've got me one of those small Kiska sleeping bags. A guy wants to trade me one for this rod, reel, line and hooks I have here, and I think we'll make a deal.

I went in to Mutual last night; we have a summer class.

Well, Mom, I hope you are feeling fine. I got a letter from Dad today, and he says you're doing pretty well. I'm glad to hear crops and things there are nice this year; I'd sure like to be there to see them. I hope I get my furlough when I get back to Shreveport. Glad your work is O.K. Don't work too hard.

So you think I'll be surprised at how big Bruce has grown, eh? Maybe, and maybe not. An L.D.S. couple here have one about the same age, and I watch theirs every time I go to church. It's really cute, and surely a lot different than when I saw Bruce. I'll bet he's cute now.

Well as usual, there's very little to write about so I guess I'll close. To show you how well organized this place is, we had our return tickets, ration money for meals etc. placed in the company safe. Now they have lost them. So they have to make up new ones, and get reservations, so we probably won't leave here till Tuesday. Well, bye for now, and may God bless you all. Love, Eldred.

**June 12, 1945.** Dear Folks, I'm working nights again this week. I was going fishing today, but had to call it off on account of rain, practically a cloud burst--or it would have been back there in Utah. Here the streets look like Venetian canals since they are filled with water a foot or two deep.

I had a dental appointment yesterday and had my teeth checked. He didn't find anything wrong, so I told him it had been over 4 years since I've had anything done to them, and he said, "Well we'll take an X ray picture". So I had two of them taken, and he said there was nothing wrong with them--which I was glad to hear.

I still don't know about my furlough. About the best I can say is that if you see me about the 20th then I'll have got my furlough the 18th as planned. I asked the orderly room the other day about it again; and the 1st Sergeant said they wouldn't get it back from Personnel until the day I'm due to go--if I get it, so I won't know till then.

Mom, I got a nice letter from you yesterday; glad you liked the birthday presents--even if I did get the dates mixed. Ha Ha. Well, I hope Helen has a nice vacation, but I hope the rest of the civilians obey the government's instructions to stay off the trains and buses for vacation purposes so the soldiers can ride! I hope I get a seat, or at least get on the train if I get my furlough.

So the blackcaps are ripe, eh? Gee, I'd like some. They had some cherries for dinner the other day that weren't as large as some blackcaps I've seen. I'll bet they had some nice ones out at Cherry Days. So you've been bottling fruit? Well take it easy, and don't try and do too much!!! I still can't feature it; you mention warm weather, and yet you've only had the furnace off a few days? Ha Ha, you don't know what warm weather is. Well, I hope you are all getting along fine, and I hope to see you next week. Love, Eldred.

**June 15, 1945.** Branch #1 Box 217-T Dear Folks, Notice: I have a new address, and yes, I'm getting tired of changing too. I have a hard time remembering which is which.

Well, things haven't changed much here since I left, and I still have about the same set up. Lots of loafing and not doing the work I'm trained for. I had a chance yesterday and was practically transferred to the sub depot, but the Lieutenant in charge called up all over the field and cancelled it. I don't know how things will work out, but I guess I'll be satisfied.

As to furlough, I'll either get one on the 27th of June or 18th of July. As yet, I don't know just how it will work out, but I hope I get home soon!

I got a letter from Strasser and he said two of the fellows we were on a mission with--Marion Hinton and Jay Williams--were killed on Iwo Jima. Each had a wife and baby girl. That's surely too bad.

Strasser is holding services on the island where he is, and he says the Japs bombed them a few times.

I saw Don Fronk last night, and he is the reason I didn't write sooner. I was just about to write you, but he insisted I come to his quarters, and we got to sitting and talking of old times, etc., until it was too late to write as, "lights were out". He's from the 10th Ward, and used to go with Glayden Russell.

Mom, how are you getting along? I hope you are getting along fine, but take it easy. I heard you did the washing and hung it out all ready!! That's nothing for you to be doing so soon out of the hospital!!!! Take it easy. Send the stuff to the laundry!!!

I got letters from Beck, Dad, and Helen but I've got a headache tonight, and my eyes are bothering me some (I think it might be from the sun). So, I'll write again tomorrow. Bye for now, and may God bless you all. Love, Eldred.

**June 16, 1945.** Dear Beck, Happy Birthday to you, Beck! I couldn't find a card, so this letter will have to do. There's something else coming by mail, though it will probably be a day or two late.

Well, I've got some bad news. My furlough bounced! It seems they have a rule here that you can't have more than 2 furloughs (30 days) in 12 months time, and I've exceeded that so I'll have to wait until July 18 and see if things work out O.K. then. They gave us credit here for our Kiska Battle star, so my total of points is now up to 56, which still doesn't do any good.

Say Beck, I swapped off my fishing tackle for the sleeping bag; it's a nice bag, and practically brand new, though it needs a little cleaning. I'll send it home one of these days. Here's what I'd like: send me that other short two-piece casting rod that we cut in half and put ferules on. Also, that casting reel, as I may get to do a little fishing here; I hope.

Well, there's not much news here its all about the same as when I was here before. Have a good birthday Beck. Bye for now, Eldred.

**June 26, 1945.** Dear Folks, Hi y'all, how's the weather there? I hope it isn't as hot there as it is here today! I guess summer has really arrived! I received a couple of nice letters from you--one from Beck, and Mom.

I'm surely glad to hear, Mom that you are feeling well enough to write. Just rest and take it easy, and try not to do any work--and get well soon! So you just shut off the furnace, eh? Gee, I've been sleeping without even sheets out on the screen porch for quite some time! So, Grant was home? I guess he was really glad to get home. Sorry to hear Woodrow Anderson was killed, and that Snarrs haven't heard anything from Max.

So you think the Pacific War will be over soon, eh? I wish you were right but. . .

The fellow from Cedar City is a pretty nice fellow; his name is Richard Halterman. He's 22, a farmer, not married, and he figures on a mission when the war is over. There, how's that? You're acquainted now. He and I go in to church together in the evening; we both have to work Sundays. I thought I told you Strasser is in the Philippines; he's been several places in the South Pacific. Taylor is in England--or rather, now in France.

So Helen's friends want her to go to California, eh. Well she's 21 and been in California before, but she must like it a lot better than I do. I'll take Utah--and especially the people there--any day. I got a letter from Howard and he's right in his glory, I guess--private swimming pool for officers, and "dressing for dinner" and all that stuff. Say, they had a good cartoon in Yank the other day, one of the very best I've ever seen expressing army conditions. Two fellows are standing looking down on a beautiful scene. One, a new comer there, says, "It's very fine; do they have one for enlisted men too?" Ha Ha, maybe you don't get it, but if you were in the service, you'd understand only too well.

Beck, I was glad to hear you liked the birthday present, and that it got there the right day! Howard remarked that a couple that he visits in Hawaii have a child the age of Bruce, and that he thinks of Bruce whenever he sees the child. I'll bet Bruce is cute; I'd like to see him. I'm glad to hear you had a nice birthday, Beck. Say, do you think you're too old to go fishing with me now, or can you still take it? Ha Ha. I still have the sleeping bag; I may wait till I get a furlough and bring it home with me. I'll be looking for the rod and reel; I hope you fixed it good, as I'm really going to catch some big ones on it. Ha Ha--that is, if I go anymore after yesterday; I'm about worn out. Ha Ha. I guess it's me that's getting old! I guess you are pretty busy now that peas are on.

As I said, I had to work Sunday. As I was quitting for the day, I noticed the day off roster was posted, and guess what? Sunday was my day off! Only it wasn't posted on time, so I went and complained and I got yesterday off. However, I was disappointed not to be off Sunday so I could go to church. Brother Nelson asked me to go fishing while at church on Sunday night, so that's how I spent my day off. Before church, Halterman and I went out and had some of that good watermelon! Boy, it was

good, and they do a rushing business!

Say Beck, do they have any of those drive in melon stands around there? How's that for an idea? They have a large awning, and a lot of tables out in the open--in the shade--and that's their place of business: a vacant lot. They charge 25 cents for about 1/5 of a large watermelon. Melons are quite cheap here, I guess, so they make good. What would be the possibilities there? Are melons available? At church they had a pretty good crowd out, 50 or 60, but only 1 speaker, and he left about 20 minutes of the time, so they picked the next speaker out of the audience--me--and I took up the rest of the time. I guess I did better than when I have a prepared speech, as I surely got a lot of nice compliments on it.

They reorganized the Fireside class, and I'm on the committee to plan and carry out the programs, etc. Yesterday, my day off, I got up at 3:30 a.m. and Brother Nelson and I went fishing on a lake south of here about 20 miles. We got on it just before daylight. I'm learning a new meaning of lake! Down here, it's a swamp full of trees, brush, waterweeds, etc., or a jungle with water in it. What a job to fish! You had to cast between trees, and if you made a good cast, 2/3 of the time the plug got caught in the moss and weeds. It really takes accurate casting, and by the time we quit, I was getting pretty good (I used his extra rod and reel). We saw lots of big cranes etc., big frogs that really make a noise, and quite a few poisonous moccasin snakes. We let them alone as we didn't have a gun, and I'm not going to mess with them while I'm in a boat.

We had a boat with a 5-horse motor, and it was really nice. We could push right through brush, logs, etc., weeds, and all. In the open spots we could really go. Well, in spite of all, the fishing was pretty good. We caught 6 fish that we got in the boat and kept, 5 were bass, and I got one pike about 20 inches long. It really put up a fight--jumped out of the water, etc., and dove under the boat, 'round and 'round before I got him. Besides him, I got 2 nice bass, one about 12 inches and one about 16 in. Several got away. I had one big one--the first one I got. He really put up a fight, and was too good for me. I had to let him have a little line, and that was my undoing. He got down in the snags and by the time we could get over and get the plug loose, he'd gotten off. I lost several others, though not as large. Well, we had quite a day, but next time, I want to fish a lake that has a little open water--bigger than the living room anyway, and one that you can't get lost on. Ha Ha. We lost our way once, and had quite a time finding our way back. I was sure hoping the motor didn't stop, as I'd sure have hated to try and paddle through those jungles.

Well, I guess I've about run out tonight, so bye for now and may God bless you all. Love, Eldred.

**July 15, 1945.** Dear Folks, Well, I'll be seeing you soon, I guess. They told me in the orderly room today that my furlough was in and approved, so, I'll be leaving in a couple more days. Gee, will it be good to be home!

I had a case of hives all over the other day (yesterday), and didn't know what they were, so I was quite worried and went on sick call, and found out what they were. I was quite relieved. They gave me a "shot," and some capsules and pills. In a short time, practically all the swelling was down, and today they seem to be practically gone. I hope--Ha Ha.

Dad, I got your letter and was glad to hear from you. That sounds too good to be true, to sell your old rod for \$20.00. So you got a sleeping bag, eh? It sounds like a nice one.

Well, I've got to eat, clean up and go into church. Bye for now, and I'll be seeing you soon. Eldred.

P.S. Ha Ha, I'll take my old G.I. flashlight back. They sold some of the new plastic ones here for \$1.00--the same as the G.I. model. In Ogden last January, they were \$2.50. I'll give it to you for what I gave for it.

**August 21, 1945.** Dear Folks, The war must be over--they are finally letting out the fellows here who have over 85 points, and some of them haven't been in as long as I have. Well I'll be glad when they all get out, and then maybe I'll be lucky enough for them to lower the points so I can get out.

There isn't much doing here, our school will probably finish up this week, but then I don't know what we'll do. There's no news here, just a lot of rumors. I went over and checked on the school system, and with my service in the army, I'm entitled to 4 years schooling of 12 months to the year, and I can wait 2 years if I wish before taking advantage of it. However, that \$75 a month isn't very much to get along on (though there's a bill in Congress now trying to raise it to \$85). I've written to several schools, but as yet I'm not sure what I want. I guess though, I'll be in the army a while yet, so I don't have to hurry up and decide.

Dad, I got your letter the other day--that must have been a nice trip you took up through East Canyon. I'd like to take that sometime. Say, do me a favor will you? In the top drawer of the chiffonier



is a Kammeyer's envelope. In it is the prep sight off of the .22. Just look at it, and see if it has a name or manufacturer's number on it, and if so, I'd like you to write it down and send it to me.

Helen, how did your pictures turn out? I hope they were O.K.

There just isn't anything here to write about. I haven't done anything, and there's nothing new, so I'll wish you all the best of health. Love, Eldred.

**August 22, 1945.** Dear Folks, Mom, I received a letter from you today. Say, the last couple of letters I've received haven't had my correct address! It's Box 217--T. The T is for the squadron I'm in, and if you don't put that on, it gets mixed up.

So Beck's in Idaho? Wish I were! That must have been a nice ride you went on up through East Canyon, and also the one to Snow Basin. Sorry to hear you have a cold; I hope it gets better soon.

How are you feeling now? Any better? I'm not in a very good mood today; I'm disgusted as usual--only worse--with the army! Now they say anyone with less than 75 points is eligible to go back overseas, or at least they'll stay in the army. Those generals and colonels--I'd like to shoot a few dozen of them! They were captains, lieutenants, and a few colonels before the war, so now that they have the high rank and pay, they don't want to lose it. In order to keep the rank, they have to have so many men under them, so naturally they want to keep a large army. I haven't been anyplace here in U.S. that there hasn't been at least 3 men for every job. Now it's more than that, however, they won't let the men go. To keep us busy now, they've started a "peace time" army. Inspections every day or so, now you have to mop, scrub and dust every piece of equipment, etc., etc. Then they'll be getting lots more parades and drilling and all that old stuff. It was bad enough when there was a war on, but now there's no excuse for it.

They estimate 2 million troops in Germany and Japan, so they'll try and keep about 7 million in all together--at least as long as they can. Even Congress says that it will be 12-18 months before we can get out. However with the officers, it's different--they can get out with as low as 36 points. It takes 85 for a man to get out. 15 to 20 officers sit around our school (the others are the same) and do nothing but play cards or go home. They get from \$250--\$500 a month, and they make the 4 of us men that are left do all the scrubbing etc. They can't even lift a finger to sweep the floor in their own room. Then, this air corps point system! Guys with just 2 years service are getting out right and left; they got at least a point for every time they flew a plane overseas, besides all the battle stars they got for each big city bombed, etc., etc.

Well, the way they're going, I figure in 11 more years I can get out. I'll be 38 then and they are beginning to let those men out. Ha Ha. I may hit Japan yet--and I'd rather do that than stick around here mopping floors and parading!

I hope you are all fine and well. May God bless you. Love, Eldred.

**September 2, 1945.** Dear Folks, Well here it is V-J day at last. I'm surely glad it's all finally settled. Maybe now they will finally start letting a few men out for a change. They haven't even got down to the 100 point men here as yet, however, they've announced that no one with 60 points will go overseas again. Since this is V-J day, they were going to re-compute point scores again, and if they do, well then I'll just have an even 60 points. Maybe I'll be getting out next spring. I surely hope it isn't any longer than that! Well, anyway, I won't be broke when I get out like a lot of the fellows. Right now we have about \$550 in war bonds, and over \$900 in the bank besides, so I guess we'll get along. That \$300 they hand out when you're discharged will help quite a bit too.

I've been writing to a lot of schools advertised in magazines, etc. Most of them turned out to be correspondence courses, and I want no part of them! However, there is one school in Chicago that seems about what I want. It is an electrical school, and from the advertisements is a pretty good course. It is approved under the G.I. Bill of Rights, and also the army has sent men there. They've been in business about 49 years, so I guess it is a pretty good school. One of the fellows was telling me it's one of the best of its kind in the U.S. I've only found one that even compares with it (slightly cheaper tuition), and that's in Wash. D.C. This one in Chicago ordinarily costs \$265--plus \$19 for extras--for 18 weeks schooling. So far, I'm quite in favor of going there. They also have a radio course that can be taken too, and it lasts an additional 12 weeks, and the price I think is about doubled. Of course under the G.I. Bill that will be free, and I'll just have to worry about living expenses--over \$75.00 a month). They guarantee to find you a suitable approved place to live, so I think we could get along O.K. I'm still writing to the school and asking questions, etc., and I want to find more about it before I decide. Their literature seems pretty good, but also, I'd like someone else's recommendation on the school.

Dad I received a letter from you yesterday and was glad to hear from you. It now begins to look like we'll stay here. They cancelled a lot of the shipments that were going out; I think ours may be one of

them. Dad you mentioned being a gunsmith; where could I get schooling in it? I've never yet seen any place advertised. Glad to hear you are getting on so well financially. However, don't take on too much work! As long as you're getting along O.K., there's no need overdoing it. Why don't you try to take things easier? Did you ever get that sleeping bag? I was thinking if you hadn't, why don't you buy a good tent instead? I'm sure you can get them, and that would really be nice to have. Also a couple of cots to go in it, and then you could go camping in style!

As usual, there's nothing much around here to write about. I just wish there was something to do to keep busy! I'm getting tired of reading and seeing shows to pass away the time, and there's just nothing else to do! Well, I hope you are all getting along fine. Bye for now, Eldred.







Eldred and Lois at Lagoon, May 1942.



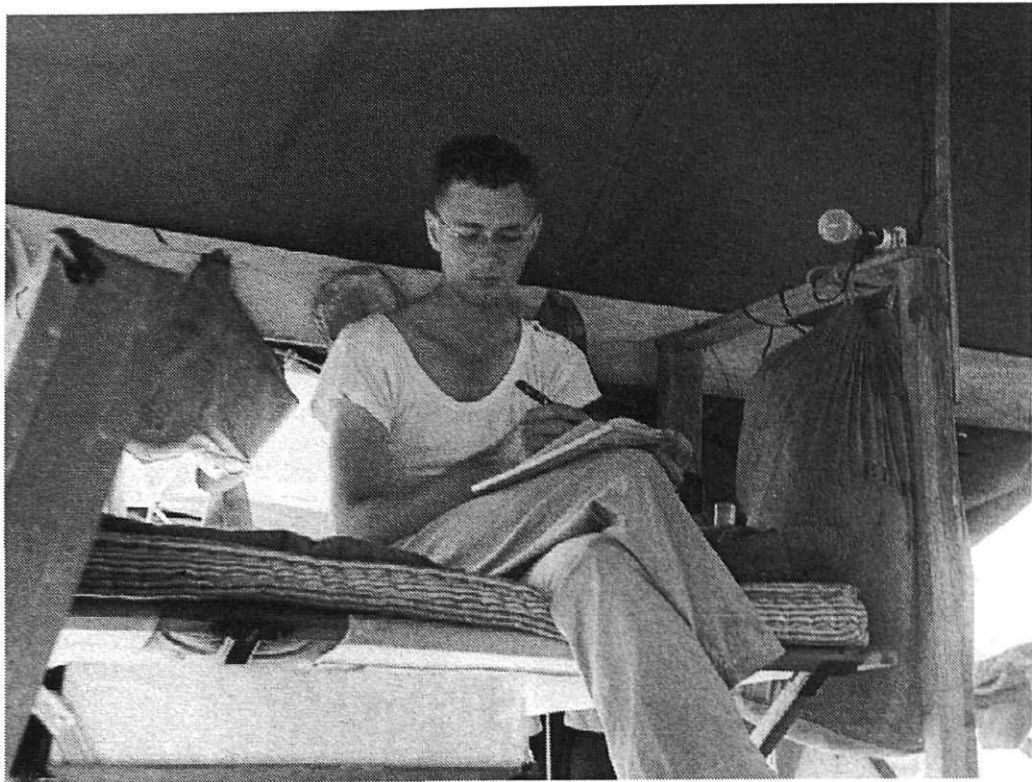
Lois and Eldred, Spring 1942.



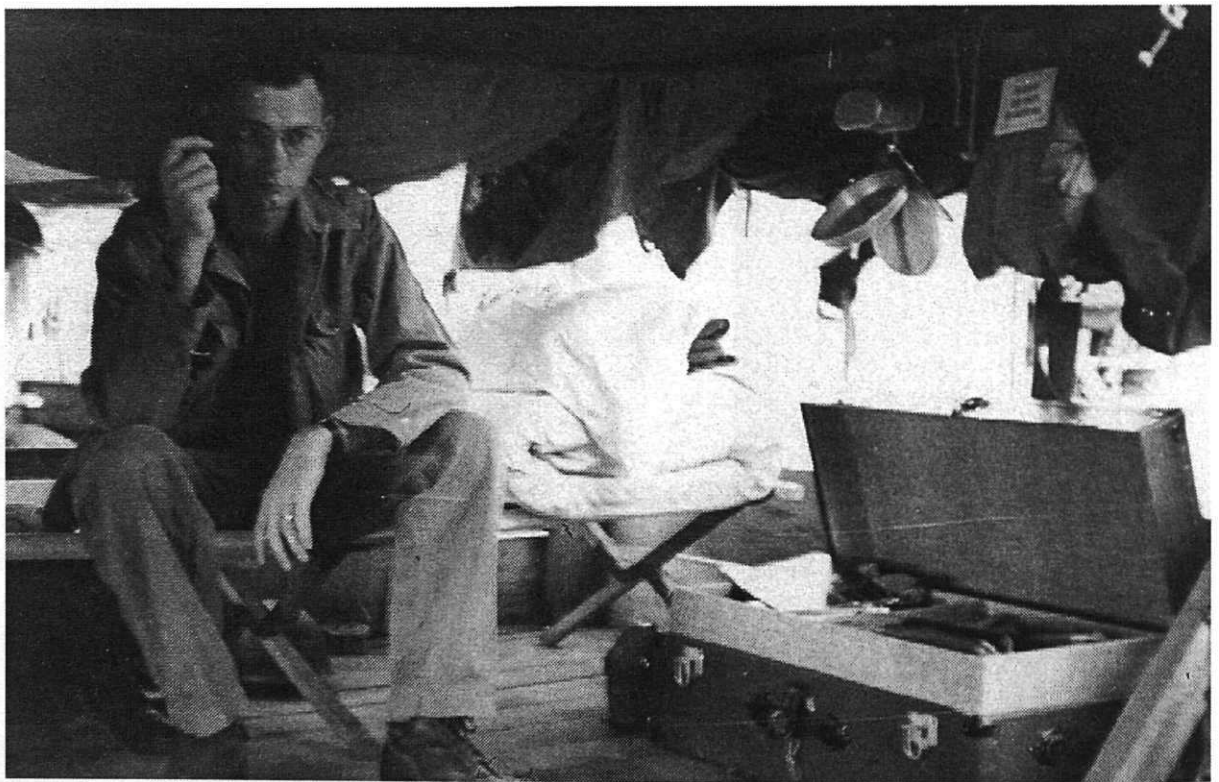
Eldred in Memory Grove, Salt Lake City, Spring 1942.  
The day he went to get a blessing from Apostle Francis M. Lyman before going into the Army.



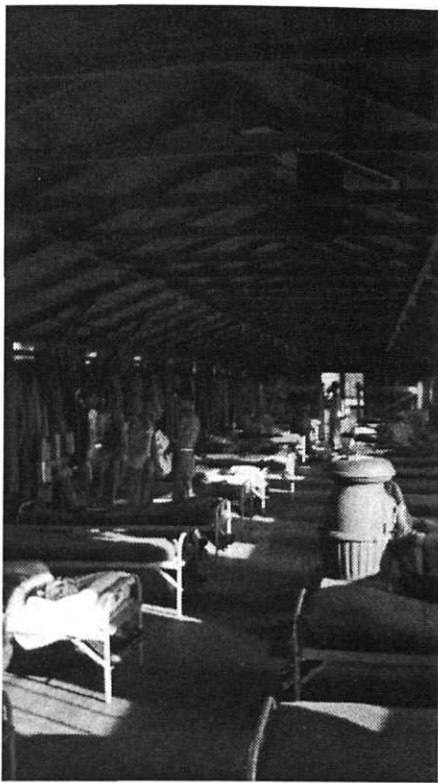
Private Eldred H. Erickson, U.S. Army Signal Corps.  
(written on the back of the photograph)



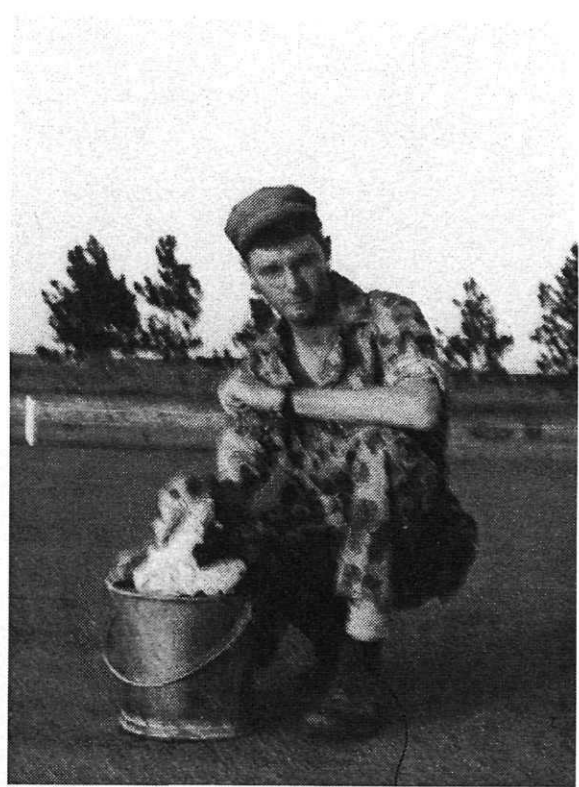
Writing a letter in my "living room."



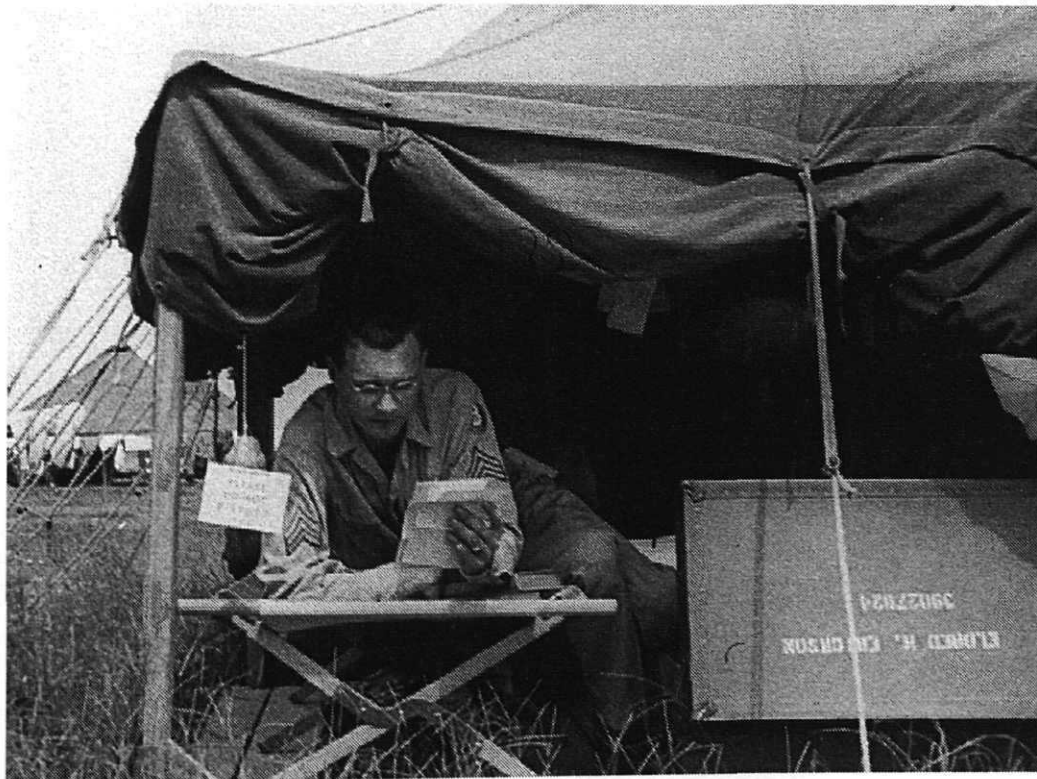
Sitting in my corner of the tent. How do you like the haircut?



Barracks.

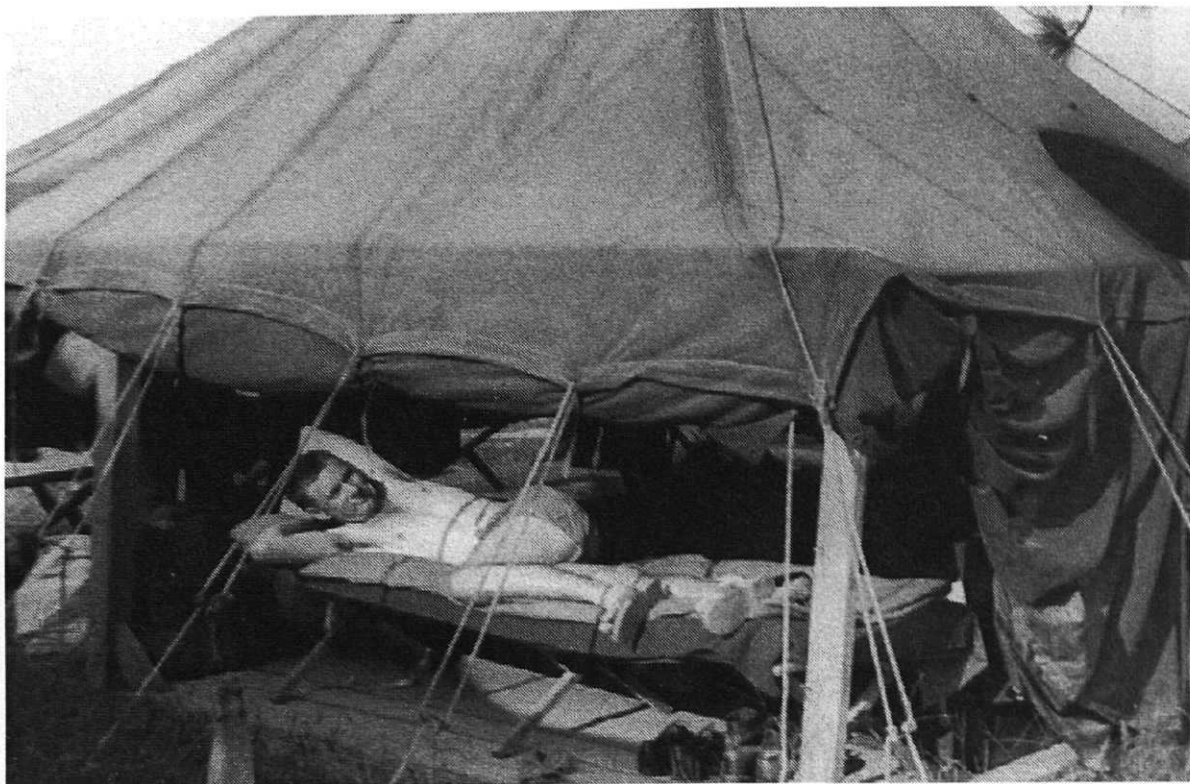


Doing my washing.  
Buck moved when he took the picture.



Reading the mail.

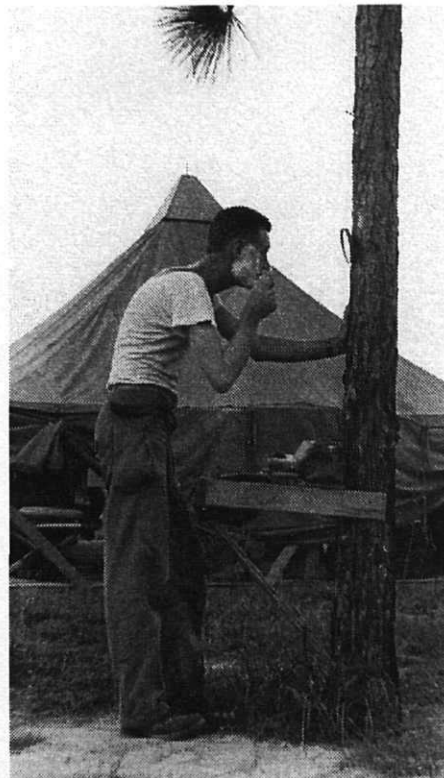




Taking a sun bath.



Notice the nice job the G.I. laundry does on suntans.



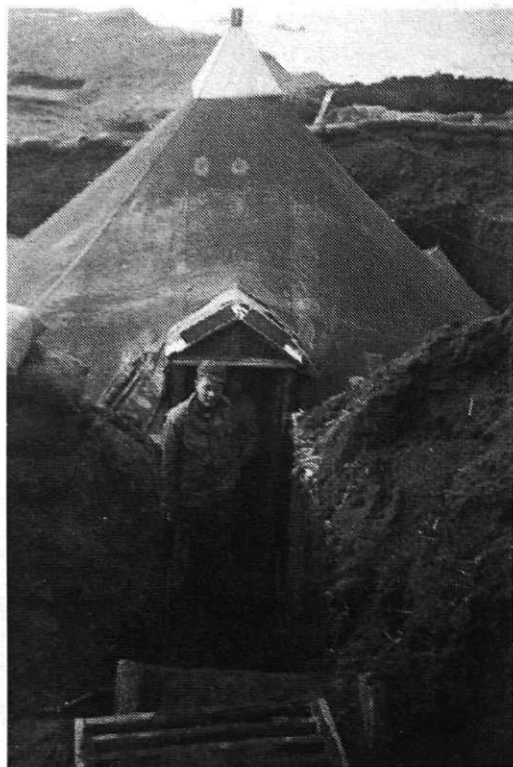
How do you like my fancy wash bowl and mirror?



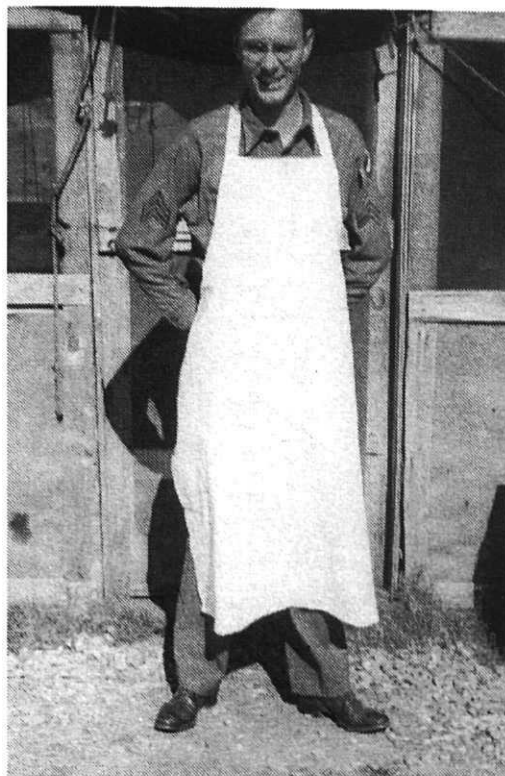
Fill it up good.



The mess kit washing line.



Eldred and tent on Little Kiska, Alaska, 1943.



Eldred serving Thanksgiving dinner.  
DeRidder, Louisiana, November 1944.



Thanksgiving dinner on the Army base in DeRidder, Louisiana, November 1944.





Army tents in DeRidder, Louisiana, November 1944.



How do you like my palatial estate?



This is me by our pup tent. We put two together.  
See how well we had it ditched, but the rain flooded over it.



Drying day, after the sun finally came out after the storm.



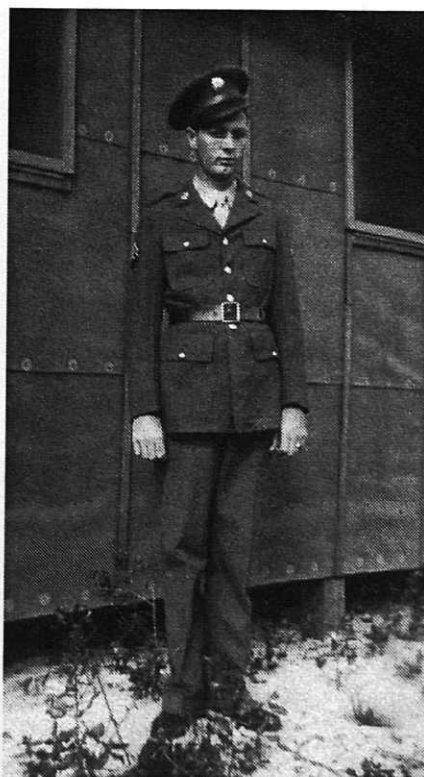
Eldred in combat outfit.  
West Palm Beach, Florida, 1943.



Eldred in his fatigues.



Eldred, February 6, 1943.



Eldred.





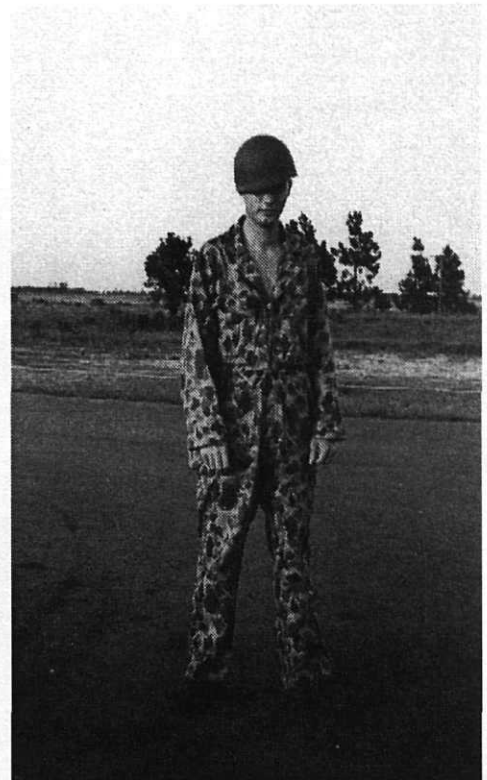
Eldred.



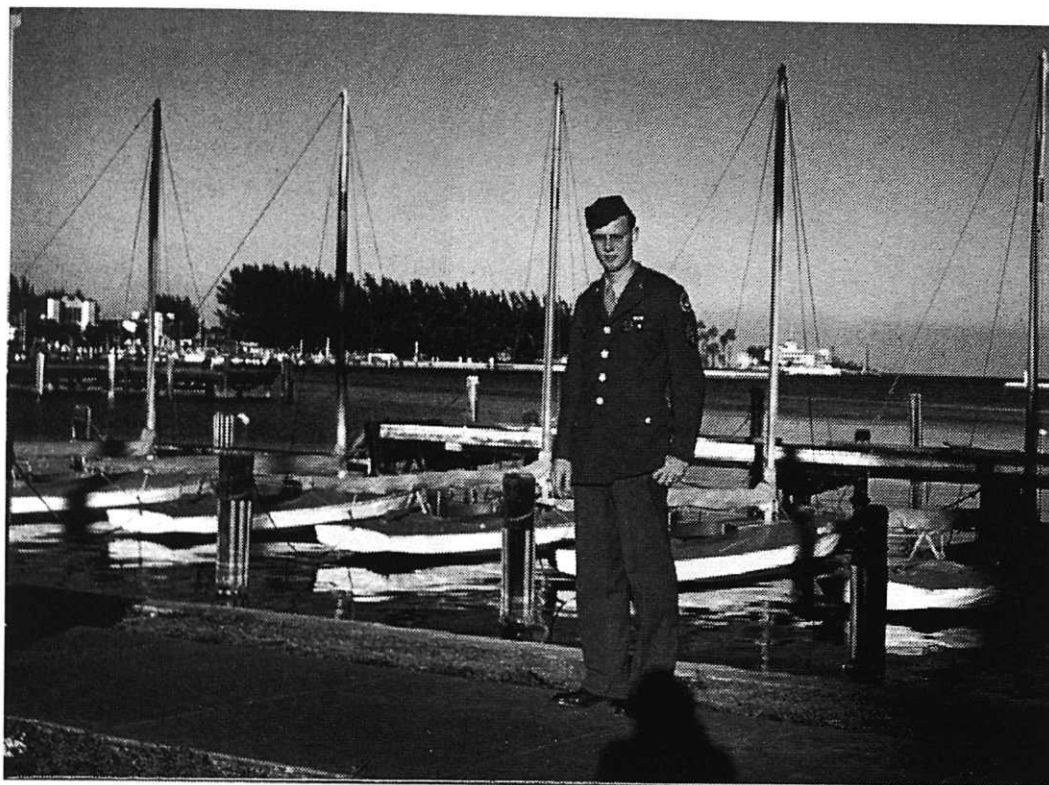
Eldred.



Eldred, February 6, 1943.



How do you like my "zoot suit"?  
DeRidder Army Air Base.



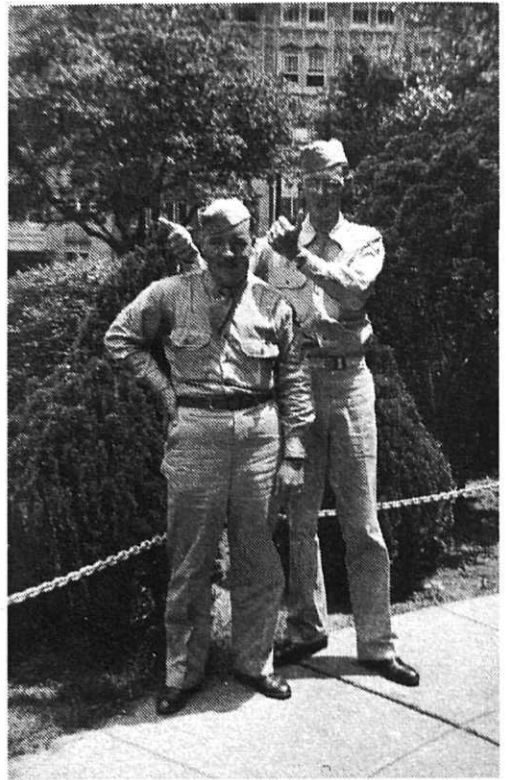
Eldred in Florida.



Brownson, Erickson, and William.



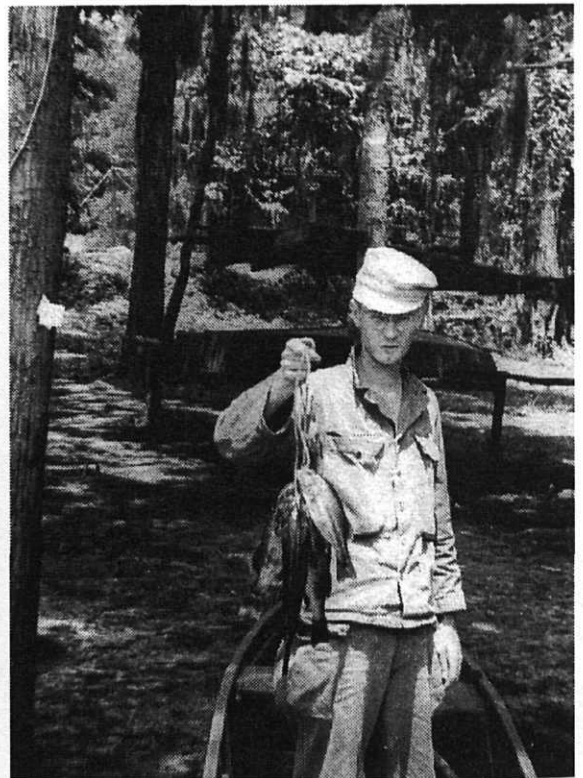
Myself and "Longhorn"



D.V. Mouer and Eldred Erickson.

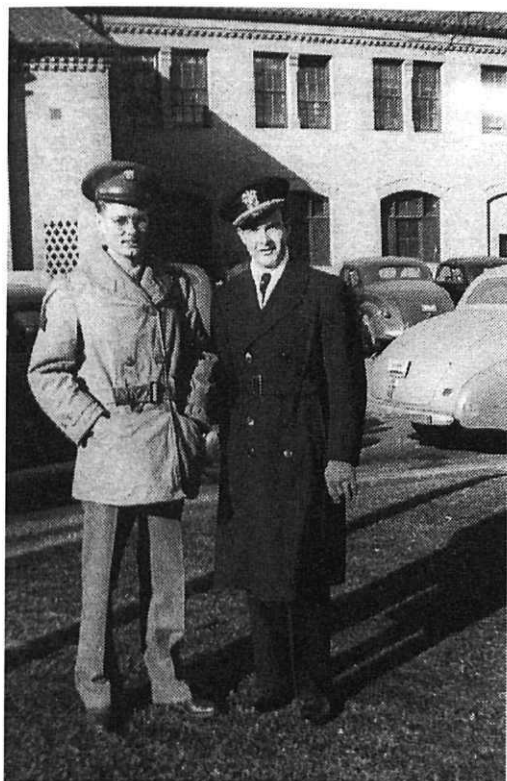


A day on a boat fishing and eating coconut.



Eldred fishing.





Eldred and Howard Randall.



Eldred and his Army pup tent in Tennessee, 1944.



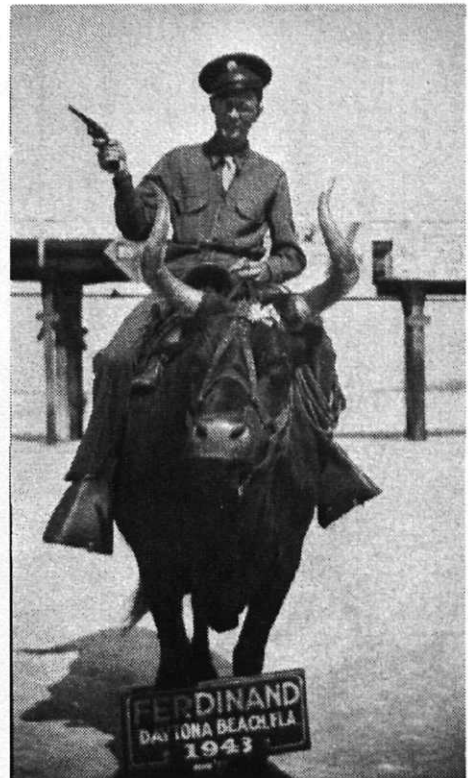
Eldred won a 1949 newspaper contest with this picture of the pelicans on St. Petersburg causeway.



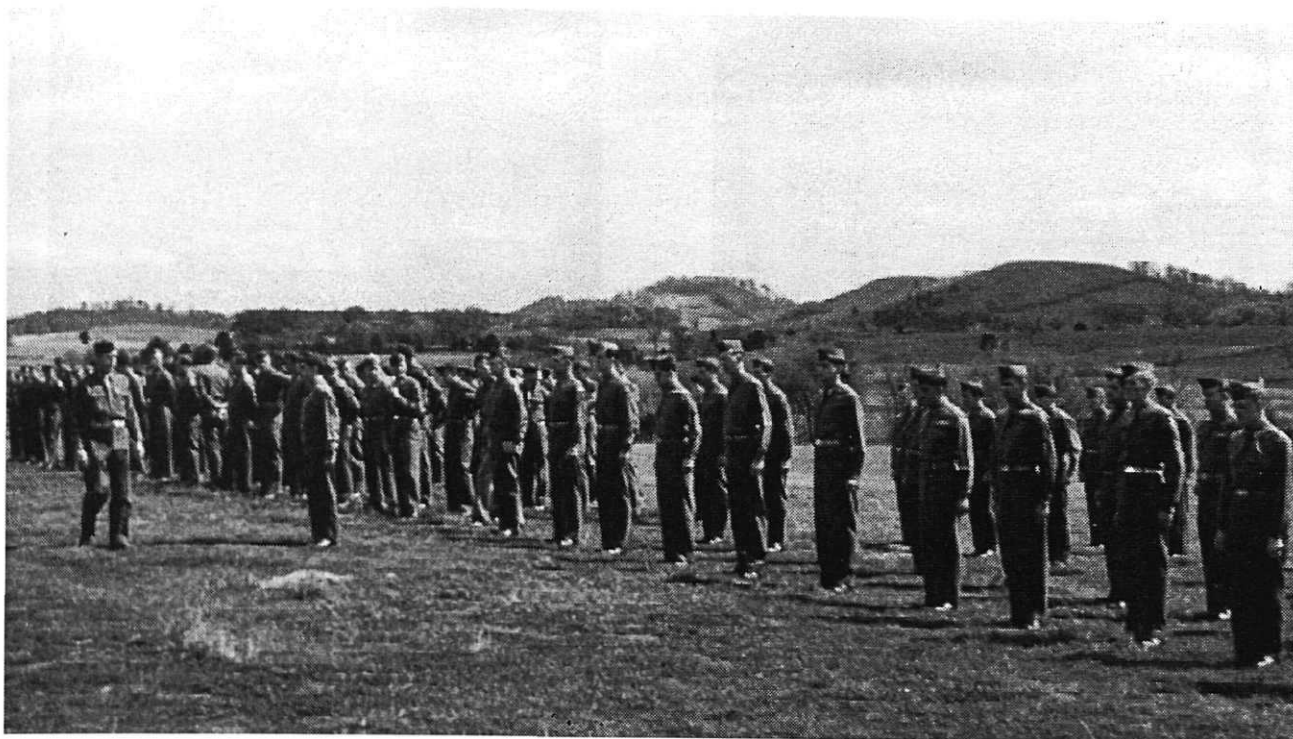
Trying to break open a coconut. Remember this place? It's just as you get off the ferry.



Myself on University of Tampa grounds.



Eldred & Ferdinand, Daytona Beach, Florida, 1943.



Eldred is in the front row, sixth from the right.



Eldred is in the back row fourth from the left.





Eldred and Lois in Florida, 1942.



Eldred and Lois in Tampa, Florida, 1944.



Lois and Eldred in St. Petersburg, Florida, 1944.

# Miss Belnap, Sgt. Erickson Are Married

One of the attractive affairs of the winter season was the wedding of Miss Lois Ruth Belnap, daughter of President and Mrs. Arias G. Belnap, to Sgt. Eldred H. Erickson, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Erickson, which took place on Monday, January 24.

The marriage ceremony was performed in the Salt Lake City L. D. S. temple, with Apostle Thomas E. McKay officiating.

The bride wore a long-sleeved, white satin wedding gown, with a sweetheart neckline. Her illusion wedding veil was held in place by a coronet of pearls. White orchids formed her corsage.

The parents of both the bride and bridegroom accompanied the young couple through the temple.

A reception was held in the evening, in the Twentieth ward recreational hall in Ogden.

The bride was attended at the reception by her sister, Miss Mildred Belnap, as maid of honor, and Miss Helen Danielson, Miss Helen Erickson, Miss Louella London, and Miss Eileen Manning as bridesmaids. Miss Belnap wore a long frock of peach taffeta and chiffon. Miss Danielson, Miss Erickson and Miss Manning wore blue chiffon, and Miss London was in pink satin and lace. Their bouquets were old-fashioned nose-gays of rosebuds and sweetpeas.

Donald West, of the medical reserve of the United States navy was the best man.

Mrs. Erickson, mother of the bridegroom, chose black embroidered crepe gown and Mrs. Belnap mother of the bride, wore blue embroidered crepe. Both matrons wore a corsage of gardenias.

The bridal party stood before a background of seven-branch candleabra, beneath a bower of white ribbons, and wedding bells.

Three hundred guests were present.

Sgt. Erickson who has returned from five months overseas, will remain in Ogden with his bride for about two weeks, will then be stationed at Florida.

*See also  
page 2*



Wedding newspaper clipping.

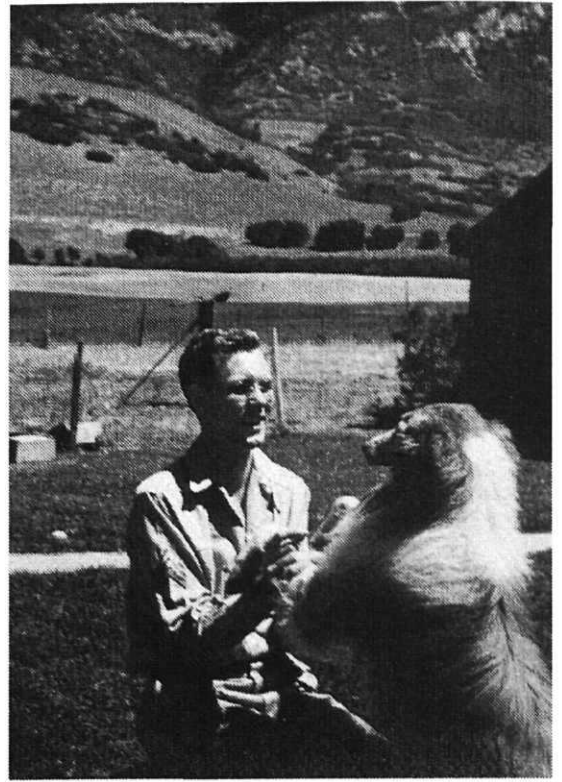


Wedding photograph.

Wedding newspaper clipping.



We've decided that when we build a home, we want it to look like this. Look at the nice front porch.  
This was in Bell Buckle.



Eldred and Leslie Randall's dog.



Blackie and Eldred.



## Post World War II

### Buying a Home

I was honorably discharged from the United States Army Air Force at Alexander Air Base, Alexander, Louisiana on October 30, 1945. I was given a train ticket home and \$200.00 mustering out pay. Lois and our son Bruce were living with her folks at 1111 21st Street in Ogden, Utah. We couldn't find a place to rent. Housing restrictions were still in force because of the War, and all rental places were filled and controlled by the housing agency. We lived with the Belnaps. Lois' sister Mildred and brother Ralph also came with their spouses. We had a house full, but had a good time.

We found a home in the 300 block on 28th Street. It was frame and freshly painted and papered. The price was \$4000.00. We paid my \$200.00 mustering out pay as a down payment, and the payments were to be \$50.00 per month. Before we moved in my folks talked us out of it, and we had to forfeit our down payment! It was one of our mistakes! We could easily have afforded it. Later it became industrial property. My folks (Mom, Dad, and Leonard) helped us find a place on 425 16th Street. It was an older brick home and needed some work. It cost \$5000.00. Lois and I had some savings. She had saved some when she worked at the hospital and I had \$200 in savings before I went on my mission, and had sent home money every month while in the Service. As I recall, we had about \$1500.00 between us. Lois also had a new electric range and sewing machine that she had purchased before the war and stored. My folks helped us arrange financing, since they had spoiled our other deal.

Right after we moved in a member of the bishopric, Brother Putnam, came by and asked us how much we paid for it. We told him, and he said we surely got taken because it had been going for \$3000.00 previously. As it turned out we came out all right when we later disposed of it. However, in many ways I was always sorry we had the home. Later when I decided to go back to school at the University of Utah, we were stuck with a home and I had to commute, and many experiences and options at school were denied me because we were tied down. The house had a coal heater in the front room and a coal stove in the kitchen. We had a terrible winter one year, and it was always a job to get up in the mornings and build a fire to heat the house. We still have the old kitchen stove as a memento. We later finished off a bedroom on the back porch, and before we left we put in a gas furnace and one of the first automatic washing machines in town. We had a small garden space in the back, and planted a couple of spruce trees in front.

### Finding a Job

I couldn't find a job! I even applied to the Utah Power and Light for a job climbing poles because of my Signal Corps experience, but couldn't even get on there at \$100.00 per month. Because of my electronics experience I applied from Chicago on west, but could find no takers--there was nothing available. Dad had an accounting office and had one girl working for him. She was married and really didn't need to work and really didn't care about it. He said if I wanted to come and work for him, I could take her place. The last job in the world I wanted to do was "bookkeeping" or any other office job for that matter. I had taken typing in school and also a few business classes. I had been company clerk in the army for a while, and I had always been fairly good at math, so I agreed to give it a chance--there wasn't anything else to do--I had a wife and child to support. It wasn't as bad as I thought it might be and was quite interesting. I went up to Weber College and took a class in elementary accounting for 3 quarters and a night class in income tax accounting. As I remember, I got \$150.00 per month. I didn't even make enough to file an income tax report. During the summer, Weber College taught a condensed class in Intermediate Accounting--3 quarters in one. I took it. The GI Bill paid my tuition. I still worked full time and made up for the time spent in school by working late at night and starting at 7:00 a.m. It was a very hard class--most of the people flunked out--there was just too much to do in such a short time. I was fortunate and came out with an "A". We had a pretty good income tax and accounting business and things went quite well. In 1948 I made \$3,118.31. In 1949 and 1950 I didn't make enough to file a tax return.

### Commuting to the University of Utah

In 1949 I decided that I needed more schooling. I enrolled in the University of Utah in the fall of 1949. The GI Bill paid my tuition and \$125.00 per month. I pursued a degree in Accounting with a minor in Economics. Dad had given us his old 1933 Chev, but it wouldn't make it to Salt Lake. Each morning I

would get up, walk if the weather was good or ride the bus to 24th Street, then walk down to the Bamberger station at 24th and Lincoln Avenue. I would ride the Bamberger to Salt Lake to the station where the Salt Palace now is, and run up to Main Street in time to catch the bus to the University of Utah for an 8:00 a.m. class.

It was the same place I had started out in the Army, except that when I went in the Army it was just tents. These had been replaced by wood barracks, and at the end of the War taken over by the University of Utah. All my classes except one were held in the old Army barracks. That one class was a biology class that I had to take. They wouldn't give me credit for all my classes from Weber College, and the head of the department refused to waive the class. He said I needed to know about life. By this time we had three children. It was the most asinine class I have ever had. It was taught by Dr. Stanley Mulaik, the head of the department, and at least once a week he acted out the part of a mother Robin feeding her young worms. When the final exam came around Lois had to be operated on, and naturally I wanted to be with her (it was a thyroid operation). I asked if I could take the exam early or late and I explained my reason. He said no--if I wasn't there I would flunk the exam. I didn't show up and got a 0 on the exam and a final in the class of "C". It kept me from graduating with honors. I never felt good about him ever since because of that, and that I felt he should not have required me to take the class in the first place. I had taken it at Weber College and had been Dr. Young's lab assistant.

At the end of classes each day, I reversed the process of travel and came back to Ogden and worked in Dad's office as long as I could. The fall of 1950 Leonard gave me his old 1937 Oldsmobile, and it was good enough to drive to Salt Lake. Keith Wiggins (now a CPA), Bill Garner (now superintendent of Ogden City Schools), and a Peterson fellow got together and took turns driving. It worked out a lot better. We had an 8:00 a.m. class and finished at 12:00 a.m. carrying a full load of classes and managed to get them in that length of time. We drove back and got to Ogden about 1:00 p.m. and went to work. (During this time I was also active in Church and held positions of counselor in MIA, then Assistant Superintendent in the Sunday school, and was put in as one of the Presidents of the Seventies Quorum.)

The spring quarter I ran into trouble. I needed a class in Governmental Accounting to graduate, and was scheduled in the morning, but they changed it and put it at night! My schedule went like this--get to class by 8:00 a.m., then get back to Ogden by 1:00 p.m. to go to work. Work until 6:00 p.m., then drive to the University of Utah for a class at 7:00 p.m., and then drive home. By the time I graduated in June, I was sick of school and driving to Salt Lake! Dr. Clyde Randall, head of the U's Accounting Department, and also an LL.B., wanted me to take law classes while I was there, but I was tired and wanted a rest!

## Buying a Home in Pleasant View, Sight Unseen

In April of 1951, as I entered Dad's office, I could hear Dad, Uncle Clarence and someone else talking over the partition between offices. (Uncle Clarence had come to work with us, and he and Dad were in partnership together.) The fellow talking said that he would trade a brick home for the home in Pleasant View and the ground above the canal. Dad and Clarence had built a small four room frame home for a "hired man" but decided to not have one. The man said he would give them his brick home in town and \$2000 cash for the one in Pleasant View. I don't ever remember having been in Pleasant View before, but all at once a thought came to me. I opened the door and walked in on them. I said--would you give me the same deal as you are offering him? They thought a minute and said that they would. I said just a minute--picked up the phone and called Lois. I said how would you like to live in Pleasant View? She kind of stuttered a minute, and said, "I guess it would be all right". I hung up. That is all the discussion we had. I turned to them and said we'll take it! The man making the deal was quite upset because he lost out. So we purchased the home in Pleasant View--sight unseen.

## Civil Service Application

The following information was taken from an application Eldred filled out for a Civil Service Job in the late 1950's. Eldred never got the job.

Plain City Canning

Description of Work:

Keeping all records, making payrolls for up to 135 employees, keeping cost accounting records, general ledger and making corporation income tax reports

Description of Work:

Worked as a bookkeeper part time until I finished College then worked as a public accountant for H. E. Erickson & Company until I became a partner in the firm. Part time I worked seasonally as Secretary and Treasurer of the Plain City Canning Corp., kept records etc. and helped in administration. Was secretary of the Exclusive Finance Company made loans collections and kept records. Was bonded warehouse man for Western Gate Way Storage Company and various other jobs.

Self Employed Partner in Firm H. E. Erickson and Company Public Accountants

Description of Work :

Public Accounting for various individuals, partnerships and corporations. Keeping records and General Ledgers, closing books and making all tax returns and Corporation Income and Franchise Tax returns. Auditing and making financial Statements for a variety of business concerns as well as towns and municipalities. Keeping records for contractors and construction firms. Notary Public.

## Letters of Recommendation

June 10, 1959

Gentlemen:

Mr. Eldred H. Erickson of Ogden, Utah has requested that I write him a letter of recommendation pursuant to his receiving a license as an accountant.

I have known Mr. Erickson for approximately ten years. I have had the occasion to associate with him both in business and in a church capacity and know him to be a person of good moral character, to be honest, and a person of integrity.

It is my pleasure to recommend that he be granted a license in his field of endeavor and trust you will give his application favorable consideration.

Very truly yours,

L. Roland Anderson

District Attorney

June 10, 1959

Gentlemen:

This will certify that I have known Eldred H. Erickson for in excess of twenty-five years.

I have known him both personally and in business relationship of public-accountant. I have found him to be of the very highest moral character. His integrity is the very highest and he is completely competent in this field. I feel that this type of person would be greatly beneficial in the field he is now practicing in or in any other field that he might desire to go in.

I have handled many cases on the legal part where he has done the accounting work and I have never found anyone more competent nor fair in his dealing than he has been.

I recommend him without reservation for licensing as a public-accountant.

Very truly yours,

Dale T. Browning

Attorney at Law

## Application to Phillips Petroleum Company

The following information came from a job application filled out by Eldred in the late 1940's. Eldred did not get the job.

### Military Duties

Was classification and company clerk for short time. Had 10 months training in electronics and radar maintenance and was with Signal Corps and Air Force as Maintenance Man. Also taught operators.

### Remarks:

Last two years I attended school at U. of U. in Salt Lake City while living and working in Ogden. I went to school from 8:00 a.m. to 12:00 a.m. Reported for work in Ogden at 1:00 p.m. and worked from 4 to 8 hours each week day and 8 hours on Saturday. Round trip each day to Salt Lake City is 80 miles. My last quarter there I also took a night class and some days had to drive 100 miles round trip in order to attend classes in morning and evening and work in the afternoon at Ogden, as well as drive back to Ogden again at night and get my lessons before going to bed.



I served on a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter day Saints in the North Central States Mission from March 7, 1940 to March 20, 1942. The last six months of which I served as district president. In connection with my accounting work I have been entrusted at times to check out, and deposit daily cash receipts for businesses while the proprietor has been on vacation.

## Fishing on Sunday

In the late 1950's, I, the second counselor in the bishopric of the Ogden Pleasant View Ward, along with first counselor, Leon Jones, accompanied the Explorer Scout Post in to the High Uintahs Granddaddy Lake area. We were to stay a week and over Sunday, so we of the bishopric went along to hold church on Sunday. Our goals on the trip were to explore and fish the lakes in the Granddaddy Basin. A Scoutmaster, Morrill Lofgreen, had told me of Allen Lake which was off the trail that was exceptional fishing for trout and grayling. To fish Allen Lake was one of our main goals.

A father, uncle, and a son of one of the scouts rode their horses and came up Saturday to camp with the post. We informed them we were holding church on Sunday and were not going to fish until Monday. They stated that they were going to go to Allen Lake and fish it before we got there and spooked all of the fish. Leon Jones said they would be sorry if they went and that we would have better luck on Monday. On Sunday they went anyway and took their son.

We had a very nice sacrament and testimony meeting on Sunday! Late that evening we heard the horses come into camp. The riders told us they had gotten lost and spent all day getting back to camp. They couldn't find Allen Lake and they didn't get any fish.

The next day, Monday, we divided in to two groups--one to explore Granddaddy Basin with Leon Jones, and the other I took to Allen Lake along with the father and son who had been lost on the previous day. We had about an easy 45 minute hike over the hill and we came to Allen Lake. Fishing was terrific for fourteen inch cutthroat trout and grayling! I was using two flies, and one of the adults, Elmer Bailey, kept count and there were seven times I caught two fish at one. Everybody was catching fish--except the father and son! They couldn't catch any! I even took the flies and leader from my line and asked them to use them--they still couldn't catch any!

The son said, "Dad, that's the last time I go fishing on Sunday!" When we got back to camp, we found that the other group also had a very successful day. Even Leon, who was not a fisherman, had also caught his limit, so his prediction had come true.

Years later, as bishop, I used this actual life example in Scout and priesthood quorums to remind them to listen to their leaders and to keep the Sabbath Day holy!

## Being Called

"Dale Browning and I were hunting ducks on Saturday night. He said you are going to be in bishopric.) I said you are wrong. They are putting in one tomorrow. He said you'll be in it. " When I came home late that night there was a phone call and I was called to be second counselor.

"Another time years later Dale said while we were hunting pheasants--You'll be bishop", I laughed. Sure enough I was called to be bishop. I had a feeling for a couple of weeks before and hoped it wasn't true. When the Stake President, called us he called three other bishops at the same time. He said, "Do you all know why you are here?" We all did, but hated to say for fear of being presumptuous. He asked for our counselors. They all had them picked but me. I had one and wasn't sure on the other. He said he wanted it that night. I went to the home in question. He kidded and said "are you the new bishop, I laughed and said yes--what job do you want? (He thought it was all a big joke.) He said, "Finance Clerk, I said don't you want to be a counselor?" He still thought we were joking, and gave me some funny reply, and then I knew he wasn't the one. Lois and I drove around the ward and finally passed Kenneth Tams house--I knew he was the one. Later Levi, the 1st counselor dreamed he was the counselor".

## Work At the Employment Office/Job Service

Summary of some of the comments made on his performance reviews over the years for his job at Employment Security:

First year with monthly reviews:

1961

First Month

Mr. Erickson has spent most of his time in training during this period. He had been assigned some status reports, and some routine audits. Considered in the light of his knowledge and experience of applying the provisions of the act, his work has been very good. However, there are a few improvements to be made in such things as more complete detail and greater research in status request work. His accounting experience is benefiting him greatly in his auditing work which is excellent at this point.

#### Second month

Quantity and quality of work both appear to be very good.

Completed work evidences efforts being extended toward making thorough investigations and to delving into all pertinent facets.

Narrative reports are well written.

Continued study of the Employment Security Act and its regulations and other pertinent literature is recommended.

#### Third Month

Production achieved during this rating period has been excellent.

The high percentage of routine audits that were expanded into complete audits reflects the care exercised in checking each employers' records.

Attitude toward this type of work appears to be one of genuine interest and enthusiasm.

#### Fourth Month

Has successfully handled assignments of a more difficult nature dealing with problems not previously encountered.

Appears to have employed sound judgment in those cases of questionable nature.

Applies himself very well and gives evidence of diligence in his work

#### 1961-1962

This, his first full year with the Field Unit, has been significant in his ready adaptation to our work.

Mr. Erickson has made very fine progress and has quickly learned the rudiments and many of the techniques and procedures employed in Field Audit functions.

He has displayed an ardent interest in this work and a great desire to learn and forge ahead.

Possessed of a fine background he has easily made the transition from civilian accounting to that performed by our Field Advisers.

His production has been very good and includes numerous audits of a difficult variety.

The quality of his work appears to be excellent and thorough in its coverage.

A friendly, cooperative person he has no difficulty contacting employers. Suggestion is made for continued study of the Employment Security Act, its attendant regulations, interpretive decisions and precedent cases as material assistance in successfully handling unusual cases that may be encountered.

#### 1963-1964

##### *Summary of duties:*

Makes field audits, status and claims investigations, collections and obtains delinquent employer reports.

##### *Supervisor's comments:*

Mr. Erickson is a sincere worker who performs his assignments very creditably.

His special investigations have been accomplished in an excellent and thorough going manner with very well-written narrative reports.

#### 1965-1966

##### *Summary of duties:*

Audits employer accounts, obtains delinquent reports makes status and special investigations, obtains claimant wage data and makes collections.

##### *Supervisor's comments:*

An excellent employee who takes a genuine interest in his work.

Very well qualified technically as an auditor with a fine accounting background.

Works very well with others and is a consistent producer of high quality work.

Thorough in his investigations.

#### 1966-1967

Performed the above functions in a commendable, business-like manner.  
Very dependable and conscientious in the discharge of his duties. Thorough in his examinations of records and alert in spotting irregularities.  
Work evidences a marked degree of thoroughness.

1967-1968

Duties Audited employer accounts, obtained delinquent reports made collections, conducted status and other special investigations and obtained claimant wage data. Aided in counseling and training of another Field Adviser in Ogden Office.  
Continued to perform a multitude of duties in a superior manner.  
Largely responsible for maintaining excellent Agency-Employer relations in Weber County.  
Audit production of top quality work shows a notable increase this year over last.

1968-1969

Regular Field Adviser duties  
Maintained a high performance level in the quality of work submitted, with emphasis upon accuracy and thoroughness of details and investigations. Provided valuable assistance in counseling and training of a new Field Adviser added to the Ogden Staff this year.

1969-1970

Regular Field Adviser duties  
Because of the transfer of his assistant the first week of last September, and the difficulties encountered in obtaining a replacement, Mr. Erickson has had the sole responsibility for providing Field Service to Weber County employers and of necessity, this has resulted in a decline in audit production. With the addition of a new man in September 1970 it is hoped this production will return to normal.  
With the full responsibility for the area for the past year he has done an outstanding job in handling urgent assignments and in keeping abreast of a very heavy load of delinquent assignments. Work submitted is of top quality and reflects genuine interest in his work.

1970-1971

Regular duties of a Field Adviser in charge of our Ogden office.  
Sustained a fine production of a variety of complex assignments.  
Materially assisted in the training, guidance and counseling of a new Field Adviser added to the Ogden office during the last half of the fiscal year.  
Has been particularly alert to collection problems in the Ogden area providing vital information to the Collections Supervisor.  
Work submitted has been of prime quality.

1979

Eldred does excellent quality work. Eldred has excellent relations with the people with whom he works. Eldred's knowledge and attitude are outstanding.

**Letter of Commendation**

Prepared by D.F. Hansen Assist. Field Audit Supervisor  
September 3, 1974  
To: Eldred Erickson  
Field Adviser  
Subject: Delinquent Assignments

In preparing your assignment of delinquent accounts for this quarter, it was noted that none of them were for multiple quarters. I examined your previous assignments and found that not only were they completed with your usual promptness but your work has been so thorough that no prior quarter reports are outstanding in your territory. Yours is the only territory in the state that is so current.

This is another example of the outstanding job you have done as a Field Adviser. In addition to the prompt and thorough job you do on your regular assignments, you put in much time and effort as liaison with the Internal Revenue Service, an activity for which you get little credit.

We regret that your position on the top of your pay grade negates a recommendation for the meritorious pay increase you deserve. We also know you can't spend thanks, but I want you to know we appreciate the job you are doing.



Congrats--

### **Fishing Poem**

Eldred kept this poem above his desk:

#### If I Didn't Need the Cash

Oh, I've got the fishin' fever and the wish' fever, too,  
'And the river keeps a callin' 'till I don't know what to do.  
'All these figgers that I'm addin' git as jumbled up as hash;  
Now, I'd never be a workin' if I didn't need some cash.  
'As I set here o'er this ledger I can see the river shine, I can feel the yank and struggle of a rainbow on my line;  
I tremble to remember how he'd churn and twist and splash--  
Oh, I never would be workin' if I didn't need the cash.

### **Weber County School Board**

Letter sent to Eldred after he requested the removal of the Weber County School Superintendent:

Dear Mr. Erickson:

May we extend to you our warmest regards and thanks for your recent decision to replace the Weber County School District Superintendent.

Your action in this matter depicts true courage and devotion to your responsibilities in caring for the needs of the Weber County School District.

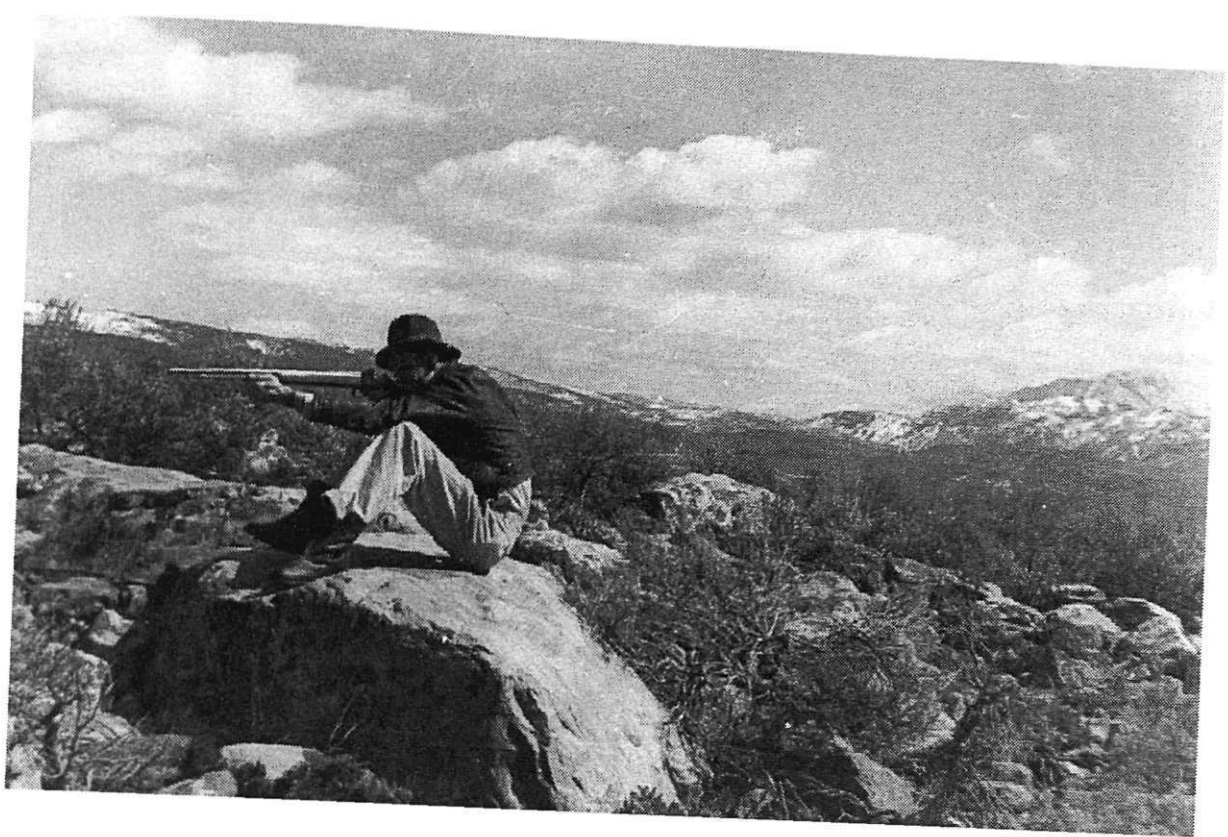
You may be assured of our continued support as you carry out your assignment as our representative on this Board.

Yours truly,

Mr. Douglas Wilson

Mrs. Erma Wilson





Eldred hunting in the mountains.

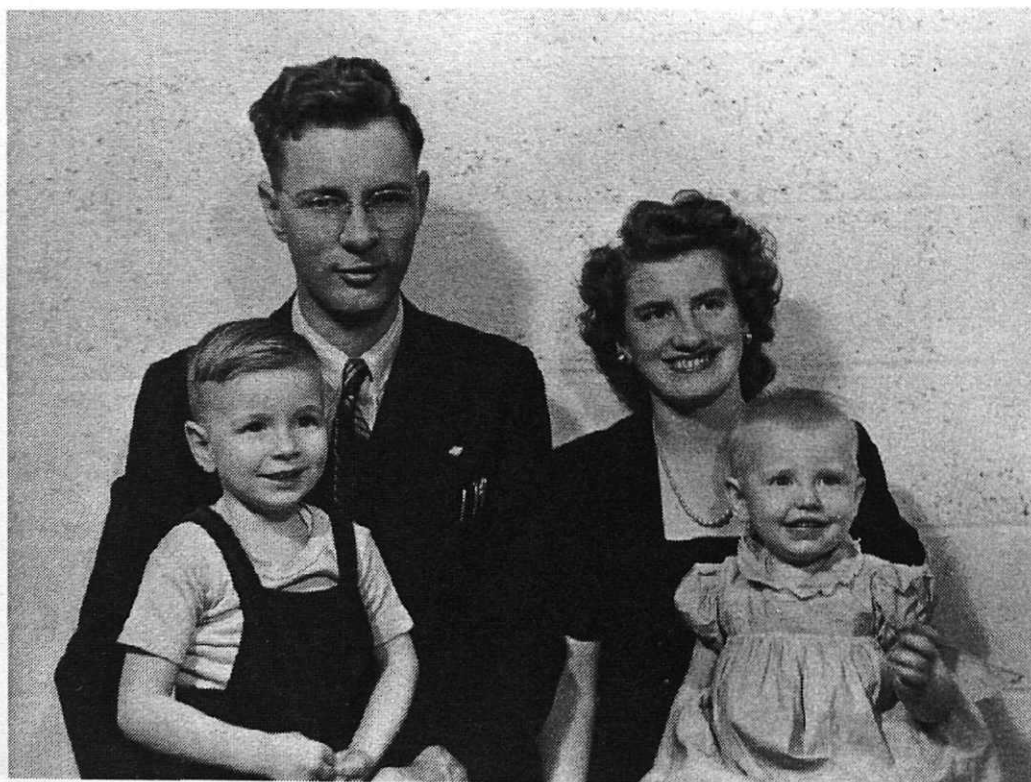


Four Generations: James Randall, Luetta Randall Erickson, Bruce Erickson, Eldred Erickson, 1945.





Lois, Bruce, and Eldred.  
October 1945.



Back: Eldred and Lois.  
Front: Bruce and Janet.  
1947.



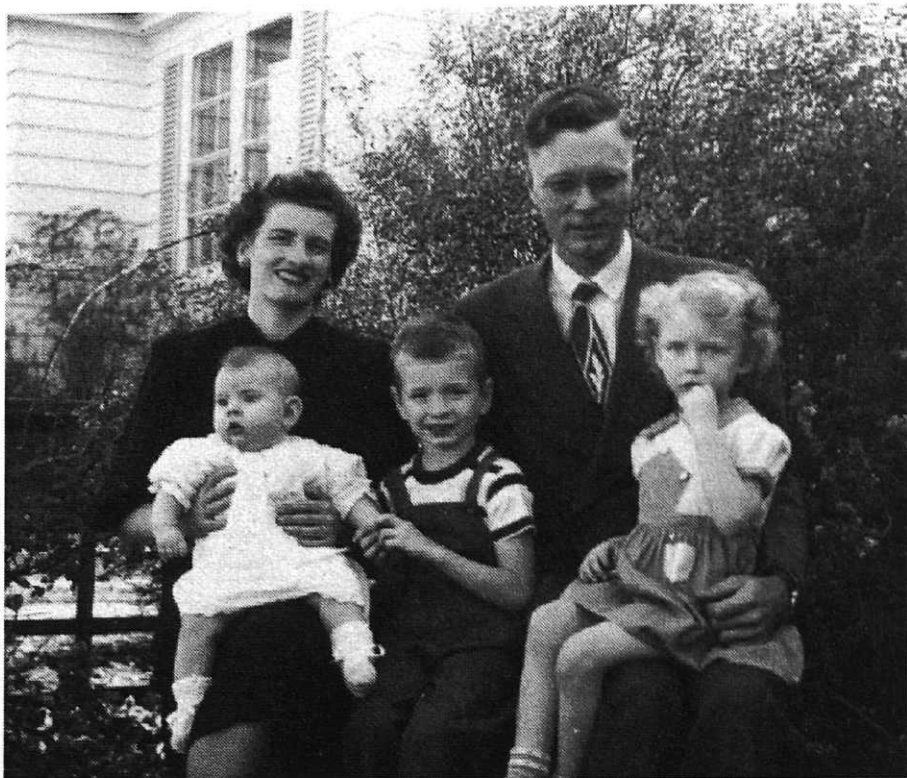
Eldred and Dale Browning in Yellowstone, 1948.



Back: Eldred and Lois.  
Front: Bruce and Janet.  
Salt Lake Temple, 1948.



Eldred, January 1949.

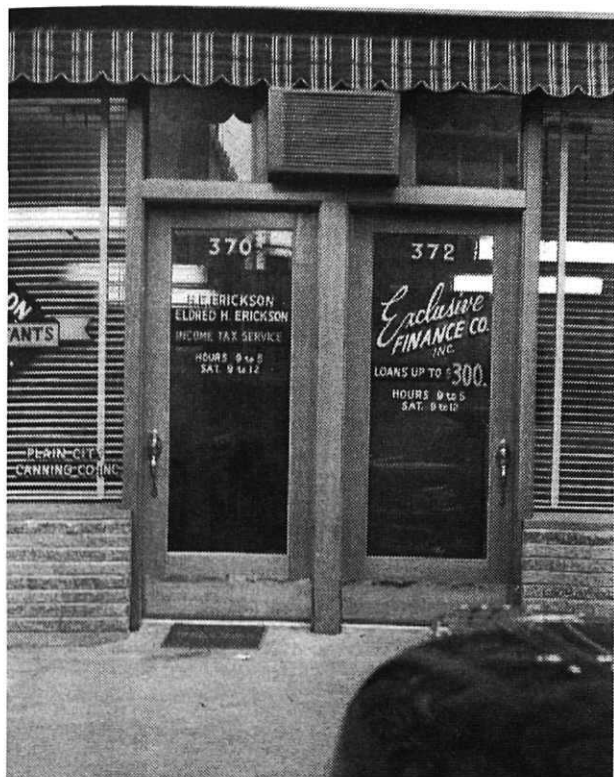


Back: Lois and Eldred.  
Front: Susan, Bruce, and Janet.  
1949.



The Ericksons.  
Left to right: Janet, Susan, Lois, Eldred, and Bruce.  
1950.

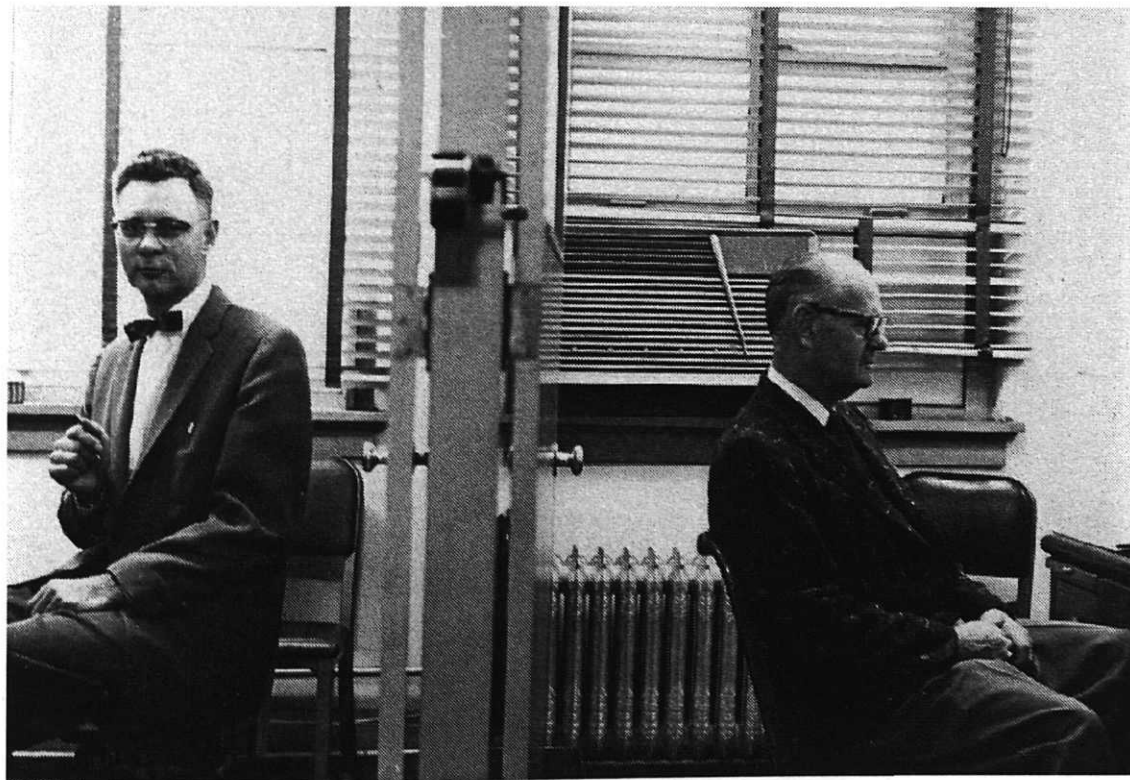




H. E. Erickson and Son's office.  
370 24th Street, Ogden, Utah.



Eldred Erickson's graduation from  
the University of Utah, 1951.



Eldred Erickson and Hilmar Erickson in their adjoining offices.



The Erickson's white house at 1071 West Pleasant View Drive, Pleasant View, Utah, 1950s.



Hunting party at the Erickson home in Pleasant View, Utah, 1951.

Back row: Leonard Beckman, Clarence Randall, Leslie Randall.

Front row: Janet Erickson, Bruce Erickson, Hilmar Erickson, June Ferrin, Eldred Erickson.



Left to right: Bruce, David, Lois, Janet, Susan, and Eldred.  
Christmas 1952.



Left to right: Bruce, Janet, Lois, Nancy, Susan, Eldred, and David.  
Christmas 1953.





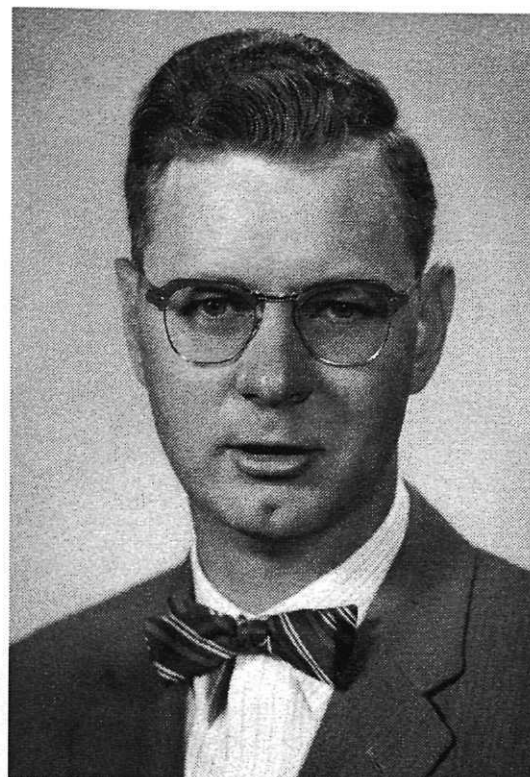
Left to right: Janet, David, Chris, Lois, Nancy, Eldred, Susan, and Bruce, 1955.



The Ericksons in front of Ben Lomond, 1957.  
Back: Susan, Janet, Lois, Eldred, Bruce, and David.  
Front: Chris and Nancy.



The Ericksons in Yellowstone, 1958.  
Left to right: Eldred, Janet, Susan, Bruce, David,  
Chris, Lois, and Nancy.



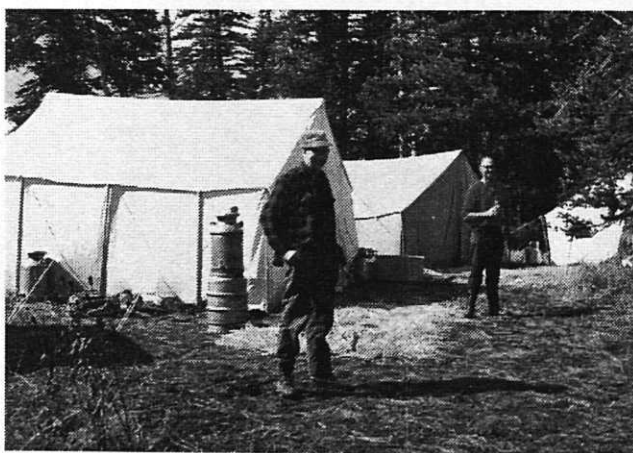
Eldred Erickson, mayor election photo, 1958.



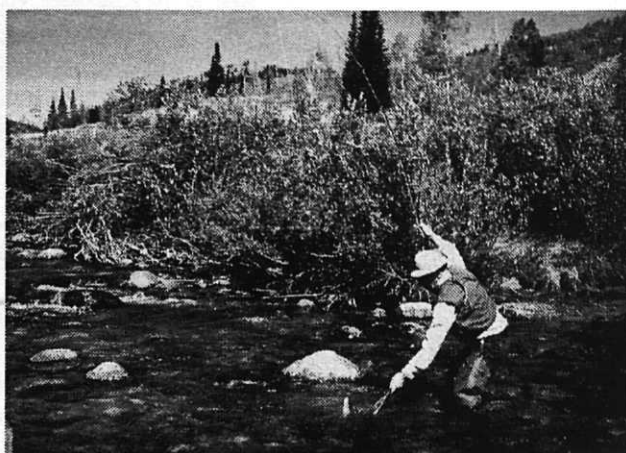
The Erickson Family, 1959.  
Left to right: Susan, David (front), Janet, Lois, Chris, Eldred, Ellen (on lap), Bruce, and Nancy.



The Ericksons at Fishing Bridge, Yellowstone National Park, 1960.  
Left to right: Janet, David, Ellen, Bruce, Susan, Nancy, Chris, Lois (holding Jeane), and Eldred.



Eldred Erickson and Glen Anderson, 1960.



Harold Strand, 1960.





The Erickson Family, 1960.  
 Back left to right: Chris, Nancy, David, Susan, and Eldred.  
 Front left to right: Lois, Jeane, Bruce, Ellen, and Janet.



Christmas at Hilmar and Luetta Erickson's home, 1960.  
 Left to right: Helen Noble, Bruce, David, Chris, Barbara Noble, Ellen, Nancy,  
 Susan (with Janet behind?), Sid Noble, Eldred, and Lois.



The Erickson Family, Christmas 1961.  
 Left to right: Bruce, Jeane, Lois, Nancy, Janet, David, Ellen, Chris, Susan, and Eldred.



The Erickson Family, 1071 West Pleasant View Drive, Pleasant View, Utah, 1962.  
 Left to right: Janet, Ellen, Eldred, David, Nancy, Jeane, Lois, Susan, Chris, and Bruce.



The Erickson Family, Easter 1963.  
 Back left to right: Bruce, Eldred, and Janet. Middle left to right: David, Lois, Susan, and Nancy.  
 Front, left to right: Jeane, Chris, and Ellen.



Deer shot by Eldred loaded on his horse, Sparky, 1963.





The Erickson Family, 1963.

Back left to right: David, Susan, Janet, and Nancy.

Middle left to right: Bruce, Lois, and Eldred. Front left to right: Ellen, Chris, and Jeane.



The Erickson Family, 1964.

Left to right: David, Janet, Susan, Nancy, Chris, Ellen, Jeane (Lois and Eldred in back and Bruce in center).



The Erickson Family, 1965.

Clockwise from top: Nancy, Chris, Ellen, Jeane, Eldred, Lois, David, Susan, Janet, and Bruce.



## MY LINE OF AUTHORITY

ELDRED HILMAR ERICKSON was ordained and set apart as Bishop, 25 January 1966, by William J. Critchlow, Jr.

WILLIAM J. CRITCHLOW, JR. was set apart as an Assistant to the Twelve, 16 October 1958, by David O. McKay. Ordained a High Priest, 16 December 1934, by George F. Richards.

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ELDRED HILMAR ERICKSON was ordained a High Priest, 21 December 1952 by Stayner Richards, Assistant to the Twelve.

STAYNER RICHARDS was ordained a High Priest, 24 February 1914, by George F. Richards.

GEORGE F. RICHARDS was ordained an Apostle, 9 April 1906, by Joseph F. Smith.

JOSEPH F. SMITH was ordained an Apostle, 1 July 1866, by Brigham Young.

BRIGHAM YOUNG was ordained an Apostle, 14 February 1835, under the hands of the Three Witnesses, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris.

The THREE WITNESSES were called by revelation to choose the Twelve Apostles and on 14 February 1835, were "blessed by the laying on of hands of the Presidency," Joseph Smith, Jr., Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams, to ordain the Twelve Apostles. (History of the Church, Vol. 2, pp. 187-188.)

JOSEPH SMITH, JR. and OLIVER COWDERY received the Melchizedek Priesthood in 1829 under the hands of Peter, James, and John.

PETER, JAMES and JOHN were ordained Apostles by the Lord Jesus Christ. (John 15:16.)

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Eldred Erickson's priesthood line of authority, 1966.



Bishopric: Jay Dodd, Levi Cragun, Bishop Eldred Erickson, and Kenny Tames.



The Erickson Family, 1966.

Back left to right: Susan, Janet, and Nancy. Middle left to right: Bruce, David, Lois, and Eldred.  
Front left to right: Ellen, Chris, and Jeane.



The Erickson Family, 1968.

Back left to right: Susan, David, Nancy, and Janet. Middle left to right: Bruce, Lois, and Eldred.  
Front left to right: Ellen, Michelle Erickson, Joyce Erickson, Jeane, and Chris.





Thanksgiving dinner in the front room of the Eldred and Lois Erickson home, Pleasant View, Utah, 1968.  
Clockwise from front: Ellen, Susan, Chris, Joyce, Michelle, Bruce, Mabel Belnap, Arias Belnap, Janet, Eldred, Luetta, David, Leonard, Jeane, Lois, and Nancy.



The Erickson Family, 1969.  
Left to right: Bruce and daughter Michelle, Joyce, Nancy, Susan, Lois, Jeane, Eldred, Chris, Janet, Randy, Ellen, and David.

ELDRED H. ERICKSON

PLEASANT VIEW



I would like your vote for Weber County School Board.

I am for quality in education, "Nothing beats a good teacher."

I am opposed to excessive experimentation and to adopting expensive unproven "fads" in education.

I am opposed to constructing unnecessarily expensive and impractical "far out" school buildings.

I present the following qualifications and experience in education, business, and community service:

Field Advisor for the Utah Department of Employment Security

Pleasant View Justice of the Peace

Former Mayor of Pleasant View

Former Bishop of Pleasant View Ward and active church member.

B. S. Degree in Accounting from the University of Utah

Licensed Public Accountant

U. S. Military Service - 3 1/2 years Army Signal Corps & Air Force as Radar Technician World War II. One of ten men selected to set up Radar Training School at Barksdale Air Force Base, Louisiana.

Former Secretary and Treasurer of Exclusive Finance Co. and Plain City Canning Company

Former National Treasurer of the Sons of the Utah Pioneers

4 1/2 years on Board of Adjustment of Pleasant View City

12 years as 4H leader, and presently serving on Weber County 4-H Council  
Active Scout Leader

I am a family man. My wife, the former Lois Belnap, and I have eight wonderful children raised and being raised in the Weber County School District:

1 University graduate with 2 years teaching experience

2 University Seniors, one an Education major

1 University Sophomore

2 Attending Weber High School

2 Attending Lomond View Elementary School

Did you know that statewide over 65% of the property tax and substantial amounts of our other taxes are allotted to our schools?

These funds are administered by the school boards. Let's see that our money is wisely spent!

BE SURE TO VOTE!

VOTE FOR ELDRED ERICKSON!



Weber County School Board at the Los Angeles Temple, 1970.  
Eldred is second from the right.



Weber County School Board in the mountains, 1970.  
Eldred is first from the left in the light-colored hat.





The Erickson Family, Pleasant View, Utah, 1970.  
 Back left to right: Chris, Susan, and Janet. Middle left to right: Bruce, Joyce, David, and Eldred.  
 Front left to right: Michelle and Lara (held by parents), Jeane, Ellen, and Lois.



The Erickson Family, Pleasant View, Utah, 1971.  
 Back left to right: Susan, Ellen, and Nancy.  
 Front left to right: Chris, Jeane, Lois, and Eldred.



The Erickson Family, Pleasant View, Utah, 1973.  
 Back left to right: Chris, David, and Nancy.  
 Front left to right: Jeane, Ellen, Lois, and Eldred.



1071 West Pleasant View Drive, Pleasant View, Utah, early 1970s.

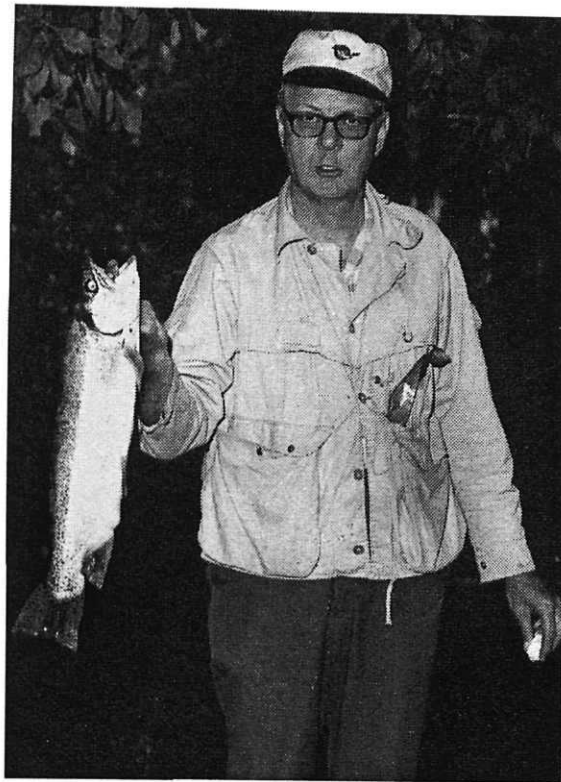


Weber County School Board, 1973.  
Eldred is second from the left.



Erickson family dinner in the front room of 1071 West Pleasant View Drive, Pleasant View, Utah, 1974.  
Clockwise from the front: Jeane, Ellen, Michelle, Chris, Nancy, Susan, Hilmar, Luetta, Eldred, Lois, Arias Belnap, and Kevin.





Eldred's largest trout, six pounds, caught at Lost Creek, 1975.



The Erickson Family, 1975.

Back left to right: Julie, David holding Rachel, Eldred, Jeane. Lois, Nancy, Joyce, and Heidi.  
Front left to right: Jim, Brent, Susan, Michelle, Ellen, Lara, and Bruce holding Cindy.



Hilmar Emanuel Erickson's 80th birthday, 1975.  
Left to right: Sid Noble, Eldred Erickson, Hilmar, Barbara Noble, Eric Noble, baby, and Ellen Erickson.



The Erickson Family, 1976.  
Back left to right: Jim, Bruce, Randy, Lois, Eldred, David, and Chris.  
Front left to right: Susan, Joyce, Janet, Ellen, Nancy, Julie, and Jeane.

# THANKS ELDRED ERICKSON



For the good job you've done as our representative on the Weber County school board these last 4 years. We urge our fellow citizens to join us in electing you to another 4 year term.

This political advertisement paid for by the adjoining endorsees who are voters in the Districts of:

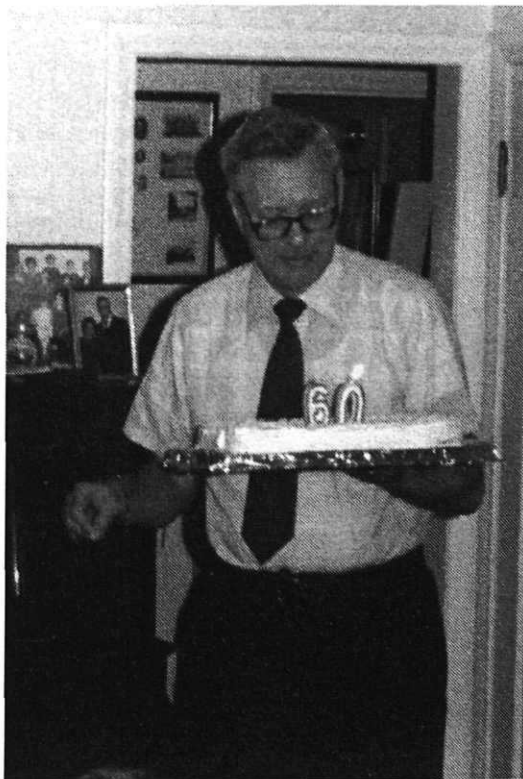
**Farr West  
Harrisville  
Huntsville  
Liberty  
North Ogden  
Pleasant View**

Lloyd & Lillie Berrett  
Dole & Jean Browning  
Dave & Tonya Browning  
Charles & Shirlee Burns  
Arlie & Gladys Campbell  
John A. & Ella Chugg  
Dale & La Rita Chugg  
Rod & Kristine Clark  
Daryl & Becky Coombs  
Dale & Audrey Ellsworth  
Harold & Norma Ferrin  
Maxine Grange  
Alton & Lue Dean Griffin  
J. Moyer & Alice Grow  
Phil & Barbara Hale  
Keith & Patricia Hardy

Martin & Viola Harris  
George & Sue Henderson  
Lloyd & Grace Hunter  
Rayond & Elenore Jones  
Larry and Ann King  
James & Mary Kogianes  
Jerry & Faye Layton  
Meldon & Nora McIntosh  
Bryant & Norma McKay  
Lena Maxfield  
Aus & Gay Montgomery  
Arthur & Florence Mumford  
Var Nona Olsen  
Jimmie & Kay Papgeorge  
Bill & Pat Poulter  
James & Murrel Randall

Edward & Lorna Rich  
Dan & Colleen Rhodes  
Della B. Romrell  
Jack & Della Russell  
Blair & Lila Shaw  
Rulon & Jean Shaw  
Woodrow & Bernice Shaw  
Wm. & Charlene Soelberg  
Leon & Bonnie Sorensen  
Don & Sally Stout  
Marjorie V. Strand  
Brian L. Taylor  
Nephi & Ada Taylor  
Guy & Joy Thornock  
V. Jay & June Wodman  
W. Douglas Wilson  
Duane & Marie Winchester

Ogden Standard Examiner newspaper clipping, 1976.

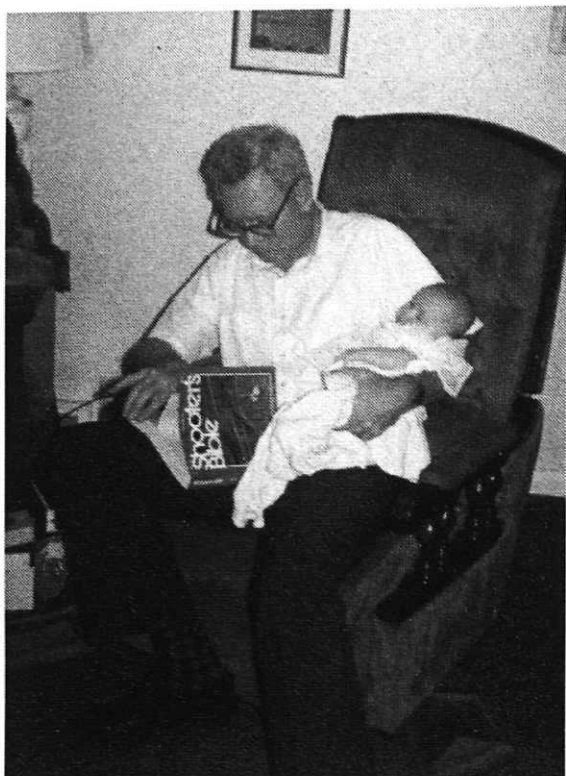


Eldred Erickson's 60th birthday, 1979.  
Pleasant View, Utah.



Eldred fishing, 1979.





Eldred reading his Shooter's Bible while rocking granddaughter Amy Schmidt, 1979.



Blue spruce from the Erickson's front yard as the town Christmas tree for Pleasant View, Utah.



Eldred and David with pheasants, 1982.

## Journals and Writings

### Eldred's Journal--1977

The following information was found in the middle few pages of a memo book that Eldred kept his income tax records in.

**December 31, 1977.** David, Chris and I took the truck and dog and went hunting rabbits on the other side of Promontory. Little snow on the pass, none on the ground where we hunted—saw quite a few rabbits but no snow and [have?] to see in sage brush. I got 2 rabbits and boys 1 each. Had nice visit together and it was a day.

Went to Vaughn Larsen's for party—all the crowd there. Had nice evening.

**January 1, 1977.** Went to priesthood and then over to stake house and picked up bills and checks, came back and worked on reports till noon, and then again till time for church.

Mom and Dad and all the kids here for supper. Chris picked up Wendy at the airport and she brought 4 dozen roses. Had a nice visit—called Bruce for his birthday.

**January.** Took Ellen to Provo in a bad snow storm. Coming back, windshield wiper quit at North of Salt Lake where roads come together. A big truck splashed all over the windows and we couldn't see a thing. I said a silent prayer and reached the switch and the wiper worked (!) long enough to clear the window so we could see where we were going, and saved us from a bad accident.

Stake President tried for 3 months to get someone to take my job as Finance Clerk--no one wanted it so I told him I'd keep it.

Uncle Clarence funeral--good to see all the relatives--Woodfield's talk was on characteristics of the Randalls.

Dean Kimbe, contribution sector supervisor, called and asked me to put in for the Field Sector Supervisor. I told him I didn't want to drive to Salt Lake City.

Signed up for a class in Weber Adult Education in small motors--lasts 8 weeks. Hope I will learn how to fix motors as we have so many garden and yard appliances with motors.

I have been working on taxes on Saturdays.

**February 14, 1977.** Got letter from Helen saying she had to have serious cancer operation. It made me feel that I haven't appreciated all my many blessings.

Gave Mom and Lois each a small floral arrangement and they were quite pleased. Went to night class and got my motor all tore apart finally. Got valves ground, replaced rings, and cleaned carburetor--now all I have to do is put it together.

**February 15, 1977.** Took Lois to Salt Lake City to MS meeting, met Elder Sterling W. Sill. Snowed all the way. Windshield wiper I put on, on the way back wouldn't work. At North Salt Lake City a big truck splashed slush over windows and we couldn't see a thing and were heading into traffic from both sides. I gave a quick silent prayer and gave wipers a try and it worked enough to get us out of the jam.

**February 26, 1977.** Was in Stake office and I mentioned I had hurt my toe and that it was broken, and went Monday and had an x-ray. Brother Grassli said, "What did you say when you bumped it?" And I said, "I guess I said 'ouch.'" He said, "I'll bet!" Ha Ha.

President Rhee spoke up and said, "I've been associated with Brother Erickson in various capacities--civic and church for over 25 years and I've never heard him swear and I know he was in the service and exposed to it".

I said I never heard my dad swear and I've tried to follow his examples.

Took Ellen to Provo in the afternoon and stopped at Lyon's and saw his daughter who's going on mission.

**End of February and first three days in March.** Went to Tremonton with Ervil Welch for three days to make an audit to try and convict a man of fraud and collusion. He had previously been audited so they asked me to go do it again and take Ervil as a witness. The books looked suspicious, but I felt the

man was telling the truth. I interviewed several people and heard some for and some against him. I prayed for guidance. I told him, "You said you took your daughter to the temple to see her married, and I know the bishop asked you if you were honest in your dealings with your fellow man. Also, you work with the Explorer Scouts and the Scout Law says a Scout is trust worthy—therefore on those conditions if you give me your word I'll believe you". He said he was telling the truth, and I finished the audit. My supervisors in Salt Lake City were satisfied and relied on my judgment. The fraud section and the other auditors weren't happy as they thought the guy was a crook and wanted to "hang him".

**During last of February.** Bruce called and said their baby, Heather, was also thought to have cerebral palsy and wanted us to put her name in the temple prayer circle—which we did. I feel bad for Bruce and his family. They work so hard and have such a good attitude but they sure have their trials. His invention is still not entirely successful and he sure puts a lot of time into it.

Farmer Johns and Flora Cragun died.

**February 25, 1977.** Worked some tax reports and went to Farmer's funeral didn't get much work done.

**March 4, 1977.** Worked all day on one Income tax return had an awful time trying to make it work out.

**Sunday.** Fast day after church worked all Sunday afternoon and evening and finished monthly stake financial reports.

## Talk Given at Nephew's Farewell

Eldred gave this talk at the mission farewell of his sister's son, Eric Noble's in the early 1980's.

I'm honored to be asked to say a few words at Eric's Testimonial. I would like to say that I know that the gospel is true, and as apostle Paul of old said, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ for it is the Power of God unto Salvation to everyone that believeth".

Eric is fulfilling the wishes of both his Heavenly and Earthly Father by going on a mission. Jesus told his disciples "go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. One of the least wishes Eric's dad expressed before he died was that he wanted Eric to go on a mission. Eric comes from a missionary family. One of his great-great grandfathers was one of the first missionaries to go to the Sandwich Islands (now know as the Hawaiian Islands). Relatives have gone to most of the countries and islands of the world. A great Aunt here in the audience who wrote the words of I am a Child of God and who served many years in the Presidency of the Primary at age 70 filled a mission.

I'd like to give Eric a few words of advice that I learned on my mission:

### First of all be humble

I knew the scriptures better than anyone in my district. We had an appointment with a group of people to explain the gospel. My Jr. Companion took sick and couldn't go. I said, "Don't worry, I know all about it, I won't have any trouble!" I soon found out that without the Lord's help I was nothing!

### Second be prayerful and listen to the promptings of the Spirit:

One Saturday morning I had an appointment with the dentist at 8:00 a.m. We said our prayers and I went to keep my appointment. Out on the sidewalk I felt that I should go back to the room, which I did. My companion said, "What is the matter?" I said I don't know, but it is over now. At that minute a car went out of control and went down the sidewalk for a whole block seriously injuring many and killing some. I thanked the Lord I had listened to the prompting and turned back.

### Third Honor your priesthood and be aware of the power you hold

One Christmas Eve while on my mission we got a phone call from a member who wanted to be administered to. We walked 20 blocks in 20 degree below zero weather to the hospital. Our member was waiting for us and then was to go into the operating room for an emergency operation. In the administration my companion promised this sister that she would be home with her family for Christmas morning! The whole 20 blocks back to our room we didn't notice the cold thinking only of the "impossible promise" he had made. On reaching our room we got a phone call. It seems that when they



got the dear sister in the operating room they found that they did not need to operate, and as promised she was home for Christmas.

Fourth, If by any chance war comes to Argentina and you have to go elsewhere, be satisfied with where the Lord sends you!

Your grand father was called to Sweden, and (because of war) ended up in the Northern States Mission and filled an honorable mission. One of the elders I was associated with was called to Denmark--where his parents came from. Because of World War II, he was sent to the North Central States Mission. He was so disgruntled that he didn't do any work for 2 years. He held the record with a companion for the most consecutive number of games bowled in the local bowling alley.

Work hard. Pray always, know that the Gospel is true.

## **Eldred's Journal--1979 to 1982**

**March 31, 1979.** My 60th birthday! It's hard to realize that most of my life has now passed by. I can think of many things I should have done. I can remember many things I should have done. I can remember many things I did that I wish I hadn't! I am thankful to the Lord for the many blessings and accomplishments of my life. I hope and pray the Lord will forgive me for the things I have done wrong, and I am thankful that he has helped me overcome many of my weaknesses. I hope I can continue to do better in the future time allotted to me.

Jeane got a ride down from school at Ricks. Ellen and Chris and Wendy came up from B.Y.U. I made out one income tax in the morning. Levi Cragun and Dale Browning brought over their records and I went over them. Listened to Conference for a while. Didn't feel well and lay down intending to listen, but went to sleep. Late afternoon Susan and Jim and family, and David and Julie and family, and Mom and Dad came. Lois had a nice dinner as usual, and birthday cake with "60" on it. Afterwards all the men went to general priesthood meeting over at the Stake House. I thought it was a good meeting. I then took Mom and Dad home.

**Sunday, April 1, 1979.** About four inches of snow. Fed horses and dogs then listened to Conference. Had lunch and listened to Conference in the afternoon. Took Jeane to Brigham City to catch her ride back to Ricks. Chris and Ellen and Wendy stayed till about 9:30 p.m. and went back to Provo. Snow had all melted.

**Monday, April 2, 1979.** Snowed during night and had about five inches. Roads were bad on way to work. Had fairly good day at work. Dr. Alvord got results back on blood test. Said white blood cell count a lot better. Snow melted and afternoon turned off nice. Lois gave Family Home Evening--she, Nancy and I. Got birthday card from Bruce with some licorice. (He and Janet called on my Birthday.) Changed scope sight on rifle.

**April 3, 1979.** Two inches of snow in morning, melted by noon. Worked, collected two delinquent accounts, etc. Bob Torrez asked me to look at his income tax. Internal Revenue had helped him fill out. He owed \$1205.00. I added two extra schedules they had not filled in, and he had a refund of \$16.00 coming. He was quite happy. Came home, had supper and fed dogs. Made one income tax. Felt tired and went to bed.

**April 4, 1979.** No snow, but dreary day. Work about the same as usual. Worked some on tax in evening. Bishop called and we went up to see him. He wanted Lois to work in Primary.

**April 5, 1979.** Sun shining, went down to feed the animals. The lettuce is starting to come up--upon looking closer, decided it was radishes. Attended meeting on proposed new capabilities on computer--contacted delinquent accounts. Joe Jensen was ill--went over to see how he was. Worked on income tax.

**April 6, 1979.** Served one subpoena today. Evening went down to Bountiful to Randy's dad's reception with new wife. Then went to Viewmont High School. Jeane played in Ricks Symphony. Was really proud of her.

**April 7, 1979, Saturday.** Worked on income taxes most of day. Susan and Jim and family came

up. They pruned berries and grapes. I gave kids ride on Tote Gote and took them down to see the horses and the skunk I killed a while ago. Lit sparklers--it was really a beautiful spring day.

**April 8, 1979, Sunday.** Went to priesthood and Sunday school. Jerry Demond, Sunday school teacher, played tape of Bruce R. McConkie in which he mentioned the Atomic Holocaust to come, etc. Had fast and testimony meeting. Came home had dinner. Harry Sato came and brought records and I visited with him. Took folks for a ride, and to Uintah and new subdivision. Came home. Watched "Big Fisherman" on T.V. and BYU Devotional.

**April 9, 1979.** Up at 6:00 a.m. Sprayed orchard with dormant spray. Went to work--business as usual. Turned cold and rained. Held Family Night and worked income taxes in evening.

**April 10, 1979.** Cold and a little rain and snow. Froze ice on dogs' water pan. Work same as usual. Evening worked taxes. Jeane called from Rexburg.

**April 11, 1979.** Work as usual--went to Huntsville and Nordic Valley looking for delinquents. Dad's 84th birthday--went in and took cake and presents. David also came. Susan wasn't feeling well. Came home and worked on income taxes.

**April 12, 1979.** Ground covered with snow again. Warmed up during day. Work same as usual. Worked income taxes in evening.

**April 13, 1979.** Started out a dreary day. Turned better in afternoon. Went to Sons of Pioneers luncheon. Heard history of White Motor Company and also of Arthur Budge. He said he rode in a "White Steamer" in 1909 in Scotland while on a mission. The care was taken over by David Ellis, who gave the missionaries a ride. He also mentioned in his history that his mother was born on our property [in Pleasant View]. Worked taxes till 10:00 p.m.

**April 14, 1979.** Got up before 6:00 a.m. and worked on income taxes. Dale Browning came down and went over his. Nancy typed it for me. Lois went to Mother of the Year Dinner. I delivered the income taxes and am all done!! Worked on yard a while and unloaded sand. The kids and folks came for Easter Supper--kids and sand pile had fun.

**April 15, 1979.** Went to church. In afternoon went up and saw Gordon and Joy.

**April 16, 1979.** Up at 6:00 a.m., went after a delinquent tax payer. He got in his car and took off, so I couldn't catch him. Worked in yard in evening till dark, and then had home evening. Levi came over and I had to make a change in his income tax.

**April 17, 1979.** Work as usual. Nice Day. Evening worked in yard.

**April 18, 1979.** Work as usual. Ed Preece and I went home teaching in evening. Lois picked up Ellen from Provo.

**April 19, 1979.** Work as usual. Worked on lawn in Evening.

**April 20, 1979.** Left at about 7:00 a.m., took David, Julie and family, went to Provo for Chris' graduation. This class brought total graduates to over 100,000. Brother Gordon B. Hinckley was speaker. He said graduates up to this point had been concerned mainly with "I". He said there were four other I's: Information, Inspiration, Industry and Integrity. Gave Chris a typewriter. Went to Denny's Restaurant for nice meal and came home. Ellen's friend Tricia was here and Ellen helped her with veil and preparation for her marriage on morrow.

**Saturday, April 21, 1979.** Up at 4:00 a.m., had breakfast for Tricia, went back to bed till 8:00 a.m. Worked on garden. Planted peas, carrots, beets, radishes, spuds and corn. Worked on lawn, changed oil, etc. in mower and Rototiller. Nice Day.

**April 22, 1979.** Church all Day. Folks, Chris, Ellen and Nancy for dinner. Susan, Jim and kids

came for a little while.

**April 23, 1979.** Went to Jay Hill's at 6:30 a.m. and was waiting for him when he came out the door. But he wouldn't sign any paper, etc. Said see his lawyer. Work same as usual, lots of calls, etc. about quarterly reports. Dr. Alvord said white blood count still high, went back up to 26,000. Wanted to make appointment with U. of U. specialist. Had Family Home Evening and Chris went back to Provo.

**April 24, 1979.** Took battery out of the tractor. Went to work in evening. Worked on Harry's and Ken's income taxes.

**April 25, 1979.** Went to work, came home in evening and went to bed early--didn't feel up to par.

**April 26, 1979.** Very busy day at work. Got severe writer's cramp filing out quarterly reports for accountants at end of quarter. Worked on lawn.

**April 27, 1979, Arbor Day.** I got day off. Took Mom to hair appointment. Came home got lawn mower and Rototiller in shape. Worked on garden and lawn.

**April 28, 1979, Saturday.** Planted flowers and worked on lawn. Jim, Susan, and kids, and David came over, along with Nancy and Jeane. We got the garden planted. We now have three rows radishes, two carrots, two beets mixed with the radishes, seven rows of peas, a row of lettuce, some turnips, three rows of Norland spuds. Seven rows Sunglow corn, two rows of cucumbers, four rows of string beans, eight rows Pontiac potatoes. Cold front predicted so didn't plant tomatoes and peppers.

**April 29, 1979, Sunday.** Went to church.

**April 30, 1979.** Very busy day at work--end of quarter--still had severe writer's cramp. Could hardly hold pen at end of the day.

**May 1, 1979.** Busy day at work--still finishing up quarterly work. Hand still bothering.

**May 6, 1979, Conference.** Brother Featherstone--visiting Authority--nice conference--60% attendance. Women stayed to special meeting. I came home and fixed dinner: mashed spuds, torn salad, broiled ham, string beans. Lois fixed strawberry short cake. Visited folks in afternoon.

**May 9, 1979.** Didn't write in book--hand bothering me so I couldn't write. Tuesday, May 8 went to University of Utah Medical Center for test--very thorough and some painful (bone marrow and bone section). They confirmed that I have Leukemia. Went to work, audited Dunkley Music of Logan.

**May 10, 1979.** Went to University of Utah Medical Center at 7:00 a.m. Went to surgery at 8:00, out at 9:00. They took out lymph node in neck. With the piece of bone they took out of hip Tuesday, I'm kind of sore. Don West called and said he'd reviewed charts and said final diagnosis yet to come.

**Sunday, May 13. Mothers Day.** Kids came and Lois had nice dinner as usual.

**May 14-22, 1979.** Work as usual, and worked in yard and garden. Lilacs beautiful this year.

**May 22, 1979.** Went down to U. of U. Medical Center. They took more blood and reviewed my case. Said I had chronic Lymphocytic Leukemia for sure, but that my good physical condition has it stabilized at present. Purchased riding lawn mower last week, so I'd be able to cut lawn. Bought new liner for swimming pool, and David came and helped install it. Saturday worked in garden all day and kids helped clean yard, patio, etc. I had to replant corn, it didn't come up. Rest of garden looks pretty good. Among other things, have six rows of tomatoes and about 10 or 11 rows of potatoes. Purchased new filter for pool and David came over and put it together.

**Sunday, May 27, 1979.** Church as usual. Ellen, Chris and Wendy came up for weekend. Folks out to dinner. Wind blew and it rained in evening--good, 'cause I missed water turn.



**Memorial Day, May 28, 1979.** Got up early. Lois and I went to cemetery, came back and straightened up yard. Relatives came for dinner. Had nice lunch and visited, took folks home. On way back it started to hail! Worst I've ever seen and terrific wind. Had hard time coming up lane. Tree broke off, and I had to dodge them at times. I had to stop, as I couldn't see. I kept going because I was afraid it would break glass. The hail stones were about the size of a 25 cent piece--solid ice. Got home and it wiped out most of garden and fruit, berries, grapes.

**Monday, May 29, 1979.** Took Ellen's cat to vet and left him. He said it looked like paw had been caught in trap. Picked him up at night--cost \$22.00. Went up to Chadwicks in Willard and bought more seed plants--tomatoes; got seed in town to replant garden. At work got about 90 delinquent taxes to locate and collect. Also, went out to Western Service Center I.R.S. to pick up tax returns. They had destroyed my badge and it took over an hour to get security clearance.

**January 21, 1980.** Got side tracked and didn't get my journal written. I'll try and go back and hit some of the highlights as I remember. Had a nice garden after all. Perseverance paid off. The third planting turned out all right and we had everything we needed. Raspberry's turned out and grew new leaves and blossoms and we had plenty. Even the apricots had plenty--after the storm on Memorial Day it looked as if all the leaves and fruit were gone. Had plenty of Yellow Transparent and Red Asterchen apples. Some red delicious and yellow delicious. They were hail marked, but we had all we wanted to eat.

Filled swimming pool--had new liner and filter. Wasn't used much. Jeane worked at Kirts Drive In, and Ellen and Chris at school. Had trailer hitch put on Chev station wagon, and got new tire for trailer and went to Yellowstone. Car pulled trailer well. Lois and I, Nancy, Ellen, Jeane, Chris and Chris' friend Wendy went. Had a full load, but all went well. Chris and I slept in station wagon. We stayed at Madison Junction, and the last day at West Yellowstone. Wendy had never been to Yellowstone, and it was fun showing her the sights. From West Yellowstone went over to Virginia City--not as good as first time we were there. Came back and went to old-fashioned Melodrama in the evening--Elder Theodore Tuttle was in the audience.

In August David and family moved to Spokane to go to law school. We said we'd move them. I rented a large trailer. When we went to pack we found it wouldn't hold everything, so decided to take truck. I had to rewire trailer hitch on truck. We finally got packed about midnight or later and left early next morning. Truck pulled trailer well, we had packed and covered it well. (Good, because we hit a lot of rain--it started about time we finished packing.) Stopped in Butte in a motel. Kids liked it, and we bought hamburgers. The next day started hitting hilly country and trailer started to sway. Had to stop and unload and rebalance the load. Had a nice picnic alongside a river at roadside park. Arrived in Spokane in evening. I insisted we unload in a hurry. As we got last load in it started to rain! In the morning I reinjured my back and put on my brace, and was in misery all the way home. We went back through the western part of Idaho and down the Salmon. It was a beautiful trip. Saw a lot of nice farms and mountain scenery. The nut came off trailer hitch and we were lucky we didn't lose trailer. I adjusted safety chain and we went on to next town and were lucky to find a nut along the Salmon River. Saw a girl in a Volkswagen with a flat tire. The nuts were rusted and they couldn't get nuts off. They asked me if I had a piece of pipe to use on the lug wrench to get more leverage. Luckily I did, and they were able to change the tire. Stopped at Mildred's in Boise for night. She wasn't home.

Took Jeane to Ricks college the latter part of August. Took the station wagon and our sleeping bags. After dropping her off, we went by way of old "Fort Lemhi" where Lois' ancestors had filled the Salmon River Mission. Followed Lemhi river to Salmon City (we caught a couple of fish) and then went up Salmon River. Camped overnight on the river. Met a nice couple. He gave me some of his store flies and I gave him one of mine. We later sent them a Book of Mormon. Went through Ketchum, Sun Valley and Red Fish Lake--one of most beautiful we've seen. Stopped to fish and reinjured my back taking off my boat. Lois had to drive rest of the way home and I laid down in back of the station wagon.

Didn't go deer or elk hunting even though I had a permit. My back still bothered me, and I didn't feel too well. On the last day of deer season, Elmer Bailly took me to Line Creek in Morgan County up on the Mecham Farm. We saw a few deer. I was using Chris' rifle and couldn't hit them.

Bruce and his family moved to Salt Lake from California. He has new job. Nice to have them closer. Worked same as usual all year, nothing exciting. Haven't felt too well. Went hunting pheasants on opening day and got limit, and back to house in 15 minutes. Dog real disappointed. She still wanted to hunt. Went out the following Wednesday evening after work, took the pup along, got limit again in 15 minutes. The first stop the beagle pup took off and we didn't see him for two days. Back started feeling

better and took some of the fellows from the office fishing. Took the canoe and went to Causey reservoir. Two of the fellows were non-members I've tried to be friends with. The fishing was pretty good. I caught the largest--about 15-16 inches.

Had Thanksgiving. Had all kids' families except David and Janet. Nancy flew up from UCLA. Helen and Eric and Mom and Dad were there. Had nice visit. Uncle Clarence didn't come. Had operation on heart, and they took off leg at hip. I've been handling his finances and things around house. Aunt Naomi was very good to stay with him and help.

Christmas the kids came back from school for vacation--Nancy, Ellen, Jeane, and Chris. Christmas Day Bruce's family came and Susan, etc. We had nice day. Bruce's family stayed a few days. He helped Chris and I with work room and built a work bench.

Monday before New Years Chris and I and Harold Strand went to Kelton to hunt rabbits. Had a nice day and got a few. New Years Day watched bowl game and Rose Parade and upholstered chair for Front Room. Have been feeling a little better. Have been exercising and riding exercycle about four miles per day.

Was appointed to Board of Directors of Weber County Mosquito Abatement. Attended first meeting on January 14 and approved the bills and raised salaries of personnel by 10%.

**January 21, 1980.** Taught Sunday school class on Section 134 on Government. Had a good class. Lois and I were asked to give talk on our ancestors in Sunday school next week. Have had a beautiful winter, hardly any snow, yet plenty in Mountains.

**January 24, 1980.** Our 36th wedding anniversary. I got Lois some roses and she got me a church almanac. We also ordered a new double sleeping bag from Eddie Bauer--cost \$99.00. Ellen and Chris and Wendy came up from Provo on Friday. Jeane got a ride down from Ricks. Nice to have them home for weekend. Ellen, Chris, and Wendy went back Saturday Night. Wendy's car didn't work well so they took our Pinto.

**Sunday, January 27, 1980.** It snowed about six inches of light snow. Worried about Jeane's ride to Ricks. They started up at 7:00 p.m.--two hours late. I shoveled the drive way. Saw Jeane off and came in and have been bringing this journal up to date. I'll try and do better. Bruce called and wished us a happy anniversary--we had also heard from the other kids. He may go to Switzerland to head up a research team for his company.

**Monday 28, 1980.** About 20 degrees, fed dogs and went to work. Got assignment for Colorado and Oregon. Otherwise, work about same. Stopped at Folks. Went to Harry's, picked up sales slips. Had home evening, and sang "O My Father". Worked on Arias Belnap Trust fiduciary tax return and finished it. Did Harry's sales tax and county assessor report. Worked on a new fly rod.

**Tuesday 29, 1980.** Got up and shoveled snow, about 4-5 inches went to work. Drove four wheel drive truck. Almost hit school kids who pulled out in front of me. Work about same. Got another Colorado Assignment. Snowed all day--State offices closed at 3:00 because of snow. Stopped at folks and got them some groceries. Came home and shoveled snow. Went down and fed horse some hay and grain. Snow about a foot deep. After supper took bath and soaked my back. Then worked on Harry's reports. Did Mr. \_\_\_\_\_'s--hadn't filed any reports all year.

**Wednesday, January 30, 1980.** Fed dogs, shoveled two inches of snow and went to work. Sun came out--beautiful day! Busy Day! End of quarter, almost and a lot of work. Took Mr. \_\_\_\_\_'s reports and Harry's--saw folks. Had supper--Tedder brought tax information. Went home teaching, read Readers Digest. New double sleeping bag came, it is very nice.

**Thursday, January 31, 1980.** End of Quarter. Very busy day, reports, etc. coming in. Picked up Mr. \_\_\_\_\_'s report and check. He said he is in financial difficulties, lost millions of dollars and everything is going bad. I feel his problem is that he has tried to be a "big wheel". He has gotten into so many different investments on property, business, etc., that he is unable to keep track of what he is doing. He has wanted power, and to be rich, and has forgotten some of the more important things.

Went to temple after work, and then came home and went to bed after a bite to eat and listened to B.Y.U. ball game.

**Friday, February 1, 1980.** Another month gone by. Busy day. Quarterly reports came in with many problems.

**Saturday, February 2, 1980.** People came in all day bring tax information. I only got a couple done--didn't feel very well. Listened to Utah UTE Ball game and went to bed early.

**Sunday, February 3, 1980.** Fed horse and dogs and cat. Walked to priesthood meeting--only to find it was held early at stake house. Came back and went to bed--didn't feel well. Went to Sunday school and fast meeting. Had lunch and went to see folks, Helen and Eric were there. Went through Dad's stuff, and found his mission expense book and record of his mission.

Came home and Strands came down for a visit. Went to bed early.

Announced new schedule of meetings today to start March 1--all meetings to be held on Sunday. Also announced new physical fitness program: 1 point for each unit--e.g. 4 miles cycling +1 point--that's what I am going to do. Speedometer on cycle shows 329 miles--it was 120 miles when I got it from Uncle Clarence in November.

**Monday, February 4, 1980.** Work as usual--finishing up quarterly reports etc. Came home and started Wendy's car, and got it on the driveway. Pup broke chain and old dog took off with him. I trailed them to the other highway and back through the fields in 6-8 inches of partially crusted snow--couldn't catch up with them. Figured I walked 2 miles. Lois had hot rolls and cinnamon rolls for supper. Had Family Home Evening, read paper, and went to bed.

**Tuesday, February 5, 1980.** Work as usual. Cleaning up Quarterly reports and correcting mistake of the accountants. Went to serve subpoena but they promised to have reports by Thursday. Walked up and down stairs at noon, the equivalent of 1 mile. Also, I walked 1 mile to serve papers. Came home had supper and looked for dogs. Couldn't find them. Listened to Paul Dunn speak on order and ordinances--very good. Rode 4 miles on cycle and went to bed.

**Wednesday, February 6, 1980.** Work as usual finishing up quarterly reports. Served on subpoena. Went to Harry's and checked on Wendy's car. Took report to Uncle Clarence and checked on him. Saw Folks--Mom had sore throat. Came home and had nice supper. Worked income taxes. Looked for dog. Old one is back but pup is missing. Rode cycle and went to bed.

**Thursday, February 7, 1980.** Work as usual. Cold, a little snow. Finished up quarterly report. Served one subpoena. Came home Lois took me back to get Wendy's car--it wasn't done. Came home looked for the dog and fed the horse. Watched *Stage Coach* on T.V. Rode cycle (walked 2 miles at noon) and went to bed.

**Friday, February 8, 1980.** Payday--\$2.29 more because life insurance premium went down.

At noon I went to the Sons of the Utah Pioneers luncheon--Robert Hull gave a report on his pioneer ancestor who did a great deal in settling Franklin Idaho, Hooper etc. He was one who was active in the church but never held an "important" position because he couldn't read or write.

Chris and Wendy came up and we got her car from Harry. Had supper. Watched Chris' slides and movie of Yellowstone etc. Rode cycle read paper and Went to bed. Cat came back.

**Saturday, February 9, 1980.** Didn't feel very spry--worked on income taxes. Lois had folks out for supper. Chris and Wendy took the folks home on their way to Provo. Chris called and said he had hit cement piling and poked a hole in oil pan. We went in and tried to solder it. Solder wouldn't stick. Towed car back home and told them to take Pinto Back. They decided to go in the morning instead.

We listened to BYU and University of Utah basketball game on the radio and then on T.V. BYU won. 83-82. I rode cycle and Went to bed.

**Sunday, February 10, 1980.** Chris and Wendy drove the Pinto back to Provo. Walked to priesthood. Good meeting. I ran non stop all the way home. Went to Sunday school. Brother Demond gave good a lesson. Came home and found dog home. Very skinny. He was glad to see us and was starved. Tied old dog up and fed pup. Came in house and looked out front window. Old dog had got the rope untied some how and was leading the pup off again! Luckily I spotted them. I called him back and put him in the coop.



Went to the 4th ward conference for sacrament meeting. Came home. Rode cycle and started reading book on J. Ruben Clark while riding. Watched the BYU forum on TV and saw computer proof on the fact there were many authors of Book of Mormon.

**Monday, February 11, 1980.** Worked on Oregon and Colorado account--he didn't have it ready. I told him the subpoena was still in force.

I walked 2 miles. Did audit in the afternoon. Had supper, and went to the mosquito abatement meeting. Came home had home evening--Lois gave the lesson. Rode cycle 4 miles and went to bed.

**Tuesday, February 12, 1980.** Lincoln's Birthday. Fixed new dog collar and chain. Fixed oven. Mounted jig saw and motor on bench. Worked some in work room. Jacked up Wendy's car and decided I couldn't get pan off. Went up to service station but they wouldn't fix it. Had supper went to town board meeting on sidewalk hearing. Came home listened to BYU and Utah state game BYU won 83-82. Rode cycle eight miles and Went to bed.

**Wednesday, February 13, 1980.** Work--got response to my subpoena's. Got word the government will give us credit for military service towards retirement. Stopped at folks. Got some groceries and medicine. Went to Lewis' and picked up their income tax. Stopped at Uncle Clarence's to do something for him. Came home and Boeslund's were here. Visited with them. He left income taxes. Watched T.V. a few minutes. Rode cycle 4 miles. Walked 2 miles today.

**Thursday, February 14, 1980.** Raining a little. Came home on way to assignment and bought Lois some carnations in a vase. She gave me a nice card and a box of candy. Afternoon had punch and cookies in the "break room". Stopped and saw folks. Mom didn't feel well. After supper Lois took some soup to Mom and then went to MS meeting. She came home. We watched a T.V. show. I rode cycle and went to bed.

**Friday, February 15, 1980.** Work same as usual--a little rain. Went to Boeslund's after work and borrowed his blow torch. Bruce called. Chris, Ellen, and Wendy came home. Rode cycle eight miles and went to bed.

**Saturday, February 16, 1980.** Worked on income taxes. Bruce and family came up. We worked on Wendy's car and got it fixed. Bruce wired electric plug in work room. Susan and her family came up and they all stayed for supper. Listened to BYU Alaska game and Went to bed.

**Sunday, February 17, 1980.** Priesthood meeting with Chris. Lois came up and said Mom was sick. We went in and Chris and I administered to her. Lois and I stayed a while and doctored her. Came home rested and then went to sacrament meeting with Chris, Ellen and Wendy. Lois stayed home--didn't feel well, couldn't talk. After supper went in with folks and I read book by Leon Hartshorn on stories from outstanding LDS men. Came home and rode cycle. Finished book on "Young Ruben Clark". Rode 4 miles on cycle.

**Monday February 18, 1980. Holiday--Presidents Day.** Went in to Intermountain Farmer and got nitrogen to put on trees, grapes and berries. Rained all night, but stopped when I put out Nitrogen. Worked on Income taxes. Then Chris and I pruned some of the orchard. Then it rained hard rest of day and evening--lots of rain. Lois went in twice to take care of Mom. Chris and I worked on leak in plumbing on the toilet. Finally got it fixed. Had supper and went in to Mom's and Lois took care of them and put them to bed. Came home about 10:45. Rode cycle 4 miles and Went to bed--still raining. Will have plenty of water this year!

**Tuesday February 19, 1980.** Work--took care of usual problems. Checked status on D and A Market. Stopped and saw mom--feeling a little better. Helen came and stayed with her. Lois didn't feel well and stayed in bed most of the day. Had supper. Dogs gone again. I don't know how pup gets off chain. Horse broke fence and I herded strays back and fixed fence after supper. Pruned trees in dark with flashlight till 8:00 p.m. Came in read paper watched BYU forum on T.V. rode cycle and went to bed.

**Wednesday, February 20, 1980.** Rained most of night. Took out garbage and fed dog--pup came back. Went to work about same. Went to IRS and picked up tax return. Stopped and saw folks. Helen

still there Mom, somewhat better. Took blowtorch back to Norman Boeslund and had a nice visit. Read in "Silver Chalice". Home teachers came. Read some more and rode eight miles on cycle. I still walk up and down stairs at noon for exercise.

**Thursday, February 21, 1980.** Nice morning. Went to work--day turned cold cloudy and rainy. Lois was at folks. I stopped and Lois fixed supper. Mom seemed better. Went to Uncle Clarence's and picked up bank deposit and visited. Came home and watched B.Y.U. Colorado game on T.V.--B.Y.U. won. Rode eight miles on cycle. Lois made popcorn.

**Friday, February 22, 1980.** Payday. Went to Bohen and Dahlquist CPA office and did 2 audits--records poor. Spent rest of the day in the office. Bought set of 4 screwdrivers for \$3.44. Stopped and saw Mom. Lois had been there all day and fixed their meals. Came home had supper and read the paper. Rode cycle eight miles.

**Saturday, February 23, 1980.** Worked on income tax most of day--just got one done. Listened and watched BYU beat Wyoming and Utah beat CSU. Rode 4 miles and Went to bed.

**Sunday, February 24, 1980.** Went to priesthood and Sunday school. Had dinner, and finished our income tax. Went to church and they announced the new program to start church wide next week. All meetings to be held on Sunday. Came home had a bite to eat. Susan didn't come as we hoped. Lois called Mom and she is a lot better. Rode 4 miles on cycle.

**Monday, February 25, 1980.** Busy day at work. Tied two flies at noon. After work went to Harry's and picked up Pinto, he had realigned brakes. Went to hospital. Saw Uncle Clarence, he's back in the hospital--not too good. Stopped and saw Mom and Dad. Mom a little better. Came home Lois had a nice supper. Went out and pruned apple trees--cut out large center limbs. Had Home Evening--Lois gave lesson. Turned on T.V. a few minutes--nothing good on. Rode cycle eight miles.

**Tuesday, February 26, 1980.** Beautiful day work as usual. Tied 2 flies at noon. Went to temple after work. Came home read paper rode 4 miles finished the book "Silver Chalice".

**Wednesday, February 27, 1980.** Work as usual. Didn't feel good. Saw Uncle Clarence after work. Evan Wright was there. Took Howard Billings home--also to the garage at noon. Tied one fly. Had supper. Lois went to Relief Society meeting. I worked on taxes and read paper. Watched T.V. Rode cycle 4 miles. Started book on the Dead Sea Scrolls. Also went home teaching.

**Thursday, February 28, 1980.** Work about same as usual. Tied 2 flies at noon. Bought 12" electric chain saw \$29.95. Went to bed early and listened to B.Y.U. Hawaii game. Friday end of Quarter. Busy getting our reports. Tied 2 flies at noon. Watched Weber College game on T.V. Saturday worked on Income taxes. Jim and Susan came up and worked on orchard. Had dinner. Watched B.Y.U. game. Worked on Giesler's tax--they are on mission to Arkansas. Took me about 5 hours--I won't charge them since they are on mission. Watched Weber Game. Both B.Y.U. and Weber won their conference.

**Sunday, March 2, 1980.** Start of new program. Didn't get up till 8 a.m. Read, "Dead Sea Scrolls", and paper, rode 4 miles. Went to church--new schedule is fine. Came home. Lois fixed popcorn and grape juice. Rode eight miles. Listened to T.V. comments on Apostle Benson. Watched economic "Freedom of Choice", and B.Y.U. Devotional.

**Monday, March 3, 1980.** Busy day at work. Tied 1 fly Saw Uncle Clarence at hospital. Pretty discouraged. Saw Mom and Dad. Rained all day. Had supper. Worked on income tax. Had Home Evening. Rode 4 miles. Called Janet. Nancy on her way to L.A.

**Tuesday, March 4, 1980.** Still raining Went to work early. Clarence came home from the hospital. Picked up his mail at post office. Went to bank and IRS. Saw folks. Got home about 6:30 at supper read a little, finished Paul Dunn's book. Rode 4 miles bathed and went to bed.

**Wednesday, March 5, 1980.** Rained all day. Didn't feel too good. Went to work early. Saw Clarence and folks after work. Took truck and pulled Howard Billings' in Farr West car stuck in mud.

Had supper. Mrs. Thompson brought tax information. Rode 4 miles.

**Thursday, March 6, 1980.** Didn't feel too well. Went to work. Saw folks on way home. Watched T.V. Utah State got beat by Clemson in NCAA and Weber got beat. Both close games. Rode 4 miles. Planted river birch from Wendy.

**Friday, March 7, 1980.** Didn't feel well. Went to work didn't do much. In evening went to Mittons for dinner.

**Saturday March 8, 1980.** Worked on income tax. Susan and Jim came up and pruned some. Listened and watched B.Y.U. lose game on T.V. Went to bed early. Rode 4 miles Sunday nice day. Church on new schedule. Took folks and went down to Bruce's. Had nice visit and he told of his job and promotion and cities he visited last week preparatory to going to Switzerland. Rode 16 miles.

**Monday, March 10, 1980.** Didn't feel too good. Went to work didn't do much. After work Susan and family came up for Home Evening. We went up to Blacksmith Fork and Hardware Ranch. Saw Hundreds of deer and elk. Rode four miles.

**Sunday, March 16, 1980.** Didn't feel very well during the week and stayed home a few days. Friday went back to work. Went to Jill Belnap's brunch at Mansion House and to reception at the Country Club. Didn't feel well.

**Friday night.** Got up and planted four 54 foot rows peas, 1 carrot, and 2 beet and 1 lettuce. It was supposed to storm but didn't. Friday night I stopped at Clarence's and then to Imadas and got stuff for their taxes. Saturday after planting garden went back to bed for a while. Didn't get any tax work done.

Thursday while off work sick, I felt a little better in the afternoon and finished wrapping fly rod. All I need to do is varnish it and it will be done.

**Sunday, April 27, 1980.** Got behind, will try and recap the highlights of past few weeks. Busy as usual.

Went to U. of U. medical center on March 25th. Leukemia doing fine and I'm still holding my own though white count up some. However they found my blood pressure up and sent me back to see Dr. Alvord on March 28. He gave me a lecture on abstaining from salt and gave a list of foods and how much salt they contain.

On 29th, kids came up from Salt Lake City and Layton and Provo and Jeane from Rexburg and folks came out for dinner for my birthday. Janet and Nancy and David called on phone. Planted some garden--peas, lettuce etc.

April 5 and 6th, General Conference was very good! Nancy and Ray came up from California. We had every body here except Janet and David. Went to priesthood in the evening. Had every body again for Sunday and we all listened to conference. I tied a few flies and showed the kids how.

April 11th Dad's 85th birthday and we had an open House. Calvin Fife from Phoenix came.

April 15, Finally got all taxes done!! What a relief as usual. Had to take 2 days leave to finish.

April 18th, Went down to B.Y.U. graduation. Wendy graduated and Jim got his master's degree.

Saturday the 19, Worked in yard and then in evening. Jointly sponsored a party with Jorgensens. Work as usual. Except I've been auditing one of the Government Ceta programs. It's a text audit requested by the region. I'm to make the audit and write a proposal for other auditors to follow in auditing the government programs.

April 25, Arbor Day. Had day off and planted semi-dwarf red and yellow delicious apple, and apricot trees also planted 3 rows of grapes.

Saturday, finished grapes and planted eight rows of potatoes.

April 22, Went to Rexburg for Jeane's Graduation.

Sunday 27, Took Chris to airport he's going to Denmark etc. Came back and went to church and then home teachers came. Rode 3 miles.

**Monday April 28, 1980.** Busy day--being off Friday. Swamped by phone calls--people coming in wanting reports and rates. Computer didn't work most of the time--very frustrating. Brother Casey, our home teacher brought his back hoe and dug out the Blue Spruce stump in the front yard. Sure had a lot



of big roots. I cut them with an axe. Cut dead fitzers and Jeane hauled them away. Rode 3 miles.

**Tuesday, April 29, 1980.** Busy Day!! Computer as bad as ever!! I lost my temper and told J\_\_ P\_\_ off. Sorry.

Met Dale Browning and went to Uncle Clarence and discussed power of attorney and will. Came home. Went home teaching. Did Quarterly reports for Clarence and Ken Cragun. Paid Folks' bills.

Rode 3 miles and went to bed. Couldn't sleep. Got up and watched late show on T.V. until 3:00 a.m.

**Wednesday, April 30, 1980.** End of month and Quarter--busy day. Took Power of Attorney to bank for Clarence. Stopped at night and made out payroll check for one of ladies. Rode out to Kmart and Post office after Supper. Spread fertilizer on lawn--it had rained most of the day. Got nice letter from David.

**May 1, 1980.** Work about as usual. After work cut up limbs in orchard with electric saw and Jeane carried smaller ones away. Rode 3 miles and to bed.

**Friday, May 2, 1980.** Made one audit and got another signed. Came home Susan Jim and kids came and we cleaned trimmings from orchard. Rode 3 miles read one spy book and to bed.

**Saturday, May 3, 1980.** Worked on yard. Jeane mowed lawn. Got new beagle pup. Named Penny. I cultivated orchard. Went to Stake conference. I gave opening prayer. Rode 3 miles.

**Sunday.** Conference, again very good. Visited Gordon and folks. Evening--saw T.V. show "Oh, God". Ellen called and asked us to watch--very good--gave an idea of what Joseph Smith went through. Rode 3 miles. Monday--work as usual. Stopped at folks. Went to Mosquito Abatement meetings--I had wrong night. Came home and rototilled garden. Rode 3 miles.

**Tuesday.** Work as usual Stopped at folks came home and Jeane and I planted garden. Rode 3 miles. Planted this year: Dwarf Yellow delicious apple, Red Delicious Apple (Dwarf), Dwarf Chinese Apricot, Concord Grapes: seedless--red, Interlaken, Himrod, and Black. 24 rows: peas, White onions, 2 rows peas, lettuce, carrots, tomatoes 2 rows, 2 rows red beets and radishes, 2 row White cobbler, spuds--6 rows red Pontiac spuds, 1 row red onion, 1 row yellow onions, 3 rows blue lake green beans, 2 row pickling cucumbers, 2 rows tomatoes, 4 rows Sunglow corn, pumpkins, acorn and banana squash.

**Wednesday, May 7, 1980.** Work as usual. Got up fed animals, and chickens, before work. After work went to Uncle Clarence's and discussed his future with him, Leslie and Alice. I agreed to handle his finances. Came home worked on weeds. After supper I walked down fields and gathered asparagus. Rode 3 miles--started on book about the life of Heber C. Kimball.

**Thursday, May 8, 1980.** Work about same. Stopped at Clarence met with him and Leslie. Paid Nanette [young woman caring for Clarence]. Got bills and checks etc. Stopped at folks after work had supper. Worked in garden till dark. Watched T.V. Tutahnkan tomb. Rained and went out and scattered fertilizer on lawn. Rode 3 miles and went to bed. Janet called.

**Friday, May 9, 1980.** Went to Salt Lake City for meeting--waste of time as usual. Met with Leslie, Alice and Clarence and Nanette to discuss her staying with Clarence. Hope it is settled. Got letter from Chris in Copenhagen--he is all right.

**Saturday, May 10, 1980.** Took Lois to Airport to go to Cleveland to be with Janet. Bruce and family met us there to wish Lois a happy Mother's Day--we Stopped at folks on way down and gave Mom her present. Rained again all day. Worked on lawn mowers. Got mine to work, couldn't make Ervil's. Sunday church, came home worked on Clarence's bank balance to determine how he stands. Has rained steady for a week. Don't remember when we have had so much rain.

**Monday, May 12, 1980.** Still raining. Reservoirs are all about full. Fed animals. Work as usual. Stopped at folks--went to Clarence's and met with Leslie and Nanette. Made out checks and went to Mosquito meeting. Jeane fixed nice supper--nice pork chops, salad, and oatmeal cookies. Made out copy

of 1975 tax for L. Taylor. Watched T.V. show--rode cycle and went to bed--called Lois. Janet went to the hospital but came home. Nancy said she had ring--I took picture to printers in the morning. Wrote letter to Chris--Ralph's letter said he's in Europe.

**Tuesday.** Work as usual. Only a few sprinkles of rain today and a little sunshine. After work Stopped at Folks. Came home and Jeane fixed supper. Worked in flowers and yard and Jeane mowed lawn. Watched a T.V. show rode 3 miles and went to bed. Earl Cragun stopped by with his tractor and filled in the hole where the spruce tree was taken out.

**Wednesday.** Work as usual and more rain. Stopped at Uncle Clarence's with Dale Browning and got codicil of will fixed Stopped at folks. Jeane had nice supper.

**Thursday.** Work as usual and more rain. Stopped at Clarence's and paid the nurse. David called.

**Friday.** Work and more rain. Stopped at folks.

**Saturday.** Still rain. Worked on Clarence's bed making legs for those that broke. Talked to Nancy and Lois. Got letter from Chris.

**Sunday.** Jeane and I went to church--called Lois. Finished reading Roots.

**Monday.** Work as usual. Stopped at Clarence's and Folks. Jeane had nice supper. Cut tree limbs. Watched T.V. show and tried to call David--all lines busy because of Volcano. Finally got him at midnight. He said they were all right. Had an inch of Volcanic Dust. All businesses etc. closed. No mail delivery. Said it was dark at noon.

**Tuesday.** Work as usual. Nice day. After work rototilled part of garden. Jeane cut the lawn and I planted tomatoes.

**Wednesday.** Work as usual--very tired. After work hauled Rototiller to folks and did their garden and planted tomatoes, corn and pumpkins. Susan and Jim came up with kids and visited.

**Thursday.** Work as usual. Went to Clarence and paid the help. Sprayed orchard and worked on yard.

**Friday.** Dogs full of Porcupine Quills! Worked about an hour on the beagle getting them out. Old dog, Queenie, wouldn't let me work on her and took off. I couldn't find her. Went to work and did audit and came back and looked for her--no luck. Went to Ed Preece funeral. Came back and looked for dog. She was back and just full of quills--tail, eye, mouth etc. She was in such misery I finally decided to put her out of her misery and shot her. I felt bad all the rest of the day.

Went to Provo and picked up Ellen. Stopped at Bruce's--He wasn't home--gone to the temple. Visited kids. Also Stopped at Susan on way down a few minutes. Came home had a bite to eat and found a few more quills in dog. Showed Ellen new pup.

**Saturday.** Rain again! Went to town and mailed letters to Chris and Lois. Got feed and petunias. Rained most of the day. Cleaned up a little and went out and worked in yard a little. Worked on Clarence's bed and got it finished.

**Sunday.** Went to church and then didn't do much during the day. Snowed during the night rained all day.

**Monday 26, 1980. Memorial Day.** Susan and Darren and Amy came up. Stopped raining. Uncovered tomato plants, they looked O.K. Snow broke some limbs on trees. Went in to Folks. Helen and Barbara and family there. Took Ellen down to Provo. Stopped and showed Jim how to fix faucet. Stopped at Bruce's and had hot dogs.

**Tuesday.** Work--audited Best Western Inn. Weather nice for a change. Came home and Jeane

and I planted petunias, marigolds, and gladiolas, dug out grass for bed, and tilled soil. Worked till dark.

**Wednesday.** Work as usual. Evening went home teaching didn't work in yard as it started to storm again.

**Thursday.** Work--had meeting on retirement. Sounds like I may be able to go February of 1981. Went to Clarence's. Paid Nanette. Went to Steak fry in Salt Lake City with Ervil--still no news on Janet!

**Friday.** Work is usual, Stopped at folks. They've taken Clarence to the hospital again. Went up to Chadwicks and got tomatoes, and pepper plants etc. and planted them. Home teacher came by. Saturday hauled dirt and filled hole in the front lawn. Put dirt around flowers and worked on yard and planted new lawn. Killed a chicken not as large as I'd hoped. Started to rain, thunder, hail etc. Stormed all night. We've had rain for a month. The garden isn't doing well except for peas and lettuce. Lots of weeds. It has not been dry enough to weed the garden so far.

**Sunday.** Fast Sunday went to church. Came home and cooked a chicken. Rained again part of the day.

**Monday.** Work as usual--rained most of day--only 3 sunny days in May! Stopped at Folks. Met Leslie at Clarence's and paid off help and went over things.

**Tuesday.** Work as usual after work went to Clarence's and waited 3 hours for Stewart Drug to pick up hospital bed. Came home. It had cleared up. I pulled radishes out of beets. Got bucket full.

**Tuesday.** Went to Clarence's for oxygen people to pick up tank. While there Uncle Clarence died. I went to the hospital and met Aunt Naomi. Went to Clarence's with Leslie and looked for Clarence's picture for the newspaper. Went down to folks and discussed funeral arrangements. After work went back to Clarence's and waited for Stewart's to pick up bed--they came. Went down and saw folks. Came home and had supper. Rototilled part of garden. Most is real poor. Sun shone today however it clouded up and the wind blew. Talked to Lois, Jo and Julie. David got a job with the Attorney General's Office. My back is bad again--went to bed early.

**Wednesday and Thursday.** Work as usual--Met with Leslie and Alice and picked out casket and made funeral arrangements, etc. Thursday Janet finally had baby. Called kids and told them.

**Friday.** Work and viewing for Clarence. Lois came back.

**Saturday.** Nice Funeral for Clarence. Met at folks after for nice reunion. Killed 3 chickens.

**Sunday.** Church and took Ellen to Provo.

**Monday.** Work as usual. Mosquito abatement meeting in evening. Sprayed orchard. Went to Clarence's.

**Tuesday.** Work as usual. Went to folks and Clarence's. Went to Susan's for Brent's birthday. Hauled feed to chickens and hurt back. Hoed weeds in garden. Put heating pad on back.

**Wednesday, June 11, 1980.** Stayed home from work--back is worse.

**Thursday, June 12, 1980.** Stayed home from work--back still bad. Got Temple recommend signed.

**Friday.** Back not good but went to work--had to go to Layton to pick up payroll check--didn't show. Went to IRS and picked up return. Checks came in afternoon. Jim came up and ran tractor through the orchard and rototilled till he sheared a pin.

**Saturday.** Back still bad--had hard time getting up! Had to hold on to dresser etc. to stand up. Went out and sat in sun. Made pin for Rototiller. Rototilled part of garden and Lois planted cucumbers



for me. I hoed corn and tomatoes. Came in and soaked in a hot tub. Helped straighten house.

**Sunday.** Back still bad. Had hard time getting out of bed to stand up.

**December 7, 1980.** Anniversary of Pearl Harbor. Time has gone by quickly--39 years ago I was sitting in a room in Grand Forks North Dakota--when it came on the radio--it sure changed my life.

Had a busy summer and didn't get journal written so I'll try and recap things that happened.

Had a pretty good garden and yield--all except for potatoes--early ones were good but red ones went to weeds because Nancy got married to Ray Jensen on June 27. With all the preparations for wedding and trying to take care of Uncle Clarence's House and affair and because of my bad back, I just had to let spuds go to weeds. Had a good harvest of fruit--apples peaches, etc. excellent yield. Susan, Bruce, Helen and others had all they wanted. Had good yield from rest of garden except tomatoes were late. Frost came in late October.

Had nice wedding reception and wedding for Nancy and Ray and met his folks--then we went to California for reception there--was very nice--saw old missionary companion--Norman Taylor and had a good visit. Saw Elmo Scott and Dilworth Strasser at the reception here--nice to see them again--they said they voted me as companion easiest to get along with.

New beagle pup got run over by car--just can't keep him out of the road--I only left her a couple of minutes.

Worked all summer and tried to take care of the garden and spray orchard the best I could--back still bad. Girls (Ellen and Jeane) and Lois drove most of the way to California for Nancy's reception there. Jeane mowed lawn and took care of the yard for the summer--also she and I spent several days a week working on Uncle Clarence's place cleaning, sorting, taking care of yard, painting etc. A real job.

Over the 24th of July went with Bruce's family to Grey's River in Wyoming. We took trailer and pitched 2 tents for them. It was their first real camping experience and they really enjoyed it. We had nice camp ground all to ourselves--27 different varieties of wild flowers. I bought kids fishing poles and reels etc. They had nice time. We hiked up to stump lake--and kids caught a few fish. Took Bruce, Jeane and Michelle out in evening so they could catch some fish. I caught enough for us all to eat but didn't do much.

Went to Dr. Alvord for Blood pressure. It's good. David and Julie came down from Spokane for Julie's family reunion. Had a nice visit with them. David helped one day at Clarence's.

Went to Chiropractor for my back--a mistake--he about ruined my neck and charged \$120.00. Went to Dr. Alvord and he had x-rays taken--no permanent damage. Sent me to Dr. Kukla--he gave me an electrogram--stuck me with needles and checked scope for results--put me on medication and exercise--seems to have helped.

Also went back to U of U hospital. Leukemia is still holding about the same--Dr. Cartwright and Dr. Reibane both died of heart attacks since I was there in March.

Didn't go fishing in Utah, didn't hunt grouse, deer or elk because of back. Went down opening morning for a little while and shot 2 pheasants (the limit).

Given job as activity chairman for high priests. Lois and I put on a dinner for them and wives. We furnished everything. Very nice. Jeane, Ellen and Chris were up for weekend and helped serve.

Had nice Thanksgiving. Bruce, Susan and families came up and stayed a couple of days. Also Mom and Dad Helen and Eric and Barbara and kids came for Dinner. Turkey weighed 29 lbs. 2 ounces.

Jim was put in bishopric early summer. Bruce was put in, in November. I went down to see him put in. They let me participate in setting him apart.

**December 3, 1980.** Went back to hospital for x-rays on back and leg exam. Seem to be getting better--between back and taking care of Uncle Clarence's estate I've not had too good a year. Finally got stock and assets on Clarence's taken care of--house is sold and I'm just waiting for money. Hope to get it all done soon. I called all the heirs on the sale of the house.

**December 6, 1980.** Helped to put on a Christmas party for Multiple Sclerosis. Junior Chamber of Commerce canceled out so Lois and board did it themselves. Had about 75 people. Have had a little snow but it's mostly gone--have had a very nice fall. In spite of back I've have had a good year--everyone is well things have gone well.

**December 8, 1980.** Work as usual--hard time getting any appointments. Evening went to

Mansion House and had Mosquito Abatement budget hearing--no one showed up. Had steak dinner and got paid \$101.00 for the year. Came home--read novel.

**December 9, 1980.** Cold as has been last 2 days work about same. Stopped at folks on way home from work. Watched Utah Aggie game on T.V. Thursday night went to high priest meeting. Friday--Some of Pioneer Luncheon. Took Dick Money as guest. Saturday--Worked on Uncle Clarence's things. Went down to Provo and picked up Ellen and Jeane--foggy but roads were good--stopped at Helen's, Susan's and Bruce's. Work as usual during week--Had office Christmas Party. Friday 19 at noon. Lots of good things to eat and was a nice party.

**December 20, 1980.** Nancy and Ray came from California--nice to see them back. Everything fine.

**December 24, 1980.** Got half day off. Ellen, Jeane, and Chris came up for Holidays.

**December 25, 1980.** Nice Christmas. Bruce and Susan and families came up and we all went in to the folks in the afternoon and had a nice Christmas dinner. came home and Evening and Bruce and Susan and families stayed all night and for a couple days. Jim and Susan went home for Sunday and Bruce's family stayed. Bruce wired in kitchen lights and light in work room for me. I had all week off from work and went back the day after New Years--had crowd party at New Years and all came home early didn't even stay up for New Year. No snow for Christmas--kids had hoped for some--but none came--went up to Hardware Ranch.

**January, 1981.** A New Year to look forward to--kids all went back. We all had bad colds!

**January 12, 1981.** Mosquito Abatement was appointed President at a committee to set up wage schedule for Employees.

Mom hadn't felt good along with everybody else and we spent most of January and February in with them and taking care of them--Helen would come up during 1 day a week and spell us off.

Work as usual except got assigned to do another "Ceta" audit. They said not to do such a thorough job, to only just look at what they specifically asked for--I raised too many embarrassing questions on the other "Ceta" audit I did. The region office in Denver didn't want anyone to find anything wrong--typical bureaucracy!!!

Had crowd party with Mittons here at home and it turned out nice.

Got money distributed to Clarence's heirs. I got fee from court for executors fee and also for selling House.

**February.** Got final payment made on Mortgage and car loan. We are now completely out of debt. It surely feels good! David called us and said he was chosen as "Editor in Chief" of the Law review. Very proud of him and Julie.

Work as usual during the month. I retired on February. 27, 1981. The office gave me a very nice party. Had nice refreshments. The three supervisors from Salt Lake office came up and they and office manager all talked and praised my work over the years and said I was a professional. They gave me a House light chain saw case and 2 chains--very nice.

**March 21, 1981.** Haven't had much time to enjoy my retirement as yet. Moved folks to Helen's on 6th. Took some furniture and belongings down. Jim and Dana helped move folks. Folks weren't too happy about moving, but we felt it best--Mom hasn't been well and Dad had to be watched and they can help Helen financially.

I have had virus and not felt well--hurt back again on the 13th, right down for a few days. Haven't done very many income taxes. B.Y.U. in NCAA. Beat Providence and Notre Dame.

**March 20, 1981.** Went down to Susan, then to Helen and visited her and folks seem happy and well. Went down to Genealogical library and looked up information on John Erickson and Matts Errson. Found it quickly we were blessed. Came home and went to bed. Have had a nice rain storm and snow on the mountains down to high line canal--much needed as this winter we have had very little snow.

**March 21, 1981.** Rain stopped--beautiful day--started on tax but couldn't finish cause I needed

more information--Listened to BYU. Virginia basketball game. The Y did well through first half and were ahead at half--couldn't hold on in middle of half and lost. However, they did well to make the final eight in the nation. Had supper and then walked up to high line canal--took 13 minutes up and ten down. Felt better this afternoon than for quite a while watched old movie, "Hercules" on T.V.

**March 22, 1981.** Aunt Mabel, Milton and Norma Yorgason, and Helen Joe and Lorin Stoddard, came up and visited. Had a lunch and nice visit--Lorin is in charge of Church buildings in all the world except U.S. and Canada.

**March 27, 1981.** Went down to U. of U. hospital for a check up. They lost records, and couldn't tell but thought I was about the same.

**March 28, 1981.** Kids all came up for my birthday and we had a nice visit. Bruce and family, Susan and family, Chris, Ellen and Jeane.

**April 4, 1981.** Kids all came up for Conference. Susan's family stayed in the trailer house. We had a nice weekend and all listened to Conference. Burned limbs from orchard. Took car to Harry for tune up.

**April 7, 1981.** Went down to Helen and took Dad's birthday gifts etc. Nancy and Ray had baby boy. Built a new casting rod.

Thursday Took Lois to Airport to go to Nancy's stopped and visited folks and Susan.

Up to April 15th worked on Income taxes and got last one done on the 15th. It's been very lonesome with Lois gone.

**April 17, 1981.** Picked Lois up at airport--visited folks and Susan on way back. Sure good to have Lois home again.

**April 18, 1981.** Worked in yard and garden. Felt better than for long while and felt like working. Ken Cragun borrowed scraper blade for tractor. Dale Browning used my tractor and tiller and blade to level off his yard.

**Sunday, April 19, 1981.** Had some much needed rain during night. During the week went down and saw folks. Worked in yard. Went down to Provo and picked up Jeane. Ellen and Jeane came on Friday night. Susan and Jim and kids and Bruce--came up and we worked on garden Saturday. Planted 8 rows potatoes, 5 string beans 2 of mixed carrots and radishes, 2 mixed beets and radish. 2 of cucumber 4 rows of mixed sweet corn--early and late. 1 row of various squash six hills of pumpkins, 8 rows of peas, 1 row of lettuce and 1 row of dill. Jim and Bruce trimmed some trees. A lot of work, glad they all helped. Chris also worked at cleaning the lane with the tractor.

**Sunday 26, 1981.** Had church--walked around yard--lilacs and most of trees are in bloom--very nice!

Held last of temple class in the evening. Ended up with the Clawson's and the Flemmings completing the class. I appreciated the opportunity and hope they go to the temple.

**April 29, 1981.** Left on trip to East with Jeane, Ellen, and Chris. Station wagon was really loaded--took dining room table to give to Janet. Stayed first night in Kansas--a long drive.

Stopped in Abilene Kansas on second day and saw Eisenhower's memorial and old town of Abilene. Stopped at Independence Missouri. Saw Temple site. Old Liberty Jail etc.

Next day stopped at U. of Missouri at Columbia and met a friend of Ellen's and he showed us the campus.

Chris drove most of the trip. My back was acting up. I laid in back of the station wagon most of the way.

We stopped at St. Louis for the night and looked at the arch. Ate on the McDonald Riverboat. The next day we went up in the arch and did some sight seeing. Stopped at Hannibal Missouri and saw "Tom Sawyer's cave" and "Mark Twain" scenery. Took a trip on the Mark Twain river boat up the Mississippi river, and then went on to Nauvoo. Where we stayed the night and went to church there on Sunday and went over to Carthage. Had a nice time looking at the Historical places.



We then went to DeKalb and stayed a couple of days at Ralph's. He was in the hospital when we got there but came home the next day. Lois and kids went in to Chicago. Went on to Chicago and Cleveland the next day. Had a hard time finding Janet's place--got wrong exit on freeway. Spent several days at Janet's and had a nice visit. They took us to baseball game and to Kirtland Temple. (Had trouble with my left shoulder on trip)

After a nice visit we headed West stopped in Chicago and went through Art Museum. Stayed in Wisconsin that night. Went through the "Dells" and then on to Minnesota and to Sioux falls S.D.

I called Allen Houg, an Army Buddy. He came to motel next morning and we had a nice visit--first since 1945. Left there and went to "Wall Drug" Bad lands and Rapid City, Black Hills and had a nice scenic visit. Drove all night and arrived home at 7:30 a.m. on the 22 of May.

Kept busy all summer taking care of Garden. Had a very good garden, it took a lot of work. I felt good to be able to take care of it.

Dr. Alvord said it was one of the worst cases of bursitis in my shoulder and gave several shots--helped some. Took trailer and Jeane, Lois and I went to Grey's River for couple of days. We were going to stay a week--but came home early. Fishing was pretty good but just decided to come home.

Worked in garden and then spent about 2 weeks helping Bruce on his home. Had a nice harvest in our garden. Raspberries, apricots, apples beans, tomatoes, squash and potatoes--we canned a lot. Dug about 1/2 ton of potatoes and put in cellar.

Had 4 grandchildren--Nancy--Russell, Julie--Emily, Bruce--Mark and Susan--Andrea. We now have 23 Grand children.

**November, 1981.** Got garden plowed and weeded and brush burned--best looking for fall since we've been here. Have been digging old Sewer line and foundation out of garden.

Went down pheasant hunting in spring day--didn't feel well and shoulder was bothering me--without a dog was hard to hunt--I only got 1 shot and missed--shoulder bothered and couldn't get gun up quick enough.

Sunday Bishop called us in and asked if we were interested in going on a mission--we told him we were but because of Mom and Dad and three kids still in school we'd like to wait a little while.

Reinhart and I went fishing on Porcupine and Causey Reservoir during summer but was not good. We also went deer hunting in Blacksmith Fork. I saw Elk, coyote, and does, but no buck. It felt good to be able to go.

**Sunday, November 15, 1981.** Worked in Yard most of week--worked at digging old rock foundation out of ground in the garden. Raked and hauled leaves from garden several days. Fixed and painted mix master for Susan also fixed handle for brace and bit. Looked out kitchen window and saw 4 rooster Pheasants and one hen--season was open and I got gun but they flew behind trees and I didn't get any. Took tractor and tried to work leaves into garden. Went to very nice high priest banquet. Sat by member of old ward. Went to temple Friday and then to Sons of Pioneer luncheon. Went to folks house in evening and Bruce came up and moved a load of his furniture.

**Saturday.** Raked leaves again--went to shoemaker and took boot for repair. Watched BYU and Hawaii. Football game Y won. And listened to Utah beat Wyoming. Sunday after church went down to Helen's. It was folks' 65th wedding anniversary. Kids all came and people from ward came over. During week "puttered around the place". On the 24th went to temple and did sealing, did endowments on Saturday The 21st, and went to Stake conference that night.

On Sunday Ellen, Jeane, and Chris came home for Thanksgiving. Chris brought roommate Brian, and Jeane brought Kayoko, a Japanese girl. Bruce's in-laws came and we had 32 for Thanksgiving. Had a nice day--had a little snow the night before. Friday "puttered" in work room and BYU beat UCLA

**Saturday, November 28, 1981.** Fixed work room--BYU beat Cal Culerton.

**Sunday 29, 1981.** Church in Afternoon and then kids drove truck back to Provo. During week I worked on my work room. Lois went to Salt Lake City Monday, and to Susan's Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Friday went down to Susan's and tended kids while she sang at Salt Palace. Went out to R.C. Willeys and bought microwave oven. In evening Lois went to D.U.P. and Susan brought kids up and I tended them while she sang at Farr West ward. Listened to BYU game--they lost.

Saturday I took Pinto out to Harry for a tune up. Went back and picked it up. He wouldn't charge me, so while I had his car I filled it with gas--didn't tell him.

In evening, listened to B.Y.U. get beat again.

**Sunday, December 6, 1981.** Went to Layton and Jim blessed Andrea. Stayed at their place for dinner. Went down to Helen's and visited folks again. Mom still not feeling well.

Came back for church. After church I fried spuds and had supper ready when Lois came back from choir practice.

**Monday, December 14, 1981.** During part week went to temple and did 195 sealings. Reinhart and I went up one day and fished the lower Logan River--didn't catch any. It was a beautiful week--like spring. Violets are out.

Worked on "Egg Room" downstairs and cleaned it out and tore out old shelves. Went to Sons of the Utah Pioneers dinner and listened to "Geology of Antelope Island".

Friday Afternoon Lois and I sacked candy and apples for the M.S. party--picked up meat and rolls and spuds from Wangsgards. Lois had fixed cake and relish etc. Went out to Roy Hospital and served diner to M.S. patients and their families and Santa came and delivered our "sacks".

Sunday went to church and Strands came in Evening and we showed slides and visited.

**Monday 14, 1981.** I worked all day in the "egg room" building new shelves and painting.

Wednesday went to Salt Lake City saw Helen, folks and "Jo". Went to open house at M.S. went on to Provo and picked up Jeane. Went to ZCMI mall and Lois bought a coat for Christmas.

Thursday I bought a table saw in Salt Lake City.

Friday I worked finishing shelves and cleaned up mess--went to town and got groceries etc. Chris and Ellen came home in the evening and we watched BYU win Holiday bowl. BYU basketball team beat Princeton.

Saturday. Went to Eden and got a new pup. Jeane went with me over North Ogden pass and some snow and fog.

Sunday 20th 61 degrees. Record for the state on this day. Picked a couple of violets and myrtle. Went to tithing settlement in the evening. Lois had Christmas Choir in sacrament meeting. Nice as usual.

**December 21, 1981.** Monday Pulled all things out of closets and sprayed--bugs in Christmas ornament boxes. Had Family Home Evening.

**Tuesday, December 22, 1981.** Went up to Donald's for Christmas Party.

**Wednesday, December 23, 1981.** Took car to Harvey's for new brakes and tune up.

**December 25, 1981.** Had nice Christmas--called David and Janet and Nancy and went down to Helen's and had dinner with folks, and Bruce and Susan came up in evening.

**December 28, 1981.** Chris gave lesson in Family Home Evening.

**December 29, 1981.** Went to Lois' Aunt Bell's Funeral. Put blade on tractor and cleaned snow out of driveway. Helped Bruce move things from folks'.

**December 31, 1981.** Went to Larsen's for New Year's party--everybody there--was nice.

**January 1, 1982.** Loafed and watched bowl games on T.V. Susan's family came up in evening.

**January 2, 1982.** Got trailer and Bruce and Allen Packer came up and we got most things moved from folks. Gave Chris army coat and heavy sleeping bag.

**Sunday.** Church as usual. Bore my testimony.

**Monday.** Painted cupboards. Tuesday--storm! Took truck and took Ellen and Jeane back to B.Y.U. Used 4 wheel down most of way. Worried about Chris! He and friends went camping--afraid they are snowed in somewhere! Chris called and they are back. I thank God for answering my prayers!!

During week weather cold--down to -5 degrees. Snow--still have heat lamp for the pup.

**Friday January 9, 1982.** Went to SUP at the Mansion House. Then went down to folks--Mom and Dad not too good--they decided to sell their house. They and Helen thought it would be okay for us to go on a mission in the fall. Stopped at Bruce's and saw Jo and the family.

**Saturday.** Cleaned home. Dale Browning stopped by and gave me a new fly rod--what a great friend!

Still cold--couldn't get tractor started. Watched BYU and Wyoming on T.V. "Y" got beat.

**Sunday, January 10, 1982.** Church--called David and they are fine. Had high priest fireside at our home. Brother and Sister Harold Jones talked about their mission to Navajo Indian Reservation. Very interesting. Had 28 people present and we served punch, cookies, cake, and cheese and crackers.

**Monday, January 11, 1982.** Straightened up furniture and then I tied some flies. Went to Mosquito Abatement meeting.

**January 12, 1982.** talked to Janet--Randy in hospital with Heart problem. Sent her some money for car battery. Kept in touch with Janet all week.

**January 15, 1982.** Went down to see folks--stopped at Bruce and Susan and took potatoes to Susan--hurt my back again--or rather it affected my leg. Didn't go to church Sunday. Deer have come down in orchard because of snow and cold.

On 20 Helen called, said she hurt her back so we went and moved folks up here. Had Ervil Welch for dinner on the 21.

On the 23rd Bruce and Susan and their families came up for our anniversary as did Ellen and Jeane. Chris didn't come. The deer were around all day and the kids all got to see them. I slipped on the ice and hurt my back again! Talked to Janet. Randy some better.

On the 25 went and bought a mix master and took it down to Susan. Back bothered all week.

**Friday, January 29, 1982.** Went to Employment office for retirement of Dan Andrews and Oliver Baird. Good to see everybody--they all seemed glad to see me.

**Sunday, January 31, 1982.** Went to Stake conference. Elder Hartman Rector Jr. was visitor. Very good conference.

**Monday, February 1, 1982.** Repairman for washer and drier came. Cost \$202.20. Snowed all week--Lots of Snow! Got down to -10 degrees--Huntsville--50 degrees. Made a few Income taxes.

**Sunday.** Went to church. Good meeting. Read Rest of day.

**Monday.** Went to Dr. Alvord for Exam. Xray--back and Pelvis--okay, except slightly twisted and one degenerative disk. Prostate Gland enlarged but okay. Blood pressure 122-66 okay. Gave me shot in arm for Bursitis.

**Tuesday** went in to Rail Road station at 6:45 a.m. to pick up the Strands. Train was about 40 minutes late. Had them here for breakfast.

Went in to get new temple robe and hat. Stopped at folks to pick up mail and a few things they wanted--hurt back putting lamp in car. Fourth time since Christmas I've hurt it. Once, helping Bruce make his storage items. Then, just when I got better, I took 3 boxes of potatoes from cellar and hurt it again. On January 23, I fell on the ice. And today--I felt great this morning and then it happened again!! Lois drove home. I took pills the doctor prescribed and stayed in bed all day. Lois fed pup etc.

Snowed again--had 4 inches yesterday and some more today--not quite as cold. Had home evening Monday night as usual. Back and leg bad all week. Didn't do much of anything.

Ellen, Jeane, and Chris came home for the weekend of February. 14th. Chris went up to Coalville and picked up Keli they stayed and all went back to school Monday night.

Barbara and Helen brought Mom up to the doctor because of pain--but he couldn't find anything wrong.

Back and leg still bothering me didn't do much of anything all week. Weather has turned warm



and most of snow melted. Talked to all the kids on the phone--seem to be okay. Stayed home from church Sunday--hope back and leg clear up soon. Have had a few nice days. Back still bad, but went out and pruned grapes on 26 of February.

Chris and Keli came up and told us they are going to be married--very pleased!

**Saturday, February 27, 1982.** Went to M.S. Interact session and took pictures and watched BYU ball game. Lois fixed a nice supper for Chris and Keli stayed at night and went to Coalville in the morning to tell her folks.

I went to church--back bothered me, and I stayed in bed most of the rest of the day. Weather turned colder and we had snow during the week. I made a couple of tax returns--back still not good.

Went down Wednesday Evening and saw folks and Bruce's and Susan's families. Dale Browning came over Friday and brought his paper--had a nice visit and he thanked me for the box of flies I tied for him. Several people came in Saturday for Income taxes.

**Sunday, February 28, 1982.** Weather is better and I went to church. Got new glasses Tuesday. During week I did a few Income taxes. Weather beautiful. Went down and got Mom and took her to the doctor on Wednesday--he didn't find anything wrong. Stopped at Bruce and Susan's briefly.

Snowed Thursday night. Friday took glasses back--they don't fit right! Went to the Sons of Utah Pioneers luncheon. Bill Woods gave slide lecture on Hole in the Rock. Went back up and told him glasses still didn't fit and he agreed to make them over.

**Saturday.** Worked on Income taxes--called the kids and told them Randy is quite bad with heart trouble, and is quite despondent. Went up to Jay Rhees in the evening and had a nice party with the "crowd".

**Sunday.** Went to church. Rained all day and night went down and saw folks and visited. Stopped at Bruce's and Susan's for a short visit. Came home and made popcorn. Ordered garden seeds from Burpee.

Jay Rhees said Saturday night that he learned the value of prayer when he was called to be bishop. We didn't know one another. He wasn't active and I had only been in the ward a short time. He said my name as a counselor came in answer to prayer, and it was the best thing that ever happen to him.

**April 4, 1982.** Got behind in writing. March has been a snowy busy month. On March 16 Lois and I went to temple. Still having problems with back and leg, but went anyway.

On March 17th, went to library with Lois to M.S. board meeting.

March 18th, Went to Mountain Green with Strands to Larsen Wedding.

Friday, had ward Relief Society Dinner and then went to Wiser Wedding. Had \$95.00 phone bill for the month. Calling Janet and the kids. Randy has been really bad. Finally got open heart surgery. Worked out okay he came home on April 2.

On March 22, Harry Sato called and asked if I wanted to buy a 1974 Pinto Station Wagon. Drove it down to Helen's to try it out. Visited folks. Helen called and said she took Dad to the hospital. We visited Saturday and Sunday. They couldn't find anything wrong.

Had ward conference--good meeting--Statistics were down for the year. On my birthday all the kids called and Lois and I went to ward talent show and exhibited pictures.

April 2, Keli's folks came down to dinner and Bruce and Jo, and Susan and Jim, Ellen, Jeane, and Chris and Keli came. Nice people. Glad Chris is getting into such a good family.

Kids stayed for the weekend and we all listened to Conference. Very good. I felt that this may be the last Conference for President Kimball, President Tanner and President Romney--They are old--but you could still feel their Spirit and testimony. President Kimball didn't say much but you could just feel his love when they sang, "We Thank thee of God for a Prophet".

**Monday.** Stormed again--snow and rain. Strands

**Tuesday.** Went in to the folks, Helen and Eric brought up the folks. We sorted out things in the house. Brought the folks home. Lois fixed supper and then cut Dad's hair and we got him to take a shower.

Janet called and said Randy is back in the hospital with a blood clot in leg. A real worry as that's what happened to Uncle Clarence.

David called and talked over his situation of coming back to stay. Susan called and said Bruce's Lara was sick. Still storming.

**April 18, 1982.** Been a busy couple of weeks--mostly stormy. Have had Mom and Dad with us--Mom has been in pain most of the time--nothing seems to help.

Got Income taxes and glad to get them over. Jim came up one evening and pruned the apple tree. Susan and Bruce and their families came up on the 11th for Dad's 87th birthday.

**Saturday, April 17, 1982.** Conrad Ferrin came over and helped me get Rototiller going and I worked in the yard trying to get ready to plant the garden. Gary Rhees came and tore out our old fence--I had started and he worked over the piece above the canal and got ready to plant.

During the week I went to Son's of Pioneer--showed National Park service on "Time of the West " It was conspicuous in that not one mention was made of the Mormon Trek.

Planted 2 peach trees--a Red Haven and Gleacor Elberta. Also planted 2 almond trees.

Sunday went to church. Came home and fried spuds for dinner. Randy is now home and though in misery seems to be getting along fine.

**April 25, 1982.** Mom still in misery. Took them to church for Eric's farewell testimony. Helen and I spoke. Also had one of Eric's friends going and they shared the meeting. I thought it went quite well.

**Friday, April 30, 1982.** Took Lois to M.S. meeting in Salt Lake City. Stopped at Helen's--Mom still not any better. Chris and Keli came in the evening on Wednesday for the weekend. They helped work in the yard--nice to have them home.

**Saturday, May 1, 1982.** "Took day off." Lois and I, Jeane, and Keli and Chris, went out to Golden Spike Monument--a beautiful Day!! We then went to bird refuge and saw the water fowl--not many there--but it was nice. Came home and had a wiener roast. Susan and her family came up.

**May 2, 1982.** Haven't written for a while. Worked in garden and yard. Took folks back to Helen's.

**Sunday.** Went to church. Lois bore her testimony. Chris' friend Brian and Debbie stopped by. They belt for a dinner appointment After supper Chris and Keli went back to Provo.

## Letter To A Friend

A letter Eldred wrote to his friend, Jay Rhees, when Jay was dying of cancer, and Dad was diagnosed with Leukemia.

**February 4, 1983.** Jay, I have enjoyed our association these many years in various capacities.

When you were called to be bishop, I was called to be your second counselor. I didn't even know who you were until you walked up on the stand. We had some good times in the "Ric" as you called it. Remember the time when the BYU travel group called and wanted to put on a program and be housed for the night. You called me and we decided to try it. When they arrived at 5:30 dinner was ready in the rec hall and at 7:00 they put on an outstanding program. We had spread the word by phone and by the bus drivers on the school bus and had a capacity crowd. We easily found places for the 60 kids and could have easily found room for more as there weren't enough kids to go around for all the homes offered.

When we were released from the "Ric" I was asked to run for Mayor and you agreed to run as a councilman and we both won the election.

We soon found that while people thought we were inspired while in the bishopric they didn't necessarily feel the same way about our actions on the Town Board. It was a different experience. Kenneth Maughn who served on the Town Board years later and did a fine job said he didn't know how we got so much accomplished.

- We finished the Town Park and had one of the first lighted ball parks in the surrounding counties.
- We established the first permanent Zoning and Law Ordinances in the town.
- We put in the first permanent policeman.
- We put in the road at 3800 North from 900 West to 1100 West and Road from 900 E.

- We also paved 500 West to the Pole Patch 900 West above \_\_\_\_? 1100 West to the Canal.
  - We put in the bridge over the canal on Shorty's lane.
- Our roles changed again--you were in the Stake Presidency and I became a bishop. We had a fine association.

Again roles changed. I was elected to the School Board and you were Principal of the high school. Remember the meeting we three had on neutral ground in the Weber County Library and the surprise outcome of it all.

Roles again changed and you became Stake President I was the finance Clerk.

We've had a lot of fine experiences over the last 30 years and I have appreciated my association with you.

Now our roles are changing and we both have our problems. I hope and pray that we can both endure to the end, and that again some time our paths will cross. Eldred.

### Eldred's Illinois Peoria Missionary Journal--1983 to 1984

**October 12, 1983. Provo, Utah.** "I have just come from a very inspirational sacrament meeting at the MTC (Missionary Training Center). Lois is in the Sisters meeting, and I have a few minutes to try and get things caught up.

We told Ellen goodbye on October, 12th. Stopped at Susan's, Bruce and Jo's, and the folks at Helen's and at the MS Office on the way down to the MTC. Chris and Keli and Jeane are here.

Received a very nice welcome and orientation of the M.T.C. and Thursday October 13 started our busy schedule. Breakfast at 6:20 a.m. We acquired our books and supplies, had talks, meetings, interviews with the Mission President. (Joe Christensen). Each day is about the same. We attend meetings, classes, and finish up the day with gym and fun-8:30-9:30 p.m.

I got my pneumonia back and have been taking my medicine. Seems to be overcoming it okay.

**Saturday.** We had three hours for "P" day. Lois went to the laundry and did our washing. I took advantage and stayed and rested on the couch.

*Lois--we were housed in a building with couples. Our room contained an entrance way, bathroom, a long counter with a mirror over it and two twin beds which could be swung together if desired, and an emergency telephone.*

Jeane came and visited us and brought us some homemade cookies and crackers. I listened to part of a BYU football game vs. New Mexico. The "Y" won easily.

**Sunday.** Went to priesthood meeting and sacrament meeting, wrote a letter to folks and wrote in Journal while Sisters' meeting in progress.

**Wednesday, October, 19, 1983.** Here it is Wednesday, October 19th already. They really keep us busy! It has been one of the choicest experiences of my life. I've shed quite a few tears at some of the Testimonies that have been given!

Last night Elder David B. Haight of the Council of the 12 spoke to us. The sight of almost 2000 missionaries was almost overwhelming! Listening to them sing each in the language of the country to which he or she was going was wonderful! Even a group in the Deaf Language. I tried to follow them, but after 50 years I've forgotten most of it, and they went too fast for me.

Two of the elders administered to me this morning, and I believe I feel a little better tonight.

When I went on my mission (North Central States) in 1940, there were less than 40 missionaries in the entire mission. It is overwhelming to see that the work of the Lord has moved ahead so well that we are able to have this many missionaries.

We are learning the discussions--it is hard for us "old timers", but we are progressing and learning to love the Gospel. We surely have some wonderful people in our group. Elder and Sister Taylor of Salt Lake City and Fillmore--former bishop. Elder and Sister Wingate--former bishop and recently a Patriarch, Elder and Sister Bascom of Roosevelt, and Elder and Sister Elton of Los Angeles and Bountiful, Elder and Sister Elsworth. We are fast becoming good friends. It is still hard to visualize this new MTC as compared with the mission home of 1940 (which was on State Street in Salt Lake City).

**October 21, 1983.** Still trying to learn the discussions. The classes are long, but we are slowly learning. I'm feeling much better. I had to take charge of a devotional. Lois led the singing and gave the prayer. I gave the thought, and gave the lecture in English.

Saturday morning went to the temple with the Taylors. It was very nice! Came back and cleaned



the apartment. Jeane came up. She and Lois did the laundry. I listened to the first half of BYU football game. The "Y" was way ahead. Chris and Keli came up and we had a nice visit. We went to meetings in the evening. They are surely worthwhile. One was on Defensive Driving. During the night I became violently ill and vomited, etc. and passed out. Finally got rid of everything and took some paregoric.

*Lois--I didn't hear him early in the night, but woke early in the morning, and he was very ill and passed out again. He was supposed to administer the sacrament at the devotional meeting so called the other elder in charge and said he was ill and couldn't come. I walked to the emergency telephone and had my hand on it when a knock came on the door. I went to the door and it was our branch president, President Garner. He surveyed the situation, I was cleaning up the floor and around, and he said he would be back to give him a blessing. He said, "Don't call on the phone". I believe that if I had we would not have been able to go on our mission and they would have taken him to the hospital).*

We didn't go to any meetings. President Garner came after the meetings and administered to me. Monday stayed in bed all day. Lois brought me a few things from the Cafeteria. I went to the evening meal, but didn't go to class. Looks like Satan is doing his best to discourage us. First, Cindy in hospital, Mom being bad, my pneumonia, and now this. I pray that we will still be able to go on our mission!

Tuesday, I felt much better and by Wednesday felt good. I attended all from Tuesday on. Jeane brought up some things Tuesday night after Devotional. Good to see her, though we were upset over the Devotional. The speaker was a "pompous sort of individual who down-graded the young, entering missionaries, and also told an off-color joke on chastity.

The rest of the week passed very quickly. We grew more attached to the fine people we were with. We passed off our discussions. We were all sorry to part from our friends. The MTC has been one of the choicest experiences of our lives.

We packed Friday afternoon, and in the evening, Jeane, Chris, Keli came over to see us. We called all of the children in the evening, also the folks, Mom has had pneumonia. Dad has been sick. Hope things turn out for the better.

We left early Saturday morning and went down to Salina to get on I-70, since the road through Thistle was still washed out. We saw two elk by the side of the road in the open country by Levan. The country and weather was beautiful. We went over the San Rafael Swell, and on to Colorado. We were amazed at the development through Vail and surrounding areas! White National Forest was beautiful. Stopped for the night at Limon, Colorado.

The next day traveled to Laurence, Kansas. Had a nice motel.

Monday, we made it to St. Louis, and met Ralph and Helena. We had a nice visit with them and stayed two nights.

**November 2, 1983.** Had breakfast with Ralph and Helena. They then escorted us to the freeway, and we headed north on Highway 55 to begin our new adventure.

We arrived in Peoria and found the mission office okay; met President Brent Rigtrup and office staff. Had an orientation meeting and were told we were to work in the office. We acquired some more "instruction" books to add to our growing pile!

We went out to the apartment they found for us and unloaded the car. I took a shower and changed. We went to the mission home and met other missionaries who had just arrived and Sister Rigtrup. We had dinner, at the mission home, and then held a testimony meeting. We were assigned to a bedroom on the main floor. We start work in the office tomorrow, and then maybe we will get a chance to get our apartment straightened and unpacked.

It's going to be a really different experience!! From the look of all the paperwork and the accounting for all time--it's going to be "Gov't Reports" all over again! Hope I can make it!

**November 3, 1983.** Had breakfast at the mission home. Came over to the apartment and straightened out a few things. Went to the mission Office. I've been assigned as the Mission Financial Secretary and Fleet Coordinator. I spent all day with Elder Burgess. He is trying to teach me the job. He has accomplished a great deal for a young elder without any schooling or experience. I'm amazed at his ability! I only hope that with all my experience that I can do the job!!

*Lois--my job was Secretary to the Mission President and to handle everything that Eldred didn't--missionaries, films, mail, paper work, letters to missionaries and families, etc., copying, distributing everything to the Assistants to the President that they should take to the missionaries. We had other assignments in giving talks, etc. at district meetings, and answering all telephone calls. The new Typewriter was the worst--a brand new IBM Corrective Electric Machine. It scared me to look at it. I had an electric machine at home, but nothing like this. I didn't think I would ever learn to use it. Elder Nielsen was my instructor and I'm sure he was concerned. Ha! He*

*was very kind and encouraging.*

At 5:00 p.m. office closed and we visited with President Rigtrup. He is a fine man! After talking with President Rigtrup we went to get some groceries at a store called "Randalls". Came "home" and Lois fixed a nice supper. We have a nice apartment!--carpeted floors, one large living room and a dining room off the small kitchen with electric range, dishwasher, double stainless steel sink, disposal, fridge, etc. Have a nice bathroom, and large bedroom.

The Elders Ward and Wilkins dropped by with an armful of utensils and sheets, etc. They are the ones who located the apartment and got members to donate the furnishings. We still lack some items, and they took a list of things we needed. I just hope that we can justify everyone's faith in us.

**November 4, 1983.** Busy all day trying to learn the system and making out the weekly reports. Sister Bassett, a young lady missionary came home for lunch and for dinner.

*Lois--President Rigtrup said, "We have a young missionary who has been in a threesome, and I need for you to take her home with you for lunch and dinner, and keep her with you until Sister Rigtrup calls for her tonight".*

**November 5, 1983.** Waited around all day for a promised table to show up. We studied and finally went out to Kmart and bought some cleaning supplies and groceries at Randalls. Came home and the Sisters stopped in for a few minutes, and dropped off a few utensils some one had donated.

**Sunday, November 6, 1983.** Studied in the morning and got ready. At 10:30 a.m. the Sisters came by and we followed them to church. Beautiful large two ward building. People were friendly. Several other missionaries there. I bore my testimony. In Sunday school, I was asked to say the prayer. In priesthood meeting opening exercises I was asked to tell about myself. In high priest meeting only three other high priests. We had an informal lesson.

Came "home". Lois fixed dinner and I popped popcorn. Studied map of town--still can't figure it out! Not like the "Mormon" towns. We studied and hoped someone would stop by. The Sisters did, Sister Bailey and Sister Tuckett. They brought some ice cream, and we had ice cream and cookies. We visited and they took turns playing the organ.

*Lois--I had taken a music class at the MTC and they encouraged missionaries to take the small portable organ available by the church with them and take into homes with them and play hymns, etc. We checked the organ out--it had various keys to play piano, organ, flute, and most instruments, and we got one, even though it was about \$250.00. Since that time they have many kinds with different instruments, rhythms, etc., but that was the first portable we had ever seen.*

Sister Tuckett and Sister Bailey sang, and we had a nice evening.

**November 7, 1983.** P day (preparation day), up at 6:15 a.m. and exercised and bathed, had breakfast. Lois went to other entrance of building, and did our laundry, while I cleaned and scrubbed a donated desk. We had lunch and went shopping.

At 5:00 p.m. had district meeting in the office and came back home. The Sisters stopped in for a minute. Elder Ward, the zone leader, came and brought a table and chairs and a lamp, some more donated pans. Spent rest of the evening straightening things up and looking for a misplaced Texaco credit card. Couldn't find it. Called Ellen to see how she was, and found the card in the phone book. (A blessing!)

Ellen said she was having trouble with the car. Called Ellen first thing in the morning and talked to her about car.

*Lois--We were the first mission couple into this mission, and President Rigtrup said that we could call our children when we thought necessary, buy a newspaper and more or less keep on with our lives as we had done for years. We never could find a newspaper or hear any news since all papers were gone when we got out of the office, so we bought a small black and white TV just for the news. We were faithful in just watching the news, and really had no more time, since as soon as supper was over we were out to meet inactives or calling on the telephone and making appointments.*

*We didn't have to do anything more than do our office job 9-5 but we were at the office everyday about 8 a.m. so that the missionaries could contact us for films, car problems, etc. Sometimes we would be there until 6 or 6:30 p.m. if President Rigtrup needed letters written, etc. He finally left the entire office up to us and would travel the mission continually.*

Worked in the office all day trying to learn the job. Didn't feel well in the afternoon. Lois fixed a nice supper, read out of the Study Guide Scriptures. Jeane called and hasn't been feeling well. Talked to

Helen and Mom has been poorly--hope we all get feeling better soon!

**November 9, 1983.** Called David early in the morning. Bruce won election in Centerville (City Commissioner) and was top vote getter.

Worked in office and then went to zone conference. It was one of the best meetings I've been to. I'm impressed with the humility and leadership!

Finished the day at the office. Had supper and went to visit a contact with Elders Burgess and Hart. Someone had gotten to the lady as she was waiting at the door with all the tracts and Book of Mormon--too bad! Came home and called the kids and studied.

**November 10, 1983.** Worked in the office all day. In evening went with Elders Hart and Burgess to a family they were teaching. They taught a handicapped sister of the wife. The husband was an inactive member. I spent quite a bit of time talking to him. He always left when the lesson was given, but tonight he stayed and listened and was impressed with what his sister-in-law had learned.

*Lois--Actually as we entered the room the man went to go up the stairs and Elder Erickson quickly moved to him, shook hands, and kept talking. He did not leave the room.*

I made a penny disappear for the young lady and she laughed.

**November 11, 1983.** Vets. Day. No Mail. We went downtown and picked up some printing and worked all day in the office. Made bank deposit.

Went out for the evening to visit a part member family with three sisters--Tuckett of Provo, Bailey of Dallas, and Sister Daniel of Minneapolis. Had a nice visit--didn't accomplish much. I encouraged non-member to visit Chicago Temple. Stopped and had ice cream. The Sisters came in a few minutes and played the organ. I worked on weekly report.

**November 12, 1983.** One month since we left home. Gone by quickly yet seems like we were never there. Went to work at office all day. Went to baptismal service in evening, and came home and read a paper--first in a month.

**November 13, 1983.** Went to church. In evening went with Elders Hart and Burgess while they taught a family. Then went with Sisters while they taught a family. One sister became very emotional and cried and challenged the family to Baptism.

**November 14, 1983.** P day. Vacuumed and cleaned apartment Lois did laundry. Went to office did some work and wrote letters. Had district meeting. Lois gave Spiritual thought. Went with Elders Hart and Burgess to a family named Naulder. Only the husband was home. Very nice meeting! He is definitely considering baptism.

**November 15, 1983.** Worked in the office all day. Came home, didn't feel too well. Went to bed at 10:00 p.m.

**November 16, 1983.** Office all day. Lois went to Sisters' conference in the evening and I went with Elders Hart and Burgess. We went first to a Mr. Crane whose father was a Baptist minister. Elders Hart and Burgess read to him from the Book of Mormon since he said he hadn't read as he was going to. They read from the 13 Chapter of First Nephi, and then discussed it with him. They couldn't get him to admit anything or make any commitment.

I told him of B. H. Roberts and the Council of Churches and the drawing of the tree showing how Christian Churches all sprang from the Catholic Church. B. H. Roberts drew ours as a small evergreen tree--"the Gospel restored". I told him that if the trunk and roots of the "Catholic Tree" were dead as he admitted then all the "branches" were dead. I told him "God's house is not a house of confusion", and quoted Ephesians "one Lord, one faith, and one baptism"--the Ephesians 4:11 about officers in the church till we all come to a unity of the faith. But he wouldn't listen so we offered to take him to church Sunday, but he made excuses.

We then went to a family (the Schoenheider family) that the elders had met tracting. The elders gave the first discussion and it went very well! We had prayer and the father gave the closing prayer. I then bore my testimony of my family and how prayer had helped us. An appointment was made for the next discussion.



**November 17, 1983.** Took Lois to Sisters' conference at 8:00 a.m. and went to office and read and sent films "Meet the Mormons" and another.

Sisters came in at about 1:30 p.m., and we transacted business. Elder Hart to be transferred and Elders Burgess and Nielsen also to be transferred and made zone leaders. We are going to miss them!

Came home, had supper, wrote in Journal. Lois played the organ, and we went to bed. Lois said that at the Sisters' Conference, Elder Hart, assistant to the President, spoke; and mentioned several times how well I had done with their contacts.

**November 18, 1983.** Elders only in part of day. They are packing to go. I balanced out both petty cash boxes and the incoming cash for bank deposit. Talked to President Rigtrup a while, came home had supper, and went to bed early.

**November 19, 1983.** Called the elders who are leaving and got directions as to how to find the Schoenheider family, the one I had visited with Elders Hart and Burgess. They had an appointment in the evening with the family, but since they were leaving would be unable to keep it. We studied the second discussion and drove out to Dunlap to see if we could find the place. We had a nice ride and the country very pretty--woods and farms. Went to office in morning and sent in report.

At 5:30 we left to keep our appointment. Our first time on our own! Kinda scary! We prayed and hoped for the best. Had a nice visit with the family and we gave the second discussion. We had opening prayer and closing kneeling prayer, but couldn't get father to do it. Lois and I had to do the prayers. I showed the kids my penny tricks. We both felt we had room for improvement, but were glad to get our "first one" out of the way. Came home, made out reports, studied, and went to bed.

**Sunday, November 20, 1983.** Went to sacrament meeting in First Ward. Met the bishop and some of the people. Then went to Second Ward. Got home about 3:30. Studied and got supper. At 6:30 p.m. We drove out through the town of Kickapoo--that is really the name. We were looking for Bishop Seamon's house. Finally found it at 7 p.m. just in time for the cottage meeting. It was fine. Visited with the family, came home, studied and retired.

**November 21, 1983.** Monday "P" Day. Lois baked an apple pie, and then we drove all over town looking for addresses and getting oriented. We are finally starting to be able to find our way around--It is not laid out like "Mormon Towns".

We had supper and went to district meeting. I gave the lesson on "Managing Your Finances", Lois called for an appointment, but they were ill. Studied, studied map, took bath and went to bed.

**November 22, 1983.** Worked in office from 8:30 to 6:30 p.m.; came home and phoned for appointments for the elders. Studied and went to bed.

**November 23, 1983.** Office 8:30 to 5:30 and then took mail to P.O., came home, studied and to bed.

**November 24, 1983.** Thanksgiving. Lois up at 6 a. m. to make pies for T. dinner at the Andersons. (We couldn't find pie plates to buy since the area is so depressed. Leaving home we thought we could buy small items; couldn't find pie plates, a rolling pin, a lemon squeezer, etc. so Lois improvised. We had found two tin plates, and she rolled the dough out with a glass.) We went to the Andersons for Dinner. They had the Treasurers there. Those names sounded like home. We had a nice dinner. We all watched TV featuring BYU at the Holiday Bowl football game, and BYU won with a very unexpected touchdown. We visited, studied, retired.

**November 25, 1983.** Went to the office at 8:15, worked all day. We tried to go downtown to pick up printing, but it was the Santa Claus Parade, and we couldn't get near. In the evening took Elders Tuttle and Ricks out to Schoenheiders and visited. Dan wasn't there. He had gone bow hunting for deer, and got one, and was delayed getting back. Got groceries and came home and studied and to bed.

**November 26, 1983.** Saturday Went to office most of the day. Came home, studied, went to bed early, didn't feel too good.

**Sunday, November 27, 1983.** Went to sacrament meeting at the First Ward, and met many of the

people. Then went to all the meetings at the Second Ward. Stayed at church. The elders had two baptisms, and we stayed for the baptisms. They had a nice meeting. President and Sister Wyne talked.

"Elder Beers converted the Wynes in Champaign!" Wyne is now in the Stake Presidency. They gave good talks. Bishop Branch welcomed them to the ward.

It was a cold, rainy, windy day. At 7 p.m. We met Elders Tuttle and Ricks out to the Schoenheidlers. We had a wonderful meeting. The elders gave the third discussion and also the baptism challenge. It went over very well and they agreed to read the Book of Mormon. Lois and I both got to answer questions, and give our testimonies. They set the date for December 17. They promised to read and pray and they want to hold Family Home Evening. They are fine people! I conducted the meeting.

**Monday, November 28, 1983.** Did laundry and then went to office for a little while and mailed reports. Went to Mall. Had pictures developed. Had nice lunch. Came home and rested, and then to district study class. Went to a Mrs. Papick, a Catholic widow. Had a nice visit. Her place would be an antique dealers delight. She is a professor at Bradley University and has traveled extensively. Came home, popped corn, read, retired.

**Tuesday, November 29, 1983.** Worked all day--8:15 a.m. to 8:15 p.m. Came home, supper, studied, and to bed.

**Wednesday, November 30, 1983.** Worked in the office all day. New missionaries came in and had orientation, etc. Came home. Hard to believe a month has gone by!

**Thursday, December 1, 1983.** A new month! Had both incoming and outgoing missionaries in office. Busy place! I went with zone leaders to deliver two transfers. Then went to Kewanee to deliver a transfer, and pick up one going home. I was apparently riding "Shotgun", but no problems. 6:18 p.m. got some groceries. Had supper, studied until bedtime

**Friday, December 2, 1983.** Worked all day in office. Busy! Transfers create record keeping problems, checked out money, etc., and got weekly reports done. Seems every day there is a problem with one of the cars! Somehow I've got to get them all licensed this month.

**Saturday, December 3, 1983.** Went to office about 8:10 a.m. worked till about 2:30. Koertges invited us to dinner with them. Went to a nice cafeteria. We had a nice dinner and then went back to their home. Had good discussion till about 8:15 p.m. He had questions and couldn't believe we were only church. Had an ice storm and when we went out, our car was covered with ice! Joe went in and got hot water and poured on the keyhole so we could open the doors. Managed to scrape windows. Got directions mixed, and headed in wrong direction. Finally got oriented and went to mission Home to let the Rigtrups dog in and feed him. He didn't want anything to do with us, and we had a time getting him in. (The Rigtrups were away and asked us to tend their dog).

**Sunday, December 4, 1983.** Went to both wards. Lois and I were asked to teach a class on the spur of the moment, and they didn't know what the lesson was. We improvised and got along okay. Lois bore her testimony in the First Ward and I in the Second. Jim Dempsey, an investigator whom we have helped teach came up after class and thanked me for my testimony.

Came home, fixed dinner. Jeane called. Wrote letter to Bishop and Ervil. By then it was time for bed.

**Monday, December 5, 1983.** "P" day. Laundry, Lois cut my hair. Went to office, checked mail. Lois fixed nice dinner--apple pie, fried chicken, mashed potatoes, hot biscuits, vegetables, and elders came for dinner. We had district meeting. Lois and I then went out to Schoenheidlers for a visit and to invite them to fireside.

**Tuesday, December 6, 1983.** Office all day. Went to Tates for a cottage meeting in evening.

**Wednesday, December 7, 1983.** Office all day. Lois called for appointments in evenings without success. Sisters came over for pie and ice cream--pop corn.

**Thursday, December 8, 1983.** Office all day. Went out to Toones for supper. Came home and

soaked back and leg, and to bed. Read Book of Mormon.

**Friday, December 9, 1983.** Office all day. Lois and I went early to the State Office to see about licenses for autos. They said we had a mess! Filled out applications and said I should take them to Capitol. Went to Mall, and bought snow boots. Saturday Worked in office most of the day. Mailed packages for Christmas then went and visited a lady in the Jewish Housing Center for the elderly. Went to ward Christmas party and saw a good three act play. Saw last of BYU and Saint Mary's game--Y won 106-70.

**Sunday.** Lois and I spoke in the First Ward sacrament meeting. We then attended all the meetings in Second Ward. Studied and Lois called and made appointments. Jeane called, didn't feel well.

**Monday, December 12, 1983.** Lois called Schoenheidlers. We then left for Springfield. Weather was cloudy but nice. The Lord blessed us. We were at the Capital--Secretary of States office almost 5 hours. We didn't have to wait in line at any place and all were very helpful. We got addresses changed, titles changed on cars coming from Missouri. Iowa, Indiana missions and got all plates! They said ordinarily if we had mailed them and there were no problems it would have taken 6 weeks! I managed to talk our way through all the problems on titles, sales tax exemption, etc.

We then made a quick tour of Lincoln's first and new tombs, his home. Very interesting. By then it was almost dark so we headed for Peoria and "home". Had a nice ride. Lights of city were pretty as we came in.

Ate, and soaked my back and leg and exercised, then also took an antiinflammatory pill to help my leg. Lois baked some cookies, and we studied some and went to bed.

**Tuesday, December 13, 1983.** Worked all day in office. Went to President Rigrups in the evening for a very nice Fireside. We had two families promised to come, but they didn't show--Schoenheidlers called and said they were ill.

**Wednesday December 14, 1983.** Office all day. Cold and snowing. Had an appointment but the lady was ill, and he didn't want us to come. We alerted the Relief Society.

**Thursday, December 15, 1983.** Worked all day at office trying to get all reports done--sure seems like a cumbersome system to me!

In evening went to visit the Stubbs, an inactive family, and had a nice visit.

*Lois--we had finally gotten into their home after three tries, and Eldred saw a motorcycle magazine on the coffee table and asked Homer about it. That started it--He was crazy about them and surely enjoyed talking about them.*

*His wife, Donna was a convert from Southern Illinois and she was very nice. After quite a few times of just visiting and finding out about their family, etc. We talked a bit about religion and coming to church with us. Homer said, "the roof will fall in on us". But finally they did come to the investigator's class, and she would go into Relief Society too. We became very good friends and have corresponded many years since.*

**Friday, December 6, 1983.** Didn't feel well. Went to office and was sick and passed out. Ended up in Saint Francis Hospital Emergency, Trauma Center, for two bleeding ulcers. Didn't know I had ulcers. The Lord blessed me and I pulled through--barely. Looks like I am to be given another chance at life! Was treated well at hospital.

*Lois--We went to the office, and he was vomiting blood, and was so sick. I got him to a couch there and put the waste basket next to him, and then I wondered what to do. Just then the door opened and Sister Patti Rigrup, the President's wife, came in. She said she had seen our car in the parking lot, and wondered why we would be working today (Saturday) since her husband was touring the mission. She went immediately to the telephone and called him in Iowa. He said to get Brother D. C. Young, a High Councilman, to come get him in his van.*

*Brother Young came immediately, and then the problem was to get Eldred up the stairs. Brother Young went around the back which wasn't so steep and he and I were trying to "carry" him, and some man in that back office was working that day and ran over and helped Brother Young get Eldred up the steps and into the van. I sat by Eldred all the way and would say, "Are you all right?" He would reply with an "a huh". Sister Rigrup drove our car, and Brother Young sped to the Trauma Center.*

*We got to the Emergency room door and a policeman was there. He took one look at Eldred and grabbed a*



wheelchair, rolled him in it and rushed him down the hall. They told me to register him in. Sister Rigtrup stayed for a time, but needed to go, so I sat in the waiting room. A doctor came out and asked me if he had leukemia, and I said, "Yes, CLL". He said nothing else and went back in.

Time passed, and I finally went into the area and saw three or four people working on him, so I went back out and started wondering who I would call to get them to come drive the car home. He had talked of his funeral, so I was thinking about that too. I told Heavenly Father, "Thy will be done", and I knew that whatever happened would be for the best.

After three and a half hours a nurse came and said they were taking him to Intensive Care and for me to come. Eldred saw me and said, "Why didn't you let me go?" I said, "I had nothing to do with it".

President Rigtrup had called the elders, and the Assistant Elders, Tuttle and Ricks and told them to get to the hospital and locate the Sisters and tell them to go stay with me. I could go in and see Eldred five minutes every hour unless they were caring for him and then I would have to wait another hour. The elders were allowed to go in and give him a blessing, and they gave me one too. Sister Tuckett and Sister Bailey stayed all night at the hospital with me, and we slept on the couches. The nurses said Eldred was doing all right.

A young fellow in the ward was a paramedic, and he told us that they had never seen anyone so close to death and not die. The strange thing was that he had no pulse, no heart beat, and was in shock, but he could talk. He could answer their questions. Finally they put a shunt from his shoulder across his chest and directly to the heart and started giving him blood, and then things started to change. He said he could feel that and it really hurt. Dr. Wyne said he had a bleeding ulcer.

Dr. Wyne said Eldred converted all the nurses in the Unit, Ha!, but he gave them the word. Eldred came home in three days.

Came "home" Tuesday night. It was good to be back. The doctor said that I was to take it easy.

It has been very cold, but now a record cold for Peoria, 19 degrees below zero with a strong wind. Thursday, Lois went to the office and I stayed home and tried to build strength back. Friday she went to office.

**Saturday, December 23, 1983.** Cold and below zero. Went over to office to make out bank deposit. Got it made. I think it may have been a mistake to go—I felt terrible and my stomach was churning. Spent most of the day in bed reading.

Sure hope I can get feeling good so I can do the job I'm called for. I'm sincerely grateful to be given another chance at life. The Lord has blessed me exceedingly over the years, more than I have a right to expect. I want you to know that I appreciate the gospel and my family more than anything in this world—and I appreciate each and every one of them! I want all to know that I appreciate being here on a mission with Mom. I know the church is true and led by a prophet.

**December 27, 1983.** We had a nice Christmas. Weather record cold, county roads blocked. Many of mission cars wouldn't run. Since I am still not up to par, we stayed in.

Toones brought us a nice dish of candy. The sisters brought us breakfast. The elders came over and visited. We talked to all the kids on phone and they all seemed to be okay. Talked to Mom and Dad and Helen. I was surprised how coherent Dad was on the phone.

Lois and I had our first Christmas away from home—it was different, but made us appreciate one another and the gospel. We studied somewhat in between times.

**January 1, 1984.** Stayed in most of the past week on the Monday evenings. We had the elders over for supper, and district meeting. Elder Burgess came back and caught up my work at office. I went to office on this afternoon for a little while and Elder Burgess went back to Pekin. Ralph and Helena stopped by, came over and saw our apartment and then left for Saint Louis. They wouldn't stop because of cold and snow—been down to -15 degrees and wind chill up to -80 degrees.

Went to the office Friday afternoon for a little while.

**Saturday.** Went over to K-Mart to get some things and got tired quickly.

**Sunday.** Went to church. The Schoenheidlers were there. Pleased to see them. I was disgusted with the Elders quorum instructor—all he did was bring up bad or questionable items about church—sure made a poor impression!! I interrupted and told him he should look for the good things!

Went out to Maughans for a nice dinner. Came home and popped corn. Bruce called and had a nice visit.

**Wednesday, January 11, 1984.** Time goes quickly. Have worked in office every day, getting stronger.

Went out to Schoenheiders on Sunday afternoon and had a nice visit and took the kids a few small presents. Dan Schoenheider was in church Sunday with son. Wife went to her church. We and the elders were quite disappointed. However she welcomed us when we stopped for a visit.

Sunday morning they combined the two wards. With the recession and Caterpillar laying off so many, many members had moved away. They also combined two Morton Wards and two Bloomington Wards. Lois has been teaching a young Iranian hairdresser of Armenian descent.

**Thursday,** Sister Bailey home from the hospital. Took her out to the Pexton's. Went to the office for an hour and then to a fine zone conference. Took Sister Tuckett to lunch at Burger King, and then picked up Sister Bailey. Back to office, got some work done.

Brother Schoenheider called and wanted me to confirm them members of the church!--a real exciting privilege! Came home and went to bed early. Didn't feel all that great--got bill from the hospital \$5197.80. (We sent it to our insurance).

**Saturday**--the Schoenheiders were baptized--an exciting event. I had the privilege of confirming them members of the church. They had a nice reception afterwards. The ward people did a fine job.

**Sunday, January 15, 1984.** They were in church and people welcomed them. We went home. I didn't feel well all week. Sister Bailey was released and went home. The weather has been cold! Down to -16 degrees below zero and windy.

*Lois--Sometimes the only car in the mission that would start would be ours, and often Eldred went around getting cars started--even the President's had trouble.*

Worked in the office all week, didn't feel too well. Stayed home at nights--not visiting inactives, etc. as usual. Busy week for Lois, "mission transfers". Had to work full day Saturday.

Had baptism in the evening--4 were baptized including Diane Warner, who we have helped teach. Reception afterwards. Then Ward Social and Dinner--nice group.

Schoenheiders came and we had a nice visit Sunday, they were in church and had new clothes. He was ordained to Aaronic Priesthood. Didn't stop for missionary meeting as I was tired. Came home.

Bruce called and we had a nice "visit". They wanted us to see what we could do about a lady they converted in California who moved to Illinois. We checked directory and called Stake President, etc., and found Glen Teeple formerly of Ogden is Stake Patriarch and lives in the same town. We called lady and Patriarch's wife and they agreed to contact one another.

**Sunday, January 14, 1984.** Been a busy week. I have been feeling better. We got in 9 new missionaries--four are converts. One is a Jewish lady of 40 from Texas, one from California, one from England, and one from Australia. We also have a boy from Germany that came a while ago.

Had a very nice combined Stake and mission meeting Saturday morning. Our time is half over--got to get working harder.

**February 12, 1984.** Four months since we entered the mission home. Has been a busy month. I've been feeling better. Dr. Wyne said ulcers were healed and blood up to within two grams.

January 20 it was -19 degrees below zero. Winter has been cold but we have been well and car has worked very well!

Dean Warner baptize on January 21st. There was a ward party that night.

We celebrated our 40th Wedding Anniversary. Lois took cake and punch to the office--not too many came by, but enjoyed it.

We got the Persian-Armenian literature and Book of Mormon to give to Arsena and her folks. Jeane got it for us.

On the 29th of January, there was a "live" fireside from Salt Lake City, and it was very good--for husbands and wives only.

Had X-ray on February 2 and they turned out fine. Went to Heinz for dinner.

*Lois--we met this young couple in Ohio when we went to visit Janet, and they moved out here.*

On February 3, we went to Dr. Wyne's home for a group meeting. On the 5th we had Arsena and

her folks to church, and also the Stubbs came. Nice to have them come! On the 8th the Stubbs came to Relief Society and he and I visited for two hours until it was over. Went to Keortges Thursday and Saturday and asked him to be baptized, but he won't give in--we have tried our best. He is very friendly and enjoys all the "benefits" but doesn't want any responsibility. He has had missionaries for 50 years.

Church today and then went out to Garold and Lana Seamons, but they had company so we didn't stay. They had a large, lovely family and he was in the Presidency of the Mission. Made out reports and Lois wrote letters and played the organ.

**February 13, 1984.** P day. Did laundry and wrote letters. Went for a ride in the afternoon. Stopped and saw Sister Seamons, then rode around the country. It was a beautiful Spring day! Got the car washed. Had district meeting in the evening and Lois typed letters and etc. for the zone conference.

**February 14, 1984.** Very good zone conference. Worked in office in late afternoon. Delivered Valentines to Stubbs and Schoenheiders and visited. Bruce and Ralph called.

**February 20, 1984.** Busy in office all week. Went to group meeting. President Rigtrup spoke--only one investigator there. But he is never disappointed--gave a fine talk. He had driven all the way from Memphis, Missouri to be at the meeting. Stubbs took us to dinner and had a really fine smorgasbord. Best I've ever seen. Then they took us all over the towns and pointed out points of interest. They took us to Mosewell's in East Peoria and showed many of the Caterpillar plants--I never had any idea it was so large and so many different plants.

**Week ending February 27, 1984.** Went with Brother Gilleck, a blind man to visit a contact. Then went up to his apartment. He has a talking computer to keep his bowling scores on. The Armenians from Iran went to church with us--they thought it quite different.

President and Sister Rigtrup asked us to stay longer. Had bad stormy weather and blizzard. Doctor said ulcers were healed and I needn't come back to see him. Leukemia, white count at 43,000 which is great!

*Lois--Eldred's white count was just about the same as it was when we left home.*

Reinhart Kowallis called to say hello, and that his son Kent is in the bishopric down in Mattoon, Illinois. It is in our mission, but I don't think we'll get a chance to go there--we are "tied to the office".

**Week ending March 5, 1984.** Had several appointments cancel out this week. We went to dinner at Eckhoff's home. They are both converts. He is a bridge engineer. Had a nice dinner and visit. She is nice, but dislikes thoughts of polygamy and Joseph Smith destroying Exposition Press in Nauvoo. A lot of anti Mormon literature is going around!

Stubbs went with us to the Satellite fireside--it was great! Lois had to lead the singing. We had the Stubbs over to our apartment for ice cream and hot chocolate fudge sauce. They loved it!

Hurt my back on Sunday 4th and couldn't get out of bed. Had lots of phone calls and elders, and the Seamons family and kids, all came by with get well cards. The elders gave me a blessing, and I got back to work on Tuesday. Visited several families during the week--the Slaters were converted by the Osmonds.

Went with Brother Gilleck, the blind man. He had the directions, and for awhile we almost got lost but finally found the place. I went to the back and pounded on the door. She came and I told her who I was and she invited us in. Had a nice visit. She had told church member not to come back. We have had several nice visits with the Koertges and we have had some good discussions, but he won't give in yet.

Went to Van S--? for dinner. They have a little deaf girl that I've talked to. They were glad to see us. They had 11 cats in the house.

President Rigtrup invited us over for the going away dinner for the 9 out-going elders. Elder Burgess, Nielsen, Hardt, Ward, and Ricks that have helped us so much and who we are surely going to miss.

Had a nice dinner and then had a great testimony meeting. Saturday night was Road Shows and Lois and I and two sister missionaries had to judge it. It was fun!

**Sunday.** Had a discussion in priesthood meeting about keeping Sabbath. I read from D&C and gave my views. They didn't quite agree and mentioned all the BYU ball plays who turn Pro and play on Sunday, etc.



**March 10, 1984.** President Rigtrup gave us permission to go with the Stubbs to the Dixon Mounds Museum. It is an interesting burial ground of former Indian culture.

They took us to dinner afterwards. Homer had problems with his new Buick Diesel auto--we almost didn't get back. He pulled into his driveway and it stopped completely. He used another car to take us home.

Have been working in the office keeping things going and then going out visiting nights. Went to Pextons for Dinner on Sunday.

**Monday.** We went to the Johnson's at Bartonville. Had nice visit and dinner. Came back for district meeting. We are training the new elders to take over our places. They are Elder Heiner of Idaho and Elder Oborn from Deweyville. Went to the Seamons for dinner and it was very nice.

Off two days Wednesday and Thursday with a bad cold. Went to Koertges and Lois took our pressure cooker and showed him how to make applesauce. He wanted some fresh. It turned out well--he froze most of it, and was delighted he could do it.

**Sunday, April 1, 1984.** Sister Seamons brought a beautifully decorated cake for each pair of missionaries. When we took it home for dinner and went to cut it, it was rubber sponge. Ha! April Fools!

*Lois--Eldred called their home and said that he was from "Food and Drug Administration" and had received a complaint--they really laughed at that!*

**Tuesday night.** We went to Martins.

**Wednesday April 4, 1984.** Went to Ray Dietrich and Mike Stubbs and discussed their problems, and went over the Gospel. They agreed to take the discussions.

**March 31, 1984.** I almost skipped this--my 65th birthday! Guess I wanted to forget it, Ha. All of the kids called and it was nice to talk to them. Bruce called a few days earlier, because he was on his way to Paris, France for business.

President Rigtrup gave us permission and we rode over to Nauvoo. Nice to go as missionaries! the weather was nice though cool, saw a "cardinal" along by the road.

The missionaries almost pounced on us when we came in the Visitor Center. They don't get many people during the winter months. One sister said she dreaded next winter, it is so boring and nothing to do. They envied us. They are not allowed to do any proselyting or teach the Gospel.

The ward could surely use all the help they could get, but Dr. Kimball only allows them to go to their own meetings which he conducts. They did not get to go to the Mission Training Center, they came straight from home. They learn their own little speech or skit for the building they are in and give it over and over again. I would soon get boring, especially when no visitors come. This actually is the Nauvoo Restoration program.

We had thought in the beginning we would have liked to have been called there--we are surely glad we were not! There are 37 couples there, ex-bishops, stake presidents, etc.--a waste of good talent. They were instructed to bring hobbies, etc. with them for the winter-time when there are few visitors, and this is the way they pass the time.

*Lois--President Rigtrup called us into his office and told us of our release time, and thanked us for coming. We were the first mission couple into that mission, and several times after coming home President Rigtrup called and asked if we could possibly come back. We surely wish we could have, but we had Grandpa and Grandma Erickson in our home after that. He gave us our Weekly Report sheets we sent to him, and then the three of us prayed together. We hated to leave.*

*We were released 26 April 1984, and arrived home the 13th of May, 1984, where we received a beautiful plaque from our children which read:*

*"We the Erickson Family . . . by this token express our appreciation to Eldred and Lois Erickson, more affectionately known as Dad and Mom, Grandpa and Grandma, for your excellent example of righteous living most recently exemplified by serving well in the Illinois Peoria Mission. Given this 13th day of May, 1984 by your grateful Family!"*

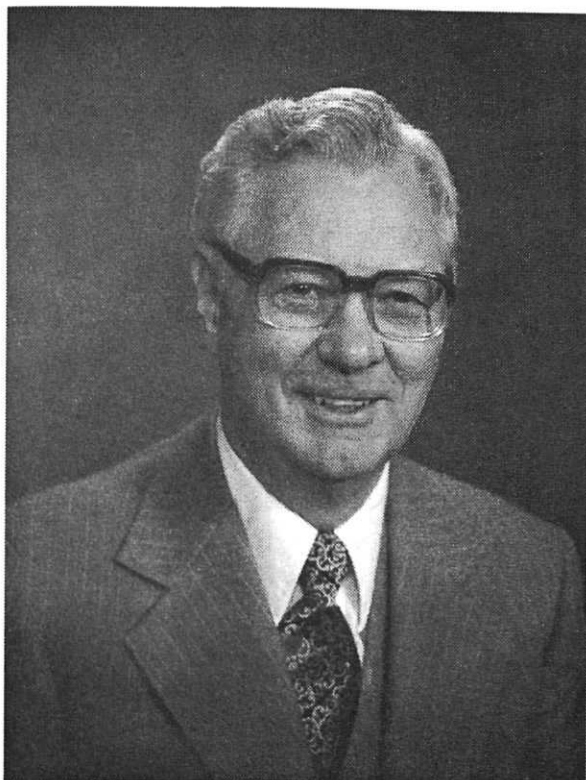
## Eldred's Testimony

As you know, I've never been very good at expressing my feelings or communicating. Mother has always been the "communicator". The Lord has been good to me and given me another chance. I'm sincerely grateful to him for the opportunity I have been given to at least bear my testimony to you one more time. The Lord has blessed me exceedingly over the years. More than I have any right to expect. I have made mistakes and have not always been as diligent as I could have been, but he has blessed me anyway. I guess he feels about his children as I do you. I want you to know that I appreciate the Gospel and my family more than anything in the world. I appreciate you for all the help you have given me over the years, and the fact that we have had no real problems that I am aware.

I appreciate the opportunity of coming on this mission--I don't know how much good I'll be able to do others, but as President Kimball said, "Those who go reap more benefits than the Church or those to whom they teach".

I want you to know that I love you. I want you to know that I know the Church is true and led by a prophet of God, and I want you to know that I believe in prayer. Many, many times have my prayers been answered--not always as I desired at the time and thought they should be, but over the years I've come to see that they were answered for my best good.

This testimony of Eldred Hilmar Erickson was written while on his mission to Peoria, Illinois (1983-1984). It was found folded and taped to the inside back cover of his mission journal.



Eldred Erickson, October 1983.



Harold Strand, 1983.

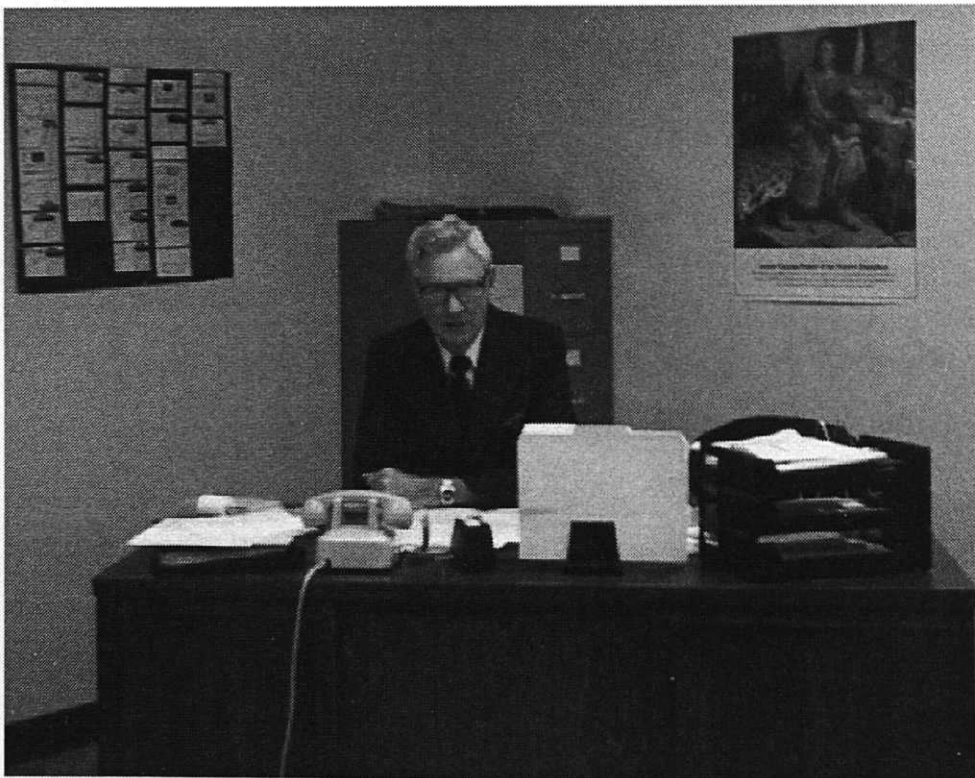


The "Crowd" in 1983. Back row: Kurt and Ludene Carroll, Cecil and Larae Jorgensen, Weldon Cragun, Vaughan Larsen, Eldred Erickson, Doug Mitton, Roland Anderson, Jay Rhees. Middle row: Marjorie Strand, Blanche Mitton, Gladys Larsen. Front row: Harold Strand, Margaret and Leon Jones, Dorothy Anderson, Lois Erickson, Sally Cragun, Connie Rhees.





Peoria Mission Home, Illinois Peoria Mission, 1983.  
President Brent R. Rigtrup, Eldred Erickson, Lois Erickson, and Sister Patti Rigtrup.



Eldred in the Peoria Mission office, 1984.



Elder Erickson, Elder and Sister Cuthbert, and Sister Erickson, Peoria Mission, 1984.



Departing the Peoria Mission, 1984.



Eldred and Lois Erickson.  
Mission homecoming, 1984.



Eldred and Lois Erickson, 1984.



Eldred and Lois' 41st Wedding Anniversary, January 1985.  
Back left to right: Chris, Keli, Julie, David, Susan, Jim, Nancy, and Ray.  
Front left to right: Bruce, Ellen, Eldred, Lois, Jeane, and Janet.

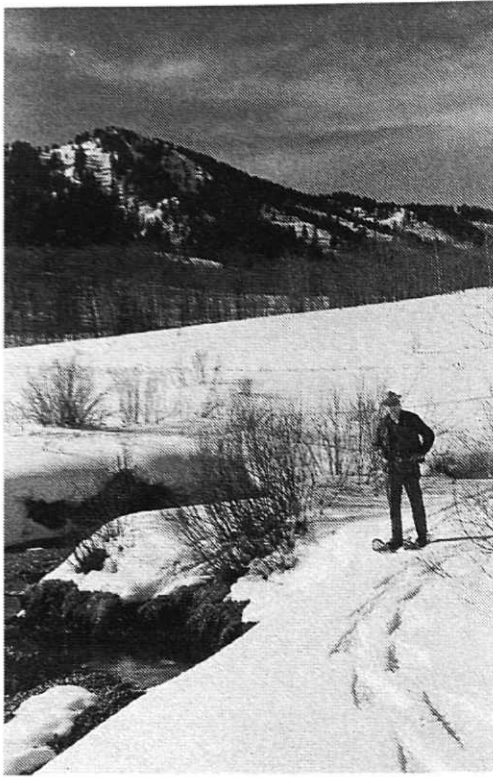




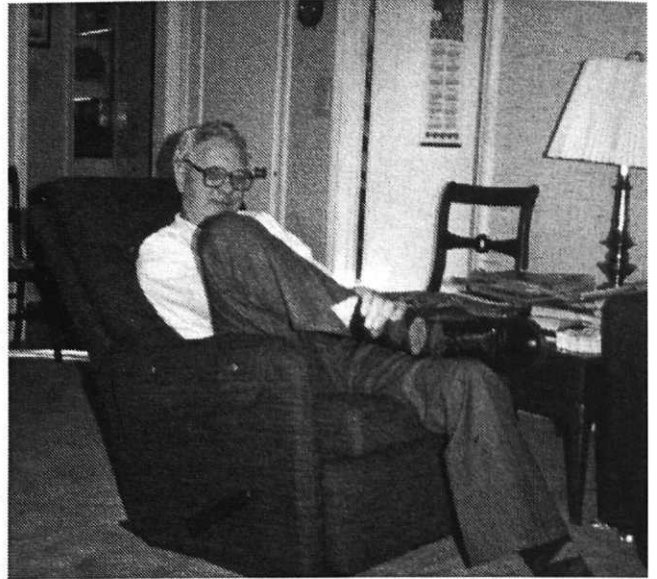
At the North Ogden cemetery after Luetta Randall's funeral, 1985.  
Left to right: Lois, Eldred, and Helen Noble.



The Erickson Family, 1985. Back: Ray, Jim, Bruce, Randy, David, and Chris.  
Middle: Ellen, Nancy and Brian, Susan, Joyce and Cindy, Lois, Eldred, Janet, Julie and Katie, Keli and Genna, and Jeane.  
Back: Nathan, Russell, Darren, Andrea, Brent, Amy, Heidi, Lara and Mark, Michelle and Heather, Kevin, Keith, Kendall,  
Kent, Karen, Karl, Rachel, Kyle, John, Emily, Michael, and Jared.



Eldred at Snow Basin and Wheeler Peak.  
Winter 1985-1986.



Eldred in his Pleasant View, Utah home, 1986.



Eldred on the South Fork of the Ogden River, Winter 1985-1986.  
The snowshoes are some he restored.



Eldred and Lois in Yellowstone National Park, 1987.



Eldred at Isa Lake, Yellowstone National Park, 1987.





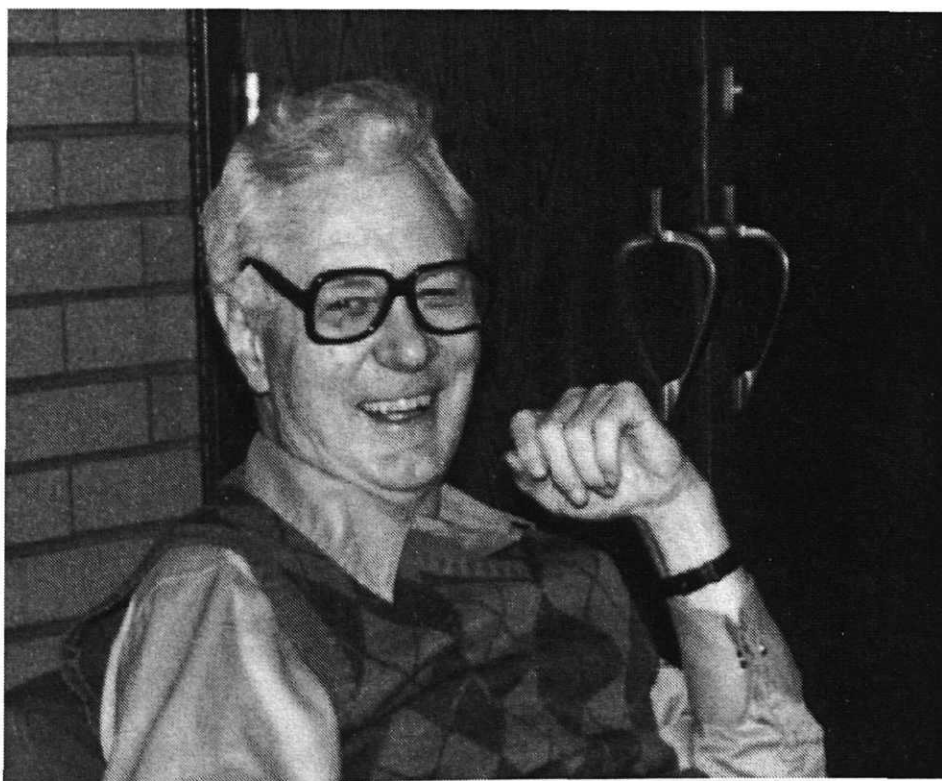
Eldred and Lois, Temple Square Mission, 1987.



Eldred and Lois at a Halloween party, 1987.



Eldred and Lois, Grand Marshalls of Pleasant View's Founders Day Parade, 1988.



Eldred at family Christmas party, 1988.



45th Wedding Anniversary portrait, January 1989.

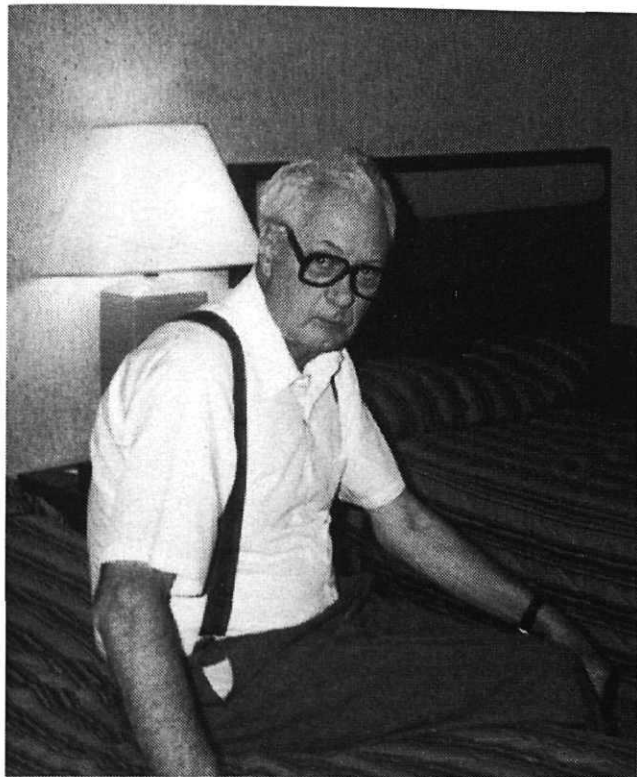


The Erickson Family, Summer 1989.  
Back: Bruce, Janet, Susan, David, Nancy, and Chris.  
Front: Ellen, Lois, Eldred, and Jeane.

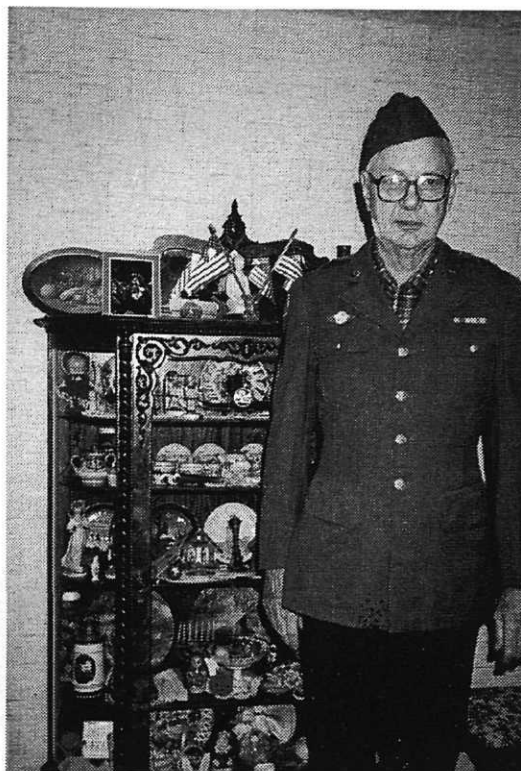


The Erickson Family, Summer 1989. Back: Rachel, Heidi, Karen, Kendall, Keli, Andrew, Chris, Jeane, Steven, Susan, Ashley, Jim, Julie, Katie, David, Nancy, Ray, Ellen, Michelle, and Brent. Middle: Kent, Michael, Randy, Nathan, Kyle, Janet, Kurt, Lois, Eldred, Joyce, Bruce, Mark, Amy, Karl, and Darren. Front: Russell, Daniel, Steven, Brian, Annette, Allison, Genna, Philip, Andrea, Emily, Katie, Jared, and John.





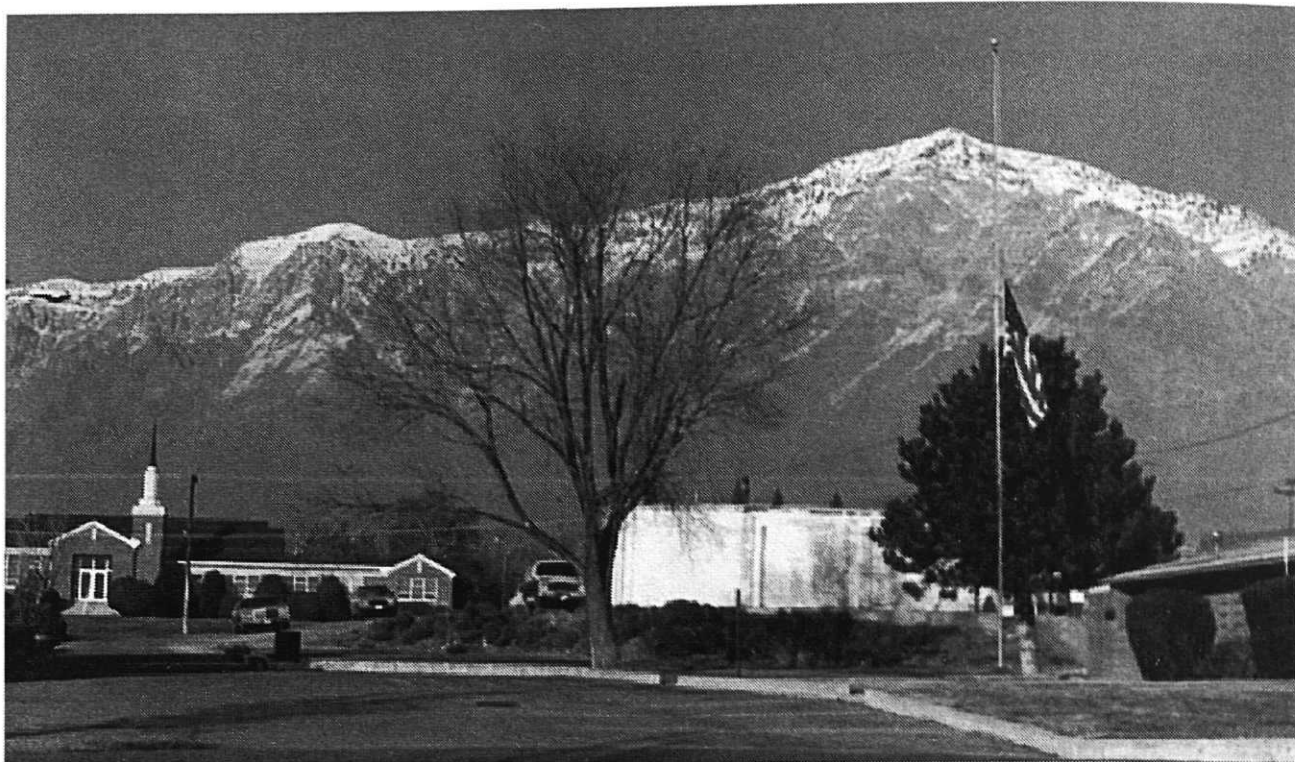
Eldred in Provo for a Mosquito Abatement convention, October 1989.



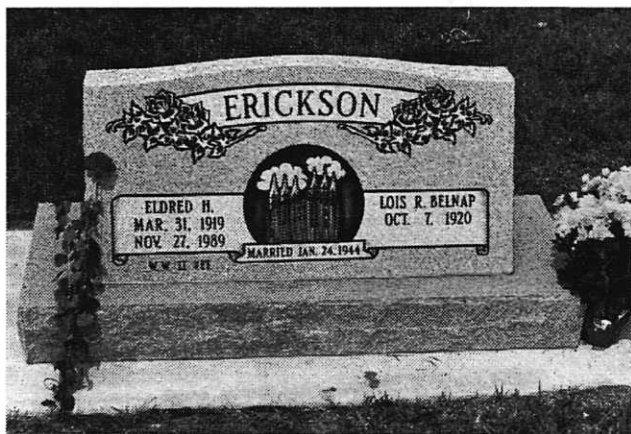
Eldred in his old Army uniform for Veterans Day. Pleasant View home, November 11, 1989.



Eldred Hilmar Erickson's coffin in Myers Mortuary, November 1989.



Pleasant View City Building's flag flown at half mast for the death of former mayor Eldred H. Erickson.  
November, 1989.



Grave marker front, North Ogden Cemetery.  
North Ogden, Utah.



Grave marker back, North Ogden Cemetery.  
"One Man's Family" is a phrase Eldred once used to describe his family in a stake program.

## Memories of Eldred Erickson (written 1998-2000)

### Lois Erickson's Memories

A Tribute To My husband and Dearest Friend--Eldred 1919-1989

He is a special man who filled my life with joy, love, and happiness, and humor. It is impossible to record his almost 71 years in detail, but they are daily remembered.

He is wise, and gained his knowledge through hard work, and diligence by examples of his family, who were very hard workers, and people who struggled to survive in a time when "nothing was easy" and required skill and perseverance at every task.

He tried to teach his family by reciting the "correct" way--one needed to be thrifty, pay his tithing, obey the Lord's commandments, etc.

He was slow to anger, and disliked disciplining his children for fear that they would not like him. He lived in an age when parents "always knew best", and he was obedient, truthful, trustworthy, and kind.

He developed his extreme patience by learning to tie flies, and sold them for school money. Needless to say he was a great fisherman, but he loved fishing in pretty country and was always happiest when his family was with him. He loved making "perfect" fly rods for friends and family.

Harold Strand, a special friend, says occasionally, "Tell Eldred I used his fly rod today". We all feel his spirit close.

He was in the U. S. Army Signal Corp attached to Mountain Infantry (Corlett's Long Knives) during World War II. He served for three and a half years and was mustered out of the U. S. Air Force at Alexandria Air Force Base. Bruce was 11 months old, and Eldred had only seen him for one day.

He then commuted to the University of Utah under the GI Bill, and graduated in Accounting and with a minor in Economics.

He was a leader, not only of his family, but at work, in the church, and community. He was intelligent, a CPA and dealt easily with money, but disliked a lot of paper work--he always felt there was a better system--he was concise.

He was an outstanding mayor and accomplished many worthwhile projects, most of the time with volunteer help. He received no money for the many hours he spent, but he didn't expect any either. He was always willing to give freely of his time, hence he spent all of his vacation time when he was a bishop, at funerals, or when he was on the Weber County Board of Education.

He attended the AASA National Academy Skill Institute for a public relations course; he took special educational training in Dallas Texas, was often a member of the Weber County Oral Board to instruct them in the ways of the department; he completed special training in Tennessee. He served on the Mosquito Abatement Board, and when president, created a retirement program and was always encouraging them to be thrifty and save tax dollars. He was appointed liaison between the Utah Department of Security and the IRS.

In 1974 he received a letter of commendation from D. Mark Barton, Director of Admissions Adviser Program of BYU, thanking him for the years he had spent as Admission Advisor for the Pleasant View Utah Stake.

He was National Treasurer of the Sons of the Pioneers. He loved Pleasant View and served as Justice of the Peace, and on the Board of Adjustments and Planning Commission.

He was a spiritual man--a bishop. He loved the Lord dearly, and had a strong testimony of the Gospel. He loved the people, and was always concerned about the youth--encouraging youth choruses, activities, and missionaries.

Eldred always said, "By their fruits he shall know them". When bearing his testimony he always asked for forgiveness if he had offended anyone.

His favorite story was when "Daniel saw the rock cut out of the mountain without hands and roll on to fill the whole world". Eldred loved preaching the Gospel!

He was proud to serve in the North Central States Mission. Here, he said, while standing in his overcoat by a pot-bellied stove in an attic he read and reread the scriptures. He knew the Bible well. Missionaries at that time taught mainly from the Bible. They were asked to speak in Protestant churches, and yet were hated, put in jail, threatened, etc. North Dakota was the last area in the United States to have a stake of Zion, and he wept when it was announced.

We always held Family Home Evenings, and gave the prescribed lessons. Our precious family never objected nor were rebellious, and we always had fun--always activities, treats or desserts.



We did have vacations, though almost every year we would spend a weekend in Yellowstone Park, a favorite place. He and I went one year on August 25th, Christmas time in the Park, and enjoyed visiting Hamilton Stores, Old Faithful Lodge, etc.

The family often went to Southern Utah as soon as school was out, and camped, hiked, and took most any dirt road to--somewhere? He loved exploring, and having been president of the Geology club at Weber College we were fascinated by fossils and rocks--most of the family still like rocks!

He liked guns, and had received a 22 when he was five years old. He knew how to shoot and clean them; studied the velocity of shells, etc., and would exchange one that had been remodeled and finished in fine order (the stocks would feel like velvet) for an old one to work on. He insisted his boys take the gun safety course, and was always cautious. A gun stood by our back door for years and no one would ever touch it unless he brought it out to shoot at cans. He always had a "Shooters Bible".

He was a reader--a fast reader. He always could remember which books and what he had read. Interestingly, he always read the end first to see if the book was worth spending his time on. He was a good gardener, and like his father, disliked weeds and ugly spots. Always improvement! He was a 4-H leader for 21 years, and he planted and raised the best produce and animals that he knew how.

We enjoyed our raspberry patch--he picked on one side and I on the other, and we visited and discussed problems. We always had a huge garden and orchard. At one time we had 10 long 50 foot rows of grapes which we sold and bottled for winter--always at least 100 quarts.

Most of the time we planted 165 or more tomato plants, plus 10 long rows of Blue Lake beans, etc. He wanted us to be self-reliant. Our family was always very helpful. All eight of the children went to the National 4-H Congress in Chicago with various projects they excelled in.

He believe in always being on time (ahead of time), and was dependable and honest. He enjoyed a good joke.

He loved each of his children equally, and when one came near he had a comb handy for them to comb his beautiful brown, then silver-colored hair.

I always cut his hair. He was clean, and he made sure his clothes looked just right, and liked clip-on ties in later years.

He had almost perfect teeth. He was 6 feet three inches tall, and was taller then his sons. He clipped his finger and toe nails perfectly, and had long, slender fingers.

He loved his own family dearly, Luetta Randall Erickson, Hilmar E. Erickson, Helen, and Leonard, a cousin. They were always good to us and to our family.

We cemented our friendship when we enjoyed two missions--one to the Illinois Peoria Mission in 1983-1984, and the Temple Square Mission in Salt Lake City where we were tour guides, 1987-1988.

Our lives have been filled with great memories of happiness, sorrows, joys, and special love. We welcomed our eight children and then their special spouses, and love our grandchildren and great grandchildren. He was so proud of them all, and loved them dearly.

He suffered Chronic Lymphocytic Leukemia for almost 11 years without a complaint--he was strong and courageous. He died in the McKay-Dee Hospital, 6 am, Nov. 27, 1989. He was going to come home that morning.

This sketch is past and present tense, for we know that he lives, is working beyond the veil, and yet loves us and is concerned about us--**He is a Great Man--My Dearest Friend!**

## Harold Strand's Memories

My friend Eldred:

Eldred knew what he was doing when he made me a light weight fly rod. I have used it three times during the last two weeks (April 98) while fishing small streams. Of course I thought of Eldred and all of the good times we had, not only fishing but at other times also. He was and is a good friend.

I always enjoyed his stories and he had plenty of them. Stories about fishing trips with friends and special trips into the Uintahs. Naturalist basin seemed to be his favorite area.

Always seemed to talk about Dale Browning and Reinhart Kowallis and some of the adventures he had in the past with them. Always seemed to have a new joke or two.

As a guide he didn't amount to much. Why, let me tell you. One time Bert, Eldred, and I were going to fish Saddle creek above Hardware Ranch. When we arrived there was no water in the stream so we decided to head for Logan Canyon. Eldred said he knew the way through the back country to reach the sinks in upper Logan canyon. So off we went and after wandering around for half a day we finally ended up in Meadowville. Long ride from there to Logan. We fired the guide service after that.

And I said during his funeral, as soon as I met Eldred I felt that I known him before and that we were good friends from some where in the past. Eldred told me that I was the brother that he never had.

How is that for a compliment?

Eldred liked to read. I would bring him books, sometimes they were books that took me weeks to read, they would take him only half a day. He would call me and tell me that he was already finished and I could come and pick it up, the amazing thing was he could remember what he had read. But he could read a whole book in half a day without any difficulty. Amazing!

I am proud to be considered a friend of Eldred.

## Helen Nobel's Memories

When I started to think of different things we did as a family, and things Eldred did as my brother, my mind wandered back over the years and I remembered:

Sleigh riding down the hill in back of him on 7th Street on his little red sleigh, then later on that sleigh by myself with him on his new shiny Flexible flyer up at Grandpa Randall's.

The "Bug" he built and painted blue. I was impressed as I "speeded" down the sidewalk, my feet pedaling fast as I could.

Crawling in bed beside Leonard and Eldred, when Mom and Dad were out dancing at the Berthana, and hear Leonard's bedtime story that always began, "It was a dark and stormy night . . ."

Eldred and Wayne Christensen at the work bench in the basement, creating something, with not a word spoken. Wayne was deaf. And Wayne calling (which was the custom on those days) at the front door, "Elvood" in the hollowness of those who don't know how their voice sounds.

Flying through the air on the cable ride Eldred and Wayne built. With everyone in the neighborhood waiting for turns.

Climbing high in the big Box Elder tree to reach the tree house they built--when it was allowed. It was for boys only.

Riding down the creek in the tin tub he fixed up with a motor.

Listening to his crystal set radio. It seemed such a miracle!

Watching him make arrows to shoot at a target in the backyard, with our dog Blackie anxiously waiting to bring them back, with instructions not to touch the feathers.

Eldred catching a huge black widow spider on our apricot tree which was so big, that Boyle's furniture store put it in their window--but only after Eldred and Wayne let it win spider fights; it was always the victor! Ugh!

Memories of Christmas, Thanksgiving, and Memorial Day at Grandpa Randall's. I've included these in a small booklet, "Reading of the Will".

Eldred working at Grants, stocking shelves.

Eldred walking down the aisles at church the first time they did away with the musical numbers that accompanied the sacrament. Our floors were wood. I can still see Eldred trying to walk carefully so his shoes wouldn't be so noisy.

His missionary farewell and him leaving. It didn't seem possible for him to be going for two years. He loved home and it wasn't easy for him. He liked his privacy so to have a companion all the time concerned him.

A letter from him with a story about a peach and chastity. It was while I was dating. The moral was not to touch the peach, it would bruise easily. I included this in a book I wrote.

Eldred coming home from his mission, walking down the street, Blackie at the window, recognizing him, running to the door then jumping up in his arms.

Going to Fort Douglas with the folks when he was going in the service. Cousin Elden Yorgasson was there too.

Letters from him during the war and worrying about where he was going overseas. Finally a letter with a code in the first line saying where, "A dinner at Keeleys" ADAK.

The wedding and the reception. As a bridesmaid, I had to dance around the hall, with a boy that was shorter than I.

Eldred, Dad and Leonard and their fishing and hunting. One time Eldred got shot while they were duck hunting. Mom was so mad. She said, "And we don't even like to eat duck!"

All the special family times. Picnics in the backyard and in Pleasant View. The camping at Tony's Grove. the family trips to Grand Canyon and the Southern Utah parks and the biggie--the one to the 1962 Seattle World's Fair with Jeane missing the trip to the top of the Space Needle because Sid was tending her and he didn't like heights.

Proud. . . can I say proud? . . . that Eldred overcame his public reserve to serve as town mayor and bishop.

He loved nature and was a true sportsman.

Thankful that he spoke at Eric's missionary farewell, on Sid's behalf, with a joke that Sid might have told. Eldred said, "I always liked to tell Sid a joke because I knew it would get a lot of mileage". A truer word was never spoken.

Working together to care for our folks in their declining years. Sometimes difficult, but we loved them and did our best.

And . . . There's more, much I will remember after I have finished this. I hope my memories as his only sister will help make this history more complete. Thank you for including me in Eldred's history. Love, Helen.

## Bruce Eldred Erickson's Memories

My Tribute To Dad and Mom. January 16, 1999

When I think about Dad, I think about Mom as well. I think of them as a team. Consequentially, I will describe their strengths as a team. Since Mom is still alive, and Dad is not far away, I will use the present tense to describe them.

If I were to highlight some of their strengths it would be these (which are not in any particular order):

Dad and Mom are very hard workers. They understood the importance and value of working hard and accomplishing something. I learned to work by working along side them. They set the example and led the way. I love to work and enjoy the feelings that come with being productive. I have since learned that work is a principle of great importance. If I could pass one thing on to my children, besides the desire to obtain a testimony, it would probably be the importance of work.

Dad and Mom are very thrifty and made very good use of their money. I believe that was in part due to the fact that they always paid their tithing. Although I never saw their bank account balance, I always had the feeling that they never went into debt except for the cars and the house. I never had the feeling that they were extravagant or wasteful. Certainly the theme "waste not, want not" typified their lives.

I am so thankful to be raised in a home where the gospel was lived and taught. How important that is in these last days where the home and the family are under such destructive pressures. I know that they repeatedly sacrificed for their family. They always felt that it was most important that we go on vacations together as a family. During all the years I lived at home, I don't ever remember them going on a vacation without the family.

I believe that we (the children) sensed that they continually sacrificed for us. It was always helpful seeing them serve in the Church wherever they were called. They set the example of having a testimony and doing what the Lord wanted them to do.

I appreciated growing up in a home where Dad and Mom followed the prophets.

The theme of listening to General Conference and doing what the Brethren wanted has been one of the dominant themes in my life, due large measure to their example. I remember one October that duck season opened on General Conference Saturday and we were hunting. The weather was very beautiful, the skies were partly cloudy, and the water was calm and smooth as glass and the vegetation around the water reflected so beautifully.

Amidst all that beauty, we had the radio on listening to Conference. I don't remember anything that was said, but it helped reinforce in my mind that no matter what we were doing, we needed to listen when the Brethren speak.

I remember the role that music played in our home and the feelings of the Spirit that it can evoke. To this day, the hymns, are still my most favorite songs. Most of the feelings of Christmas I have come when I listen to the Christmas hymns. Too bad that today's society has nearly killed God and all Christmas hymns that speak of him.

I have fond memories of the time spent with Dad deer hunting, fishing and hiking. The beauty of these experiences was magnified by the joy that we learned from Mom and Dad about the beauties of nature, especially the beauty of flowers. We've seen so many, beautiful delicate flowers when we've been together in the mountains. My feelings of nature and the beautiful creation that we live in makes we want to live better. Amid all of these beauties is man, the greatest of all of God's creations.

When I think of the Ten Commandments and Christian virtues, I think of Mom and Dad. I could take each commandment or each virtue and describe how well they lived it. However, I believe it is sufficient to note that they tried to live the Gospel in word and deed, and encouraged us children to do likewise. Were they perfect? No, but we will each have to work extremely hard to be better than their lives are. The challenge each of us has, as their children, is to show them how much we truly love and appreciate them.



I believe that we can best do that by following their teachings and examples.

Our Dear Dad

When I think of someone special, I think of our dear Dad.  
He's loving, kind and patient and cheers us when we're sad.

Dad married his loving sweetheart, in the temple in '44,  
It was a fine example during a long and dreadful War.

They had eight special children; Dad took a lot of flack,  
He'd say to unthinking people, "Which one should I send back?"

Ten mouths to feed, clothes to buy, missions and college too,  
He worked one job from 8 to 5 and tax returns till two.

By words and by example, he taught us from our youth,  
He shared with us his testimony of Christ's eternal truth.

Not one to harvest without planting, that was his constant call,  
Service in Church, community and school, a great example for all.

I used to think that he was strict, but now it's clear to me,  
He wanted each of us to be the best that we could be.

And now that all of us are grown, we've gone out on our own,  
He's given us his money and time to help us make a home.

We love you, Dad, and you, dear Mom, thanks for your sacrifice,  
To dwell with you in Heaven some day will certainly be nice.

B.E.E. 1987

## Janet Erickson Gee's Memories

Dad was a leader, listened to people, and had many friends. He enjoyed reading, gardening, fishing and hunting. He worked hard in his job, his church callings, his yard, and for his family. He had a sense of humor. We all love and revere him!

### Some of my memories of Dad:

Making paper sailboats, and making paper airplanes that really fly.

Story telling, especially, "the night was dark and dreary. The snow was falling fast. The Captain got up and said "How about a story?" (Repeating over and over, changing speed, inflection and volume.)

Always finding things. (I still have a small pocketknife he found while we were on a trip in Yellowstone.)

He asked us to read "How to Win Friends and Influence People", by Dale Carnegie. When I went to BYU, he reminded me to be interested in others, ask them questions and etc.

He liked to juggle oranges (and balls)! He liked to perform tricks. The black "box with money, the belt hanging on a wooden shape "s". The disappearing penny and returning penny (he pretended to find the penny behind shoulders, in ears, etc.) Putting the jar-washer-ring on the wooden heads nose. He liked gyroscopes.

While I was in the 3rd grade, he taught me to bat the ball. (When the ball is the "length of the bat" in front of you--SWING!) I went from always "striking out" to hitting the ball.

Dad read a lot--a fast reader!

Dad took Randy fishing and hunting. Dad took Randy and I canoeing on Causey Dam. Took us fishing in Paradise, Tony Grove Lake, Mirror Lake and other places.

Fished in the Uintahs Caught two fish at a time, (7 times) on a Monday. In the Uintahs, on a Boy Scout trip, he said he wouldn't fish on Sunday--the fish would wait for him on Monday--They did!

Fished with Harold Strand. He made bonfires in the wheelbarrow.

Red-bandana handkerchief (he always carried one). He liked Aqua-Velva after shave. Liked peanuts, walnuts, cashews--in fact, all kinds of nuts.

He and mom took us on many trips to Yellowstone (Hamilton Stores, fried potatoes, Spam, Chipped beef) When we went to Yellowstone, 100 pieces of black licorice (he loved black), 100 pieces of brown licorice, 100 pieces of red licorice.

He liked homemade grape juice and buttered popcorn. Liked mom's potato soup (with onions and celery). Took us fishing in a boat (in Yellowstone).

Was frugal. Taught us to work hard and keep careful track of our money. Worked in the Eccles Building for H.E. Erickson & Son as an accountant. He was the "son". I worked in the office when they were on 309--24th Street. They did "looks" for people and did income taxes. Dad was very honest and often saved them money.

Dad knew of his calling as bishop before he was called. He went with the names of his counselors. Took us on Saturday mornings to the Ogden Library (basement). We often watched old filmstrips. Dad would be at work and come back and get us.

He helped take care of his elderly parents. Hilmar Emmanuel Erickson and Mary Luetta Randall. They lived with Mom and Dad in Pleasant View for a number of years.

Told and showed us the importance of tithing. Ate sauerkraut the day after Christmas. Drank lots of tomato juice. Ate raw onions. Ate bread and milk (brown mug--top shelf in the kitchen). Broke bread added sugar and milk.

Took photos of my 5th grade class in a play. He made copies for anyone that wanted them. (In his darkroom). Took our family Christmas photo each year and developed and printed them. Mom would write on them and they'd send out about 200 to friends and relatives.

Kept in touch with missionary companions--"Strasser", "Scott", "Lyons", and "Taylor" and other (North central States Mission). Kept in contact with army buddies.

On trip to "Capitol Reef", played baseball with us in our "private baseball field" until other campers arrived and parked in the field. Ellen was a baby--that year we rented a small trailer house.

We all traveled to the Seattle Worlds Fair.

When elected mayor of Pleasant View, we made a special snowman for him. David made the sign, "the Horrible Mayor" instead of "the Honorable Mayor" (Which Dad thought David wrote).

He twirled his thumbs. He washed dishes. Took "home movies". He and mom took us camping with the bishopric (Jay Rhees, Leon Jones families and ours). Our tree house while camping with them was a large tree stump.

Bishop of the Pleasant View ward. Justice of the Peace in Pleasant View.

Tied flies. Enjoyed his "work room" where his gun closet, fishing equipment, and tools were kept.

Took us ice skating at Willard Bay.

Dad (Eldred H. Erickson) and Mom (Lois Ruth Belnap) were married in the Salt Lake City temple on January 24, 1944. He was in the army at the time. He and mom served as missionaries for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They served in Peoria, Illinois mission. They also served on Temple Square, as missionaries.

Special story about his new pen getting lost in the snow, and through prayer, he found it.

Dad was on the Weber County School Board.

Hardworking (raised grapes, raised chickens, fruit, huge garden, accountant, auditor, husband and father).

He and mom paid for our train trip in 1976 to go to Utah for Christmas. Rode to and from work with Dad while I worked at the IRS. Dad came to Ohio and visited (he'd been to Tennessee on school board trip and other places.) When Kevin was a baby and then when we had Kevin, Kendall and Karen.

My Senior year, Dad drove me to "early morning" Seminary (before school). This was the first year there was a 4 year curriculum. I took 2 classes so I could graduate from Seminary.

Dad and mom were great parents. **Dad is a Great Dad!!!!** Devoted, awesome, and dedicated and I love him. Janet E. Gee

## Susan Erickson Schmidt's Memories

"I'm so glad when Daddy comes home." I can remember singing this lots. Mom used to put fresh clothes on us when we were little just before our Dad returned from work. I remember him throwing us in the air and swinging us over his shoulder or letting us touch the ceiling. He'd call me Black-eyed Susan or Susie Q. Or he'd sing "sweet little Susie, yodie, yodie, yo".

When they were hauling hay down below our house, he'd swing us up onto the hay truck, or up on top of Nellie, one of our horses, if we were taking a ride.

He was tall and thin and very physically fit. He could sometimes hold 2 or 3 of us.

He loved his property. He was up early before work taking care of things, the animals, snow removal, garden etc. In the winter he'd put a light out to the dog house, and lights in the engines so the cars would start.

When we were off from school, he'd call during the day so he could give assignments to Mom for us to do. He'd come home from work (He finished at 5:00); we'd eat soon after he arrived home so he could go outside to work. (I remember we'd hurry and set the table so he'd know that dinner was on it's way.)

When we were old enough to drive, he was up hours before, clearing snow and warming up cars to make it easier for us to get off to school, etc. He had every kind of fruit tree, that he'd teach us to prune in the spring (he was doing income tax). We were taught to pick it, preserve it, and pick up fruit beneath it. He was always bringing in the first apple or berries that were ripe for us to taste. As the fruit ripened, we'd peel it, then make juice from it, then make jam when it was the ripest. He'd grow it and take care of it, then he'd pick it and bring it in for Mom to do. At meal time he'd name all the items that were grown in our garden or raised in the chicken coop, etc. He sprayed his fruit trees faithfully and could often be seen all covered up with a handkerchief over his mouth. He would search the Burpee Catalog for a seedless such and such, to plant. He'd discuss the crop with Leonard, Grandpa or Clarence. Sometimes he'd buy factory tomatoes from Roy and Leslie. It was always a contest to see who could have tomatoes by the 24th of July. He would try everything.

Mom was a good sport, she made every kind of jam and jelly and even mixed them for different flavors. Dad would try them on a cracker to check the tartness, "now what did you do different?" he'd ask. When eating waffles the table would have a whole array of different spreads to put on. With hot rolls at dinner, there would always be little glass dishes with an assortment of jams and jellies. At fancy dinners, Dad sat at the end (or head) of the table. He'd have his parents on either side of him. We were to make sure there were dishes of jams and jellies and hot rolls always!

He worked very hard on his garden. That was his food storage. He'd go down and dig spuds for dinner. From his garden we picked bowls of lettuce, every kind of squash, the berries, rows and rows of green beans that he would faithfully pull the dirt up around with a hoe.

When we got married, he always wanted us to come take some. He even wanted us to take the sour Cincinnati plums and make something of them. In the last few years of his life, he'd still go out and weed, sitting or laying on the ground. That was near the time when he had such a bumper crop of tomatoes that he, Mom, and I, with my little ones bottled in one day, 100 quarts of juice cooking them on the propane stove outside so as to not heat up the kitchen. (Mom had the Victorio strainer going and I washed and cut and washed jars.

## Nancy Erickson Jensen's Memories

My Memories of Dad:

"Fancy Nancy" was the name he used to call me when he came home. He was always whistling and singing. My favorite song he used to sing was "In Our Lovely Deseret" (with some of the words changed). He always seemed happy, content, and confident. There are many other traits that stand out in my mind, especially being kind, honest, and patient. I rarely remember him getting angry or yelling. (Even when I broke the mirror on his truck backing out of the carport—he didn't even say anything.) He was always fair and wanted the best for each one of us. He had many talents and skills and tried to teach them to us. Here are some things I remember:

- Bringing home puppies under his jacket.
- His love for black licorice, nuts, especially coconut.
- His love of the outdoors, nature, and animals (I have many fond memories of Yellowstone,

Tony's Grove Lake, Bryce & Zions).

--His love of the grandchildren (we have pictures of him taking Brian for a ride in the wagon down the driveway--when Brian was two years old) (also taking them fishing).

--His love of reading. He would read through books so quickly and he was always learning.

--His love of other people. He always had a kind word or joke to say to someone. We loved hearing his stories he would tell about Milo and Ervil from work.

There are so many things I remember that I just can't put down here. I think the greatest thing he left to me was his testimony of the gospel. I remember him telling of mission and army stories (especially the one where the car almost ran them down, and being faithful to the word of wisdom in the army) that helped me as I grew to develop faith. I have a picture in my mind on my wedding day of Dad and Ray at the end of the hall in the temple waiting for me that I will always remember. The early morning when he passed away was so peaceful, I knew it was because of the good life he had lived and his testimony of the



Savior. I also know that by knowing him it has helped me know and look forward to my Heavenly Father.

### Jeane Erickson Burton's Memories

Dad liked to whistle, whittle, sharpen knives, tie flies, play with his dogs, build things, refinish wood, tell a good joke, and play his harmonica and his hot potato (ocarina). He liked to say "punkin pie" or "awful waffles" just to bug Mom, and he like to quote poems. He liked Edgar A. Guest's and Ogden Nash's poems, but he also had many other favorites. Here are some of the poems he used to say:

- Ice cold lemonade, made in the shade and stirred with a spade.
- I scream you scream we all scream for ice cream.
- Mabel, Mabel set the table, just as fast as you are able.
- Dora, Dora don't spit on the floor use the cupsadora that's what it's for.
- I eat my peas with honey, I've don't it all my life,  
It makes the peas taste funny but it keeps them on the knife.
- An unusual bird is the Pelican  
His beak can hold more than his belican. . .
- There was a little girl  
Who had a little curl. . .
- Twenty noyn poyppe boyds poyched on a coyb stone  
Boypin 'n choypin 'n choyen' on woym  
An' along came a coylly haied goyle and she was poytoyb'd.
- Hats Off the Flag is Passing By (A long poem he memorized)  
(I may not have these poems quite right as they are from memory)

He also liked to sing his own version of songs. Here is one he sang a lot:

"In our lovely Deseret  
'Twas a wonderful meal we et  
With a multitude of children all around  
They were innocent and brave,  
And you ought to here them rave. . ."

Bedtime stories always included:

The night was dark and dreary and the snow was falling fast,  
And the Captain got up and said, "Boys,  
I'll tell you a story," and this is the way the story began:  
The night was dark and dreary. . .

I'll tell you a story about Jacka Manory  
And now my story is done.  
I'll tell you another about his brother,  
and now my story's begun.

He also used to play, "here comes the mouse, from the barn to the house, from the barn to the house, . . . to get you!" While having his fingers (the mouse), running from your toes to your chin.

One of my favorite memories, is when Dad caught the bat. Ellen and I were about 4 or 5 years old, and Mom was helping us get ready for bed. A bat flew into our bedroom from the attic and began flying around the room. Dad was just coming in the back door from work when he heard our screams. He came up the stairs, opened our bedroom door and saw the bat flying about. Taking off his hat and in a "frisbee toss", he threw the hat right over the bat with one try. We kept the bat in a bottle for a few days before Dad let him go.

When Ellen left for college, I was left alone with Dad and Mom. Dad would say, "Come on, Kiddo", and we would go downstairs almost every night and play ping pong together--I never beat him, although I came close once.

Dad always made sure he and Mom and I, (or anybody who happened to be home) had a weekly Family Home Evening lesson. He liked to sing, "Let Us All Press On" at every Family Home Evening. We always sat and ate dinner together every evening until I was married. Dad liked his family to be

together, and to be home when it got dark.

Dad taught me how to change the oil on the lawn mower, do outside chores, and help load bullets. He also taught me how to develop film and print pictures in the dark room, and he let me use his old Rolleiflex when I was a yearbook photographer.

I remember Dad taking me in caves, helping me up mountain trails, and helping me learn to shoot. I thought Dad could shoot better than anybody. I remember he once shot the centers out of the flowers on a paper cup filled with water. He was standing clear across the garden from the cup, and was using a hand gun.

I remember fishing with Dad. When I was little, he would trade poles with me at Yellowstone lake. As soon as I got his pole I would be able to reel in a nice fish. He told me it was his lucky fishing pole. Later I caught my first fish on my own pole at Black Smith Fork. He helped me figure out where to put my line under the roots of an old tree. He was always good to bait my hook, and kill and clean the fish for me.

Dad and I went canoeing up Causey reservoir several times. Not long before my Grandpa Hilmar Erickson died, my dad took me and Grandpa canoeing up Causey. Even though Grandpa was nervous about being in the boat, Dad kept encouraging him. Dad helped him in and out of the boat, put his life preserver on him, baited his pole and even held it for him. I have many memories of Dad helping his parents.

I have very fond memories of all the wonderful trips we took--Canada, traveling back east to see national and Church history sites, southern Utah, Disneyland, etc.

I remember Dad weeping whenever he heard the Christmas carol, "I'll Be Home For Christmas". He said it always reminded him of how lonely he felt when he first heard the song; he was in the Service and had such a longing to be home with his family for the holidays, but was not allowed to go.

In August of 1987 Dad, Mom and I took a wonderful trip to Yellowstone. It was Dad's last trip there. When we were listening to the park ranger give his evening fireside presentation, the ranger asked how many times everyone had been there. Many people responded. Dad raised his hand and said over 75 times. The ranger said that was the most he had ever heard. He thought it might have been a record.

Toward the end of his life when Dad had Leukemia, he had many nights where he could not sleep because he did not feel well. During those nights he would get up and read the Book of Mormon for many hours. One morning, after one such night, he read this scripture to me and told me he knew that he would receive strength and support through the Savior. The scripture in Alma 36: 3 reads, "... for I do know that whosoever shall put their trust in God shall be supported in their trials, and their troubles, and their afflictions, and shall be lifted up at the last day".

Dad was calm and easy going. He chose his words carefully and listened a lot to what people had to say. I remember Dad and Mom were both good listeners while I was dating Steve.

Dad and Mom were very good friends. I am very grateful to have known such fine people, and I hope I can be like them.

## Transcript of Funeral Services for Eldred Hilmar Erickson

November 30, 1989 Pleasant View Ward Chapel, Pleasant View, Utah

### Bishop Rodney Gardner

Brothers and Sisters, we're here today to pay our last respects to the family of Eldred Hilmar Erickson. The pallbearers today are Bruce E. Erickson, David B. Erickson, Chris L. Erickson, Steven J. Burton, James E. Schmidt, Ray E. Jensen, and Randall J. Gee. We'll begin by singing from page 30, "Come, Come, Ye Saints", the organist is Jean Pulsipher and the choral director is Kristin Ferrin. The invocation will be offered by Chris L. Erickson.

### Invocation: Chris L. Erickson

"Our Father in Heaven, on this beautiful day we give thee thanks for the many blessings of life which we have received. We're especially grateful for Thee and for Thy Son and for the Gospel that has been given to us. We're thankful for the Atonement of Jesus Christ and for the blessings of salvation and resurrection that it brings to each one of us. We ask thee that thy spirit will be here this day as we remember one of thy sons and the many things that he has done here upon this earth. We ask thee that Thou will help us to understand to receive the continued testimony of the resurrection, and eternal life and to understand the Plan of Salvation and that he has taken a step that will bring him closer to Thee. We ask Thee that thou will help us to remember the words of this song, that we will understand that this truly is a happy day and that we have much cause to have joy in our hearts; especially for the example that our Father has set for us. We ask Thee that thou will please be with us and help us that while we are sad, we need to remember that the blessings of life and happiness are here for us. Give us determination that we will Continue to follow His example and that we will follow Thee and Thy Son. This we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

### Bishop Gardner

[The bishop reads Eldred's obituary.]

"When I was first called to be the bishop of this ward (about 4 years ago,) those of you in the congregation who have served as bishop will relate to what I tell you. We get nervous all the time. I remember the first sacrament meeting I conducted, the first funeral, the first ward conference, and I was a nervous wreck and I have always been concerned if I was doing it right. There were one or two brethren in the ward who had been previous bishops, that often came to me and would put their arms around me and tell me I was doing a good job. (Whether I was or not was immaterial), but I remember Eldred telling me that many times I did, and I think he knew that I needed some reassurance. I appreciate that very much.

I appreciated his friendship and I appreciated the opportunity to visit their home with he and Lois. On a recent visit, he indicated that the smartest thing he ever did in his life was to marry Lois. I thought that was a cute statement. You know the two of them are really a neat pair, but they are opposites in a lot of ways too. Lois is talented musically, and Eldred (laugh) I have to tell you. In priesthood every Sunday morning we meet in the cultural hall because we have 3 wards in this building. Eldred and brother Reinhart Kowallis sit on the front row of the cultural hall, regular as clockwork. Now get this picture in your mind. The deacons were on the other side, and Brother Pulsipher passes out the song books to get them to sing and it didn't matter the deacons would take the books and mouth the words, and Eldred and Reinhart would say, "Are there any pictures in that book, if there aren't, we don't want it".

What a choice guy, what a delightful sense of humor he had. When he laughed, his whole body laughed. He was just a pleasure to be around. You know even as sick as he was the last couple of years, when you visited with him, he and Lois were just grateful that they had the blessing of going on a ride together or having a day together. What a choice, choice couple. We love them here in this ward. We'll miss him.

Typical of all the grandchildren, he would receive letters and cards from them, expressing their feelings about him. This came in a card in the hospital prior to his death. It was written by one of the grandsons:

"Grandpa's Money" "This is grandpa's money (money attached), use it wisely, use it to do what



He wants, because He's the leader now. I'd like to say I love you and I'll have love for you wherever I go. It won't be easy without you; your spirit glows wherever I go, it was fun hunting, it was fun helping. There was fun wherever I went because you're my grandpa. I hope you get better, I hope you get well, but even if you don't I know you're going home to live with Heavenly Father for all eternity. I have good memories about you."

This was by Jared, this was typical of the many cards and letters sent to him, expressing the love of his children and grandchildren.

I am grateful for the friendship of this great man and for the association that I've had with the family. They're tremendous people and I ask Heavenly Father's choicest blessings to be upon them this day and especially in the immediate future as adjustments need to be made.

I express my love for the gospel and for my testimony, and I bear you my testimony at this time that I know the gospel is true and I know that Eldred has claim upon the Plan of Salvation and if ever there was an individual worthy of the Celestial Kingdom, this man was. I bear you this testimony in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

## Milo Peterson

Brothers and sisters, I would ask that the few moments I stand before you that I would have your faith and prayers in my behalf, that I might say those things that would be a comfort to the Erickson family and it would be of interest to you in the congregation.

I stopped in to see Eldred at the hospital the other day, and as sick as he was, he said, "Well there's 'Smilo'". He called me "Smilo". He had a sense of humor.

I was reluctant to accept this position because I felt that I couldn't do justice to Eldred. However, I'll do my best to say those things that would be of comfort to the family and I'm sure that they need comfort at this time.

Eldred was a special friend of mine. I'll always cherish his friendship and the opportunity I had to work with him. Eldred was a man of high integrity. He loved his family and wanted the very best for them. He has set an example which has influenced them in the right direction. He was proud of their accomplishments. He liked to share them with me, not in a boasting manner but just that he was proud of them. They have all been successful as a result of Eldred's and Lois's example and teachings, and efforts. Eldred loved his family and cherished the times they were together as a family, the trips such as fishing, hunting and other activities.

Eldred liked to have fun. He was sort of a tease. One time at work, he took my hat when I was not aware of it and he stuffed tissue paper under the sweatband and of course when I went to put it on, it didn't fit. He said, "I told you if you didn't watch out, you would get the big head". But he said, "You don't need a hat anyway, you have nothing to hide". (Milo was bald.) He was a good sport. He took pranks that were pulled on him and never got upset.

Eldred Hilmar Erickson Eldred was a man who never wanted a tear shed for him as long as they would have fond memories of him and would think of him with a smile. I came upon a letter by an unknown author who wrote it and sealed it in an envelope and had it opened after his funeral. I feel this is very fitting for Eldred, and what he would want. I removed a paragraph that didn't fit Eldred.

Dear Loved Ones:

I hope now that some of the initial shock of my departure has begun to wear away and the kind, pleasant memories have started to unroll. I only ask one thing. No sad tears please.

Every wonderful and delightful thrill, experience, and emotion life has had to offer has been mine. No sad tears please.

Rather recall me with a fond smile as a husband and father and friend who shared your laughter, tears and dreams through the years. I've lived a good span of years and enjoyed them all. I have laughed a lot, cried a little, I have seen thousands of sunsets and a few fresh dawns. I walked in the April rain, and watched an ocean roll. I loved a woman and was loved in return. I cradled a daughter in my arms and walked with the hands of sons in my own. No sad tears please.

Many victories were mine and they gave life zest. I've had defeats and they made me strong, and when age came, I was allowed to stand at the edge of the crowd and watch the young people dance so, "No sad tears for me, please.

Life was good, I saw robins in the spring and watched a shooting star or two. I enjoyed the snows of winter, walked under a harvest moon and stood a time or two on top of a hill and watched the flickering lights of a town. No sad tears, please.

Think of the happy time. The Christmas mornings, the grandsons and granddaughters. The Congratulations, the graduations, the Thanksgiving dinner, the weddings, the carefree vacations along the seashore, and most of all I remember the thousands of times we were all together as a family. No sad tears please.

For no man dies as long as there is one person left in the living world who remembers him by the fond recall and shares a thought with him though he has gone ahead. Someday one of you may be looking at the clear blue sky, the most beautiful blue in the world and you might feel a sudden soft warm breeze across your cheek and you will know that I am there.

Or you might be standing on a mountain top looking across the sweep of a mountain plain and if there is a sudden gentle stirring among the trees, feel that I am sharing the moment with you.

On Christmas Eve if there is a small star in the sky look at it with love and let it come into your heart. Remember me. The man really never dies while/those on earth who loved him. A man is never gone as long as those who remember him with fondness, and as long as his memory evokes a wistful smile. All who have loved and been loved I have earned a piece of immortality. No sad tears for me please.

To me, this is Eldred.

One Christmas at work, we were giving a gift to a lucky person whose name was to be drawn from the box. I'd had some luck that day and Eldred said to me", Rub my hand". So I rubbed his hand and the name was drawn from the box and guess whose it was it was--Eldred's. I'm sure that the association I've had with Eldred benefited me far more than the touch of my hand on his the day of that drawing.

May we all remember Eldred as the man he was, that we might let his life shine in ours that we might better our own lives. I pray that Eldred's family may have our Heavenly Father's blessings to be with them, that they might be comforted in the loss of their loved one and that they might go forward in their lives. And I say this in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

### **Musical Solo: Michael Wright, "Utah Trail"**

(1) You ask me where I'm goin' So early in the dawn.  
I'm just a trav'ler roving, Just a roam'in on  
I've looked this old world over,  
Many times have search'd in vain  
For a spot that seems like heaven to me, And I long to be again.

(Chorus)

I'm goin' to hide away  
Out beside the Utah trail.  
Moonlight as bright as day  
Far out on that Utah trail  
There's where I'll settle down in peace where all is still  
In a little hut just built for two  
Tuck'd away in the heart of the hills.  
There 'neath the skies of blue  
In the golden summer time,  
Out where all friends are true  
And all nature is in rhyme.  
Someone is waiting  
With a love that never fails.  
Waiting patiently to welcome me  
Far out on that Utah trail.

(2) The crimson sky of Autumn,  
The fragrant breath of spring;  
Will linger on forever,  
Fondest memories bring.  
When as a boy I wandered  
To the hills and fishin' holes  
Watched at even tide the setting sun

Turn the lakes deep blue to gold.  
(Chorus)

## Harold G. Strand

I didn't know that was one of Eldred's favorite songs and its one of mine too. If I'd have had any sense, I'd have written my notes on my handkerchief. I didn't know I was going to have it out. Even though my mother passed away six and a half years ago, she just told me to stand up straight. Mothers are something else. They can even direct your activities from the other side.

I'm happy and proud Lois asked me to talk today and not to speak. There is a big difference between talking and speaking. A talker never has to worry about saying anything important, so I was asked to give a talk.

It's nice to see all of Lois and Eldred's family as many as there are. It's almost a mob--when they have family reunions I would always notify the police department in advance that it was going to happen. But I wouldn't tell Eldred and Lois that I'd called them, but the police would be ready.

It's nice to see so many of their friends here today and so many of you here in the congregation. Lot's of you probably have had the experience as you journey through this life that once in a while you come in contact with someone that you feel that you've met and associated with Before. If you've never had that experience before, you have really missed something. During my life, that has happened 2 or 3 times that I can think of right now, probably more. This was the situation in regards to Eldred.

When Marjorie and I first moved here to Pleasant View, a little over 27 years ago, Marjorie was already acquainted with Lois and Eldred as a result of being raised in Ogden--the same schools, and etc. I here was I was a throw back from Bear River Valley, I hadn't known them before. But they adopted us, they moved here prior to our move here and I became acquainted with Eldred and immediately in the beginning I had the feeling that I had known him before and that I'd had something to do with him. And as the years roll by and we associated in many different ways, in socials, in outdoor activities, in camping trips, and so forth, I finally decided I knew where we were associated before, we have been a couple of clowns somewhere.

It has been mentioned he was a real tease and liked to have fun, but I think I could out do him. I'm going to tell a story, maybe you've heard it before, it is usually told as a joke. I'm not going to tell it to be funny but as a basis for my remarks. One beautiful afternoon, Eldred, my brother Burt and myself were occupied on the edge of a small lake, and we discussed many things and finally got around to talking about the miracle of walking on the water. So we dared each other to give it a try. I went first and after a step or two, down I went and crawled back on the bank soaking wet. Then my brother gave it a try. He too thought sure he could do it; he didn't make any further progress than I did and we ended up in the same situation. So then it was Eldred's turn and lo and behold, he stepped out on the water and he walked completely across the lake. So my brother and I walked around the lake all excited and asked, "How did you do that Eldred?" His reply was "Oh, it was easy, you just have to know where the rocks are".

I'd like to talk about these rocks and change the names to stones. For some reason or another, the word rock reminds me of the saying, a rock and a hard place.

First stone, Eldred's youth and as we travel back and forth and as we associated I heard stories about his youth so many times I couldn't stand them any more but the last few years it wasn't so bad because I couldn't remember whether I had heard them before. Two or three things stand out in regards to his youth. He spent a great deal of time on the mountain sides here up North Ogden Canyon, up Cool Canyon, and Lewis Peak, and used to tell me the wild experiences they had upon the hillside and how they would cut Christmas trees, how after they'd been up there doing the things youth normally do in the hills, they'd run down the steep hillside as fast as they could and most of the time they'd end up running end over end, running down that steep hill. I've looked at it many times and wondered how they could do it without injuring themselves, but he said they never did. One thing I remember about his youth was that Eldred at that time regretted that he never had a brother and through out his life, he told me he was envious of me, that I have a brother and have a lot of fun with him. I said, "You'll just have to adopt Burt and I then", and that seemed to make him feel better. And so when the three of us were out doing something together, I considered us brothers. But he did feel badly about the fact that he never had a brother to associate with. That's one stone.

Second stone. The second stone has to do with his mother and father. Eldred always honored his mother and father and spoke highly of them. Even though he didn't have a brother, he told me many times about his activities with his father and they spent a great amount of time together and I also heard those stories many times. I think Eldred with his father fished every stream there is in the world if you



believe his stories. Some stories I believe and some I didn't. But he was very kind to his mother and father as I witnessed in their later years and the time they spent with he and Lois in their home towards the end.

The third stone that was very important in Eldred's life, was that as a young man he realized the importance of an education and as you remember his obituary, it's written the universities he attended and his graduation with a degree which he utilized throughout his life as a CPA. He went on a mission as a young man and also with Lois. He served his country in the military service. Eldred was trained in the military unit through the combat in the South Seas Islands. After they completed their training they ended up in the Aleutians in Alaska with the equipment and clothing for the South Sea Islands. I don't know how it happens in the military but it does, and so they were mighty cold and froze and so forth before proper clothing arrived to support them in the Aleutians. I can remember one story he told where a terrific wind came up one time and blew everything away that was on the island and they laid for three days in depressions with the pup tents wrapped around them to survive that weather.

And then as a young man of course, he married Lois and he has wild stories to tell about that too. She accompanied him to the southern states while he was completing his training and sometimes she would be the reason that he would miss the bus back to camp and would have to walk 20 or more miles in order to be there for roll call. Shame on you Lois.

Eldred was a very good citizen of the community. He was a CPA as I mentioned he did a very good job of supporting his family with his income. There were some things about the last job working for the government that he didn't enjoy and he was happy when it came time to retire but he always worked as hard as he possibly could. He was a very contentious worker.

Another stone that he used was that of family. His family was very important to him. He was very proud of the achievements of his children, and their education and their employment. Some of them have traveled around the world. Just to hear how they traveled is exhausting; for example, Chris just left for England Sunday morning and just returned from there for the funeral today. (Thursday) They had a great many activities, some of which we were fortunate enough to participate in.

He did realize how important it was for the family to have an education and if my memory is correct, I believe every child has a degree from a university.

Another stone was that of religion. Eldred was a very spiritual man and gave great service to his chosen religion; as it has been mentioned, he served as a bishop, and he served in many other callings, and also his two missions.

Also another stone was that of community service. As has been mentioned, he was the mayor here, he served in many other positions such as the school board and president of the school board, and such things as that. He believed thoroughly in providing service to the community and his fellow men.

And the last stone that I will talk about is that of other interests. Eldred liked to read. I would bring him books to read, sometimes they were books that took me weeks to read, they took him only half a day. He would call me and tell me that he was already finished and I could come and pick it up. The amazing thing was he could remember what he had read. But he could read a whole book in half a day without any difficulty.

He loved to garden and raised food that Marjorie and I have benefited from. He shared from their garden and fruit trees, very often. Up until the last year or two he always had a very large garden and did an excellent job of raising it.

He was interested in photography and movies, and took a great many pictures, except for the last couple of years Lois has taken over that department. She must take a hundred pictures a day.

Last but not least, was his interest in fishing. There is nothing wrong with a person who enjoys fishing. After all, who did Jesus go to first when he called the disciples. He went to two fishermen, if I remember correctly, and that's the only hope Eldred and I had on the other side. We feel Jesus is partial to fishermen. Eldred had difficulty fishing the last 2 years. He didn't have much stamina so it became my responsibility to go out and, although there weren't very many fish left, I would have to catch some and train them to make sure they were in certain ripples so that whenever Eldred felt good enough to go I would know exactly where to take him. And it had to be close to the car so he could travel only a short distance and catch these trained fish. And it really gave him great enjoyment and I enjoyed it in his enjoyment. Also, little did he know that I was training the larger fish to take whatever I cast and he never could figure out why I caught the largest fish and I never did tell him.

And the last stone Eldred had many friends all of you will agree that he was a good friend. Now what do these stones with the back to the rocks again have to do with the story in the beginning. Eldred knew what these rocks were. He knew how to use them and now he has walked across the waters of life on these rocks and has safely crossed to the other side.

I pray that all of us may use his life as an example, that we may cross safely to the other side when our time comes, and I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

## Musical Solo: Keli K. Erickson, "Abide With Me"

### Patriarch Dale Browning

That was beautiful, Harold. I don't know what it is, but I sure like to hear you talk. I think he is one of the comics from the other side. But there is always wisdom to it.

Lois, and your sweet family, I have the greatest regard for you and your sweet husband, father and grandfather, Eldred. What a choice, choice individual, and I mean he is. You know we don't see him right now but time goes forever and its short. President Kimball said, "Mortality is a slim sliver of eternity". That's true, these day and months go by so quickly and you'll be with him Lois. I was so impressed as we went through the line Lois said, "We were good friends". (I have a cold, I might get a little lump in my throat.)

I remember in the musical Shenandoah, a young gentleman came to ask the father for the hand of his daughter. He said, "I love her". And the father says, "I don't care if you love her, **but do you like her?** Are you friends?"

And you think about that. You know, there are so many sweet people who live together that can't have that ultimate friendship that you and Eldred had. And I congratulate you for it.

I think of the time when I first met Eldred, I had the same feeling that you did Brother Strand. I didn't have the same feeling with you that perhaps we might have been friends on the other side, but I had that feeling for Eldred. Now if I associated with him on the other side maybe I did with you Harold. But Harold has a few defects I in his character, he is a purest. He only likes to fish with flies. Flies. Now that's foolish, fish aren't always eating dry flies. I like to feed them anything they like so that maybe you catch them. I remember fishing with Eldred up at the dam a couple of times when, before the dam was raised, the water would be drawn down and there would be the old channels with logs and trunks and trees in there, snags all over the place. But those big browns would come up looking for something big enough to enjoy. So we got these little nets and would catch some of the little minnows, hook them under the dorsal fin and let them swim around. He got an action no dry fly can ever duplicate there. I remember most of those I've ever held would get in the willows or in the trunks and get away but Eldred had a knack of getting those big brown trout, some were 20-22 inches long, he could keep away and he got many more than I did, and I thought this incident was something to follow and learn things from.

He always impressed me so much, I never heard him tell an off color story or swear. What a gentleman, and I appreciated a gentleman of that kind.

Sometimes I remember when we would go fishing during our high school days, before our families, before marriage, we would leap frog, whoever was ahead is going to have the best opportunity fishing because as soon as the fish are frightened, you aren't going to catch them so you move up to one hole and then the party you are fishing with goes around so he doesn't frighten anything, to the next hole and when you are finished, then you go out and around him and you make sure you are out far enough so you don't frighten the fish, and you just leap frog all day long and it just takes hours and hours all day long to walk on out. Sometime we would have a few more fish than we should and so we would make a fire (we didn't have tin foil in those days) so we would just take green limbs and put them across a couple of rocks and put the fish on top and have a little bit of salt and they were delightful. And then when you come out all you have is your limit and everyone felt okay. Bishop I noticed he might not have repented, did he ever tell you about catching too many fish?

I remember when Eldred was in high school or Weber College before he had married you and repented of these things Lois, somebody with a shot gun (you have got to be a pretty poor shot if you can't hit something with a shotgun. With a rifle it takes more skill). Eldred and I were hunting one day for some sage grouse and our .22's. I remember 2 nice big sage grouse got up about 60-70 yards out which was too far for a shot gun, I said "Eldred you get the one on the right and I'll get the one on the left". We got both. That sticks in my mind because you usually we only got one. Now Bishop this wasn't in season and I've repented but I still wonder if he told you about it, but I wouldn't do that again, I don't think.

I remember days at Weber when we went down to the parks with Brother Child, our geology teacher and this sweet little lady sat right next to Eldred, and I thought, "Well, I'm a little jealous, you know. We have many times together and he didn't pay any attention to me". That whole trip he paid attention to Lois and I thought this maybe getting kind of serious. And as the years went by I knew it

was very serious. During the war when Lois went down to Florida to be with Eldred and after they were married, I thought what a beautiful couple, they are everything to make a good marriage. Here is a person with lots of ambition, drive, fun to live with and fun to be with and he's got such a lovely and beautiful girl just like him.

I've thought, "Well, what must Eldred have wanted before he came into mortality?" I'm sure what he wanted, was to obtain his partner and have his children to train them to love the Lord, and have faith and prayers, to treat each other with consideration and their parents and grandparents, to serve as brothers and sisters, for he has a great capacity for love. And I've found as you raise your children, as you have another child your love for the children you have does not go down and as you have additional grandchildren your love does have the capacity to increase with each one. You love the next one just as much as the others. His capacity to love has increased during his lifetime.

I was over with my wife to our 50th high school reunion she won a prize. [This is where tape ran out and had to be turned over--Dale said something about not having as big a posterity compared to Eldred]. He's got a kingdom, the beginning of a kingdom--it's okay Harold, I'm used to it.

What is a friend? A friend is eternal, as families are eternal. I believe that on the other side of mortality with our friends we will share many happy times and many happy occasions and I look forward to that. I remember telling Eldred--I made kind of an agreement with him that if we ever make the Celestial kingdom, that was problematical back in those days and still is on my part--not his, we would build a little world, put it out in a corner of the universe and stock it with browns and rainbows and then we would tell nobody about it, especially not our competitors, and then every 100 years, we I would spend one year over there and he said we'll do that. I hope that we can do some of these fun things together.

I think Eldred found what he wanted before he came down into mortality, this wonderful queen, to go through all eternity with him. And his children, how they taught you very, very well. All of you are active and educated and interesting people, so you teach your children so they'll teach their children and so they'll teach their children so the influence of you, Eldred and Lois will be through succeeding, innumerable generations of your posterity. And so they will love you for it. Many of them might be older than you are; we are not born into mortality according to our age in the pre mortal life. Many of these sweet children I'm sure you knew, and grandchildren and other generations you knew before you came here, and now you're bound in a family. You belong together. You will belong forever.

A poet once said, "life is dear to us now, because it will always be dear to us. Even as long as time shall last and beyond, till the sweep of the century is measured as only by the endless happy events to come." I think of forever and it gives me little spiritual chills. But you will be added for the kingdom and thrones, principalities, and powers, dominions and exaltation.

The Lord understood that we had so many of these mortal things to go through to become gods in our own right, that if we were told in all things, we would end up as ministering angels. Therefore, we have to use our own desire to do good and to have good projects, to serve the communities, to help each other, and I saw that and was. Bishop, that was one of the premortal assignments given to him, not by chance but given to him because of his worthiness, stature, spirituality before he came down to this mortal existence. When I think of the years he was in the Weber County School District, for many of those years I was the attorney for the district; what a cool head, he always thought through what would be the best and was willing to make decisions. He learned how to make independent decisions. And of these other things, I think of the things that lie ahead of him.

Here are a few scriptures you remember, but I'll bring to your attention. The Lord has promised, and again we don't grow by great events as we go through life, we grow strong or we grow weak day by day until the events show us what we have become. I have total confidence that Eldred is not only a celestial candidate but he is assured of a position in the eternities with the Lord, as a son of the Lord. To be a son of the Lord means to receive what the Lord has. The eye hath not seen nor the ear heard of the great and marvelous things the Lord hath prepared for them, who love Him. In D&C: 76 there are some beautiful promises. They who have been faithful in magnifying their priesthood, and he certainly did this.

In D&C; 84 it is much the same, one portion of it, and they who receive these two priesthood of which I have spoken, magnify their callings, become sons of Moses and Aaron and Abraham in the elect of God, and they that receiveth me, receiveth my father. Therefore, all that my Father hath shall be given unto them. This is what lies ahead for Eldred and for you, Lois. They are they who receive the testimony, believe upon the name of Jesus, and were baptized after the manner of His burial, being buried in the water in His name, and this according to the commandments which is given that by keeping the commandments they might be washed and cleansed from all of their sins and receive the Holy Spirit



by the laying of hands. Him who is ordained and sealed into that power, and who are overcome by faith and are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, which the Father sheds forth upon all those who are just and true, these are they who are of the Church of the first born. These are they unto whose hands the Father hath given all things.

What promise could be greater than that? And they are they who are priests and kings who have received this fullness of his glory. Therefore, it is written that they are Gods and even sons of God. Therefore, all things are theirs whether life or death of things present or things to come. All are theirs and they are Christ's, and Christ is God's and they shall overcome all things and dwell in the presence of God and Christ forever. And it goes on to tell on the morning of the first resurrection with Christ, to take care of things that need to be taken care of on this earth. It will be exciting Lois, when you and Eldred come and many of your sweet posterity with you, to do these special wonderful events together. Where you'll be a queen and he'll be a king and each of your families the same way on down, where there will be unlimited love.

What is the Celestial kingdom like? What kind of literature is there? What kind of music? In a place where millions of years have developed these things, and with a few hundred years that we have, look how beautiful we think it is. What kind of communities and homes, what kind of transportation? All of that he and you rule, Lois are there too.

May the Lord bless you that you may look forward to picking up your friendship again. Don't mind if he teases you a little bit, we all tease our wives a bit but it will be glorious.

Lord bless you and protect you and watch over you and your sweet family. In Jesus' name, amen.

### **Congregational Hymn: I Know My Father Lives**

### **Benediction: Lynn J. Maycock**

Heavenly Father we are indeed grateful for having been here this day. In partaking of the spirit that has been here. In paying final tribute to Eldred Erickson.

Father we are truly grateful for this great man, for the many talents that he shared with each of us. We are thankful that we had the opportunity to know him.

Now Heavenly Father we pray Thou will shower blessings upon his family", especially his good wife Lois, that thy sweet spirit may comfort her in these days that may lie ahead. That she will feel thy healing influence upon her.

Father we are thankful for thy son Jesus Christ and for the Plan of Salvation, and for the opportunity we have to return to thee.

And now as we are about to depart for the cemetery, Heavenly Father, we pray for thy kind and protecting care that we may continue these proceedings there and then return home and find all well at home.

Again we are thankful for all those many blessings we have, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

### **Internment: North Ogden Cemetery**

### **Dedicatory Prayer: David B. Erickson**

### **Military Honors By The Veterans Of Foreign Wars**

## **Hilmar E. Erickson and M. Luetta Randall Erickson's Families**

### **John Eric Erickson and Ida Matilda Bengtson Erickson's Children**

1. Esther Matilda Erickson Yorgeson
2. Hazel Eugenia Erickson Hutchinson
3. Linnea Maria Erickson
4. Andrew Richard Erickson
5. **Hilmar Emanuel Erickson**
6. Mabel Victoria Erickson Fife
7. John Leon Erickson

### **James Enoch Randall and Isabella Chadwick Randall's Children**

1. James Walter Randall
2. Lewis Alfred Randall
3. **Mary Luetta Randall Erickson**
4. Earl Abraham Randall
5. Sarah Ethel Randall Grow
6. Lottie Elizabeth Randall Tyson
7. Charles Horace Randall
8. Clarence Edward Randall
9. Leroy David Randall
10. Leslie Elwood Randall

### **Hilmar E. Erickson and M. Luetta Randall Erickson's Children**

1. Eldred Hilmar Erickson
2. Helen Erickson Noble

Notes on Hilmar and Luetta's Erickson's Family:

1. Helen's husband is Charles Sidney Noble.
2. Hilmar's cousin, Carl Leonard Beckman, moved in with Hilmar and Luetta when they had been married six months. He was 16 at the time. He lived the rest of his life in their home. Eldred calls him "Beck" in many of his letters.

## **Eldred Hilmar Erickson and Lois Ruth Belnap Erickson's Children**

1. Bruce Eldred Erickson
2. Janet Erickson Gee
3. Susan Erickson Schmidt
4. David Belnap Erickson
5. Nancy Erickson Jensen
6. Chris Leonard Erickson
7. Ellen Erickson Anson
8. Jeane Erickson Burton

## **Eldred Hilmar Erickson and Lois Ruth Belnap Erickson's Grandchildren**

### **Bruce Eldred Erickson and Joyce Johnstun Erickson's Children**

1. Michelle Erickson Leonard
2. Lara Erickson Boss
3. Cindy Erickson
4. Heidi Erickson
5. Heather Erickson
6. Mark Erickson

### **Janet Erickson Gee and Randall Jarvis Gee's Children**

1. Kevin Randall Gee
2. Kendall Erickson Gee
3. Karen Gee
4. Keith Eldred Gee
5. Kent Leonard Gee
6. Karl Jarvis Gee
7. Kyle Belnap Gee
8. Kurt Harris Gee

### **Susan Erickson Schmidt and James Elliot Schmidt's Children**

1. Brent James Schmidt
2. Darren Eldred Schmidt
3. Amy Schmidt
4. Allen Harris Schmidt
5. Andrea Schmidt
6. Erick Elliot Schmidt
7. Annette Schmidt
8. Ashley Schmidt

### **David Belnap Erickson and Julie Ann Hill Erickson's Children**

1. Rachel Ann Erickson Rehm
2. John David Erickson
3. Michael Joseph Erickson
4. Jared Belnap Erickson
5. Emily Ruth Erickson
6. Steven Leslie Erickson
7. Katherine Mary Erickson
8. Daniel Eldred Erickson
9. Elizabeth Susan Erickson



**Nancy Erickson Jensen and Ray Edward Jensen's Children**

1. Russell Ray Jensen
2. Nathan Eric Jensen
3. Brian Eldred Jensen
4. Allison Jensen
5. Bethany Jensen

**Chris Leonard Erickson and Keli Kennington Erickson's Children**

1. Genevieve Erickson
2. Philip Chris Erickson
3. Andrew Chris Erickson
4. Matthew Chris Erickson

**Jeane Erickson Burton and Steven James Burton's Children**

1. Melissa Burton
2. Miriam Burton