

A CHARMED LIFE

Achieved Through
Dedication
and
Determination!

December 21, 1899
to
August 11, 1991
Grace Dean Nixon Stewart



PREFACE

The years from 1899 to 1991 cover the span of time that my mother Grace Dean Nixon Stewart lived upon this earth. She saw advances in science and medicine, many seemingly miraculous. She lived through the Spanish Flu Pandemic, the Great Depression, and the “Great War” that was to be the war “to end all wars”, and then she sent one of her sons off to serve in another war at the close of WWII.

Mother was a trend setter, a dedicated and sensitive artist who could hold an audience spellbound with her majestic performance of Victoria Regina..... She continually honed and perfected her craft as she studied with many of the great elocution teachers of her time. She then shared those talents with hundreds of students at the University of Utah, Brigham Young University and her home as she taught enunciation, projection, articulation and vocalization of the human voice.

There were many events throughout her years; some historical, others deeply personal and private. Along with those, there was always a dedication to excellence and professionalism which was her blueprint and philosophy for living.

Two of the main factors in her life were her friendship with Edythe Christenson beginning in the fifth grade in Provo, Utah and her concern later in life with how she would be remembered. This is her legacy and her life’s story beginning with the history and genealogy surrounding her.

Edythe Christenson was the friend whom Grace most admired when Grace entered the fifth grade in Provo. Perhaps they were both ten. In 1921 Edythe Christensen and Grace were probably twenty when they left together for post-graduate schooling in Boston.

CHRONOLOGY

- 1620 - David Lauritzen Foss born in Rebe, Denmark
- 1638 - John Foss born in Rebe, Denmark
- 1674 - Walter Foss Sr. born about 1674 in Dover, New Hampshire
- 1701 - Walter Foss Jr. born in Dover, New Hampshire
- 1735 - Joseph Foss born in Saco, Maine
- 1752 - Zachariah Foss born 1752 in Scarborough, Maine
- 1779 - John Woolley Jr. (Grace's great, great, grandfather) He was born 19, August, 1779 West Chester, Chester County, Pa. He died 13, August, 1832 Newlin Township, Chester County, Pa.
- 1800 - Calvin Foss (Grace's great grandfather) was born in 1800 at Scarborough (now Saco), Maine
- 1807 - Edwin D. Woolley (Grace's great grandfather) He was born in 1807 at E. Bradford, Pa. He died October 14, 1881 in Salt Lake City.
- 1814 - Christian Ludvig Johansen Schultz and Ane Dinesdatter (Dinesen); perhaps born about this date in Honsinge (about 56 miles from Copenhagen) Neckenben, Udby, Holbaek, Denmark.

Nixon, Johanna Marie Schultz - (paternal grandmother of GNS). She was born April 1, 1844 in Honsinge (about 56 miles from Copenhagen), Neckenben, Udby, Holbaek, Denmark; to Christian Ludvig Johansen Schultz and Ane Dinesdatter (Dinesen). She **married James William Nixon (tinsmith)** October 26, 1859 in Salt Lake City, Utah. She died March 13, 1922 in Provo, Utah.

1817- Grace's great grandfather William Abraham Nixon. He was born 1817 in Dublin, Ireland.

Woolley, Franklin Benjamin - (maternal grandfather of GNS). He was born June 11, 1834 in East Rochester, Ohio to Edwin Dilworth and Mary Wickersham Woolley. He was **married** by Brigham Young to **Olive Carl Foss** in Salt Lake City, Utah in the Endowment House February 11, 1857. He **married Artimesia Snow** April 9, 1868. He was killed by Indians March 21, 1869 on hay ranch (at the headwaters of Mojave River) which is about 20 miles from both Martin's Station (Cajon Pass) and San Bernardino, California.

Woolley, Olive Carl Foss – (Grace's grandmother). She was born April 12, 1835 in Scarborough (Saco), Cumberland County, Maine; the daughter of Calvin

Foss and Sarah Brackett Carter. She arrived in Salt Lake City with the Wilford Woodruff Company on October 14, 1850 and **married Franklin Benjamin Woolley** February 11, 1857. He was killed by Indians March 21, 1869. After her husband's death, she drove a wagon from St. George to Salt Lake several times, taking the children along. She died 7, April, 1877 in Salt Lake City, Utah and was buried in St. George, Utah.

- 1836 - James William Nixon, (**Grace's Grandfather**). He was born 1836 in Liverpool, England.
- 1837 - National depression and the church's Kirtland, Ohio financial and spiritual pressures.
- 1844 - Nixon, Johanna Marie Schultz (paternal grandmother of GNS). born April 1, 1844, Honsinge (about 56 miles from Copenhagen), Neckenben, Udby, Holbaek, Denmark; to Christian Ludvig Johansen Schultz and Ane Dinesdatter (Dinesen); married James William Nixon (tinsmith) October 26, 1859 in Salt Lake City; died March 13, 1922 in Provo, Utah (GNS's Johanna Maria Schultz line; (Aka Johann Maria Johansen [?]-The membership certificate reads Johanne Marie Christiansen (Schultz).
- 1860 - Abraham Lincoln elected president of the United States.
- 1861- The Civil War began with the firing on Fort Sumter in South Carolina, April 12, 1861. "Up to the time St. George was settled late in 1861 there was no farming in the Utah's Dixie area; just some gardening". (Larson p56.)
- 1862 - Civil War continues. January 17, 1862, the Territorial Legislature approves St. George's charter.
- 1864 - In Utah's Dixie area, Caneseed used for making flour which made a coarse unappetizing substance. Cotton Mission's "ordeal by hunger." Probably a period in Dixie settlements established before 1865. (Larson p. 90)
- 1865- Johanna Marie Schulz Nixon born in Denmark, was married to James William Nixon at age fifteen. They moved to Weber County, Utah living there until she was nineteen. The family then moved to Salt Lake City. During their two years in Salt Lake James W. Nixon learned the tinnerns and sheet metal trade. When she was approximately 21, about April 1, 1865(during April conference perhaps?) the family was called to St. George. They left for St. George, Utah around May 15th. Then on about June 1st JWN left St. George for San Francisco to buy tinsmith tools leaving his family in a tent. He returned in September 1865.

1865- Civil War ends. April 9, 1865 Grant & Lee agree on terms of surrender.

1866 - On September 7, 1866 James William Nixon II (GNS's father) was born in St George, Utah.

1868 - Effie Dean Woolley was born in St. George, Utah on March 24, 1868. (GNS's mother) She died December 17, 1941 in Los Angeles, CA.

WOOLLEY LINE - is Grace Dean Nixon Stewart mother's paternal line. FOSS LINE - is Grace Dean Nixon Stewart mother's maternal line. Effie Dean Woolley Nixon was born 1868 in St. George, Utah. Olive Carl Foss Woolley was born 1835 in Saco, Maine.

INDIANS KILL GRACE'S GRANDFATHER WHEN HER MOTHER WAS ONLY ONE YEAR OLD

On March 21, 1869 when Grace's mother was nearly a year old, Effie Dean Woolley's father, Franklin Benjamin Woolley, was murdered by Indians at a hay ranch near the headwaters of the Mojave River. The site is about 20 miles from Martin's Station (Cajon Pass) and from San Bernardino, California.

This was in retaliation for some whites' cruelty toward these Indians. Franklin Benjamin Woolley, a pioneering St. George merchant, probably had never met either the murdering whites or the murdering Indians, before turning back to find three lost horses, and to his own murder.

The book, *From Quaker To Latter-day Saint*, Dr. Leonard Arrington's biography of Grace's great-grandfather, Edwin D. Woolley Sr., tells some of the story of Grace's grandfather Franklin Benjamin Woolley's death.

Franklin Woolley had gone to California to do some purchasing for the St. George Co-op Association's first large freighting project. Leaving San Francisco with his hired wagon master and teamsters, he was later three days out of San Bernardino, camped on the Mojave River, when he noticed that three of the horses were missing. Frank continued to look for the horses after the rest of the party gave up, and went on.

Several days later, his younger brother, Edwin D. Woolley, who was called "Dee", turned back to look for him. After talking to others, grandfather's brother contacted a Mr. Aiken, master of a large freight train, who was headed north. He told "Dee" that he had discovered grandfather's body. It looked as if he had been permitted to run from the Indians after they held a war dance. And as he ran, they shot him.

Mr. Aiken had brought the body back to Martin's station and buried it. Dr. Arrington has written:

Hearing this, Dee determined to get the body, take it to San Bernardino where it could be preserved in a coffin, and bring it to St. George in a condition for the widows and families to bury it properly. But he had no money. He asked Mr. Aiken for assistance. Aiken had none, but said there was a man at Martin's Station who was traveling separately because he was secretly carrying \$1,500 with him and was afraid of having it stolen. Aiken did not know the man's name.

Dee galloped west to Martin's station, found Frank's grave there, and looked for a man who might have \$1,500 among the groups of men standing about the station. He saw several talking apart from the others, walked up to them, and said, watching their faces, "I understand there is a man in this party who has \$1,500 with him." One turned ash white. "I did have some money," Durkee said, "but sent it by express, via San Francisco."

"Perhaps you kept a little back for expenses," said Dee. Then Durkee whispered, "My sympathies are with you" and handed him the money, for which Dee signed only an IOU. With that money Dee was able to take the body to San Bernardino.

In a few days he started east once more, passing Martin's and Burton's stations. When he reached the fork where he had left his wagon a week before, he separated from the train on which he was traveling and found himself entirely alone on the desert except for some "balky animals."

By luck of providence an old prospector came along with a single mule, which they hitched up to the wagon, traveling together 265 miles to the Muddy valley where the prospector left him.

Fifteen miles out of St. George a search party met Dee. They carried the coffin into the city, where the funeral services were held and Frank's body was interred near his home and families.

"No one ever crossed the desert under similar conditions," wrote Anthony W. Ivins years later, "none has since done so, no other one ever will. The devotion, faith, and courage of the younger brother furnish an example of duty performed under adverse conditions that has few parallels." How mixed Edwin's reactions must have been to hear at one time of the death of Frank and the courage of his twenty-three-year-old Dee. The death of his closest son must have affected Edwin for many months."

This same Franklin Benjamin Woolley, who was ten years old at the time of the murders of Joseph and Hyrum Smith once wrote, concerning Joseph's martyrdom:

Though I was quite young, yet I felt, when I saw him extended upon his bier lifeless and cold, a desire to aid in avenging his death, upon our ruthless persecutors. Great excitement prevailed for a time. But by the judicious management of the leading men of the church, it was kept in proper bounds and good resulted for all.

He was the second oldest son of Edwin D. Woolley Sr., illustrious early Mormon missionary, merchant and second Bishop of Salt Lake City's 13th ward.

According to Woolley family tradition, it was on the doorstep of Edwin D. Woolley Sr.'s wife Mary's home, in Nauvoo, Illinois, that the Prophet Joseph, on his way to Carthage, made his memorable statement regarding his innocence, and of having a conscience "void of offense toward all men." In this statement, he also said, "I go like a lamb to the slaughter It shall be said of me that I was murdered in cold blood." Dr. Leonard J. Arrington feels that there is perhaps a seventy percent probability that this tradition is true.

GRACE'S PARENTS WERE CHILDHOOD SWEETHEARTS.

Papa once wrote "At the age of eight years, I was especially attracted by the looks and manners of little Effie Woolley who was six; and many incidents of our childhood were deeply impressed on my memory. There was a school party to which I wanted to take Effie. After being properly coached by my mother, I dressed in my best clothes, and a pair of red suspenders. I went to Sister Woolley's house and bashfully asked if I could take her little daughter to the party. I still remember the happiness in my heart, and how proud I was walking hand in hand with lovely little Effie to the party. This was the beginning of a real love affair. When I reached the age of twelve years, I concluded that she was the most beautiful and the loveliest girl in our entire town. I became jealous if she paid any particular attention to any other boy."

1877 - According to a historiography of that area, entitled "*Castle Valley*" the order from Brigham Young which authorized the settlement of Castle Valley came during June conference of 1877. People came mainly from San Pete County to what is now Emery County. They usually travelled through

Fairview and Huntington canyons. Or they went through Price, in Carbon County, and then South to Castle Valley.

Huntington may have been named around August 22, 1877. It is said that Huntington is the last settlement named by Brigham Young who died on August 29, 1877.

Grace's grandfather, Franklin Benjamin Woolley, was killed by Indians three days before her mother's first birthday. Before she was nine, Effie Dean Woolley's mother was also dead.

Grace's grandmother Olive Carl Foss Woolley was born April 12, 1835 in Scarborough, Cumberland County, Maine; the daughter of Calvin Foss and Sarah Brackett Carter.

She arrived in Salt Lake City with the Wilford Woodruff Company on October 14, 1850 and married Franklin Benjamin Woolley February 11, 1857. He was killed by Indians March 21, 1869. After her husband's death, she drove a wagon from St. George to Salt Lake several times, taking the children along. She died 7 April, 1877 in Salt Lake City, and was buried in St. George, Utah.

Her daughter, Effie Dean Woolley (Grace's mother), who was then almost nine, was left financially secure. Effie Dean's sister Ida and her three brothers: Franklin B. Jr., Jedediah Foss Woolley, and Ezra Foss Woolley nurtured her. As a child, she spent much time in Brigham Young's St. George home.

James William Nixon and Effie Dean Woolley Nixon **Marry and Move**

Mother attended the Brigham Young University. "Papa", who had attended the University of Utah, was now teaching school in Price, Utah. He took a short vacation, and rode horseback three hundred miles round trip to Provo to see his sweetheart.

Some months later, on September 7 of 1888, they were married in the St. George Temple. That same month, they arrived in Huntington where "Papa" was under contract to teach school. They stayed the first night with Millie and Hannah Johnson. Millie was one of the school's trustees. The two couples became fast friends.

Buy Block's Frontage

Our parents bought a city block's frontage and half a block's depth in Huntington on which they later built their home. They planted two orchards. The trees in the lower orchard were for plums, apricots, and apples. The upper orchard had apple and pear trees.

They built a cistern, installed a water pump; and purchased 300 colonies of bees. They bought a forty acre farm, across the Huntington River, which proved highly profitable. They boarded a teacher and kept a hired girl. People greatly admired our home with its shade trees, lawn, and orchards.

Mother belonged to a literary club to which she brought much enrichment; for, at an early age, she had read most of Dickens's and Shakespeare's works.

The national slavery and statehood questions had been nominally settled for perhaps 31 years before Utah became a state. New polygamous marriages, the main barrier to statehood, were generally discontinued around 1890.

Spring 1922

Obituary of Johanna M. Nixon

Provo Herald March 14, 1922 – "Resident of St. George More Than Half Century Dies at Home in Provo"

(Under picture)

Mrs. Johannah M. Nixon

PROVO, March 14 --- Mrs. Johannah M. Nixon, widow of James W. Nixon, prominent in St. George Church affairs where she resided for 50 years, died at her home here Monday following an prolonged illness.

Mrs. Nixon was born in Denmark, April 1, 1844, and in 1855 joined the Church. With her parents, a brother and three sisters she started for America in a sail ship the same year [probably not 1855, but from Liverpool on May 30, 1857. They were probably aboard the square rigged Tuscarora, DNS]. The father died and was buried at sea. Soon after their arrival in Iowa, the mother, brother and one sister died of cholera which was raging there [Probably Burlington, Iowa.] at the time.

The remaining sister, aged 11, and she joined an ox team company and walked across the plains. In 1860 she married Mr. Nixon and moved to East Weber, soon returning to Salt Lake and then settling in St. George. She remained there until August, 1921, when she moved to Provo so she could be near her children living here. Mr. Nixon died in 1882 leaving her to rear the family. For than 20 years she engaged in temple work and was president of the Relief Society there for many years.

She is survived by the following children: Mrs. E. Mathis, Salt Lake; J. W. and G. A. Nixon and Mrs. Josephine Whitehead, Provo; Mrs. Della Lynn, El Paso, Texas; Mrs. Della Price, St. George; also her sister, Mrs. Sena Barton and 32 grandchildren and 23 great grandchildren.

Funeral service will be held in the Sixth ward chapel Wednesday, March 15, at 2 p.m. The body may be viewed at the home of J. W. Nixon, 175 South First West Street, from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. Wednesday.

Conway B. Sonne Describes Ship Which Probably Brought Johanna's Group

In Conway B. Sonne's Ships, Saints, and Mariners, he describes the ship on which Johannah M. Nixon may have come to America. He also includes a short statement about this voyage:

Captain Richard M. Dunlevy sailed the square-rigged Tuscarorora out of Liverpool on 30 May 1857. On board were 547 Latter-day Saints, of whom 298 were from Scandinavia and the remainder from Great Britain. Elder Richard Harper and his counselors, Joseph Stapleton and C. M. Funck, presided over the company. After a pleasant thirty-four day voyage the ship arrived on 3 July at Philadelphia.

TUSCARORA Ship: 1232 tons: 178' x 39' x 20' Built: 1848 at Philadelphia, Pa. The Tuscarora was owned by the Cope Line of Philadelphia. She was built with three masts, three decks, a square stern, and a billet head. About 1873 the vessel was lost at sea.

Note: DNS.

LeRoy Whitehead's "*Reminiscences of Johanna Marie Shultz Nixon*" state: After two years filled with trouble, chaos, misery and danger, life at Honsinge became unbearable to the Shultz family so with a certificate from Elder Erickson

recommending the Shultz family to the Mormons in Utah, Johanna and her loved ones, with three hundred other Scandinavians the same faith set sail for America in April, 1857. The family had some money which the father had been able to obtain from the sale of his prosperous farm and his home.

This little colony of Mormons, of whom a Brother Funk [C. M. Funck?] was put in charge, was six weeks on the ocean. Several of the company died from typhoid fever. Johanna's father died ten days before they landed. Realizing that he would never see the land for which he had waited and prayed so long, Brother Schultz called Brother Funk to his bedside and left this charge: "Please see that my wife and children are safely delivered in Zion."

After landing in America on July 3rd, 1857 at Philadelphia, the family went to Burlington, Iowa. Before Johanna and Sidse left for Utah the next spring of 1859, with the same Brother Funck who had led their group out of Scandinavia; a sister, Mary, and brother, Ferdinand and the mother died. Brother Whitehead states that the trip took three months.

First Bishops of Huntington Ward

Elias Cox - 1st Bishop of Huntington Ward	1879 to 1883
Charles Pulsipher - 2nd Bishop	1883 to 1891
Peter Johnson - 3rd Bishop	1891 to 1902
James William Nixon - 4th Bishop	1902 to 1906
Antone Nielson - 5th Bishop	1906 to 1916
D. Heber Leonard - 6th Bishop	1916 to 1924

1902 James William Nixon II, replacing Peter Johnson, was ordained as the Fourth Bishop of Huntington Ward. He was released 1906.

December 29, 1957 - How Long Will My Work and I Live?

Chapter 1

1899 – Stewart, Grace Dean Nixon was born.

I was born in Huntington, Utah, December 21, 1899, and was christened Grace Dean Nixon. At this time Utah had only been a state for about four years. It became a state on January 4, 1896.

Ezra brought back to life. My earliest recollection was when I was in my fourth year. My brother Ezra was but a few months old; mother, because of Ezra's restlessness, had had little sleep for several nights. It was the custom in those days to give a few drops of laudanum to induce sleep. Finally mother did this at about three o'clock in the morning. Then Ezra slept.

At dawn, mother looked at him; he was quite still and she could not wake him. Mother called Olive to telephone Papa, who was sleeping at the store to relieve the night watchman. Papa went for the doctor.

Meanwhile, Mother and Olive dipped the infant in the barrel of cold water, raising his arms up and down in an effort to revive him. All the family was now awake and praying fervently for the life of our baby brother.

The doctor arrived and applied stimulants, but to no avail. He was administered to by Willie and Papa. Our family gathered in the west bedroom and pleaded for Ezra's life. We felt that Mother would not live if our baby brother's life were not spared.

When we returned to the living room, where Ezra was lying on the table, the doctor said, "He has been dead for at least two minutes." We gathered around the table in silent supplication. The baby gasped and coughed; our prayers had been answered.

ABANDONED, GRACE ESCAPES END OF WORLD. When I was nearing my fifth birthday, I was sleeping at the store with Papa. He often worked on the books until three a. m. I would carry his supper to the store and enjoy staying all night with him in his upstairs bedroom. One morning, Papa made a fire in the large stove that was in the center of the store.

Then Papa went to our home to have a before-dawn breakfast with my brothers Willie and St. Clair, so that they would leave for Price with the double team and wagons to bring supplies from the railroad for the store. I awakened, ran downstairs in my nightgown to tell Papa of my strange dream. He wasn't there.

The stove was red hot, and the doors were all locked. I looked out of the window in the front door and could see nothing but two doves and a donkey. I thought that the end of the world had come and I had been left behind.

I ran to the back of the store where the tools were kept, took a hammer and broke a jagged hole in the glass on the door, dragged a stool to the window and stepped to the outside ledge of the store window, which was about two and one half inches wide and four feet from the ground.

Somehow I reached it, and ran barefoot to our home and into the dining room. Then I shouted to Papa, "I broke your old window, I did! My parents said it was a miracle that I had been able to get through the jagged window and had no scratch on my body. I agreed with them!

Some of our happiest childhood memories were Sunday evenings after church. Papa was ordained Bishop of the Huntington Ward in 1902 and served until his release in 1906. The counselors, their wives and children would come to our home. We would spend the evening in our parlor with its red-velvet covered Victorian furniture.

After refreshments, the adults would discuss church affairs, while we children sat on the floor taking turns looking at wondrous pictures through a viewer, or being fascinated by the large chart which stood on a tripod.

As the pictures on the chart were turned, the life of our Savior was revealed. Mother would often play appropriate music as our Lord's life was shown in graphic form. The memory of this experience later gave me the idea for the Bible programs, accompanied by pictures of our Savior's life and music from the tabernacle organ.

Over two thousand of these inspirational programs have been given in an area extending from New England to California, and in the Canadian, Alaskan, and South American missions. The programs are still being given by individuals in this year of 1990. I turned 91 on December 21st of 1990.

Grace's Mother. One of my most precious memories was sitting with my beautiful mother, in the gallery of our meeting house. Papa was on the stand, of course, since he was the Bishop.

I was so young. Mother would make from her handkerchief, two dolls in a cradle. And I would rock them. Soon wearying of this, I would hold Mother's strong hand and feel her gold wedding ring.

Even now I can feel the comfort of my mother's hand, and hear her singing *Rock of Ages*. She had her own hymn book, a treasured possession which I now own.

To the Railroad Station With the Hired Man. I recall kicking bare toes along a dusty country road to meet Abe Hector, one of our hired men. I had gained permission to go to the railroad station with him. While the men loaded sacks of cement onto the double wagon I dangled bare feet over the station platform. On top of the load, we ate the remainder of our bucket lunch as the sun went down.

Papa Bishop Becomes Stake Sunday School Superintendent. In 1906, Papa was released from being our Bishop and was set apart as the Stake Superintendent of Sunday Schools. Papa would take me with him on Sundays to visit the various towns in our county and their Sunday Schools.

I never tired of listening to my father speak; which he did in each Sunday school. He had a brilliant mind, was an excellent speaker, and he had a beautiful speaking and singing voice.

My desire to become a Sunday school teacher came first in one of these country Sunday schools, listening to my father's inspiring lessons. I wanted to help young people in the way that he did.

Our Friends' Club. In Huntington in 1907, my friends and I formed a club of six girls: Katie Lemon, my very best friend; Ione Wakefield, La Priel Guymon, Ruby Kirby, Pearl Green, and I. We met at each others' homes every other week. Or we would go swimming, roller skating, or on a short hike. We would be together about two hours, and always had food served.

We sat together in Sunday school. Our recess periods at school were spent together. Once we went to the cemetery for our picnic. I recall that the only identification on one headstone was C.O.D. I wondered what was to be collected.

Non-Cemeteries for Non-Worthies. There was, in the cliffs east of Huntington, a real "Robbers Roost," where outlaws dwelt. One of our strange customs was that no "unworthy" person could be buried in the cemetery.

I remember that one "trigger happy" man, who used some grave profanity, road into to town from "Robber's Roost." He died in the town jail. They buried him and his horse outside the cemetery fence.

Pregnant Single Girl Repents Before Church. A custom which seemed dreadful to me was that if an unmarried woman was going to have a baby, she was required to stand in sacrament meeting and ask forgiveness of the congregation. I was very young when I witnessed such an event. I recall how the girl wept. Fortunately, this custom has been discontinued.

Castle Valley Death Conventions. A custom of Huntington and vicinity was to tie a large black bow on the front door of the home of the bereaved parents.

Another haunting memory was of the tolling of the bell for a funeral. Half an hour before services, the church bell would strike very slowly. Then, twenty minutes later, the bell would strike once each minute for ten minutes.

Myrtle Lenora Nixon (sister of GNS) was born February 17, 1893. She died August 7, 1907.

It was early autumn; leaves had begun to fall. There was strange stillness about the house. I was seven years old and sat on the top step of the front porch, my head leaning against a white column. The myrtle vine clung to the four columns and along the top of the porch roof. I watched the small purple flowers fall hesitantly from the vine. A few alighted on my bare brown feet and gingham dress. A moon, larger than any tub, was rising over the eastern hills in the early dusk.

I was thinking of my beautiful blue eyed, black haired sister who had sat on the porch with me, in the cool of the evening a few days before; and of how still the house had been since she left. She had many friends.

Tears came to my eyes as I reheard the tolling of the church bell and the long procession of black-clad people following the flower decked casket. The casket had been placed outside of our home, on the north side, for friends to see her.

A few evenings later, Mother and I sat on the steps leading to the west room which had been built for Papa's law study. I was holding mother's head as she was grieving over Myrtle's death. But she said that she would rather bury any of her children than have them commit a serious spiritual sin.

Superstition and Death. A few days after Myrtle's burial, my sister Olive, who did any assignment excellently, had just finished the family ironing, which she asked me to put away neatly on the shelves of the west room closet. Instead of following her instructions, I just stuffed the ironing on one shelf.

When Olive, who was eleven years older than I, discovered this, she wanted to teach me a lesson. So she took me to the window and pointed to a cat that was running through our orchard and said, "That cat is a symbol of Myrtle's coffin. It will follow you wherever you go." And it did, in my imagination. I was seven years old at the time and became conscious, as soon as it was dark, that I was being followed by the coffin. This situation continued until I was in my teens. Certainly the lesson of neatness had been learned. But my fear of cats still remains.

Myrtle Returns. One of the most spiritual experiences of my life occurred when I was nearly eight years of age and asleep in my bedroom. Suddenly, I awakened and sat up.. My sister Myrtle was standing beside my bed. She said, "Grace, come with me to Papa and Mamma's bedroom."

We went down the stairs, across the dining and living rooms, to our parents' bedroom. I stood beside Myrtle as she said, "Papa, I know you have been grieving for me. Please don't grieve anymore. I am very happy and busy. I am doing Relief Society work."

We then left the bedroom and Myrtle accompanied me to the bottom of the stairs. I have no recollection of her going back up the stairs with me. I had no fear. I testify that this was no dream. It is now eighty-two years later, and the memory of this experience is as vivid as if it had just occurred. This has been a great testimony to me of "eternal life."

Run away Reader. From an early age, I enjoyed reading more than house work and, as often as possible, I would run away to the haystack to read '*Daddy's Girl*' or some other book. Seldom would I answer when Olive called. But she knew where to find me.

Mother's father, Franklin Benjamin Woolley, was killed by Indians three days before mother's first birthday. Before she was nine, my mother's mother was also dead.

My maternal grandmother, Olive Carl Foss Woolley, was born April 12, 1835 in Scarborough, Cumberland County, Maine; the daughter of Calvin Foss and Sarah Brackett Carter. She arrived in Salt Lake City with the Wilford Woodruff Company on October 14, 1850 and married Franklin Benjamin Woolley February 11, 1857.

He was killed by Indians March 21, 1869. After her husband's death, she drove a wagon from St. George to Salt Lake several times, taking the children along. She died 7 April 1877 in Salt Lake City, and was buried in St. George, Utah.

Mother, Effie Dean Woolley, then almost nine, was left financially secure. Mother's sister, Ida, and three brothers Franklin B. Jr., Jedediah Foss, and Ezra Foss took care of her. As a child, mother spent much time in the Brigham Young's St. George home.

The Huntington Creek Baptism. All of the baptisms in our town were in Huntington Creek. It, together with Cottonwood and Ferron Creeks, are the headwaters of a picturesque, desert San Rafael River. Ours was the only Utah County to contain a complete river.

But the water was so cold in December when I was baptized. Then, on Sunday, my father confirmed me a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Mother's Care. Ezra was four years old when Jessco was born. As soon as Mother was able, she was back working at the store. Jessco was "on a bottle" which I was to give him. How well I recall the wicker baby buggy. Jessco was in the buggy; Ezra, in his red and white striped shirt, holding onto the side of the buggy. We would go to the store so mother could see that Jessco and Ezra were well cared for. Then, with her permission, we went to Katie Lemon's. And then the four of us would go for a walk.

We had a telephone installed between our home and the store. By this means, mother kept informed of our conduct.

Mother would never permit any of us to sleep away from home. Our friends could stay the night at our home. But no amount of coaxing would make her relent, and let us stay at friends' homes.

Grace Shoos Flies For Threshers. Since most of Mother's time was needed at the store, Olive took care of the home, which she kept spotless. She cooked for the family and the threshers at harvest time. I was supposed to help her. But I am not sure that I was much help. Mostly, I took care of my two younger brothers Ezra and Jessco.

However, I was rather useful as a "shooer of flies" from the long table set on the lawn; where the threshers and hired men ate the delicious food which Olive prepared. A branch was the weapon!

Another of my assignments was to keep the glass chimneys to the kerosene lamps clean and shiny. At night these lamps were our only means of light.

Nina, Olive, and Grace. Olive was always so kind and beautiful. The people of the town loved and admired her. Emma Wakefield, a school teacher, said, "If my daughter could grow to be like Olive Nixon, the greatest desire of my heart would be granted." Nina, also a very beautiful girl, helped Mother in the store.

Reflecting on the lives of my two beautiful sisters, I recall a Sunday afternoon when a relative was visiting our home. She said, "Olive and Nina are such beautiful girls with their dark hair and brown eyes." Then, glancing at me, sitting in a corner reading a book, she generously added, "but Grace has a good disposition."

Grace Visits Olive in Provo. My sister, Olive, and I were always very close. She was my ideal. I was eight years old when she went to Provo to school. Olive's words were, "I became so lonesome to see Grace that I wrote my parents and asked them to let her visit me in Provo." I was permitted to spend a week with my beloved sister. She was living in a house across from the south east corner of the lower campus.

Grace's and Rex Johnson's Cistern Engagement. In the autumn of 1908, our town's one hotel had a cistern. It was completed except for the pump. The cistern was filled with water. Loose boards covered the opening where the pump was to be. The cistern was between the hotel and our store.

Rex Johnson was the son of one of our clerks. He was ten years old. I was eight. He had come to the store to see his mother. She was waiting on a customer, so he and I went outside to inspect the new cistern. With my foot, I pushed the loose boards away and fell into the water, cutting a deep gash in the ridge of my nose.

My elbows were edged on either side of the hole. However, the movement of the water was swiftly drawing me into its depths.

Rex caught hold of my dress and long braids of hair and pulled me from the water. He took me, dripping with water and blood, into the store. I shall never forget how angry my father was that I had been subjected to such danger by the hotel owners, because they had not securely nailed the boards over the water.

Some people of the town, knowing of the incident, said that since Rex had saved my life, I must marry him when I grew up. This so frightened me that I would not speak to Rex for more than two years. If I saw him crossing the street on one side, I would turn and go across to the other. However, my parents were very grateful to him.

Johnnie Wakefield Fast Grave Digger. We had several very interesting characters in our town. Johnnie Wakefield was one. He was the father of five well-thought-of children. Johnnie was never known to walk. His pace was a semi-run. He was our cemetery's "grave digger". At the time of his death, he had prepared over six hundred graves.

Grace on Huntington's Fourth of July Floats. The Fourth of July in Huntington was our main yearly celebration. The town was awakened at four a.m. by the firing of what sounded like a cannon. This was immediately followed by the town band mounted on a hay rack. They would stop at certain homes and play until the occupants brought them food. They then would proceed to the next home.

There was always a Fourth of July parade, with the most beautiful girl in the town representing "The Goddess of Liberty." She was dressed in white and wore a crown. Our sister, Olive, was chosen, of course. Ione Wakefield and I were her attendants. We also were dressed in white. Later, our sister Nina was chosen.

This honor of "Goddess" never came to me. However, in about the last year that I lived in Huntington, when I was perhaps seventeen, I was finally chosen "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." The traditional costume was red, white, and blue. A large flag was on this float. And I held onto the flag pole.

The parade was followed by a ceremony in the church. There, I sang *Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.*" After the program, great excitement followed!

A barrel of lemonade was outside the church, and its content was free to the public. Most people drank out of a tin cup attached to the barrel. I didn't get to even taste it. Mother preferred that we make our own, which we did.

The afternoon was spent in the public square, part of which was in lawn and shade trees. Here people ate their picnics. Also, along the outside of the square, there were large shade trees whose branches reached across the sidewalk. There was a flag pole in the center of the square.

The afternoon was filled with excitement, firecrackers and sparklers, contests with prizes, a rope swing for children, and horse racing. Papa entered our horse "Lightning", which generally won.

Our store was the center of purchasing sweets, ice cream, fire crackers, sparklers, popcorn balls, soft drinks, food, and so forth. The children of our town expected new dresses and shoes for this occasion. I still recall some of my dresses with a sash tied in a bow at the back. At night, there was a dance for the adults in the Relief Society hall. A year seemed such a long time to wait for another Fourth of July.

In 1921 I was elected Vice President of the BYU Student Body. For several years I had the lead in a school play. In a downtown Provo theatre, I also played opposite the head of the drama department Dr. Pardoe.





Dr. Pardoe had urged that I continue my study of the dramatic arts. He felt that my talent should continue to be developed. He suggested that I attend the Leland Powers School of the Spoken Word in Boston.

In the summer of 1921, my parents gave their consent for me to go, and my dear friend Edythe Christensen gained permission from her parents to go with me. What glorious years they proved to be. Devirl regretted my going. But as was always typical of him, he wanted me to do that which would give me the most fulfillment and happiness. Throughout the years since, I have been grateful for these years of study in Boston.

It was difficult to leave my family and Devirl; but with the eagerness of youth, I looked forward to this new opportunity with great anticipation. My





friends were so very thoughtful. They gave dinners and various parties for me.

Florence Jepperson gave a dinner in our honor. She also wrote to some of her friends in Boston so that Edythe and I would have someone to meet us at the station and have a place to live. I surely love and appreciate Florence Jepperson. Our mothers were also good friends.

Devirl checked the train schedules and the most scenic routes. Our brother, St. Clair, was on a mission in Missouri and we wanted to visit him.

Good-byes were said and Edythe and I left Salt Lake City. Our first stop was in Denver. We took a tour and saw the state

capitol and Greek Theater. We went through their main business section. Had we been one minute later in reaching the station, we would have missed our train. We were saved by a speedy five-rod dash, and a "redcap" following with our bags.

We enjoyed going through Nebraska with its rich farm lands. St. Joseph, Missouri was the largest city which we saw between Denver and St. Louis. The most beautiful scene was the Missouri river, with its wide flood plains and thick vegetation. The corn fields were immense.

Our dear St. Clair met us at the Hannibal, Missouri train station. We had a good dinner, and then went to a cottage meeting which was conducted by St. Clair and his companion. Both elders spoke with much persuasiveness. A beautiful spirit was present. Afterward, we went to see the moon, rising and reflected on the Mississippi.

The following day, St. Clair and his companion took us to see Mark Twain's home and other places of interest. St. Clair went with us to St. Louis where we had a glorious time. He took us to see the old slave market, the Botanical Gardens, Forest Park, and other historic places. I like St. Louis. But they haven't the homes that we have in the west. *Some years ago, Grace's family had purchased U. S. Supreme Court Justice George Sutherland's mansion in Provo.*

Finally we had to say good-bye and take the train for Detroit. We stayed nearly a day in Detroit. At that time it was a clean, beautiful city. We visited the flower conservatory which was lovely beyond description. Then we went to the Ford Auto Company. There each factory worker was responsible for a certain part of the car. We watched them assemble the parts from the first piece to the completed car.

We left Detroit by steamship for Buffalo. It was a glorious trip up the St. Laurence River to Quebec. We visited a few cities while in Canada. Queenstown Heights was lovely; such a good place from which to view Lake Ontario.

We reached Buffalo at about nine in the morning, took a trolley car to Niagara City, and then to the falls. They were magnificent. The Grand Gorge into which they emptied, with its whirlpools and quicksand, was fascinating. It was necessary to put on rubber coats and hats when we went down under the falls where we spent the rest of the day. Our coats and stockings were soaked when we returned.

That evening we returned to Buffalo and took the train to Albany, New York; and from there to Boston. It was a perfect trip.

CHAPTER 2



LELAND POWERS SCHOOL

St Evans Way

LELAND POWERS SCHOOL building, designed and built especially for a Radio and Theatre School, is situated on a beautiful parkway in Boston's educational center. Its land adjoins the famous Gardner Museum, while in the immediate vicinity are Harvard University Medical and Dental Schools, Simmons College, State College and the Boston Museum and School of Art. Within a short walking distance is Symphony Hall, the home of the celebrated Boston Symphony Orchestra. Not far distant are the Public Library, the new Prudential Center and the downtown theatre and shopping districts.

Boston Massachusetts

When we arrived in Boston, Florence Jepperson's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Boyington were there to meet us. They took us to their home and said that we could have a room until we could locate an apartment near the school.

Each day until school started they took us to some historical place and then for a drive in the country. The foliage was magnificent, dressed in vivid, autumn colors.

Monday, August 9, 1921. Edythe and I went to the Leland Powers School of the Spoken Word. The building was red brick and partly vine-covered. It was located at number Thirty One Evans Way, near Fenway Park.

Inside the building entrance was Mrs. Power's office. Opposite was the secretary's office. The Little Theater was beautifully decorated. The class rooms were both up and down stairs. The teachers were all real artists in their subjects; and very stimulating.

*Saint Clair Nixon
Edythe Christenson
Don Fielding
and
Grace Nixon
on way home
from Church
in Boston.*



Sunday, August 16, 1921. On our

first Sunday in Boston, Edythe and I attended church at the Boston branch. We made several friends. Harold Clawson, a business major at Harvard, had his roommate, Chris Christman with him. They walked home with us after church. The next afternoon, we went boating with them on the Charles River; then to dinner and a dance.



That evening Chris asked if, in three weeks, I would go to the traditional Friday night dinner dance which always preceded the Harvard-Yale game. I was delighted.

Tuesday afternoon, Edythe and I went to Commonwealth Avenue and waited nearly two hours in the rain to get a glimpse of Marshal Foch. The parade consisted of 4,000 men and some French musicians, dressed in special attire. They were quite a contrast to the English Tommies who were marching behind. There were some foxy horses, in special regalia, prancing along the route.

[Marshal Ferdinand Foch (1851-1929). In March 1918 he was appointed to Supreme Command of the Allied Forces, and brought World War 1 to its successful conclusion on November 11, 1918. He was president of the inter-Allied Council at Versailles (1917). The Versailles Treaty was signed June 28, 1919.

Grace's mother's cousin, J. Reuben Clark, an influential scholar, graduate of Columbia University, and editor of two legal textbooks, was one who opposed the Versailles treaty and the idea of The League of Nations. He felt that this framework was far too onerous on Germany and that it sealed the United States to unrealistic overseas commitments.]

Grace Compares or Contrasts Southern and Walter Hampdon. Friday night, Chris and I went to see Southern and Marlow, in *Hamlet*, at the time they were thought to be the world's best Shakespearean dramatists. I thought that Mr. Southern, in the part of Hamlet, was not superior to Walter Hampdon. However, Julia Marlowe, as Ophelia, was superb. On Saturday afternoon, we saw *Twelfth Night*. We had dinner in town, and afterward saw *The Merchant of Venice*.

Chris is an only child whose people are wealthy. He has plenty of money, and seems to enjoy spending it on me. I enjoy letting him. He has his own car with him in Boston, and is a junior at Harvard. Each time when we attend the theater, Chris buys my favorite chocolates.

This Saturday evening, Chris and I will see Walter Hampdon in *Abraham Lincoln*.

Friday night, November 26, 1921, was my first appearance at a formal ball since coming east. It was at Harvard. Only one thousand people were admitted. The men as well as the ladies were in formal attire. I wore my yellow formal, and had my hair done high. Chris said that I looked lovely. He had sent a beautiful corsage, and came for me in a limousine which was driven by a chauffeur.

The decorations of the ballroom were artistically arranged in Harvard and Yale colors. The orchestra was the best in New England. There was plenty of wine; not mere punch. The dance became quite wild as the evening advanced. I now have quite a different opinion of some Harvard men, when it comes to wine and women.

The dance was to continue until four in the morning. Chris and I left an hour before the dance was over. He had the chauffeur drive slowly along the Charles River, so that we could enjoy the effect of a misty moon, on the silver-toned water.

The game on Saturday was indescribably wonderful. I have never witnessed anything so spectacular. [Football was banned at BYU at one time because of a football death] When the Harvard team made its first touchdown thousands of people arose singing the school song.

Bands played, and everyone on the Harvard side of the stadium was waving a handkerchief. In the center was a huge "H." The effect was brought about by people who had purchased certain seats. They were required to have white handkerchiefs; and those who had center seats, had red handkerchiefs. It was a marvelous sight and, Harvard WON!! Hurrray!!!

After the game, we had dinner at a Harvard Square Cafe. Then we went to see Ethel Barrymore in *Déclassé*. It was very good.

The week following the Harvard-Yale game, Chris and I attended the Boston Opera House at least every night. A grand opera company was presenting *Carmen*, *Faust*, *Madam Butterfly*, and other classics which we wanted to see.

On Saturday morning, I read Browning's *My Last Duchess* for the entire school. That experience made me popular at school. Mrs. Powers said that she had never known of a freshman reading so difficult a number so well.

No first year student is allowed to read at the Monday evening recitals; just juniors and seniors. There are some extremely talented students here. They read beautifully. There are no "activities" at Powers, just work and more work; and I love it.

Never until now, have I experienced the full joy of school work. Now I can put my entire attention to the art which I love. It is a genuine pleasure to study many hours a day.

On Sunday, after church, Edythe and I were invited to President Smith's for dinner. It was very pleasant. President and Sister Smith have charge of the Joseph Smith farm.

December 1921. Our Christmas holidays have started. I took the advice which Devirl wrote in his letter; and forgot school work. There was a series of matinees; and a party or a dance every night.

December twenty-first was my first birthday away from home. I received some lovely presents from my family. Devirl sent what I needed, a special make of pen and pencil set. I also received gifts from Boston friends. Our room looked like a shop window. Edythe surprised me with a white and pink birthday cake, with candles.

Friday night, Chris and I went to the Coply Theater, where they play the English classics. We saw Bernard Shaw's *Being Married*. On Saturday, Chris asked me to a skating party at Harvard. Afterward, we danced by moonlight.

The following day Chris left for Ohio, to spend Christmas with his family. He asked me to go with him and meet his parents. I thanked him for the invitation, which I appreciated; but I declined.

On Christmas Eve, Edythe and I went to midnight Mass at Saint Paul's Cathedral. The famous boys' chorus sang anthems. Christmas Eve is very important in Boston.

We arrived home at two a.m. When we entered our room, there was a Christmas tree decorated in gold and silver tinsel, little tinkling bells, hearts, and so forth. On the carpet, beneath the tree, were two stockings filled with gifts. We were so happy that we could hardly sleep. The Boyingtons decorated the tree.

On Christmas morning, chimes creating the Christmas atmosphere rang all over the city. Devirl sent me a beautiful table lamp and some book ends for Christmas. I have enjoyed them through the years.

On Christmas day, Edythe and I had dinner at my cousins, the Woolley's in Lynn Massachusetts.

A letter from mother said that they had decided to let me stay a second year at Leland Powers School. Mother said that she was well, and that there was no need for any concern. I have been so happy since receiving this word. It is a dream come true.

Edythe and I saw Walter Hampton in *The Servant in the House*. On Sunday we spoke in sacrament meeting.

April 1922. In April of 1922, Edythe and I moved into our apartment at 505 Huntington Avenue, Suite 2. We were very fortunate in getting it. There had been years there without a "For Rent" sign.

They have strict regulations, and we feel safe. We have a cozy living room, nice entrance hall, a convenient kitchen, and a bathroom with sufficient mirrors.

The **Boyantons** have been wonderful to us, and continue to be. However, it is good to live in a home of our own. We have more freedom in arranging study hours and so forth.

April 14, 1922. St. Clair arrived last Saturday. Since he arrived, Edythe, St. Clair, Chris, and I have had almost one continuous round of theatre, symphonies, dancing, and sight-seeing.

St. Clair is certainly a good-looking man. His mission has done much for him. He heard me read at a Power's School recital. I shall never forget his precious comments on my reading.

This Saturday morning at nine, St. Clair, Edythe, and I left Boston. And after a delightful trip across the state of New Hampshire, we arrived at a quaint, picturesque village in the Vermont hills.

At the railroad station to meet us was a typical likeness of a backwoodsman. The gentleman weighed three hundred and sixty pounds. He had four teeth in front, and chewed tobacco. This driver took up six-eighths of the front seat. I had the remaining quarter. It was sufficient.

The weather was perfect. The hills were green, and flecked with spring flowers. Part of the road wound through the woods.

When we reached Memorial Farm, the driver, a jolly fellow, demanded, as payment for the trip, a kiss from his front seat companion. He said that this would suffice for all three fares.

Since I felt entirely unequal to the honor, I tried to explain that I would rather wait until morning, and so forth. Then the door opened; much to the disappointment of

St. Clair and Edythe, who were almost in hysterics from laughing at my embarrassing situation.

There was a fire in the living room grate. The furniture was colonial and spotlessly clean. They had a delicious supper for us, and we had ravenous appetites.

That evening, neighbors from adjoining farms were invited. We heard stories from old New England farmers. One old farmer danced for us. It was an evening to be treasured in memory.

On Sunday evening, we returned to Boston. And on Monday, St. Clair left for Utah. It was hard to say good-bye to him. That evening I had another reading engagement.

On Friday evening, Chris and I saw Mary Roberts Rinehart's *Baby*. It was very funny.

Saturday - Edythe and I went to Lynn, Massachusetts where we had promised to meet two missionaries, Elder Keats and Elder Crandall. They took us to Salem, the city of "witches." We also visited The House of Seven Gables, of which Hawthorne wrote, and several other historical places. They were most enjoyable.

Friday - Chris and I saw a matinee performance of *The French Doll*. Then we went canoeing on The Charles River. After, we had dinner at a Harvard club house in the country. We danced there until closing time.

On Saturday, we heard John McCormack. He has unusual **tone quality** and breath control. However, he hasn't as powerful a voice or as magnetic a personality, as a number of other singers whom we have heard. **Later, we saw *The French Doll*. It was interesting and true to life.**

In order to graduate from The Powers School, an undergraduate student must attend for three years. However, with a college degree, you can graduate in two, if your work is above a certain standard. Last spring, I explained to Mrs. Powers that I needed to complete two courses. I did this by correspondence.

Today, Mrs. Powers told me that my work was excellent, and that since I had worked from the first with such earnestness and ability, the faculty had been unanimous in deciding to list me in the senior class.

Then Mrs. Powers invited me, with some of the other seniors, to a party at her home. It was a wonderful evening. Her home is beautiful and so tastefully decorated. Mrs. Powers is one of the most charming hostesses I have ever known.

Although Chris has been raised as a Methodist, he is considerate enough to attend our church with me. During this week, Chris and I attended two dinner parties. At one, Dr. Chamberlain, of Harvard, was the guest of honor. We also saw George Arliss in *The Green God*. So artistic and finished a production.

Tonight, Edythe and I had the privilege of hearing a great artist at our school; Elizabeth Pool Rice. She read *Friend Hannah*. It was exquisite. A number of the guests were from various professions. They, with others of the audience, were in tears during most of the last act. Mrs. Rice ranks highest among women readers in the United States. She has a beautiful character. I feel that is the first requirement of this art.

Last night, Edythe said that she would always be grateful for the change which Devirl had made in her life. She said that she realized that he had certain qualities which she didn't know that young men today had.

December 19, 1922. At ten o'clock at night, I received a telephone call from a Harvard committee man. He apologized for calling at so late an hour. But he added that he hadn't been able to get in touch with me. He asked if I would be the reader at the Christmas celebration at Harvard Christmas night. I answered that I would let him know the next day.

I was really thrilled to be asked for this special occasion. I am certainly going to try to adjust my appointments so that I can accept this unusual opportunity.

Saturday, Edythe and I had just finished washing the lunch dishes, when two boys from Salt Lake City, Leslie White and Gordon Sears called on us unexpectedly. They were both graduates of the University of Utah. When Leslie saw Devirl's pictures on the piano, he said that he knew him.

We had a lot of fun in the afternoon. We rolled back the rugs, danced, and sang until five o'clock; then made fudge. I had a reading engagement at six-thirty; the second that week. The car came for me before I was ready. The following day, I spoke in sacrament meeting. The thoughts came rapidly. I had, and have so much for which to be thankful.

Monday night, Mr. Rice read *Peaceful Valley*. It was masterfully given; and so thrilled me, that I couldn't sleep for hours.

Powers School is putting on a play for commencement. There are two feminine leads. A girl who is head of the Oklahoma University Dramatic Arts Department has one part, and I have the other. It will be good to be in a play with her. I should learn a good deal.

Last night, Mr. Rice read *The Servant in the House* by Jerome K. Jerome. There are no adjectives to describe the excellence of his work. I felt awed, thrilled, sad, and happy. Edythe went with Harold Clawson; Chris, with me. They agreed that they had never heard anything better.

Saturday evening. Chris and I went to a dinner and dance in honor of the Governor, at the Copley Plaza hotel.

Monday evening, Mrs. Rice read *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* by Jerome K. Jerome. It was so artistically portrayed that I felt mystified. I realized to achieve such artistry, would require years of joyous work, sacrifice, and dedication. But, to so inspire an audience, I felt that almost any personal sacrifice would be justified.

Chris and I have seen several good plays recently. Among others, were: *Mr. Antonio*, *The Miracle Man*, and *Turn to the Right*.

The missionaries asked Edythe and me to speak at a street meeting. This we did. It was a new and rewarding experience. The elders say that they have never had girls who were of so much service in the branch.

We both have our duties in Sunday school. Afterward, we attend sacrament meeting. Since I am first counselor in Mutual, I go every Sunday evening. The president of the Mutual is a Harvard law student.

In late spring of 1922, Edythe obtained work at Magnolia, Massachusetts; a summer resort. Her work was at a French pastry, ice cream, and candy store; very expensive. It was difficult to say good-bye. We hadn't been separated since leaving home.

On the following evening, Chris called to ask me to go for a drive into the country and to have dinner. I suggested that we drive to Magnolia and surprise Edythe. So we did.

Magnolia is the most beautiful place which I have seen. The flowers are incomparable. The ocean is only a block from where Edythe has a room.

We had dinner. Then Edythe wanted me to stay all night with her. And so, I let Chris return to Boston alone. He said that he would return for me the next evening. It is only a fifty mile drive; but very scenic.

Edythe and I walked along the beach. Then, after we had gone to bed, we talked until nearly three in the morning.

Chris and I had a lovely drive around Magnolia, named for its elegant blooming magnolia trees. The large blossoms were not only thick on the trees, but there were many flowers on the sidewalks. Then we drove to Boston, had dinner, and later said good-bye for the summer.

Chris was returning to his home in Ohio for the summer, and I was going to Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, to attend summer school. Of course, there were letters.

Phildelah Rice Sends Chauffeur for Grace. It was kind of Mr. Rice to arrange with Mr. Gunther to be at our apartment at 6:20 a.m. with his car. We had breakfast together. Then he put me on the train to New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Mr. Cocnosis came through the train and discovered me. We had the remaining part of the trip together. I had lunch on the ship; the waves were exceedingly high.

OAK BLUFFS, MASSACHUSETTS JULY 2, 1922. Mr. Rice met us at the pier. It was so good to see him again. We went to the club house to lunch. Later, we went swimming. We dressed for dinner, this was the regular program. All were very stylish, Mrs. Rice was there. I love her.

I am excited about Oak Bluffs. The ocean, the pine forests, and the air is clear and invigorating.

The next morning, more students arrived from Powers. Oh the joy of seeing them again. We all seem like a family. Dorothy and I have a room on the main floor of North Cottage. All the girls at North Cottage are adorable and such good sports.

I had a good swim again today. Wrote to Devirl, why don't I get a letter from him? *Has he taken my letter about a mission in the right way?* I hope with all my heart that he has. It is so important that he goes on a mission, I feel.

Thursday, July 6 - Vivian Walley arrived, she is a dear; so is Winifred. *Nearly every girl in the house is an only child. I'm so happy that I have my precious brothers and sisters.*

I was invited to go to a dance, but didn't accept; I'm so happy that Clarecia Herold is in our cottage. She is so loving and free; so unselfconscious, and has self respect. She is a real artist.

I do want to record a brief description of North Cottage, where I lived in Oak Bluffs. It was delightful. On the first floor, we entered a large reception room with a fireplace at one end. There were large leather chairs and sofas. The floor was oak and often used for dancing. Also on the first floor were three large bedrooms. Dorothy and I had one of these. All of the rooms had beautiful views of the ocean and woods.

After dinner, I accepted an invitation to go driving with Jimmy. We went around the south part of the island. There were beautiful homes; and the scenery was thrilling.

Sunday July 9, 1922. I awakened late. It seemed good to sleep later. Each weekday morning, I was in the woods practicing by six o'clock in the morning. I went to Methodist church with Mrs. Ford.

After dinner, Clarecia and I went for a delightful walk along the beach. Then, we sat on the cliff rocks and watched the high wave's dash against the cliffs.

Tuesday, July 11. Mrs. Rice said that I read *The Finger of God* beautifully, and added, "It was splendid work." She had no suggestions at all. That makes me want to work harder than ever.

Friday evening, Dorothy and I were invited upstairs to join several other girls in a "rap" session. All of the girls, except Dorothy and I, smoked and took alcoholic

drinks. They asked why I lived as I did. I explained that I was a Mormon. It was an unusual opportunity to explain our beliefs. They were happy to get a correct idea of what Mormon doctrine was.

Saturday evening, Dorothy and I walked to town. The shops are so picturesque. The streets, narrow. It is great here.

I had dinner with Douglas Crawford, a young business man. Afterward, he took me for a delightful boat ride out into the ocean. Later, gave me a large box of candy, which I shared with the girls at North Cottage.

Last night, some friends from North Cottage and I were invited to a party. Our hosts took us for a drive around the island; and then to their beautiful country home. It was most enjoyable and restful.

Boston. I'm back in Boston, after a most valuable and enjoyable summer at Oak Bluffs on Martha's Vineyard. Edythe is with me again in our apartment. She is now attending the New England Conservatory of Music. She talked with Mrs. Powers; and they decided that it would be to Edythe's advantage to major in music.

Chris is again at Harvard, and he is wonderfully thoughtful. We have continued to have delightful evenings together.





White Lyceum - Autumn 1922.

In late autumn of 1922, I became affiliated with the White Lyceum Bureau. I tried out; I was told, with approximately one hundred and fifty other contestants. There were two readers chosen, I was fortunate.

Mrs. Powers had said that students should accept every opportunity to read for audiences. The White Lyceum Bureau has provided this opportunity. Through them I am receiving reading engagements for the best clubs and literary groups in the Boston area.

Mr. White gives me twenty dollars an hour and all expenses. The engagements always come in the evening. It is not necessary to miss

any classes. I always return to Boston after an out-of-town engagement.

Mr. White also listed me for a series of "scenes" to be played in Boston theaters. These required rehearsals with other participants. So far, I have had the parts of Maid Marian in the opera *Robin Hood*, and Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet*. I have a private dressing room and special costumes.

Chris has just returned from his home in Ohio, where he spent Christmas vacation. He asked me to see Irene Castle dance. We enjoyed her.

Ellen Neilson, from Logan, Utah, attends the New England Conservatory of Music. Ellen, Harold Clawson, Chris and I have just returned from services at the

Old North Church. The services were good; the music, beautiful. The four of us often go together. The men room in the same dorm at Harvard. On Tuesday evening, we will hear Henrick Gebhard, pianist.

Chris is a junior at Harvard Law School. He has asked me to attend what he termed the social event in a college man's life, the Junior Prom. He explained that it was tradition for the dance to start at eleven o'clock and close at five in the morning. We would be served dinner before the dance. He has asked me a month and a half in advance. The names of all partners are printed in the prom book.

Friday night Chris and I attended a fraternity dance at the Plaza Hotel. On Saturday morning at a recital, I read a selection from *Father*. Saturday evening Chris and I spent the early evening in the dining area of a French cafe; and then we danced in an adjoining room.

On Monday evening Edythe and I attended a recital of Bible readings, given by Mrs. Powers. Never, until then, did I realize the beauty of Bible literature.

Saturday evening. Twelve of us went tobogganing. It was great sport. Some of the missionaries were with us. We all had an unusually good time.

Monday evening. Miss Baldwin, a teacher at school, read the play *Daddy Long Legs*. She has a most beautiful spirit. Her aura radiates love and goodwill to everyone.

On the following Monday, Miss Daugherty read the play *A Kiss for Cinderella*. She read excellently. Miss Daugherty teaches us how to teach.

We are invited to a very unusual party on Sunday evening at the home of Mrs. McHugh, Chairman of the club for which I read on Friday evening. She called Saturday morning to again voice her appreciation for my reading. She said, "It was a most excellent interpretation of the play and added, that it was by far the best evening's enjoyment that their club had had."

Chris and I saw Walter Hampton in *Romeo and Juliet*. Mr. Hampton was splendid as Romeo. I didn't especially care for Mable Moore as Juliet. We also saw Mr. Hampton in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* and Doris Kean in *Czarina*.

The chairman of a club at Norwood, Massachusetts called Powers School and asked for the name of someone whom they would recommend to coach a three-act play; they suggested me.

Mrs. Very, the chairman, asked me if I would do this, and offered me one hundred dollars and all expenses. I consented. Norwood is eighteen miles out of Boston.

We had three rehearsals a week. I scheduled them so as not to interfere with my lyceum work. The club members were cultured and gracious people. They were very responsive to suggestions. Some of the cast were semi-professionals. The name of the play was *Come out of the Kitchen*. Before the dress rehearsal, they gave a dinner in my honor.

The play was a real success. At the conclusion of the play, they gave me a beautiful bouquet of flowers and a huge box of candy. After the play, the cast and I were entertained at the home of Mrs. Very. There they gave me more flowers. Edythe was with me.

I had accepted an invitation to stay all night. Edythe stayed with me. After breakfast the next morning, we were driven home in an almost blinding snow storm.

The flowers that they gave me take most of the night table and top of the piano. The entire experience at Norwood was beautiful.

The club members have invited me to return on two evenings for dinner. The first invitation is at the home of Miss Helen Ward, and the second, at Mrs. Everett's home. They will send a car for me each time. These charming people have been so wonderful to me.

On Friday night, Chris and I will attend the debate between Oxford and Harvard. Chris is so excited about it. We are certain Harvard will win.

At school on Monday evening, another teacher, Mrs. Hannigan, read the three-act play *The Legend of Leanore*. It was excellently given.

Chris and I went to a dancing party at the Brunswick Hotel's Egyptian Room. Table decorations, even dishes, carried out the same motif. The music was weird, but enchanting; the lights were low. We went driving in the moonlight afterward.

On the next night, we saw the Harvard versus Dartmouth game. Harvard won. Chris was ecstatic. Afterward, we had dinner at Harvard. Chris is very wonderful to me. My slightest desire, he gratifies. Chris and I saw George Arliss in *The Ruling Passion*. Mr. Arliss is a "finished" artist. We also saw *The Little Minister* by James Barrie; and Mary Ryan in *Only Thirty-Eight*.

Thanksgiving 1922. On Thanksgiving, we started to Maine for a country Thanksgiving dinner. While Chris was trying to prove to me that his car would make seventy miles-an-hour, a motorcycle overtook us; and the result, a ticket! Some time was lost here. It was two o'clock before we reached the state border. Edythe was with Chris and me; and we were all hungry. So we drove to **Shoosheen** Village and had a delicious dinner at Hanover Inn. Then, back to Lawrence, Massachusetts for the dance that night. Then home to Boston. It was a lot of fun.

On the next evening, we saw Madam **Melle Celile** Sorel in *La Dame Aux Camellias*.

Saturday Chris phoned at 4:30 in the afternoon, insisting that we drive to the beach for dinner. I had an appointment for eight o'clock. He promised to get me back by that time. This promise he failed to keep.

I had a most delightful reading engagement last Friday night at Christ's Church in Cambridge. The people were attentive, and it was a joy to read for them. Afterward, many persons, including a number of Harvard professors, said some very kind things to me. I am to read for them again before the season is over. Chris arranged this first opportunity.

In early February, as a result of too much activity and too little sleep I had a severe case of flu; followed by nasal hemorrhaging. Edythe and Mrs. Boynton took turns caring for me; doing all they could to carry out the doctor's instructions.

Concerned friends called; but I was not permitted to speak with them. Edythe described our room as a "fairylane of flowers."

As my condition grew worse, Edythe, at twelve o'clock at night, sent for the elders to administer to me. The elders stayed with us until two-thirty in the morning. I rested well for the remaining part of the night.

Edythe promised me that she would not let mother know of my illness. I didn't want her to be worried. However, she felt that she must let someone in the family know; so she wrote to Papa. He was so concerned that he wrote to me every day.

Papa did tell my sister, Olive. She sent a telegram asking Edythe to wire her collect and to keep her continually posted as to my condition. Devirl, to whom Edythe had written, also sent telegrams and letters. He was very concerned.

Mama had sent such a beautiful dress for the Harvard Prom. I had never looked forward with such joyous anticipation to a dance. Chris and I had made wonderful plans for the entire evening.

However, the doctor refused to let me lift my head from the pillow. Edythe went with my partner. It is the second time that she has gone under my name, and danced with those who dance cards had my name. On the night of the prom Chris and his friends decorated my room with the most beautiful flowers obtainable. Chris said that even if a big party has to be manufactured, my dress will make its debut at Harvard.

With excellent care, I have gradually improved. Fortunately this illness came during the two week semester break. So I didn't miss much school.

Chris has become very serious about our relationship. Soon after the 1922 Christmas vacation, he asked me to marry him. I told him as kindly as I could that it would not be possible; I could never marry anyone who didn't belong to our church.

He said that he would join the church. I explained that it was not that simplistic. That one must really believe the principles taught. That religion was life to me. That our religion was "Truth Eternal," and that only through it, can we receive a fullness of joy; or even contentment.

I also told him that I had accepted Devirl's fraternity pin. He didn't mind; and continued to take me to delightful places that I otherwise would not have attended. This he appreciated, but I gave him no encouragement; except that I enjoyed being with him.

Chris and I went to see Robert B in *Julius Caesar*. Mr. Mantel was cast as Marcus Brutus.

Chris and I had a very enjoyable evening at the Harvard Dramatic Club play. We danced at the Harvard Club afterward.

February 15, 1923. At the Stewart Club, to which some of my friends belong, Mr. Rice read *David Garrick*. It was most artistic and thrilling. Each time I hear Mr. Rice, it seems like perfect artistry. However, I am convinced that *David Garrick* is his masterpiece. Six of us from the school were invited to hear Mr. Rice. We were of the opinion that we had never heard anything so finished and true.

Sunday after church, Edythe and I took my Sunday school class on an indoor picnic. Afterward, we took them to the museum for an hour.

Chris and I have had several lovely evenings together again. The school year will soon be over. Chris and I are not certain when we will see each other after I leave for home. So we are making the most of these last weeks. But we also have much studying to do. I am diligently preparing for my senior recital.

Thursday evening, Mrs. Powers entertained the seniors at her beautiful home. It was the second time that I had been there. Mrs. Powers is a charming hostess.

My senior recital was indeed a success I read *The Girl of the Golden West*. Mrs. Powers said, "Miss Nixon, I have never heard that play read so well." I was grateful.

Most of the church members were among the audience. This I deeply appreciated. The flowers that they gave me were gorgeous. The missionaries and students from Utah gave me an armful of long-stemmed red roses. Then there were baskets of roses and sweet peas, and so forth.

Afterward, my friends gave me a party at the Brunswick hotel. I was so pleased that Edythe could be with us. The entire evening will always be a treasured evening. How forcibly I recalled that I owed it all to my wonderful parents and to the sacrifices that they made for me.

Edythe's father has been ill for some time. Her mother wrote that she needed her at home. So she left in late April, rather than waiting for her school to close in June. I miss her so very much.

Graduation. Our diplomas were presented on May 28, 1923. That night, we had the annual school banquet at the Copley Plaza Hotel. We then said good-bye. **This we had dreaded.** We had been such good friends for two years. There were more than a few tears shed. The teachers have all been so very kind in their remarks about my work. It has indeed been a joyous privilege to attend and be a graduate of the Leland Powers School.

Mother wrote that she wanted my journey homeward to be a happy and satisfying one. She wanted me to see New York City, and to do some shopping there; go to Washington D. C., and wherever else I chose. Among my other lovely graduation gifts, Devirl sent me an exquisite cameo, set in fine gold filigree.

After saying good-bye to Chris, which was difficult, and to other friends; I went to New York City, where friends met me. Here, I spent three glorious days dancing, seeing theater, and sightseeing. We also visited Central Park, China Town, and the Woolworth building.

I took the midnight train to Washington D. C., where I met friends who then drove me to their country home in Frederick. I had promised to stay with them for the weekend. It was a most pleasant experience; we had a delightful time seeing historical places and being entertained at parties. Washington was wonderful, and we had just that kind of a time.

I had promised to return to New York City for a few days. How very much I have enjoyed this past ten days. Everyone has been so lovely to arrange parties and excursions. On my last night in New York, there was a Grand Opera. New York City's brilliant lights and shops fascinate me. As mother had



requested, I bought a beautiful suit, blouse, shoes, and hat.

Leaving New York City, I boarded a train for Rochester then on to Palmyra and the Hill Cumorah where I visited the Sacred Grove. This I wanted to do alone. As I was walking, a man with his horse and buggy asked if he could give me a ride. I accepted. But when we were a block from the Sacred Grove, I thanked the man and said that I preferred to walk into the grove alone.

This time in the Sacred Grove alone was one of the most beautiful spiritual experiences of my life. I was given an added assurance that The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was true. This experience will always be treasured in my heart.

CHICAGO. From Rochester, I took a train to Chicago, where I had promised friends that I would stay with them for two days. They were BYU friends Nels Anderson and LeRoy Cox. LeRoy was married.

They took me to noted landmarks, then to Le Roy's apartment where I met his wife, Lillian. She had dinner ready. Lillian is a good cook. Later that evening, we went to a place which was totally disreputable.

The men knew how sheltered my life had been at home, and thought that I needed to see how others lived. It was a drinking and dancing establishment called The Hoedown. I would have named it The Low Down.

We had a table where we were served ginger ale. The way the people danced was horrible, and, to me, shocking. We all danced a few times, and then left. I stayed that night with LeRoy and Lillian.

The next day, we all visited additional places of interest including the Chicago School of Law; this is where LeRoy and Nels were attending. That evening, after I had thanked my hosts for their extreme kindness, they put me on a train homeward bound.

I had had two wonderful, happy, and valuable years in Boston; and a delightful summer in Oak Bluffs on Martha's Vineyard Island.

HOME TO UTAH. I arrived in Provo Saturday evening [June 16, 1923] and had a joyous evening with my much loved family. The next day, Sunday, Devirl

phoned. It was thrilling to hear his rich, resonant voice. He said "May I come to Provo next Sunday? I will phone during the week."

WASATCH FRONT DRAMATIC ACTIVITIES. Soon after arriving home, the Ladies Civic Club asked if I would coach a play for them. They wanted to raise money for their projects. The play chosen was *Daddy Long Legs*. For the cast, I included some relatives, Erma Hickman and Ezra Nixon. There were two performances. The club members were very pleased with the results.

I had been home only a few days when Mrs. Maw called and asked if I would give private lessons to her daughter Florence. Soon, in Provo, I had quite a group of students, also, in Salt Lake City. I shared a studio in Salt Lake City with Ellen Neilson. It was located at 159 1/2 South Main Street. There I had a number of very industrious students.

In Salt Lake City, The Eleventh Ward activity committee called at the studio and asked if I would coach a play for them. This I did. It was a real success. We had an exceptionally good cast.

In the spring of 1924, Ellen Neilson and I gave a program in Logan. People said that it was the best that they had had in a long time. Ellen is an excellent musician.

The Eleventh Ward representatives called today, April 10, and said that they would do anything for me, and give anything I asked; if I would coach another play for them. It was necessary to refuse because of my approaching marriage.

Wednesday, April 16, 1924. Miss Trober called from *The Salt Lake Tribune* to ask if we had given the announcement of our marriage engagement to *The Deseret News*, I said no. She said that she wanted my picture. She was going to give us the very best position she had. This she certainly did.

On Wednesday the 23rd of April, I read for the Rotarians' banquet in Salt Lake City. They were most gracious in their comments.



The Provo Municipal Council asked me to present another program for them before my leaving for Europe. I read David Belasco's *The Girl of the Golden West*. They always give me a very good fee.

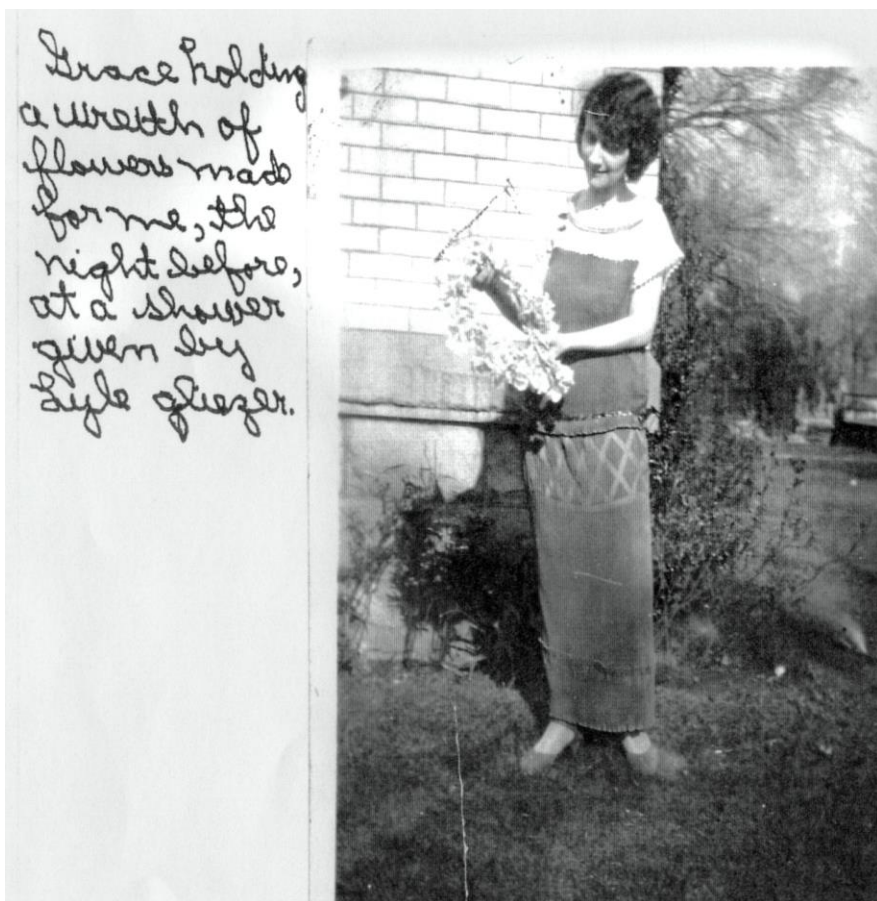
MARRIAGE AND ENGLAND

"So many of my friends wanted to entertain for me before my marriage."

Marbel Wilcox, a friend from Huntington,

entertained at a luncheon. Emma Wakefield, formerly from Huntington, gave an informal party which we all enjoyed. My dear sister-in-law Lyle Nixon gave a beautiful shower. It was held at her mother's home.

During the first part of the evening, the names of the guests were put on material which would later be made into a sofa pillow. The guests were then taken into the bedroom, while the throne for the May bride was brought into the living room. Above the throne was hung a large purple and white paper bell.



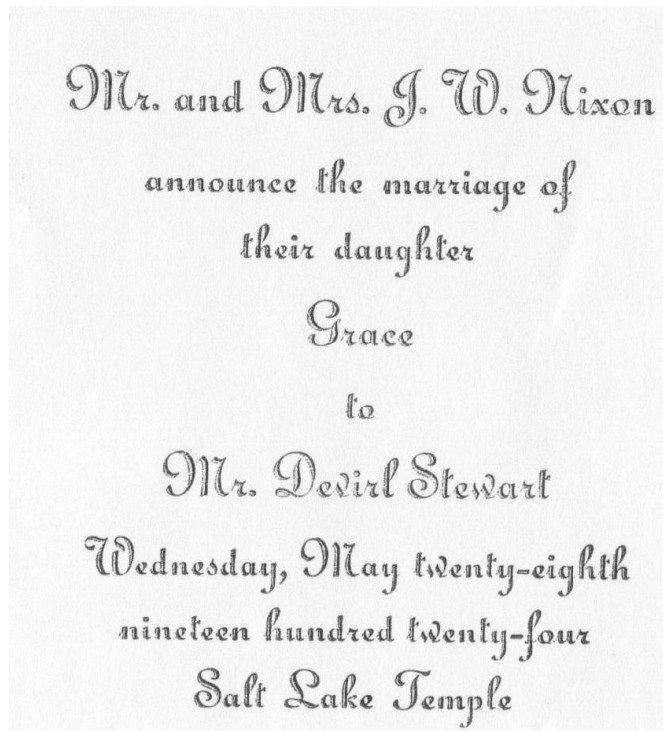
The bride was then taken into the music room, where she sat before a table on which were twenty bunches of beautiful pink, lavender, and white sweet peas. Mrs. Glazier called one guest in at a time. As each guest gave the bride some advice, she tied a bouquet of flowers onto the crown.

The bride was then asked to sit on the white throne. Two bridesmaids were chosen to sit on either side. The crown was then placed on the bride's head, and she was asked to pull the ribbon, hanging from the bell. As she did so, several parcels fell onto the throne.

The motif at supper was in lavender and white. At each plate was a bunch of violets. Everything was just beautiful. I was so thrilled and happy. I only wished that Devirl could have been here to enjoy these lovely parties with mother and me.

It is a daily thrill thinking about our approaching marriage, and our going to England on our honeymoon, and Devirl's mission at the same time. It seems like a dream, it is so marvelous. The mission is an answer to prayer.

I have told my students that we can have but a few more lessons. They don't want me to go at all. Some of them are asking for two lessons a week.



Loch Hales came today while I was teaching. He insisted on one more date. I told him that it was not possible; that I was being married soon.

Mother has had a woman come to our home daily for weeks to assist in completing my beautiful trousseau.

Edythe Christensen gave a beautiful shower.

Amanda Roundy had her guest list ready six weeks before the party to be given in her beautiful home. She wouldn't set the

date until she was certain that Devirl would be present. He came. And a delightful evening it was.

The invitations to our May 28th wedding were sent on April 14th. I know that Devirl and I will always be happy. I feel that all of our life will be romantic and beautiful.



The church permitted me to go to Europe with the missionaries, since I was going to London to study, and not solely as a missionary's wife.

It was difficult to even think of leaving my wonderful parents. They had been my inspiration for achievement thus far in my life. They had given me every opportunity for spiritual and educational growth.

My mother had been my best and closest friend. She had made my life happier than that of any girl I know. And since I was a small child, I have been very sensitive to my mother's feelings.

It was all so beautiful, our wedding in the Salt Lake Temple. The wedding breakfast was in Provo at the Hotel Roberts, where one hundred and fifty guests assembled.

Leslie Hickman was master of ceremonies, and he admirably filled this calling. Florence Jepperson sang, as did Violet and Celestia Johnson. They were so appreciated.

The reception followed next door in our much-loved home. There were so many wonderful memories there. [Grace's father had purchased the stately Sutherland Provo mansion which occupied the Southwest quarter of a block. Senator Sutherland, who, even as late as 2012, was the only U. S. Supreme Court Justice to come from Utah.]

Conspirators who planned to capture the bride were evaded. And Devirl's fraternity brothers decorated his car.

Perhaps May 29, 1924 was the happiest day of our lives, so far. We viewed the array of wedding gifts. Then Devirl went to Salt Lake City to sell his car. That evening, we received guests and visited with family at our home in Provo.

Grace's New Mother-In-Law Leaves for Faiview,Utah. We packed and packed. Mother, Father, and all of the family were so wonderful to us. That evening, mother prepared a delicious dinner and we had an enjoyable last evening at home. Devirl's mother left for her home in Fairview. It was hard to say good-bye to her for two years.

CHAPTER 3

To Europe. On Friday May 30, 1924, Harold and Nina, Olive and Leslie, and Willie and Margaret went to Salt Lake City to be with us at the railroad station. Mother said good-bye at home.

We left at 6:30 pm on our honeymoon to Europe. Our family, relatives, and friends were at the railroad station. They showered us with rice. Ezra was captain of the showering squad: Jesco was corporal. Father was the last to say Good-bye.

Rice was in every bag; hence, "Congratulations" from passengers' en route to Chicago. We were more thrilled with our marriage every hour. We enjoyed a delectable lunch prepared by our faithful Edythe and Amy [Howard?].

Sunday, June 1, 1924. We arrived in Chicago at 3:55 pm, and stayed at The Hotel Atlantic. We had excellent accommodations and service. That evening, we saw *Guy Bates Post in China*. We also replenished our supply of chocolates. Our love needed no replenishing.

Monday, June 2, 1924. The next day in Chicago, we took the "elevated" to mission headquarters and had dinner. Then we returned to the hotel, packed our five suitcases, and took the train for Washington D. C. There, along the banks of the Potomac, we enjoyed a beautiful moonlight ride.

Tuesday, June 3, 1924. The next day, we went to Senator [and Apostle] Smoot's office. He was very kind, and gave us a blessing, which was fulfilled. We visited the Capitol building while the Senate was in session. We then went on a walking tour of that beautiful city. Spent the evening downtown.

Wednesday, June 4, 1924. The next day, we took a sight-seeing bus, visited the Washington Monument and Lincoln Memorial, government buildings, and The Congressional Library. Quoting from Devirl's diary of this day, "Gracie is a darling wife. Her husband couldn't live without her. We are unbelievably happy and enjoying life immensely." After dinner we bought more chocolates. Then we returned to our hotel, The Continental, where we had very good accommodations. On the following day, we visited the White House and some museums.

Friday, June 6, 1924. We left for New York City. There, we stayed at The Grand, on Broadway, the street that fascinated us. We had arrived at 10:55 p.m. But we went out at one in the morning to see the city.

Saturday, June 7, 1924. The next day, we arose very late and had lunch at a fashionable cafe. Then we went to Coney Island; enjoyed the boardwalk and ocean. It is a spectacular resort.

Sunday June 8, 1924. On the following day, we took a tour bus to Central Park, along Riverside Drive, to sight the Woolworth Tower. We had dinner at the most fashionable restaurant yet. This was our last night in the U.S.A.

(David Lawrence McKay says of his father, "In Glasgow, on 8 June 1924, he recorded, with obvious relish, a homely saying: 'Ye mict as weel try to have a coo climb up a tree backwards as tae try tae get into heaven withoot love.)

Monday June 9, 1924. We left at 8:45 for Montreal. This was a glorious trip along the Hudson. It was as if there were just "us two."

Devirl named me Rosie and himself Abbie for this day. Abbie would not let Rosie sleep for even one minute. He said "We must get our money's worth." He is so witty. He kept me laughing all day, as we traveled up the scenic Hudson River.

Tuesday June 10, 1924. We stayed at The Hotel St. James. It was the jinx. There were public houses on every corner; the first appearance of English custom.

Wednesday June 11, 1924. I surprised Devirl and had my hair, which was long and thick, bobbed. We stocked up with chocolates, and at ten o'clock sailed for England. The Montrose carried us up the St. Lawrence River. On the Montrose, we met Doctors Vivian and Wesley White and their wives.

We were so very happy. People on the boat said that they could tell that were newlyweds. On deck was enchanting music. It was all so romantic.

When we were in the Atlantic Ocean, the sea was very rough. Waves were high, and water came into the portholes. Devirl had to eat all of his meals without me. We had several friends on board; but Devirl would not leave me, except long enough for his meals. I became very ill indeed. I couldn't keep anything on my stomach. The doctor called several times a day.

Wednesday June 18, 1924. On the sixth day at sea the waters became smooth, and then I felt much better. When I was finally able to come on deck, we were coming into view of Ireland. It was beautiful!

I recall that the first food which I could retain was a turkey sandwich. Devirl was, and is, the most excellent husband in the world; so considerate and thoughtful.

Thursday June 19, 1924. Our ship docked at Liverpool, England at 8:30 a.m. and by 9:30 a.m. we were ashore going directly to meet President McKay at Durham House, where he then assigned the missionaries.

Devirl was the last. We felt that we could not be parted. President McKay said, "Elder Stewart, we will assign you to" then with a twinkle in his eye, added; "I was young once. Yes we will assign you to London." We were very grateful.

We arrived in London at ten p.m. and went directly to the mission home, Deseret, sometimes known as Old Deseret. Our London Address is:

152 High Road
South Tottenham
London, England

London grows more fascinating daily. Last evening, we saw Sybil Thorndike, one of England's greatest actresses, in Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*.

Soon after we came to London, Devirl became President of the London Conference, the largest conference in Great Britain. With this position, we inherited the best room in Deseret. We have two large easy chairs, a divan, dressing table, bed, wash stand, and a gas fireplace. We have an excellent cook, and maid, to do the housework.

August 10th was the elders' outing. We all went to Hampton Court and were three hours on the boat, sailing up the Thames River. The grounds of Hampton Court were very beautiful, flowers profuse. We went through King Henry VIII's palace, where he spent part of his time with his various wives.

His minister, Cardinal Wolsey, had the palace built for the king. It is now used as an art gallery. However, the King's and the Queen's bedrooms are still preserved in their original state.

Grace Comments on Husband's Speaking Abilities. Devirl is making an excellent speaker, so intelligent and logical. Tonight he is at Hyde Park. The fog is dense however as always there is a crowd at Hyde Park, part of whom are constantly heckling.

Friday afternoon, Devirl and I went to Dover by the Sea, to spend the weekend with elderly Brother and Sister Argyle, who had several times urged us to come. They had no children.

Dover is in Kent Country. I haven't ever seen so much constant beauty roses were continuous along the fences and fields.

The Argyles' cottage was near the sea. They were gracious hosts. In the evenings, Devirl and I would climb the hill to the white cliffs of Dover. From there we could look across the English Channel to the coast of France. We had a delightful weekend.

David O. McKay and James E. Talmage. Sunday was conference time for the London branches. Apostle Talmage and Apostle McKay, with their wives, were there. They have been staying in the mission home with us. It has been a real happiness to become better acquainted with them.

On one Sunday, when President McKay presided at church we were so inspired by his talk on James, Chapter Three. The subject was gossip; so timely. There is much gossip among certain members. The picture of that tall grey-haired handsome man, with his piercing blue eyes and loving warmth will never leave me.

President McKay Cues Grace's Work in Book of James. I have since memorized James, Chapter Three and have had several students do the same. [Many years later Graces journal includes a letter from one of her students, in which this pupil feels that this emphasis enriched her personality].

On one occasion, President and Sister McKay remained with us for several days. While there, they took all of the missionaries to a Chinese restaurant, and to the religious play *The Passing of The Third Floor Back*. I had heard Mrs. Rice read this play while a student in Boston.

Since then I have memorized the play, and have given it for audiences several times. In President and Sister McKay's home on November 23rd of 1934, I presented the three-act play *He and She*. At the conclusion, President McKay said, "I have never heard better reading in my life."

President and Sister McKay came to "Old Deseret" periodically, with their children. Their eldest son Lawrence is in Germany on a mission.

Monday September 1, 1924. After making several inquiries, we decided that the best school for me to attend was the Central School of Speech, which is affiliated with the London University. The school is located in the Royal Albert Hall. I enrolled on Monday, September 1, 1924.

We have instruction in diction, voice, speech therapy, dancing, fencing, acting, and oral interpretation. The classics have major attention. This is particularly valuable to me, since my instruction in the United States dealt mainly with contemporary literature.

Trip Diary

What a wonderful city London is! We've been here two days and have been literally running from one tour to another. We're pretty well exhausted, and look forward to exploring a few sights on our own.

This morning we took a tour that began at Trafalgar Square. We took the underground (their word for subway) from our hotel. We've found the London underground to be a great way to get around and less costly than taxis. We had a whirlwind tour seeing Parliament, the Tower of London, Tower Bridge, and the Changing of the Guard at the palace. Most impressive were the crown jewels in the Tower of London.

We have been touring so much that this afternoon we decided to do a little shopping. We went to one of the world famous department stores. The enormity of the place was overwhelming. We found we were more comfortable shopping in the smaller shops. I bought a wool scarf and a tea set.

Hyde Park is within walking distance from our hotel. So at the end of a hectic day, we decided that a stroll through the park was just what we needed. We ended up sitting on a park bench for about an hour. The people-watching was fun. All the classic English characters passed before us -- men in derby hats and pin stripes; nannies pushing baby carriages; and Bobbies among them.

Our morning tour guide said that no visit to London is complete without tea at the Ritz Hotel. So from Hyde Park we walked a short distance up Piccadilly Circus and had a most memorable tea time. It was really a small meal; hot dishes being offered with the usual fare of scones, cookies, and cakes. [Piccadilly Circus is a junction of streets "that lead to all points of the compass" It has been called not only The Hub Of The West End, but was once known as The Hub Of Empire.]

After sufficiently stuffing ourselves at teatime, we walked a bit more. But the London rush hour got to us, so we decided to take in a movie rather than try to get back to the hotel.

Somehow, I've gotten enough energy to write this entry in my trip diary. I've had a truly wonderful day. I love this city. I've got to catch up on two days of diary entries. We went to the theater last night, and got back to the hotel too late to do any writing.

Yesterday, we took a break from organized tours, and decided to visit several London sites on our own. In the morning we went to Westminster Abbey where we bought a guidebook and took a leisurely tour of the church.

In the afternoon, we visited the British Museum. The place is so huge that it is impossible to even think of covering it all in one afternoon. But we took a quick tour and saw the Magna Charta, the Rosetta Stone, and a huge collection of original manuscripts and musical scores -- Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Keats, Shelley, Dickens, and many more.

Today, we left London and took a day's tour to Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of William Shakespeare. We went by bus with a large group; but the tour guide was so well informed that it was well worth it. We covered a lot in one day and even took time for a leisurely lunch at a local hotel.

Stratford-on-Avon is a picturesque little town and still maintains its Elizabethan flavor. Most buildings are the originals and have been very well preserved. We enjoyed seeing all the sites related to Shakespeare's life.

[Sometime later GNS wrote] The teachers and students have been extremely nice to me, often making statements about my unusual dramatic ability, possibilities, and so forth. The teachers certainly give me preference over many other students in acting and interpretation classes.

On Saturday afternoon, we went to Buckingham Palace. It was magnificent. Afterward, we had dinner at an especially nice tea shop. Then we went to the theater to see *The Green Goddess*.

On almost every Sunday, Devirl and I attend one branch of the conference after another. The members appreciate Devirl very much. He always has a message of value for them.

The missionaries have Saturdays free to do as they choose. Last Saturday afternoon we went with church members on an outing to Epping Forest. Late that afternoon we had a picnic. That evening Devirl and I went to Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

September 6, 1925. The following is a letter which I wrote to my mother on Sunday, the sixth of September 1925:

Dear Mother,

I have just come from church. It is nine o'clock. Devirl is at the South London branch. He will not return until about ten o'clock. This will be the sixth meeting which he has attended today. Here is Devirl now. He says, "Send my love to Mother."

Last night the North London branch choir gave a costume party. Devirl looked much nicer than any. Had a prize been given, I am certain that he would have won. He wore a red clown suit with white frills around his neck, cuffs, and ankles. His cap was red and white, with a red feather. I was dressed as The Queen of Hearts. I made both costumes. It was a fun party.

Saturday evening, a week ago, we saw James M. Barrie's play *A Kiss For Cinderella*, and enjoyed it very much. Of course, we sat in the gallery; but could see people below us distinctly. Suddenly Devirl said 'Grace, who does that lady with grey hair look like?'

I said 'It looks like Mama, a little.' Devirl thought that she was the picture of you, Mother. We talk of you when we go places, or when we are at home. You are part of our happiness; and always in our hearts.

On Friday evening, *Devirl heard three of England's foremost men: Lloyd George, Asquith, and Viscount Grady*. I would have gone with him, but had promised to help one of the members with a talk.

We are so pleased to hear of St. Clair's success. Ezra is also making a real reputation for himself in the Eastern States Mission. We received a very interesting letter from him yesterday. Suppose I had better say good-night. Only wish we could have you here with us.

Our Love always,
Grace

British Museum. Saturday afternoon, we went to the British Museum. It is an amazing institution. We want to return. That evening, we saw the play *Diplomacy*, which we enjoyed. As usual, we had our "tupence" of English toffee.

Grace's First Year Accomplishments. Of the entire group of first-year students, *there were only four "A's" or first-year certificates given. One came to me.* This made us very happy. Also, *I was the only American at the school who received honors in my examinations in dramatics and interpretation.*

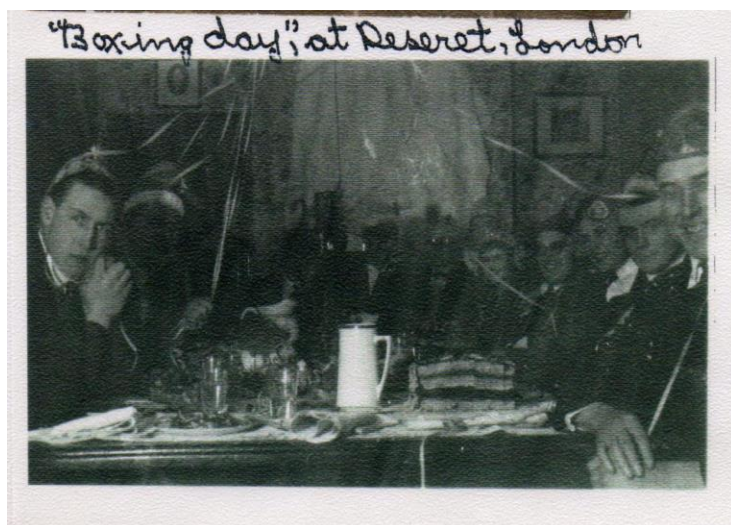
Saturday afternoon, we again went to the British Museum of Natural History. That evening, we saw the musical play *Primrose*.

Last Saturday, we attended the boat race between Cambridge and Oxford. Oxford won. Hurrah! After the races, we went to the theatre; *Rose Marie*.

At church on Sunday, President Tanner spoke. What a sincere, dedicated leader he is.

In November, Thanksgiving was celebrated in the traditional American style. In the evening, at Deseret, I read the play *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

On my birthday, Saturday, December 21, 1925, we saw the play *Peter Pan* by James M. Barrie.



Our first Christmas in London [1924] was an exciting and memorable experience. During the holidays, there were several parties given by church members for the missionaries

The English have two main days of celebration during this sacred season Christmas Day and Boxing Day. Christmas Day is observed as a holy day; spent in

attendance at church and visiting family and friends.

Boxing Day is a day of feasting and of the opening of gifts. They make of this day a gala occasion with decorations, music, and dancing. Food is served on the dining room table along with special delicacies throughout the day and evening. This custom also was observed at Deseret.

Nearly every month there is a church social. President Stewart and I always attend. These parties give us an additional opportunity to meet the members in a different situation from church meetings.

Miss Tuson, a very gifted member, sings at most of the socials. She has an unusually beautiful voice and an outgoing, loving personality. This she lavishes on the missionaries, often to their embarrassment. She is blonde and quite plump. I find her enjoyable.

On this past Saturday, we took a tour of London. We visited Whitehall and the Tower of London. What tragic, mournful, and gruesome historical events the latter evokes. This evening we saw Sherlock Holmes in *the Creaking Chair*; a fitting climax to the previous hours spent at the Tower of London.

On the following Saturday, we went to Warwick and its castles. We entered through Porter's Lodge. There was a broad road deeply cut through solid rock. Ample foliage formed a canopy above; and beneath, the moss and ivy crept in fertile wildness.

We also went to Caesar's Tavern, said to be contemporary with the Norman Conquest 1066.

Before the castle is a moat, with an arched roadway, formerly it was the drawbridge. Beneath the castle is a large, dismal dungeon.

Patron Saint of the Poor. We visited various chapels, including one designated St. John the Baptist, which is dedicated for the relief of the poor and reception of strangers and travelers. Had we the time, we could have spent days in Warwick City, with its lofty and magnificent buildings. Devirl and I are deeply interested in historical places and events.

During this past week Devirl and I, with a few missionaries, were invited to attend a meeting of some distinguished Englishmen. They apparently wanted to know about Mormonism.

After asking a few questions of the missionaries, the chairman of the group, a well-known scholar and noted author said, "We would particularly like to hear a Mormon woman give her point of view concerning your doctrine."

This proved to be one of the most memorable spiritual experiences of my life. I had not been forewarned; hence no preparation. For about thirty minutes, I spoke, with no hesitation of my sincere conviction of the truthfulness of the Gospel of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The audience was most attentive and evidently impressed. At the close of the meeting, members of the group were very generous and gracious in their comments.

The chairman Thomas Edward Lawrence (The world-famous "Lawrence of Arabia"? DNS) gave me an autographed copy of his latest book *Revolt in the Desert*.

However, that which was most important to me was that I did not formulate the thoughts which were communicated to the persons present. I was only an instrument through which the spirit of the Lord spoke. After the meeting, I had no clear remembrance of what I said. My husband and the missionaries were very happy about the results. I was humbly grateful for the experience.

On Saturday afternoon, we visited Westminster Cathedral. Then, we attended a lecture by Bernard Shaw on Shakespeare [Some say that when Shaw speaks on Shakespeare he is speaking more about himself]. In the evening, we went to the play "*Bye the Way*".



Summer 1925 Classical Oxford. During the summer of 1925, I attended Oxford University College. They concentrated on the classics. Homer and Virgil were as new to me as they were old to most of these people.

There were two other American ladies there. One teaches at Wellesley College in Boston and the other at the Curry School of Expression in Boston. They said that this is considered the best school in England. Hence, they expect to send their students there and to the Central School of Speech in London. The head of the school is the same, at Oxford as in London. (Elsie Fogerty?)

John Masefield, the noted poet (late Poet Laureate of England), and his wife are becoming quite well-known to most of us, since we often hear him lecture on poetry.

We have school from 9:30 a.m. until 5:00 p.m. We have a lunch and dinner break then, school from eight until ten at night.

The city of Oxford is charming beyond description. It is beautiful in an old-fashioned way. On Sunday I went to Christ's Church Cathedral and then wandered about the quaint colleges, parks, and shady nooks. The river Thames runs through the campus.

I went canoeing on the Thames with some friends. The overhanging trees, the flowers along the banks, and the sun glancing through the leaves made it a delightful experience.

May 27, 1925. Tomorrow, we will have been married one year. And it doesn't seem more than a month. But then, I have an exceptionally wonderful husband; quoting from one of Devirl's letters to Mother and Father: "I hope, in one respect, that your desires are not honored in having me go to the country. [*This probably refers to JWN's hope that DBS would have the opportunity of travelling without purse or script*]. Because, in doing so, it would be the severest persecution to have to leave Grace. These weeks in which she has been at Oxford are hard to endure. It is her company that keeps my life full of bliss. We are so happy every moment we are together. Our honeymoon will be continuing when you next see us."

Glorious as was my experience at Oxford, it was wonderful to be back in London with my husband. When I arrived at Deseret, Devirl had not yet returned from an out-of-the city appointment with some church members. He had expected me, and came as soon as possible.

The missionaries planned a joke on him, which they later explained to me. They met him as he came bounding up the stairs, three at a time, and told Devirl that I had sent a message saying that I would not return for two more days. His face fell. Then they told the truth; that I was waiting in our room. This was Friday evening.

The following day, we went to Madam Tussaud's Wax Works. Later that afternoon, we visited the London Zoo and the pelican show. That evening, we saw a play, *The Wandering Jew*.

September 1925. In September of 1925, I began my second year at Elsie Fogerty's School at London University. No student was permitted to enroll for the second year who didn't speak "standard English."

Speech dialects determined social status in England. I recall one girl, May, whose father had made a great deal of money during the war. But at the end of the first year, May's speech still had a few cockney sounds. Consequently, she was asked not to apply for the second year.

At school, we have a large room called The Common Room. Here, most of the students eat their lunch and drink tea. They also gossip about various teachers; and about acting and interpretation students, whom they feel are special favorites of the teachers.

I was so amazed that they would make such derogatory statements about individuals. And then when that teacher or student came into the Common Room, they would be so friendly and even complimentary.

This hypocrisy was not shared by one special girl, Edythe Wilson. She was one of the most beautiful girls whom I have ever seen. Her skin was flawless; she had large violet-blue eyes. I never heard her make a negative statement about anyone. She was not especially talented; but, certainly respected. We became very good friends.

Our classes are held in only one section of Royal Albert Hall, but we can go into the main concert hall when we have any free time.

I often eat my lunch in one of the upper balconies. The king and queen's box is on the balcony below, as are the other royal boxes. I often have the opportunity of hearing the world's greatest artists rehearsing for their concerts. These are persons such as **Galichurci**; the noted lyric soprano; Madam **Schumann Heink**; violinists **Fritz Krisler** and **Jasa Heifitz**; and several other world-renowned artists. They are so inspiring in their dedication to excellence and their working for perfection.

The classes were again stimulating and challenging. All this I enjoyed. A great deal of preparation was required. Much of my studying was started at 4:30 in the

morning. I recall memorizing Shelly's *Ode to Night* when the morning was still night!

Besides our regular classes, I studied privately with Miss Fogerty, head of the school. She was a close friend of Bernard Shaw. Miss Fogerty was particularly kind to me. She said that I had "great interpretative ability," and that I was "as sensitive as a barometer."

Most of the students at the school were from well-to-do families. They have had governesses who taught them Latin and French at an early age. I knew practically no Latin and my French was not very good; although I have taken private French lessons since coming to London.

I think that I shall not forget one experience I had with Miss Fogerty, whom I had for acting. She is Irish and very explosive. Miss Fogerty cast me as a newly-widowed young mother in a French-speaking play. I was singing a French lullaby to the baby, and mispronounced one word. Miss Fogerty was furious. I started to cry. She insisted sternly, "Now, now sing and you will have the proper feeling." With smothered sobs, I sang. She then seemed pleased.

Miss Thompson was another of our acting teachers. She cast me in several leading roles in such plays as *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*; also as the mother in *Madam X*; and so forth.

Both Lawrence Olivier and Peggy Ashcroft were in my classes. They were very gifted.

We had classes in voice and diction from a truly great teacher, who was a real gentleman, Dr. Ailen. He had impressive medical and vocal credentials. His book, *The Voice*, is highly esteemed.

All students were required to take phonetics from Mr. Ripman who is an acknowledged authority in his field.

From Miss Radmore, who no one enjoyed, we had classes in dancing and body building. She was merciless, haughty, and so proud of having taught the Queen of England. Miss Radmore had no patience and would insist on our continuing an exercise, almost to our points of exhaustion. I recall that one girl fainted in class. Miss Radmore merely exclaimed, "Take her out." Then we continued with the ordeal.

As usual, I greatly enjoyed all literature, interpretation, acting, and voice classes.

We were required to take fencing for one term. Although our teacher was very patient, I did not prove to be an apt fencing student. Lawrence Olivier became an expert fencer.

Last Saturday evening, we went to the musical comedy *Toni*. It was very funny. But on most theatrical occasions, we have attended dramas.

On Friday evening, President Stewart and I, with four other missionaries, were invited for dinner to the lovely home of Brother and Sister Pugh. The Pugh's are well-to-do members, and live in a select section of London. They had two very well-mannered children; a boy of nine and a girl of six. It was a delightful evening.

In Mid-March of 1926 (**Wednesday, March 17, 1926?**) Devirl and I heard Dr. Griffin lecture at King's College on Chinese Drama.

We then visited with Emily Bennett, who was in the hospital. She had recently given birth to her first child. They named him John. That evening, Devirl and I went to Old Vic to see Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.

A week later, on Saturday, we visited Kew Gardens. They were magnificent beyond description. Miles of lilacs, rhododendrons, daffodils, lilies, roses, and other flowers. In the huge, dome-shaped hot houses were exotic plants and flowers from all parts of the world.

We want to visit Kew Gardens again. I have already learned the classic poem, *Come Down to Kew Gardens in Lilac Time*.

That evening we had dinner in town, bought tuppence of toffee, and went to the play *Iris*. After the play we discovered that we had only enough to pay for one of us to ride on the bus all the way to Deseret. So Devirl insisted that I ride and that he would walk from Finsbury Park. I would have enjoyed walking the miles with him.

The next Saturday, we attended a lecture on Shakespeare at King's College. We then went to Harold Bennett's recital. He has a beautiful voice. That evening we went to the opera *Faust*. This was a great experience, to be often recalled.

Friday, May 28, 1926. On our second wedding anniversary, we had dinner at London's best hotel, The Savoy. That evening, we saw the celebrated John Barrymore in *Hamlet*; a never to be forgotten performance.

The following Monday was bank holiday. Devirl and I joined the North London Branch in an outing at Rye House. We rambled through Richmond Park, had a picnic, and then went rowing on the River Lee. That evening, my husband and I went to the theatre to see *The Green Hat*.

The following Saturday, we went on an outing with members of the South London Branch. We visited Windsor Castle, Eton College, Canterbury, Canterbury Cathedral, and also Alexandria Place.

On the next Saturday afternoon, we attended a lecture at King's College on prehistoric paintings in Spain. That evening, we went to the light opera *Kidnapping Mother*.

We enjoyed Easter services at Westminster Abbey.

This Saturday, all of the missionaries were invited to the Regent Palace for dinner. Our hosts were Joseph Smith Jr. and Harry Nelson [DNS studied in Banff with Smith and attended Nelson's funeral at which his claim was repeated that he once "beat" Olivier out of a part at school. Nelson was apparently quite a swimmer and worked at ZCMI. Harold Bennett was at Nelson's funeral] who were leaving for America. They had been staying at Deseret while studying theatre, and so forth, at the Central School of Speech in London. That evening, we all went to see Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man*.

Miss Fogerty, head of our school, recommended me for the coveted Guggenheim Scholarship. Her letter read:

The Central School of Speech
London University
Royal Albert Hall
Kensington Gore S. W.

Grace Nixon Stewart is a young American of very brilliant attainments in Dramatic Art. I consider that she is the most successful among the very clever

groups of American students and teachers, who have entered the Central School of Speech of London University,

She also joined our summer courses at Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon. She is the type who could secure an international reputation.

Most sincerely,
ELSIE FOGERTY,
Principal

On Friday evening, the North and South London Branches joined in a bazaar at Deseret. As usual, President Stewart and I attended. They raised quite a bit of money. Because of my daily preparation for school, I can only attend church socials on weekends; but that is when most of them are held.

Devirl was, along with his other duties, given the responsibility of selling Deseret, and finding a new location for a mission home and chapel.

Last Friday, we visited the House of Lords while they were in session. It was an informative experience. That evening, we attended *The Messiah*, at Royal Albert Hall.

On Saturday afternoon we distributed food to the poor. That evening, we were with President Talmage. Time with this great man was always valuable.

May 1926 Mormonism Exposed. In the latter part of May of my second year of school, Mrs. Thompson, one of our acting teachers who had been especially complimentary about my work at school, invited me to tea at her home. She was a gracious hostess. However, when she poured tea, I asked if I could have a glass of milk instead. This she gave me, and then asked why I didn't drink tea. I explained that I was a Mormon, and that we didn't drink tea, coffee, or alcoholic beverages.

Mrs. Thompson was very surprised to find that I was a devoted member of our church. She asked about our beliefs, and particularly about polygamy. I explained as best I could. Since she was my hostess, and well-bred, she continued to be kind.

However, I sensed a distinct chill in her manner and, after thanking her for inviting me to her home, I left. This visit had some negative consequences. Miss Thompson evidently told Miss Fogerty that Mrs. Stewart was Mormon.

At school Monday, Miss Fogerty sent word asking me to come to her office. This conference I shall not forget. Miss Fogerty said that she was surprised and shocked to think that anyone with my intelligence and sensitivity would have embraced such a religion. She asked how many wives my husband had. I explained that I was his only wife, that polygamy had not been practiced for many years, and that I was very proud to belong to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Miss Fogerty, who had previously been particularly kind to me, now became quite frosty. I was grateful that we had but five more days of school.

While in London, Devirl and I attended several other lectures which I have not mentioned. The last play that we saw was *The First Kiss*.

President McKay had been released and President Talmage was now head of the British Mission. [David Laurence McKay told DNS that Elder McKay left England December 4, 1924. He had served a mission with headquarters in Glasgow, Scotland around 1898 and 1998. During that time Brother Talmage who had been honored by several royal societies, the first for his research on the brine shrimp in Great Salt Lake, had presented some slide shows regarding the people of Utah. Brother McKay felt that this had done more good than any other missionary activity in which the missionaries were then engaged.]

On Friday evening, President Talmage took all of the missionaries to *Elijah*, which was performed in Royal Albert Hall. This oratorio was a thrilling experience.

Devirl was successful in selling Deseret, and in locating possible situations for the new chapel and mission home.

May 1926. It was now early May in 1926. I had not been feeling well for several days. We thought that it was just because I had been working too hard at school, while attending to other responsibilities; and that I hadn't had sufficient rest.

With Elder Richards, we had the opportunity of visiting the House of Commons. I didn't want to miss this, although I felt more like going to bed. That evening, we had dinner at the Regent Palace. This was the last dinner that I was able to have for some time.

I soon became quite ill, and could retain no food. It became evident that I was going to have a baby. I became so weak that the doctor said that I must be moved to a hospital and have intravenous feedings.

I shall long remember this hospital and its nurses. After the feedings, I was required to remain perfectly still for two hours. My main nurse, who had worked in India, told me horror stories concerning conditions there. She claimed that was not uncommon among the poverty-stricken people, for one woman to have two or three husbands at the same time; polyandry. The men wanted children, but were so poor that it took more than one man to support a wife and children.

I was kept in the hospital for two weeks. The doctor said that my condition was so precarious that I must stay in bed and have no noise. He also suggested that I be taken to the country.

However, both the oral and written examinations at the Royal Academy of Music and Art were to be taken in London during the last part of May. After two years of schooling at London University, I didn't want to miss the final examinations and I insisted on attending.

I had prayed diligently for strength to complete the exams. Then Devirl borrowed Harold Bennett's car and drove me to the Royal Academy.

These examinations proved to be one of the great spiritual experiences of my life. The orals came first. The written examination was reported to take about three hours. But during the entire written examinations, I had no awareness of what I was writing. It was as though someone else were answering the questions and I was merely the scribe.

My prayers had been answered. But my strength was gone, and again I became very ill. The doctor said that I must have continual rest and quiet.

Sister Stackwood said that she would be happy to have me come to their home. They lived in the country across the street from a deep forest; and they had no children. My room would be clean, quiet, and cool. So Devirl and Harold Bennett took me to Sister Stackwood, who took very good care of me. Devirl came daily to see me.

As the pregnancy progressed, I could retain more food, but my stomach felt as though there were a fire in it. The burning pain was so intense that I had little rest or sleep.

Devirl had a specialist come. After examining me, he said that there was nothing which he could do to relieve the pain; unless I would consent to an abortion. This I would not do. I wanted that baby.

Miraculous Pain Reliever. The specialist charged thirty dollars for his visit, and did nothing to relieve that terrible fire burning in my stomach. But when the doctor left, I asked my husband to administer to me. This he did. Then the pain left instantly and never returned. I slept soundly through the entire night. From that time on, I began to improve.

I stayed at Sister Stackwood's until it was time for them to leave on their vacation. Then Brother and Sister Atwood invited me to their home. They lived on the outskirts of London across from a park.

I was now able to walk short distances. After school, one of the Atwood's two daughters, Ivy or Violet, would walk with me in the park until it was time to return for my prescribed rest. One day, I walked in the park alone; but I found that this was not a wise procedure.

The Atwood's were very good to me and after about two weeks, I was able to return to Deseret and my husband. There, I received a letter stating that only three participants in the examinations at the Royal Academy of Music and Art had passed both the oral and written examinations [with firsts]; and that I was one of them.

In the Autumn of 1926, when Devirl was released from his mission we, with Harold and Emily Bennett, rode in their car to the Lake Country near the northern border of England. From there we could see the heather blooming; this beautiful section of England has inspired many of England's greatest poets.

The Bennett's were very considerate and stopped often for me to rest. I found travelling difficult, even through this magnificent Lake Country. The pictures, with which we returned, helped to remind us of where many of England's poets lived, and to readily remember the source of their unique inspiration.

At the end of this colorful trip, we returned to London. And after completing our packing, we said good-bye to church members and other friends at a party which was given for us at Deseret. That evening will be long and fondly remembered.

On the next day, we left world-centered London. For the last two years it had been our fascinating, variegated, and majestic cosmopolis.

We had promised a friend, Amy Howard that we would visit her unmarried aunt, who lived in Dover. So we stayed for the weekend in her comfortable, immaculate home. I like to recall the comfortable feather-ticked bed, and the down comforters.

Our two winters and three summers in London had been expensive. We still owed thirty-five dollars to the office at Deseret; and didn't want to leave England while still owing money.

Trolley Accident - Change in Travel Plans but Blessing Fulfilled. On the morning of our last day in Dover, Devirl needed to go to town to check on our ship passage. He took the trolley car and had gone but a short distance when the cable on the car broke. It fell on Devirl's hand, cutting a deep gash between his thumb and pointing finger. The company paid for the doctor who took stitches in Devirl's hand; and it gave him thirty-five dollars for his "inconvenience." We immediately sent this money to Deseret to pay our indebtedness.

We had intended to go to the continent for two weeks before returning to America. My parents and Willie wanted to send us money for this purpose. However, my pregnancy had been so complicated that President Talmage advised us to do no more traveling. He gave me a blessing and promised that my ocean voyage and train transportation to Salt Lake City would be without illness. This promise was fulfilled.

CHAPTER 4

Autumn, 1926 return to Salt Lake City. When my wonderful parents learned that we were going to have a baby, they wrote, asking us to live with them in Salt Lake City. This we were most gratefully happy to do. They were then living on Eleventh East and Second South; where they had rented a house so that my two brothers, Ezra and Jessco could attend the University of Utah.

It was late autumn when we arrived in Salt Lake City. My parents and brothers and sisters, and their husbands and wives, were at the train station to meet us. What a joyous reunion it was.

We stayed with mother for the first months after returning from England. She gave us her downstairs bedroom, and used an upstairs one instead. She said that she didn't want me to climb stairs. Father's business kept him from home for much of the time.

Around this time the following article appeared in a local paper: *"Few, if any, Utahans' have brought greater honors to their home state as a student in dramatic art, than has Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart. While studying at the Leland Powers and the Rice Schools of Dramatic Art in Boston four years ago, her services were sought by several agencies. She served as a dramatic coach, and reader on the Chautauqua and as an actress. She then returned to Utah, and, for one year, operated studios in Salt Lake and Provo. But again, determined to study further, she set sail for Europe. For two years she studied at London and Oxford universities, winning many honors for exceptional ability.*

In April of last year, she with 43 other applicants from the various countries of the world, were examined by the London Royal Academy board for the highest diploma awarded for dramatic art in England and was fortunate in being one of the three successful candidates receiving "Firsts", with special recognition being given her teaching qualifications. Her continual studies, collection of repertoire and travel brings her return again to Utah, where she will soon recommence teaching and performing in the various branches of her profession."

My husband wrote to me almost daily. His letters were constantly cheerful and so endearing.

Husband's Letters during Separation. Devirl sold insurance in northern Utah and in Idaho when we first came home. Quoting from a letter written November 12, 1926, from Blackfoot, Idaho. *“Dearest, it is difficult to be so far away from you at such a time. But sweetheart, I will be near all next month, and will return home each night I think about you all day and wonder if you are well and happy. I miss my little girl, the greatest in the world. It is a real strain not seeing you daily.”*

*With heaps of love,
Devirl*

Devirl Nixon Stewart arrival announced. On the fourth of December, 1926, Devirl took me to the L.D.S. Hospital. This is an experience that can never be forgotten. The labor pains continued for eighteen hours.

Dr. Le Grande Woolley didn't believe in giving any anesthetic to relieve the pain. Had it not been for my husband's strong hands holding mine, and drying the perspiration from my face, I do not know how it would have been possible to survive. At about seven in the morning of December sixth, the welcome cry of a seven-pound, two ounce baby boy was heard.

They kept me in the hospital for two weeks. Then, back to Mother's wonderful care. She would not let me leave my bed for two more weeks. Mother even served my meals in my bedroom.

1927 Grace Teaches At University of Utah. When my son Devirl was six weeks old, I began teaching at the University of Utah. I hadn't applied for the position. Miss Maud May Babcock, head of the department of speech and drama, asked me to become a member of their faculty. I continued teaching at the University of Utah for four years.

In the eleventh ward, Devirl was blessed and given a name by his father. I can still see his wide, blue eyes looking around, as though wondering what it was all about.

Miss Maude May Babcock sat in front of us and asked if she could hold him. She did so for a few moments. Then he wanted his mother.

While we were living with Mother and Father, at 233 South Eleventh East, they often had all of the family who were living in Salt Lake City, for Sunday dinner. They gathered there for Thanksgiving dinner and other festive occasions. A number of pictures were taken, which recorded many happy memories.

Mother, after securing a good housekeeper for us, returned to her home in Provo. My two brothers lived with us. We also had three boarders.

Our housekeeper, Mattie Evans, was an unmarried woman in her thirties. She was very good with Devirl Jr., and a good cook. Mattie also served breakfast and dinner to the boarders. My brothers, Ezra and Jessco took their lunches to school in paper bags.

Since returning from England, my husband and I hadn't been out for an evening. One Saturday night, after Devirl Jr. was in bed asleep, Ezra and Jessco said that they would take care of him while we attended a movie.

It was a snowy night in February. I recall that during the picture show, all that I could concentrate on was our baby's face. I hadn't left him at night previously, and I was eager to return.

When we returned home it was snowing very hard; and as we came up the path to the door we saw my brothers. They were in front of the house tossing our baby from one to the other so they could keep warm. I was furious. I grabbed the baby, which they had wrapped in a shawl, and rushed into the house, only to find young Devirl sound asleep in his crib. My brothers had wrapped the shawl around a baby blanket. How they enjoyed the joke! I can still recall their laughter.

During my second term of teaching at the University of Utah, several of my students wanted extra voice and body training. These pupils paid me a fee. I took the first group at five o'clock in the morning and the second class at six o'clock. I still remember the chilling feeling of going to the University while it was still dark.

At seven o'clock, I returned home bathed and bottle fed Devirl Jr.; sadly it was impossible for me to nurse any of my children. After putting the baby back into his crib for a nap I returned to the U. of U. in time to teach my nine o'clock class.

I taught classes until one o'clock. Then I again returned home and took care of the baby. After my lunch, I taught privately in our living room for the remainder for the day, and, at times, in the evening.

While we were in England, we had borrowed money from my brother, Willie, who had been wonderful to us. We paid back the loan with our first earnings.

My sister Nina was very ill when her son Harold, Jr. was born. She came to our home after her release from the hospital. Grandma Bowman came as well, to take care of her and the baby. It was a joy having them. When Nina was well enough to travel, they took her back to Kanab. Grandma Bowman went with her.

It was difficult to pay for the rent, housekeeper, food, and other expenses. More than once, for short periods, our electricity was turned off. Devirl was out of town much of the time, selling insurance and building and loan company stock. He sent us all that he could. I didn't tell him of unpaid electricity and other bills. He would have been so distressed.

Miss Babcock took a fifteen month sabbatical leave; and Dr. Herbert Maw became head of our department. [Dr. Maw was later elected and re-elected as Utah's governor.] In late spring of 1928, I found that I was going to have another child. When I told this to Dr. Maw he said, "You are a good teacher. Sign your contract and continue to teach as long as you can."

Husband Begins Long Association with Leland Flint. Mr. Leland Flint, hearing of Devirl's industry and integrity, asked my husband to become his sales manager. Because this would make it possible for him to be home more he accepted, he would receive a regular salary along with a commission.

The Stewart's Federal Heights Home. In the late spring of 1928, we bought a home at Eleven South Wolcott, two blocks from the University of Utah. We were able to raise \$1,000 for the down payment, and we mortgaged the home for the remaining \$10,000.

Mattie Evans helped us move to our new home. Then she had word that her mother needed her in Spanish Fork; a new housekeeper would have to be hired. We hired Hilda, a German girl. She was nineteen-years-old, did her work well, and was good to our son, Devirl. But I always came home for lunch, gave him his dinner, and put him down for his nap.

Hilda proved to have a special liking for very nice things. Much of the linen, which Mother had given me for my trousseau, disappeared. Luncheon sets which Mother had embroidered vanished, as did some lovely lingerie.

We had to let Hilda go. We reported this to mother, and she ran an ad in the Provo paper. Sarah Murray, from Vernal, Utah answered the advertisement. Mother interviewed her and sent her to us in Salt Lake City. What a real jewel Sarah proved to be. She came to us on Devirl second birthday, December 6, 1928, and was with us for seven years. We love Sarah, and will always think of her as one of our family.

Wolcott's Home Décor. The home had great possibilities. The entrance, living room, dining room, and garden room were in one line.

In the entrance room, we had two large Laughton love seats which faced each other. They were covered in a floral design of burgundy and muted pink. The continuous window had drawn curtains; also of muted pink. In an alcove on the north side of that room, opposite the large entrance door on the south, was a window seat.

My parents let us keep their beautiful crock mahogany dining room furniture. The people from whom we bought the home left us their kitchen set. We bought a refrigerator and stove from the company with which Devirl was associated. We also purchased a large bed and vanity for the front bedroom.

In the downstairs, we installed a gas furnace, and turned the coal room into a nice bedroom for our housekeeper. We papered its walls with flowered wall paper and made a clothes closet. Being next to the furnace room, it was warm in the winter.



Isaac and Devirl in our garden.

West of the furnace room and on the north side of the downstairs was a laundry room, a bathroom, and a large bedroom with an outside entrance. On the south side there was a large bedroom with an outside entrance. It had a very large family room with a gas fire place. We had it carpeted in green. Then we bought a large used sofa and some easy chairs, which were recovered in a cheerful floral print. Harmonious drapes were hung at the windows. This made an attractive studio for me. I taught here after finishing my classes at the University of Utah, and usually all day Saturdays.

In the spring of 1928 President Franklin S. Harris telephoned asking me to teach Summer School at the Brigham Young University. I accepted but I felt that our son Devirl was too young to leave with hired help. My wonderful mother came up with the solution when she said, "Bring him with you to Provo and I will take care of him. This I did. As always, it was a real joy being at B. Y. U and teaching in the Little Theatre. I enjoyed the classes very much. However, since I was expecting a child, the same past nausea problems reoccurred. Although teaching went well, I sometimes barely made it to the ladies' room in time.

After the day's teaching, mother had me go directly to bed. She had given me the small downstairs bedroom on the north side of the house. It was cool and quiet. Mother also insisted on taking care of Devirl Jr at night so that I might have uninterrupted rest. What a great mother she has always been. It was a memorable summer. *The happiness far outweighed the difficult problems.*

Our son, James William, was born on Friday January 18, 1929. I had taught at the University of Utah on Wednesday the 16th until 2:30 p.m. Then I came home and taught privately until six o'clock, had supper, gave young Devirl his bath, and put him to bed.

That same evening Daddy and I then went to the Paramount Theatre to see a stage performance of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* by the touring Stratford-on-Avon Company. While there, James William first announced his intentions to be born, so Daddy took me to the hospital. I was there all night and the next day being Thursday, January 17th. It was on this evening when a private student, Jennie Creer Stoddard, who had come from Seattle to study with me, was to give a recital at our home. She was to present a three-act play, *Smiling Through*. The guests were invited; and my sister Olive had prepared our living room to accommodate them. But I felt that I should be there to give Mrs. Stoddard any needed suggestions

when she concluded. The doctor said to my husband, "You may as well take Grace home. She will not relax and let this baby be born, until she has fulfilled this responsibility."

The guests were all seated, and Devirl brought me into the living room in my dressing gown. We sat at the back of the long living room; Olive had introduced Mrs. Stoddard. Jennie knew that I was there; and afterward, said that this helped her to do her best. She read beautifully.

At the conclusion, the baby decided that it had waited long enough so we went back to the hospital; then followed hours of intense pain. Our second son was born early on Friday morning, January eighteenth. His birth was a breech presentation and our doctor still didn't believe in giving anesthetics to relieve pain. That long night of January seventeenth will never be forgotten.

Miss Marian Redd and I shared the same office at the University of Utah. When she heard that I had delivered a child, she said, "That is impossible! I was with Mrs. Stewart in the office on Wednesday. I would have known had she been expecting a child. She must have adopted the baby." Fortunately for me, when I was carrying a child, the enlargement took place in my back area as well as in the front. I was also very careful as to how I dressed, and how I carried myself.

What a precious little one we had. He was a very good baby and only wanted to sleep. It would usually take us an hour to feed him. He would fall back to sleep after every few swallows of his formula. Unfortunately, he was unable to keep much of the milk down. The pediatrician said that he would have to be given goat's milk or mother's milk.

A neighbor and friend of ours Mrs. Lynn Richards had a son Joseph, who was about Bill's age. She had much more milk than her child needed. So she had her breasts pumped after each feeding, and gave the milk to us. James William could digest this milk. Joseph and Bill have been best friends throughout the years.



I resumed teaching privately and at the University of Utah when our second son was two-weeks-old. Our maid, Sarah,

was the eldest of seven children in her family. She got along well with children, and knew how to take care of them. This was a great comfort to my husband and me

On February 27, 1930 Elder (later to be President) George Albert Smith sent a letter to me stating that the Centennial Epic Drama Committee had unanimously decided to ask me to present the "Lyric Reader" narrative on evenings alternate to Maud May Babcock.

The first presentation was to be given on Sunday evening, April 6th, in the Tabernacle. Elder Smith concluded: "I hope that you can arrange your engagements so as to render this service to the church. Upon receiving your favorable reply, the full text will be sent to you."

Sincerely your brother,
George Albert Smith.
Chairman of Centennial Committee

My husband and I felt that I certainly should accept. Lynn S. Richards and I read on alternate evenings to those with Miss Babcock and Joseph F. Smith, who also taught at the "U". This arrangement continued for some time; then Miss Babcock and Joseph said that they could not continue.

From then on Lynn and I read every evening until the month had concluded. This was a memorable and joyous experience, for which I shall always be grateful. I had spent many hours on the lyrics and endeavored to memorize them.

In early spring of 1930, I found that I was going to have a third child. So I consulted with the university's president, George Thomas. Dr. Thomas said, "No one could tell that you were going to have your last child. When do you expect this one?" I told him that it was expected in January. Dear Dr. Thomas said, "You are a good teacher; and your students like you keep on teaching, and we will give you two weeks off this time." Dr. Thomas and I had been good friends since I first started teaching at the University of Utah.

Later that spring Mr. Burton, from the KSL radio station called and asked if I would come to their studio and let them make a recording of my voice. They wished to send it, with the recordings of other voices, to a company in California.

They wanted a woman to advertise three products for them. These were Pacquins hand cream, Dippit Dye, and Ben Gay a pain relief rub.

In a short time, Mr. Burton again called to say that the company had decided to offer me a year's contract. They said, "Mrs. Stewart was chosen because her voice had a smile in it."

Devirl and I talked it over and decided to accept. They paid exceedingly well; and these broadcasts would not interfere with my teaching at the University of Utah, or with my private lessons. Devirl wrote the scripts, which I gave three times a week. He was an excellent writer, with originality and imagination. I still have several of these scripts.

We continued this procedure until the 20th of January of 1931, when it was necessary for me to go to the hospital. Our third child had announced its intention of arrival.

I had explained to Mr. Burton that this situation was approaching and that I would like to have my sister Olive make the announcements until I could again continue. Mr. Burton agreed. However, when the people from the California Company heard another voice than mine, they were angry and cancelled the remaining two months.

In the autumn of 1930, Devirl and I took our two sons and Sarah on a weekend trip to Yellowstone Park. Earlier that autumn Mrs. Lester Freed asked if I would teach a course in dramatics to a group of women at the Ladies' Literary Club. So I did this each Friday. Mrs. Freed would come by to drive me down East South Temple from our Wolcott home. At the end of the course, they asked me to coach a one-act play, with a cast of class members.

All proceeded well. We had a week's break at Christmas time, and then continued our rehearsals. Fortunately it was winter and the auditorium of the club was not well-heated so I kept my coat on. The play needed but the dress rehearsal. However, the baby whom I was expecting decided not to wait for that final rehearsal. At about one o'clock on the afternoon of January 21, 1931 my husband announced, "It is a little girl." I can still sense the joy of those precious words. What a delight our daughter Marilyn brought to our home.

I called Mrs. Freed from the hospital to explain. She was most gracious and understanding, and came to the hospital to visit me. Since she had six boys, she was thrilled that we now had a beautiful daughter. Mrs. Freed said that she would

do her best with the dress rehearsal and play's performance. However, I had another visitor from the club who, it appeared, was rather upset that I had left them before the play was presented to the entire Ladies' Literary Club membership.

Mrs. Steiner had no children, so I imagine that it was difficult for her to understand how a baby decides when to make its entrance upon the stage of life.

Salt Lake City Civic Opera. In the spring of 1931, Charlotte Stewart, who is no relation, was chairman of the Salt Lake City Civic Opera. She asked if I would direct the staging and acting.

My husband consented, and I accepted the responsibility. Spence Cornwall directed the music. Jessie Evans, Virginia Freeze Barker, Richard Condie, Dr. Green, J. N. Ashton, and Albert Eccles were cast in the leading roles. This proved to be a delightful experience, which we continued at Nibley Park for several seasons. After that, the park was closed to civic cultural activities and converted into a golf course.

Rented Summer Canyon Cottage. At the end of May in 1931 we rented a Mrs. Browder's yellow canyon cottage which was spacious; and had a large fenced-in lawn for the three children to enjoy away from the intense heat in Salt Lake City.

Sarah Murray took care of the children during the daytime, while Daddy and I returned to Salt Lake. He would first take me to our home on Walcott where I taught in our basement studio; then he continued on to his work.

1932 Travelling with Lyceum Programs. In 1932, while still teaching at BYU in Provo and privately in Salt Lake, I continued to give lyceum programs. [DNS remembers going with his father to pick up GNS at the Bamberger station when she returned from Provo.]

In February 1932, I read at Rexburg, Idaho during the church's Leadership Week. On the first day, there were three one-act plays: *The Finger of God*, *The Clod*, and *Hearts to Mend*. For the second day, I gave talks on the Bible and on the memorization of scriptures.

October 14, 1933 note from U of U Mother's Club. "Sincere appreciation for your reading of *Romance*. So many of the members have expressed the desire to hear you again that we hope you will favor us soon."

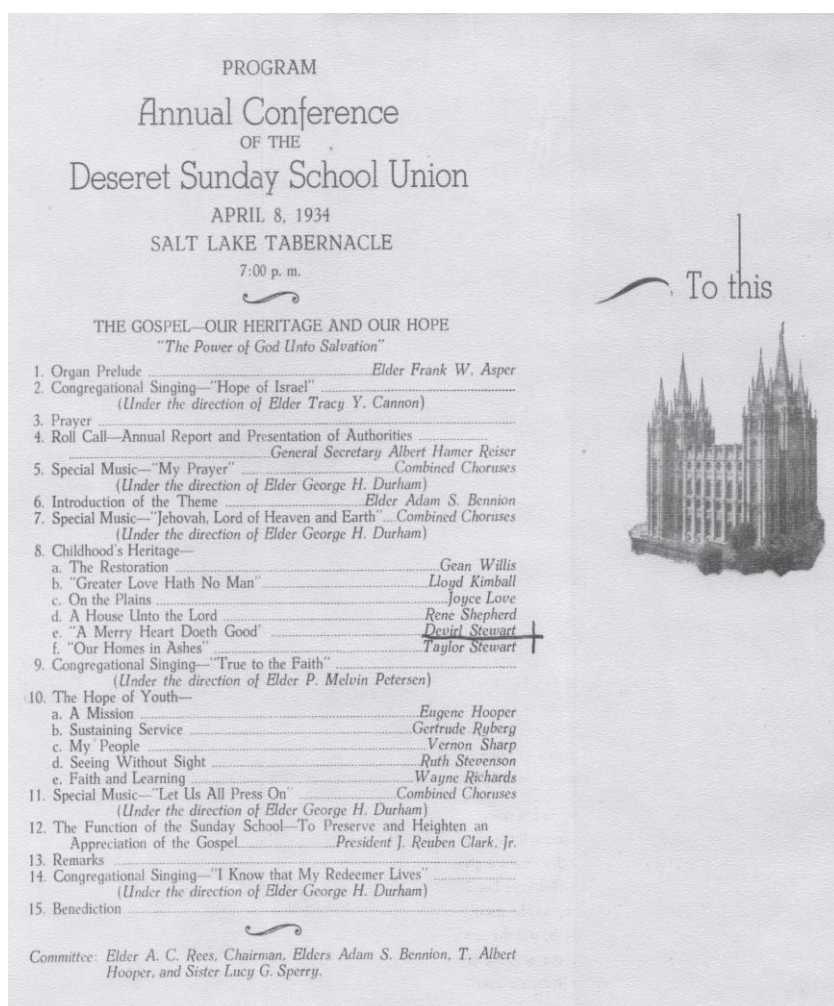
Mrs. B. F Urillis

During the following winter at Rexburg, on the first day of leadership conference, I spoke on classical and semi-classical poetry as well as on the authors' backgrounds. And on the second evening, I read *Romance*, a three-act play by Edward Sheldon.

1934 Lyceums. During the third year of visits to the leadership week at Rexburg, I gave costumed monologues on the first day. On the evening of the second day, I gave *Victoria Regina*, a three-act play by Laurence Housman. All of my performances were memorized.

There were many calls from persons asking me to give readings at clubs, and civic and church groups; in Salt Lake, Provo, and other neighboring cities. I have kept several of the newspaper write-ups in a separate folder.

Young Devirl's Speech in Tabernacle at Conference Time. On April 8, 1934, at the Sunday School Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, when Devirl Jr. was seven years and five months, he gave a talk in the Tabernacle. His subject was *A Merry Heart Doeth Good*. Devirl did excellently; spoke clearly and distinctly. He was well-prepared and confident. We were very proud of him. He wore a blue linen suit with long trousers and a white satin shirt. Down through the years I have kept this suit.



Summer 1934. In the summer of 1934, we rented a Provo Canyon home at "Wildwood" to get the family out of the city's heat. Sarah was with the children. Devirl and I came up in the evenings and for all day on Saturday on Sunday.

On one day, Devirl Jr and his brother Bill went fishing and Devirl Jr. caught a large German trout. He was ecstatic, as were we all. Earlier, Devirl Jr. had caught a smaller one, but it wiggled from his hook.

In early September 1934, Devirl drove the children and me to Zion's Canyon. We rented a cabin and had our dinners in the hotel's upstairs dining room. From there we could view the huge and colorful cliff-like mountains in the canyon. It was a delightful experience for us all.

A November Performance in the McKay's Home. On November 23rd of 1934, I gave the three-act play *He and She* at the home of President and Sister McKay. At the conclusion, President McKay said, "I have never heard better reading in my life."

There were several distinguished guests present, among them, Apostle Adam S. Bennion. Afterwards, when words of appreciation for my reading were given, Brother Bennion said, "Grace, choose carefully where you read. Do not wear yourself out." Then he added, "**I have learned by experience**, Will you do as I advice?" I thanked Apostle Bennion.

Emma Lucy Gates Bowen and Apostle Albert E. Bowen were among the guests. Emma Lucy and I spoke together for some time. She was very gracious in her comments on my reading. She is a vital, charming woman; unselfconscious and spontaneous. She said that family and the Gospel are the most important treasures of life.

When we arrived home that evening, Devirl said, "Your beautiful reading tonight was worth all the effort and sacrifices that you have made. I would certainly keep going in your art, and advise Marilyn to do the same." It was a glorious experience to know just how my husband felt.

In December of 1934, our precious Marilyn had pneumonia. We had a nurse stay in the home with her day and night. Her name was Olive Gage. Our next door neighbor, Dr. Henry Raile was her attending physician. Marilyn had a rapid and complete recovery.

1935 Surgery for our son Bill. In February of 1935, Billy was so pleased with his new leather boots that he waded in the gutter in front of our home, and caught a heavy cold; which developed into an ear infection, and then into a mastoid infection.

Our friend Dr. LeRoy Smith, an ear, eye, and nose specialist; performed the mastoidectomy at the L.D.S. hospital. Bill was a very good patient. But he wanted some of the family with him all day, and until he fell asleep at night. We told him stories, and brought ginger bread cookies, which Sarah baked in the shape of little men.

On May 1, 1935, I gave the three-act play, *Romance*, in the canyon home of Mr. and Mrs. Freeze. They and their guests were very appreciative. Mrs. Freeze is one of the most charming ladies whom I know. At the end of the evening, as well as other thoughtful kindnesses, she gave me a hand-embroidered buffet set; and a box of homemade chocolates.

Daddy wasn't able to be with me, so I went home with some other guests, who continued to remark about my reading. Mrs. Katie Jensen was with us in the car. I shan't forget her conversation and conduct on the way home.

Back East. On the thirty-first of May, 1935, our three children and I, with Sarah, embarked for the East Coast. We left from Salt Lake City's Denver and Rio Grande train depot for a summer at Oak Bluffs on Martha's Vineyard Island; and then a school year in New York City. Two of my students, Grace Lea Nixon and Virginia **Weilenmann** accompanied us on the train.

My wonderful husband planned our scenic route. The D & R G took us over the spectacular Royal Gorge. Our first stop was Ordway, Colorado, where we stayed one night with my brother, Ezra, and his family. This was so enjoyable.

Our next stop was Washington D. C. There were so many of us that we felt we should stay at a hotel. But we had dinner with my brother Jessco and family. They were then living in an apartment in Virginia.

The following day, Jessco took time to drive us around the city. He took us to the Capitol and to other places of special interest. Jessco and Mildred were both working at this time. But they were, as always, gracious hosts.

We took the evening train, on which we had reserved sleeping arrangements, to New York City. From there, we took a ship to Fall River, Massachusetts which was settled in 1656, and was part of the Plymouth colony.

From Fall River, Massachusetts, we took a bus for twelve miles, to New Bedford, Massachusetts, which is fifty miles south of Boston. It was first settled in 1652, but wasn't chartered as a city until 1847. Here we had we had a delicious New England boiled dinner.

From New Bedford, we took an overnight ship to Martha's Vineyard Island. We docked at Oak Bluffs in the morning. There we were met by the agent from whom we had rented our lovely "Hiller Cottage." In back of our cottage was a dense grove of pine trees. It proved to be an excellent place for me to practice. We were near the Rice School.

The cottage had a living room, dining room, and kitchen on the main floor. Upstairs, was a large front bedroom and balcony, from which we could see the ocean. Marilyn shared this bedroom with me. Virginia and Grace Lea had a room together. Sarah had her own room. Devirl and Billy were in the other room. At this time Marilyn was four, Billy was six, and Devirl was eight. They attended a summer school for children, which they enjoyed. Sarah would take them, and she also gathered them after school ended.

Virginia and Grace Lea took private lessons from me as well as attending summer school. Two more of my private students, Naomi Broadbent and Irma Roland, also joined us on the island. They boarded and roomed together at the school dormitory.

Grace's Scholarship. I was given a scholarship for both terms. Mrs. Rice told me that mine was the only scholarship which they had given in the last two years.

In this summer of 1935, as I had while at the Powers School in Boston twelve years earlier, I studied privately with Mrs. Rice. This helped me to get more personal instruction in the interpretation of literature than time in classes permitted.

My private lessons dealt with different material than that which I prepared for my class work. This private instruction concentrated chiefly on Shakespeare. I started

my practice at five in the morning, in the pine trees behind our cottage. (DNS: I don't remember mother ever performing a reading from Shakespeare).

Later on, the school presented me in a evening recital. I was the only reader thus presented. I gave a cutting from Edward Sheldon's three-act play *Romance*. There was also a one-act play given that evening.

Reads at dedication of Statue of the Angel Moroni. Taking a week end from school in July of 1935, young Devirl and I sailed from the island. We attended the unveiling of the statue of the Angel Moroni, on historic Cumorah Hill near Palmyra, New York. We attended this Mormon pageant at Palmyra because I had been asked to take part in it. Perhaps this was a result of my accepting and completing the month-long female narrator's role at the Church's centennial pageant at the Tabernacle in 1930.

At Palmyra, I gave selected scriptural passages. The pageant was a beautiful, spiritual experience for both of us. We have a newspaper write-up recording the event.

From Palmyra, we went to New York City to register the children in the Horace Mann School; which was an outstanding private school connected to Teacher's College, Columbia University. Young Devirl and I stayed at The Governor Clinton hotel. For the coming school year, we were also able to obtain a nice apartment at 450 Riverside Drive, close to 116th Street and to Columbia University.

This choice, large apartment in such a select location would certainly rent for over a thousand dollars in the much later years of our century. But in this depression year of 1935, this apartment, across the street from Riverside Park and the Hudson River, rented for fifty dollars a month. This rental was obtained through Columbia University which may have owned the property.

It was about a block from Grant's tomb, and from The Riverside Drive Church. Harry Emerson Fosdick was its most widely known minister and during the following seasons, we occasionally took the opportunity to hear him preach.

When we took the ship back to the island, Devirl chose to sleep next to the engine room, so that he could observe the motors. He found, however, that he was able to get but little sleep because of the noise of the motors. (DNS: I remember that *when we left for Palmyra* I had a choice as to whether we would stay overnight in

Boston or we would stay on the ship on another route, and that I chose the ship, but got little sleep because of the motors. However, it seems to me that this was when we were *going to Palmyra*).

Downtown Oak Bluffs was quaint and picturesque. The shops were very interesting. The main downtown shopping area reminded me of scenes of European cities.

On Saturday evenings, Devirl and I would often go to town. The other children were too young. These were jaunts which we both enjoyed. On one such occasion, there was an open air sale of Assyrian hand work. We bought a beautiful table cloth and a dozen napkins for a very nominal price. This was not, by any means, their first asking price. They however, were determined not to miss selling to each interested customer. I believe that they thought that it would bring them bad luck. We usually ended an evening after stopping at the ice cream parlor.

The children all enjoyed the ocean. Sarah watched them closely, so that they would not venture far from shore.

Mr. and Mrs. Rice and the other teachers were so wonderful to our children. Mr. and Mrs. Rice had, in addition to the regular summer school, a "summer stock" company. Mr. Rice used Billie in the melodrama *East Lynn*. You will recall that in this play, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Willie Carlyle, died. Billie was that child. He had performed admirably until he was laid on the table, and declared dead. They covered him with a sheet; then there followed a grief-stricken scene of some length. Apparently Billie grew tired of lying so quiet, so he turned over on his side. The audience roared with laughter.

Devirl did excellently as Little Pip in Dickens's *Great Expectations*. Mr. Rice was Magwitch, the convict. Devirl was given much praise in the Oak Bluffs newspaper. In addition, Mr. Rice wrote Devirl a letter of appreciation and admiration, as well as a payment for his performance. The Rice's public relations person forwarded parts of the letter to the *Deseret News* in Salt Lake City.

Marilyn had a part in her school play, and did very well indeed. Quoting from a letter from Daddy, "It is wonderful what our children have done on the island. Everyone is talking about Devirl's success, and when I tell them about Billie and Marilyn, they think that we must have a wonderful family. I would like to have seen each of them."

From Martha's Vineyard, where we had been so happy for three months, *except for the absence of Daddy*; we went to New York City, where we all attended some part of Columbia University.

I was at Teacher's College with the purpose of obtaining a Master's degree; which I did. This was the school with which John Dewey was long associated. He had retired in 1930, but was still a major force in Educational Philosophy. He wrote four more philosophical books during and after the time we were at Columbia. He died in 1952.

The three children attended The Horace Mann School, which was in a connecting building to Teachers' College. As mentioned earlier we were also able to obtain a nice apartment at 450 Riverside Drive, close to 116th Street and to Columbia University. The rent for the season's stay there was about the equivalent of what was saved by Devirl's scholarship.

We were fortunate that our apartment was just across Riverside Drive from Riverside Park. After the children's school and their nap, Sarah would take them to this park, next to the Hudson River. It was an ideal situation for them.

During the autumn, Marilyn contracted chickenpox. Her face seemed nearly covered with blister like swellings. I was so terribly concerned that she not scratch them and leave permanent scars that I sat up with her night after night. I kept oiling her face, so that it might decrease the itching. Sarah watched her during the hours when I was in class. Fortunately, Marilyn came through the experience with no scars.

On November 20, 1935, Marilyn was chosen for the only child's part in an original play *Scored for Brasses*; which was being produced at Columbia University. She was adorable; did exactly what the director asked, though she was only four. She had been chosen from among several girls who tried out.

Former Congressman Don B. Colton was President of the Eastern states Mission. He once invited us all to Sunday dinner at the mission home. Sister Colton asked me if I would read at her club in the city. This I did. Once, when we responded to his invitation to dinner, he gave us a gallon of Vernal Honey, which the children relished, and had missed since leaving Utah.

Some Sunday mornings early, the children and I attended the celebrated Riverside Church which was close to our apartment. They had interesting classes for children. I went to the chapel and heard the noted Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick. His sermons were stimulating and thought-provoking.

Billie and Marilyn enjoyed the Sunday school classes. Devirl, however, after attending a few Sundays, rebelled. He said that he wanted to attend his own church. This he did, with Sarah. It was miles away, so they took the subway.

Grace Called to General Board. While we were still in New York City, Sister Ruth May Fox wrote to ask if I would serve on the Young Women's General Board when I returned home. After consulting with my husband I consented. Upon returning to Utah, I served on the Board for ten years.

A Christmas Letter Received at 450 Riverside Drive

Mrs. George J. Cannon
213 Eighth Avenue
Salt Lake City, Utah

December 11, 1935

My Dear, Dear Friend:

Since you left here last May I have thought of you so many times. I was so pleased to hear from Erma that you were doing so well. I wish you every success and all that you desire to achieve.

We have missed you greatly at the Lion House and are eagerly waiting for your return. I trust you and your little ones are well and enjoying your stay in the East. I hope your Christmas and holiday season will be one of great happiness.

Your Friend and Sister,
Lucy G. Cannon

Grace Lea Nixon lived with us until the holidays. She attended the Waddly School for girls, and studied privately with me. Then she returned home for Christmas

For Christmas, Daddy came to New York City to visit us. He arrived the morning of December 24th. It was so wonderful to have him with us; we had a week of celebration that the children and I will always remember.

Daddy and Devirl spent one afternoon and early evening in Chinatown. Years later, Daddy said that he would never forget that evening. They had so much fun together.

The three children were given attractive warm coats. Marilyn was a picture of real beauty in her purple coat, with its two small, circular capes, that were edged with purple velvet. She had a matching hat which framed her golden curls. Devirl's and Billie's coats were brown leather with black fur collars. Daddy had taken us to an early movie after which he was to leave for home.

The picture which the children made in the foyer of the theatre, as they said good-bye to their beloved father, was one which Daddy and I will both treasure in our hearts.

It was hard for all of us; but Marilyn was inconsolable. She clung to him, sobbing; tears streaming down her cheeks. Finally, so that he would not miss his train, Daddy hurried away. Then Sarah and I took the children home.

On January 15, 1936, Daddy was in Detroit at a factory air conditioning institute. He sent Marilyn a set of play dishes for her birthday from there. He also sent a letter to me that included: "Love you, dearest, oh so much. I wish you were here to ride home with me, and that I could show you how much I do love you."

On May 24, 1936 Daddy wrote on Hotel Utah stationary, a letter to reach me on our May 28th wedding anniversary. Our first date had been at the Hotel Utah Roof Garden; a dinner and dancing party given by some members of Devirl's fraternity. Quoting now from his letter of the above date; *"I regret that you are not here to go with me to the Roof Garden which is to reopen with all of its style and fascination of earlier days. Have you still those dancing eyes I remarked of on our first date?"* He ended his letter with *"Love to the loveliest."*

In early May, young Devirl and Billie were chosen to take parts in a Japanese play at Columbia University. I bought them both blue Japanese kimonos and trousers. The kimonos had Japanese figures embroidered on the back. Both boys were just adorable in their parts, and the director was very pleased. I can still visualize them as they bowed and walked in Nipponese fashion.

This spring, on his return from a mission to England, Elder L. Dean Hickman stayed with us for a week. We all loved having him.

The New York City school year was happy and profitable. I completed the requirements for my master's degree at Columbia at the end of May. The final examinations could be taken in June or August. I chose to take them in August. During the summer, I wanted to commence working toward a doctorate by taking some summer classes at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois.

The children's school year was also concluded. So we left New York City for the Midwest and Evanston, by Lake Michigan.

Summer at Northwestern University. It was difficult for Devirl to let us stay away another summer. He missed us so much, and was lonely. However, with his usual unselfishness and generosity he had consented. He concluded his letter of consent with, "*At least, Dearest, Evanston is nearer home than New York City.*"

Through the housing office of Northwestern University, I was able to locate a minister's apartment that was available for the summer. It was very nice. There were three bedrooms, a dining room and living room.

Because of my enrollment at Northwestern, Sarah and the children were also permitted to use the university's sandy beaches on Lake Michigan. We all enjoyed this; as well as the small city of Evanston. It had beautiful walks to the downtown areas, passing by elegant homes and lovely gardens.

Distinguished Northwestern Professors. Several of the University's speech classes were of special interest to me. I enrolled in as many as possible and audited others. Among my distinguished professors were Dr. Lew Sarette, Dr. Dennis, Mrs. Crews, and Mrs. Swift head of the interpretation department, from whom I took private lessons.

Sarah attended church at the Edgewater Beach Ward, in Chicago; a short distance from Evanston. Dr. LeRoy Smith's family was in attendance. Since the girls had

studied with me at our Wolcott home, they recognized Sarah. So Dr. Smith suggested to Brother Thomas McKay that he ask me to read for their group. This I did.

Northwestern Recital. The teachers at Northwestern were extremely kind to me. At the end of the second term of summer school, I was presented at an evening recital, where I read a scene from the three-act play *Love on the Dole*.

Ethel Swift, head of the interpretation department, made this comment about my program: *"I have taught at Northwestern for eleven years and have never had a student with such balance intellectually and emotionally; one with such versatility, strength, portrayal and interpretative ability as Grace Nixon Stewart. Her voice is beautiful with color and variety. She has all it takes for the great interpreter. She has dramatic ability that I have seen equaled only once in my years of teaching at Northwestern. She has a frankness and simplicity of manner which gives her a charm I envy."*

Another member of the speech department, Mrs. Crews, wrote: *"It has been a number of years since I have heard anything so perfect on the Northwestern platform, not barring faculty members, as Grace Nixon Stewart's performance yesterday. It had such intellectual and emotional understanding. It was beautifully woven together. Her voice has color, power, and beauty. Her audience was in the 'palm of her hand' from the moment she started her characterization. I don't see how it would have been possible to make it better."*

Families' Hospitality

We had rented the main floor of our Wolcott home to a Mrs. Baker who had no children. She wanted to stay until we returned. Daddy lived downstairs. During the time when we were gone, people in our ward, as well as other friends, were very thoughtful of Daddy, and often invited him to dinner.

Among these friends were Dr. and Mrs. Bicknell Robbins, Joseph Smith, LeRoy Taylor, and Bishop Arthur Burton (Daddy was his second counselor). My sisters, Nina and Olive, called him almost every Wednesday, for Sunday dinner.

In September of 1936, Devirl, because of his contribution to the company, had earned a trip to Cuba. This he didn't accept because we were coming home. He did, however, accept a second opportunity to go to Cuba some time later.

Again, quoting from a letter which I received from my husband shortly before leaving Northwestern to return home; *"Dear, I have planned so many things, just one of them being dinner with my whole family at the new Roof Garden of the Hotel Utah, which I understand is not surpassed anywhere. To dance there again, it seems would be a real thrill. To ride in the canyons and go to parties with you; and dozens of other thoughts have come through my mind. Of course, I know dreams are dreams, but then some of them come true, and I'm sure many of mine will, and the realizations will be happier than the dreams."*

In another letter, Devirl said:

"About you reading at Northwestern, Lover, there are none better; Cornelia Otis Skinner included. I have already booked you, months ago, for the Ladies Literary Club."

*Love, the Management,
Daddy*

In 1936, Daddy wrote that he wanted the boys to see either the "Cubs" or the "White Socks," while in Chicago. This we did, and it was a memorable experience for all of us. Also, in compliance with his wish, we saw the stockyards in Chicago.

Daddy said that we must all have new clothes, and he sent money to cover the expense. As usual, he was thoughtful and generous. We purchased our clothes in Chicago at Marshall Fields.

On September 30, 1936 the children and I left Evanston for home. We had a section in the Pullman cars for sleeping; both upper and lower births. The children entertained the passengers in the Pullman car. Although they were in their pajamas, they would open the curtains and give short impersonations and original dialogues. They were applauded by the audience, and encouraged to come down the aisles with their "acts." This they didn't hesitate to do, as they also were having a good time. Finally, I was able to get them to bed.

Sarah Stays in Chicago. We left our dear Sarah in Chicago. She had been so devoted to the family and loved the children so much that she did everything for them. I felt that they should be taught to work, and have certain responsibilities; so I obtained a good position for Sarah at the Northern States Mission Home, with my friend and former student May Green Hinckley. (May Green Hinckley became

president of the Primary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in January 1940 remaining until May 1943.)

Her husband, Bryant Hinckley, was president of the Northern States mission. Sarah wrote to me later saying that she would never be able to thank me enough for this experience. At the mission home she met the President of the Church and several general authorities; an opportunity she would not have had otherwise. Later Sarah went on a mission. We still communicate, and visit when we can.

[Devirl spoke at Sarah's funeral]. Sarah was in the mission home in Portland when Devirl started his mission in late 1947. He was invited to the mission home from Newburgh, Oregon for his birthday. Sarah was doing some of the housekeeping chores there. She had baked him a birthday cake.

REWRITE TWO PAGES BELOW

October 1936 Back to Salt Lake City Home. It was wonderful being with Daddy again. On the 11th of November, 1936 I opened a studio at our home on Wolcott, and was fortunate in having many students.

November 20, 1936. I presented the play, *Little Lord Fauntleroy* in Idaho Falls, to raise money for a church building. My parents were living in Idaho Falls at the time. Father wrote that they were very pleased, and proud of me for achieving such excellence in my chosen art. He added that he and mother were enjoying life. Although he was still working, he said that it was as if they were on a second honeymoon,

On November 20th 1936, when Billy was still seven, he wrote this poem to me. I have kept the original in his hand writing.

*Mother you are so kind and dear,
You are so sweet to have around,
You touch my heart with your love.
You are so beautiful, no one could
Tell you from an angel,
You have such a beautiful spirit.
You are the most wonderful
Mother in the world.
Mother, I love you more than anyone else in the world.
You are an angel.*

May 15, 1937. Recital at the Ladies Literary Club. I presented 22 students in a recital of readings and pantomime. Marilyn and Bill were on the program.

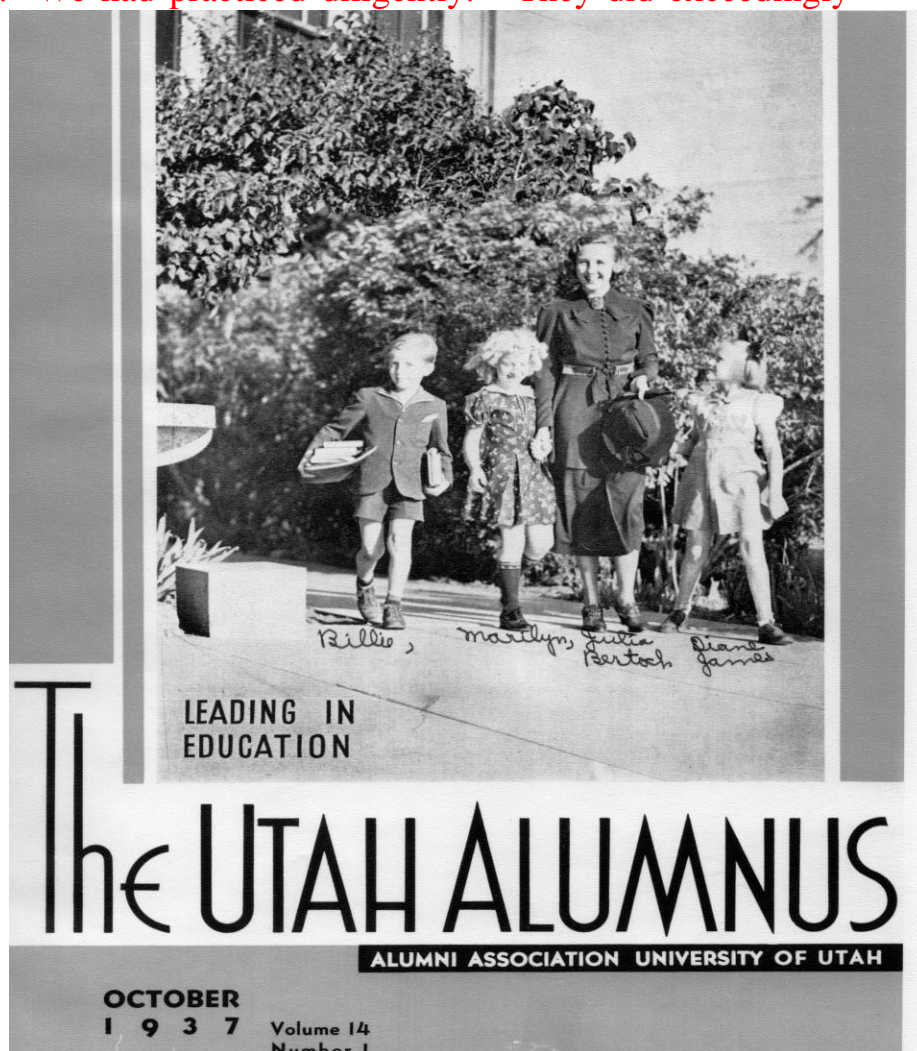
May 22, 1937. I presented thirty students in a recital of individual readings, as well as a group of choral speakers. All of our own children were included. Seven adult students were listed for an individual evening recital.

On June 13, 1937???? at the general session of conference on Sunday evening in the Tabernacle, I directed a group of choral speakers in the *First and Twenty seventh Psalms*.

After the M-Men and Gleaner Chorus sang, I again directed the choral speakers in the *Twenty Fourth Psalm*. We had practiced diligently. They did exceedingly well. Apostle Melvin J. Ballard was the speaker.

That morning in the Assembly Hall, I had given a thirty minute reading. Apostle George Albert Smith was the speaker.

Church activities enhanced the joy of our lives. Daddy was in the University Ward Bishopric for over thirteen years. People still remark about what an excellent bishop he was. Later he was superintendent of the Stake Sunday school board. Daddy gave complete devotion to his church activities.



On the cover of the October 1937 issue of the *University of Utah Alumnus Magazine* was a large picture of Billie at 7 years, Marilyn, 5 years, their friend

Diane James 6 years; and lovely Julie Bertoch, a teacher. We were, of course, pleased that two of our children had been chosen.

Before going east, I had served as a member of our Stake Mutual Improvement Board for three years. Upon returning, I became a member of church's General Board of The Mutual Improvement Association, where I served for ten years.

For a number of years, during that time I was Chairman of the Speech Committee of the Young Ladies' General Board. One of my responsibilities was writing the speech and drama course of study for the M. I. A. The committee held weekly meetings where I submitted lessons and outlines to be used throughout the church.

The board members were asked to visit conferences in various parts of the world. These trips I declined, because I felt that my family should not be left with hired help for such long periods. I only accepted assignments within the Utah and Idaho areas. At the end of ten years, I resigned from the board. It had been a valuable and rewarding experience, for which I am grateful.

On March 30, 1937, in Preston, Idaho, I gave the three act play "*Romance*" by Edward Sheldon. The audience was extremely appreciative. They paid me fifty dollars. They also asked if I would teach an eight-week course to a class as well as private students there. To this I consented.

I took the ten o'clock bus to Preston on Fridays, taught privately that evening, then started early Saturday morning teaching classes. On Saturday afternoon or evening, I returned to Salt Lake City with my husband, who always met me in Preston.

I stayed at the home of Florence Peterson, who had been a student of mine for several years. The home was spotlessly clean and the food delicious. It was a profitable experience in all respects.

Quoting from a letter from Florence; "Everyone was thrilled with the play, "*Romance*," and your teaching. They think that you are just perfect.

On New Year's Day, 1938, we took the children to the state prison where they gave a program for the inmates who were permitted to go into the auditorium. Then the warden took us through certain cell blocks where condemned prisoners were in heavily-barred rooms. It was a chilling and pathetic experience.

We then went for a delightful drive around the Christmas-decorated homes in Federal Heights. Afterward, we had warm cocoa and fruit cake in front of the fireplace in our lovely living room at home. We had all been deeply impressed with the contrasts of the day.

Both Billie and Marilyn had poems published in *The Children's Friend* magazine. Marilyn's poem was titled, *The Afghan My Grandmother Made for Me*. The title of Billie's poem was *The Beauty of This World*.

At our home on Wolcott, I would arise around four-thirty a.m. to practice my readings and plays. Then at six I awakened the children.

After they had washed their faces, I gave them orange juice and vitamins. Then I practiced with them until eight. Each child would practice on a musical instrument in a separate room: Devirl on his coronet, Bill with his violin; and Marilyn on the piano. I would take them in speech, one at a time. They were very cooperative.

At the breakfast table, after we had knelt in family prayer, one of the children would repeat from memory three to five verses from the Bible. Each knew on which day it was his or her turn; and they were usually prepared.

On a blackboard, above the table, Daddy would have written the vocabulary which we were to learn for that day; as well as a philosophy for our edification.

On April 8, 1938 I gave the three-act play, "*Love on the Dole*" for the Delta Theta Chi Sorority. They were a very appreciative audience, and later asked me to join their sorority. This I declined because of constant teaching and reading obligations.

For vacation, during the summer of 1938, we went to the Mack's Inn area of Idaho. This is north of Idaho Falls and Rexburg and south of Yellowstone Park. Daddy and Devirl came up after the rest of the family.

During this vacation, the wife of Stephen L. Richards asked if I would read for their guests on Sunday evening. They had a charming home on the Snake River. Guests arrived in boats. It was an evening always to be remembered. I gave comedy numbers. They were so appreciative and receptive. They laughed a great deal, and almost all the way through "*On the Porch of A Maine Farm Woman*".

The next day, Dr. Gill Richards let Marilyn and Billie take his boat. They had such a good time in it. However, they later let some friends take it. Dr. Richards was displeased. The children told Dr. Richards that they were sorry about letting others use the boat. It all ended amicably.

I want always to remember the precious picture of Marilyn and Bill going down the hill to the boat together. We waved to each other until they disappeared.

When Marilyn was in her seventh year, she wrote this poem.

Summer with my Mother

On this lovely summer night
When everything is right
At eight-thirty o'clock

On a certain city block
I am with my loving, darling mother
Under the beaming moon.

On June 3rd 1938, at the Ladies' Literary Club, twenty-nine of my students were presented in a dramatic and comic reading recital. With the exception of four, I had not previously presented these students in recital.

On the same evening, we had a poetry circle and choral speaking group. Milton Weilenmann was Master of Ceremonies. At each recital, we had musical intervals. This evening it was the Lindsay sisters.

During the following evening, June 4, 1938, at the Ladies' Literary Club, I presented a different group of twenty-five students. Devirl and Bill were with this group. Music was provided by Sarah Castle.

On February 21, 1939 Daddy and I attended a gala General Board dinner party, held in the La Fayette Ballroom at the Hotel Utah. The theme was "Sailing the Seven Seas."

An Unusual Invitation Announcement. Colonel and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton request the pleasure of the D. B. Stewarts' company at Birth night and Dinner, honoring the President of the United States and Mrs. Washington, on Wednesday next, at six-thirty o'clock, February twenty-first, seventeen hundred and ninety-

five. During this time, both a University ward and also a General Board party were thoroughly enjoyed.

Marilyn and Grandparents Drive to California. In July of 1939, at the end of our first six weeks of summer school, Marilyn went to California with my parents. It was the first time we had been separated.

Mother and Father stopped with Marilyn at the University Ward, where the summer school classes were held. I shall never forget as I stood in front of the church, how she kept running back to me from the automobile, to say good-bye and to give me one more hug and kiss. It was difficult to part with her.

At last they drove away. Mother felt that Marilyn would be of much help to her in their home. They later reported that she was of great assistance. Mother and Father wrote at different times about how eager Marilyn was to assist in any needed task, and that it had been a real joy to have her with them.

During this summer, my parents took Marilyn with them on delightful trips to San Diego and to Mexico. I received several letters from Marilyn during this time, which I have treasured through the years.

In June of 1939, at the 2 p.m. session of stake conference, I read "*All Is Well*". I still recall some of the kind comments.

September 1, 1939 WAR. Germany invades Poland and annexes Danzig. On September Third, Britain and France declare war on Germany.

On November 24, 1939, I gave the three-act play "*Victoria Regina*" in Blackfoot, Idaho. They asked me to return again; which I did.

April 24, 1940

Committee on Selection of
Representative Utah Family.

Gentlemen:

I should like to nominate for the Utah Family to represent our state at the New York Fair, the D. B. Stewart Family, residing at 11 South Wolcott, S. L. C. Utah. Having lived next door to them for twelve years I feel I am in position to judge their "representative qualities". They are fine gentle folk, well educated, very talented and particularly well trained to meet people.

To review their qualifications; beginning with the father, Mr. Stewart is a well known and successful business executive. He is friendly, speaks fluently in deep pleasing voice and always shows poise and assurance. He has traveled, lived abroad, and is now very active in social betterment work.

Mrs. Stewart, popularly known as Grace Nixon Stewart is a charming gracious, graceful, well spoken person. Her diction is flawless, her voice beautifully modulated, her entertaining ability is endless, and she is enough of an actress to carry any emergency to a happy final scene. She is slender, well appearing and dresses attractively.

The three children, Devirl, thirteen, Billy, eleven, and Marylyn, nine, are lovely looking, alert interesting boys and girl. Each child plays an instrument and all play together. Each has had extensive speech training. The family has spent a year in the east attending Columbia where two of the children had scholarships. They have acquired poise and travel manners.

If you wish our state to demonstrate that culture is as evident and advanced in Utah as in New England, If you wish a native Utah family (of several generations) that has and is living for ideals and the finer pursuits of life the committee should REQUEST the Stewart family to honor Utah by accepting the responsibility of demonstrating a Utah Family. You can depend upon them. They are no relatives of mine, but I've seen, and I know.

In conclusion may I offer one word to the committee entrusted with this important selection. Usually on such committees one individual advocates a particular someone because that somebody "deserves", "has earned", or "would appreciate", or other like reasons. The people of Utah, NOT one family, should be considered. We are entitled to the best representation obtainable and no other reason for selection should be permitted to enter into the decision. Utah, not the favored family should be the consideration.

Wishing you success and recommending serious consideration of the D. B. Stewart Family, I remain,

Respectfully,

Dr. A. H. Henry, Jr.

September 7, 1940 - We celebrated our father & mothers fifty second wedding anniversary. Father was seventy four. They were married on father's birthday. Our parents were residing in Idaho Falls at the time.

In Idaho Falls they were honored at a luncheon in the Bonneville Hotel given by civic leaders and officials of the Pacific National Life Insurance Company. The mayor was in attendance.

September 28, 1940 - At the opening of the Lion House, the Deseret news ran a large picture of the wife of J. Ruben Clark and Sister McKay, wife of David O. McKay. They were presiding at an elaborately decorated table. In the receiving line were Sister Lucy Grant Taylor, general president of the MIA and board members Grace Nixon Stewart, Verna Goddard, J. King, Lucy T. Anderson, and Sister Wetzel. They were all valued friends of mine.

On November 25th of this year the Salt Lake Tribune ran a picture of Marilyn and me taken in our kitchen on Wolcott. We were preparing Thanksgiving dinner. Marilyn was ten years old.

February 1, 1941 – We gave a tea for Catherine Christensen, who was to become the bride of Edward Kertcher. It was a truly lovely affair.

The bride to be was beautiful, the home was beautiful, and the flowers were beautiful. We had obtained the services of a specialist to arrange the flowers. The music was appropriate and the food delicious. Sister McKay the wife of David O McKay presided at the tea table.

Decoration Day 1941 – Daddy and I went to Fairview. I met Aunt Laniel for the first time. She was blind, but so cheerful and interested in others. She said that Devirl was always a favorite of hers. She recognized him by his rich voice. We spent an hour with her. She was an inspiration to many people.

She gave us a yellow rose bush to plant at our home. Daddy's home in Milburn had yellow roses.

June 23, 1941 – I was presented the Golden Gleaner award for outstanding service to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day saints MIA program and the General Board.

August 1941 – We received several precious letters from Marilyn while she was with my parents

September 1948

We made friends at Manhattan Ward. Joe Harris, who went to college at BYU when I did, now lived with his family on Staten Island. At church, on the third Sunday when we were there, Joe asked Marilyn and me to come to dinner at their home. We took the ferry past the Statue of Liberty to the island. After dinner, Joe took us to all the historic places on the island. It was a very enjoyable afternoon and evening.

Twice a month I sent to Devirl and Bill their missionary expenses from New York City. This was from money which Daddy and I had placed in the bank when we sold our furniture on Wolcott.

Marilyn became very popular in the ward. She gave the speech and dramatic arts lesson in Mutual; and was always well prepared and received by the class members. I was told that she was a great success as a teacher.

Marilyn was very faithful in her church duties and attendance. She had many admirers and plenty of dates. Rex Sessions was one who was very persistent in wanting to take her home from various meetings; and to take her other places.

Marilyn also had other boyfriends at Columbia University. I recall that one friend, a young medical student, took her to a fraternity dinner-dance at the Astor Hotel. She enjoyed the evening. He also took her to the Ballet Russe at the Metropolitan, and to the theater.

Grace and Edythe

Edythe Christensen was the friend whom Grace most admired when Grace entered the fifth grade in Provo. Probably they were both ten. In 1921 Edythe Christensen and Grace were about 21 when they left together for post-graduate schooling in Boston.

Early in 1989 Edythe recalled a 1921 trip East. "Grace is just a little over four months older." We left for Boston just a short time before school started in the Fall. We just stopped one day, to see St. Claire, Grace's brother, who was on a mission in St. Louis, Missouri."

[GNS was born December. 21 1899 and died Sunday morning at about 4 am. August 11, 1991. The funeral was Saturday August 17, 1991. Devirl Nixon (son) and Mary K (daughter in law) were there when she passed on.

Edith was born. on April 22, 1900 and died May 11, 1991] They were both in their 91st year.]

At 48, Edythe Christensen Robbins wrote this letter to Grace.

September 7, 1948

My dearest friends,

Yes and I do mean dearest, and of longest standing! From the depths of my heart--thanks, thanks, thanks!--for all the time and energy spent in the service of making my precious mother, and daughter, and effects safe and happy and comfortable in New York. It is a source of great satisfaction to know you will be near this year. I sort of feel too, that my loss of these two may be your gain as the year proceeds.

Daddy [Dr. Burtis Robbins] and I are taking a few days to tour part of the Northwest including a lot of British Columbia, Canada. We hope bit by bit to tour the world together.

My love to Marilyn. I just finished a letter to Bill. Devirl [DBS] looked fine; a little wistful at the station, the morning we saw our two off.

Best love and luck.

Edythe"

On April 22, 1990. Edythe celebrated her ninetieth birthday, as had Grace on December 21, 1990.

Club Organized in 1937. Still Meeting in 2008-2009 Season

In 1937 Edythe and Grace organized a Sunday evening group which met in the various members' homes once a month generally, except for December and January and July and August. Many years later they met most of the time at the Lion House.

The charter members included a future member of the first presidency of the Mormon church, one of the most notable members of the Church's Quorum of The Twelve, a future United States senator, a future president of the tabernacle choir, a future conductor of the tabernacle choir, a national Republican committeeman, and some future outstanding members of the business and artistic community.. Most if not all were members of the L.D. S. Church.

Speakers included The President of the LDS church, Heber J. Grant, The Mayor Earl J. Glade, the talented Carol Lynne Pearson, Adam S. Bennion and many other fascinating individuals. Most of these also were members of the L.D.S church.

Later members included a president of the University of Utah The manager of the Deseret News , a President of the national council of county executives, and so forth.. On September 5, 1950, Grace's son Bill married Edythe's daughter Francine. in the Salt Lake Temple.

West Pointers Send Thanks for Grace
and Marilyn's Party in New York City

UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY
WEST POINT, NEW YORK

November 10, 1948

Dear Mrs. Stewart and Marilyn,

The best thing for me to say is thank you once, and then start repeating it very rapidly. But even this might begin to sound a little superficial. What would have made it more real, Mrs. Stewart, would have been for you to have seen us all eat so much of your food that it took a couple of deep breaths to make room for dessert. I know that all the men appreciated it very much, and I sincerely hope the realization of this fact will partly repay you for all your work.

What about the rest? Although, I didn't actually see this, I'll bet the scribes for the 'Good Book' were kept busy that night.

Hope to see you both soon.

Sincerely,

Paul

Bill's Message From His Mission Field At Christmas

December 21, 1948
102 Watermoore Road
Cirencester Gloucester, England

Mrs. D. B. Stewart
161 West 75th Street
Apartment 5-D
New York City, New York
USA

Mother Darling,

Merry Christmas, dear. Oh, Mother! I will miss you and the family so very much this Christmas! I sincerely hope that you will have a wonderful Christmas! You certainly deserve it.

I wish that I could express how very much I love you, Mother dear; and how extremely grateful I am for all the grand things that you have done for Francine and Grandmother Christensen. I wish I knew how to express my thanks to you, Mother. Honestly, Mother, you are the most wonderful Mother in the entire world. There is no one, I am sure, who makes such great sacrifices, who works so very hard, and who constantly has a smile for everyone, as you do!

Bishop Richards was certainly correct when he remarked one Sunday evening in church that you were the lady "with a smile for everyone." I certainly agree!

The long hours that you spent in teaching and earning money--not for yourself--but always for the family--for our progress and achievement. Yes, Mother, I honestly think that if Christ were to come this very day and choose an example of one who truly loved his neighbor and fellow brother, He would immediately choose you. I am sincerely sure of that, Mother.

Now I realize that I have more to be grateful for than any other person. The wonderful, wonderful parents and family which I have, the fine home and training which I have received, the wonderful sweetheart who will someday be my wife and all of Francine's family who are so fine. The Robbins family have been wonderful to me and I appreciate it so very much!

All of these many blessings are mine. How thankful I am for them. But most of all I am grateful for my wonderful mother. It is you who has made all this happiness possible. Oh! Thank you, Mother! How can I express it?

When other members of the family became excited, you remained calm and poised. I have never seen you become excited, angry, or lose your sense of direction. I am sure I never will. Honestly, Mother, I am completely sincere.

I would like to congratulate you on the great success that you have made of your life, and on the success which you have helped others to attain through your sweet personality and talent.

If I can attain even a small portion of the honest love from others which you have, I will have succeeded well!

Merry Christmas, Mother. Thanks again for all that you have done for Francine and Grandmother Christensen. You know how very much they mean to me and how deeply I appreciate all the kindness that you have given them.

I love you very, very much. Here is a special Christmas kiss!

All my love always, Your son, Bill"

Bill's Christmas Card In Verse From England:

With Fondest Love
for a Very Happy Christmas
and a Bright New Year

I'm sending a loving wish today,
that the best in life
may come your way,

And may this Christmas play its part
In giving you all
That's dear to your heart.

Mother Darling,

Here is all my love and sincerest wishes for your happiness.

Love always, your son, Bill"

The following telegram arrived from Devirl on December 20, 1948:

"SEA246 NL PD=PUYALLUP WASH 20=
MRS GRACE NIXON STEWART=
161 WEST 75 ST NYK=

**A JOYOUS BIRTHDAY MOTHER I HOPE THAT YOU ENJOY CHRISTMAS
AS MUCH AS WE ARE GOING TO OUT HERE. WRITE GENERAL
DELIVERY PUYALLUP WASHINGTON LOVE= DEVIRL=**

During the last of September 1948 or 1949, Steve Richards came to visit us in NYC on his way home from his mission. After we had dinner, Marilyn took Steve to some of the noted places in the city.

June Hickman introduced us to his friend, Walter, a beauty operator. He gave both Marilyn and me a permanent. He would accept no payment. He was a good friend all during our stay in NYC. He invited us to his apartment for Sunday dinner. It was delicious, and the apartment clean and nicely-decorated.

Webbie Adams, one of my past better male students, came to visit us on his way home from his mission in Canada where he had earned distinction during his labors. We took him to dinner at the hotel. He was very nice to be with.

On the 24th of July, Marilyn went with the church group for a picnic at the beach. The following Saturday evening the same group went for a moonlight ride up the Hudson River.

Sunday we met Devirl's friend Johanne at the station, took her to dinner, and then to important places in NYC. Johanne Worsoe is the only daughter of the Norwegian Consul in Vancouver B. C. Devirl met her while he was on a scholarship at the Banff School of Fine Arts in the summer of 1944. She wrote to Devirl almost every week after he went to Alaska with the Coast Guard. She said she would call us on her return from Norway.

On Monday evening. Marilyn was taken by a friend from Columbia University to see *Salome* at the Metropolitan Opera.

Because it was large and inviting, most of the church firesides, as well as other young person's gatherings, were held in our apartment. Marilyn's piano playing was an added attraction.

Hazel Dawn Invites Grace and Marilyn to Sardies

At one fireside, Hazel Dawn, (Mrs. Govel) the star in the musical comedy *The Pink Lady* was the guest speaker to sixty members. She is one of the Tout sisters all of whom were very gifted and became prima donnas. They had given notable missionary work in England, before coming to America. Hazel Dawn invited Marilyn and me to Sardies to dinner "to meet everyone."

On another occasion one of the King Sisters entertained the group. Other distinguished members of the church were fireside speakers at our apartment.

Francine's sister, Edythe Rea, was at one time engaged to Paul Murray, a cadet at West Point. Paul invited Francine, Marilyn, Grandma Christensen and me, to be his guests on their guest day for the Army-Harvard game on their home field. The game was followed by dinner and a formal ball in the chivalrous and traditional West Point manner. It was a very enjoyable experience for all of us.

During the afternoon, Paul had told us that some of the Latter-day Saints were going with Catholic girls and that he wanted them to meet Mormon girls. So we invited Paul to come to our apartment in NYC and bring as many of his friends as he desired.

Three weeks later, eighteen West Point Cadets in full uniform and four Columbia University boys gathered around the Stewarts' long, white damask-covered dining table after the Army and Columbia game, and ate a home cooked dinner.

The chili, hot rolls, mince, and pumpkin pies vanished rapidly. But, serving graciously, Francine and Marilyn expeditiously replenished the table

On the stroke of nine o'clock twenty lovely girls, decked for the occasion, joined the cadets for an evening of music and dancing. As a finale, we again served homemade mince and pumpkin pie. The evening went so well that several of the girls were invited to West Point for their future games and dances.

[last few entries above 1948 or 1949 ?]

March 1, 1949

Parisian Love Affair Loses New York Apartment

Mr. Leiberman's brother came to our apartment one evening, to tell us that his brother had fallen in love with a French girl. Because of this Mrs. Leiberman had become ill and was going to be taken to a sanitarium. However, her son convinced her to come home. So it was necessary for us to move.

We found a beautiful, large bedroom on Riverside Drive. It had a large window from which could be seen the Park, a grand piano, a sofa, and some easy chairs. We also had kitchen privileges.

The landlady said that she was a speech and piano teacher.

It was while we were here that word of my beloved father's death came. He died on March 18, 1949. I was deeply grieved. That evening Marilyn and I walked in the park by the Hudson river. Marilyn was so tender and comforting. She assured me that she would be quite safe and well-cared-for by our landlady.

So I left the next morning for Salt Lake City. Daddy met me at the train. The next afternoon the viewing was held at my sister Nina's home.

Before the Salt Lake memorial, there had been another service held in Papa's Los Angeles ward. Those who attended in Los Angeles reported that the chapel was filled with his relatives and friends, as was the case in Salt Lake City's Yale Ward.

Aunt Katie said she had never heard more praiseworthy statements concerning anyone. Nina and Harold also said that the Los Angeles service was most inspiring.

The Salt Lake City funeral was held in the Yale Ward. It was an impressive service.

Papa had been such an outstanding leader in church and civic affairs. He was in bishoprics for fourteen years and bishop for the last four of these years. Then he became the Stake Sunday School President. He also fulfilled several missions, as well as holding other church callings over his life.

At the Salt Lake funeral services, the rostrum was filled with flowers. The music was beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. McMasters sang three pieces. A women's chorus, trained by our sister, and grandfather's oldest daughter, Olive, presented two numbers.

Brother LeGrand Richards spoke with conviction and great appreciation of father's life which he likened to that of Christ's. Brother Gaskell Romney spoke eloquently. Father's life-long friend, John McQuarrie, gave the benediction. It was a masterpiece of truth and beauty.

After the service, I felt comforted. Until then it was very difficult. I always felt so close to my father. He often said that he had never said a cross word to me in his life. And I have a long succession of happy memories of him. All of the excellent qualities that the speakers attributed to him were so true. I was always very proud of him, and of the honorable name which he gave us.

[ed. note: I understand that DNS's letter was read at his grandfather Nixon's funeral. DNS was on a mission. But it is not mentioned here].

On the morning following the funeral, I took the train to New York City. When I arrived I found that the landlady had been very hard on Marilyn. She scolded her when she didn't come in from a date as early as she thought she should. The woman was an alcoholic and had been in trouble with the police several times.

On March 28, 1949 the following telegram and letter arrived from Bill:

"CAML 175/GK444 C472CDC DAL INTL
CD SOUTHBOURNE VIA MACKAY 27 MAR 28 1949

NLT MRS D B STEWART
435 RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT 8-2 NEW YORK CITY

MOTHER DARLING MY HEARTFELT SYMPATHY IS WITH YOU WILL WRITE TONIGHT GOD BLESS YOU LOVE ALWAYS BILL"

Bill's Letter From England Follows Telegram

March 31, 1949

My darling Mother,

I received your letter today which told me the very sad news about my wonderful Grandfather. I am sure that you fully realize how very very grieved I am about his death.

I sent you a telegram immediately after I received your letter. Please tell me if you received it. I was not sure of your address, and I will wait until I receive another letter from you which will give me your complete address before I mail this letter, so that you will be sure to receive it.

It is impossible to express the emotions of one at a sad time such as this. I cried a good deal, and am sure that you and all the rest of the famiy did the same. Honestly, Mother dear, I don't know quite what to say. There is a lump in my throat which seems to remain no matter what I do. I wish with all my heart that I could have been at the funeral--I would have liked to play my violin just for Grandpa. He was such a great man. I am sure that his complete life was a constant inspiration to all who ever knew him. I am so proud and humbly grateful for the honor of being his namesake. I wish that I could say something which would help you and comfort you, Mother dear.

The most important thing which you and all of us must do is to remember that Grandfather lived a great and righteous and pure life, and that he has simply passed out of our sight for a few years. He is not dead. There is no such thing as death. He is only sleeping, and will soon awake, and we will all be together again.

I am sure that you will be comforted when you realize that grandfather and grandmother are now together again.

Mother dear, please don't feel too sad about Grandfather. Remember what the Bible says in John 14:1 "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God. Believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I

would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and whither I go ye know and the way ye know."

Mother dear, we all know that Grandfather lived a great and noble life and that he has now gone to the highest degree of God's Kingdom. I am sure of it!

And I am also sure that because we have all been sealed to him through his Temple marriage that we will all be together again. I really feel this, Mother. Although I fully realize how very sad you must feel, and how sad I feel too, we must realize that where Grandpa is now is a place of great happiness and joy.

The state of the soul after death was revealed to Joseph Smith and is in *The Doctrine and Covenants*. This revelation from the Lord was given to Joseph Smith: Speaking of the state of the soul in Heaven, The Lord said: "And then shall it come to pass, that the spirits of those who are righteous are received into a state of happiness, which is called Paradise, a state of rest, a state of peace, where they shall rest from all their troubles, and from all care and sorrow."

I am sure that these words are really fulfilled. I know that Grandpa is there and is happy. Therefore, Mother dearest, "let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

I am enclosing a little story which will comfort you, I am sure. Know that all of my love and Marilyn's and Devirl's and Daddy's and Francine's are always with you.

May the Lord constantly be with you, Mother dear. I want you to know that I understand, and I that send all my love and comfort.

God bless you. Loving you always, your son, Bill

P.S. Here is a kiss."

Late April

Mrs. Leiberman called and said that we had left some articles in her apartment which she thought we would like. One was my blue scrapbook which contained all of my newspaper write-ups.

Mrs. Leiberman was very cordial; and deeply hurt. by her experience in Paris I think that I shall never forget the change in her. There was a real loveliness and

depth of hurt. Her husband had remained in France. She thanked me for leaving everything so clean and orderly in her apartment.

April 12, 1949

Bill sent the following letter from Hampshire County, England:

Dearest Mother,

Happy Easter and Happy Wedding Anniversary!

Yes, Mother dear, Easter is here and I surely hope that you will have a wonderful time. Easter and the beautiful spirit which is always present has made Easter time a special time for me. I often enjoyed Easter even more than Christmas time. There always seemed to be such a sacred spirit about it.

Easter time is a time to remember the great sacrifice which Jesus made for all of us and Easter is also a time to remember the sacrifice that someone else is making for me--someone that I am sure is equal and just as loving and good as Jesus--and that someone is you Mother Dear. I often wonder why the Lord ever picked me to be the extremely lucky boy to be your son. All I can say is that I thank God every day for granting me such a wonderful blessing. I really mean it, Mother.

I tried to think of some gift that I could send which would try to express my gratefulness to you for being so wonderful, and after I had gathered together my pennies from my little "piggie bank" I thought that your favorite flowers--red roses--would best express my love.

"My love is like a red red rose that's newly sprung in June--My love is like a melody that's sweetly played in tune."

Although your wedding anniversary is in May, I thought that perhaps you would like to enjoy the roses at Easter.

I shall be thinking of you and Marilyn and Francine all day, as usual. Surely hope you will all be together in all that you do on Easter. Easter time holds a very sacred time in Francine's and my hearts. It was at this time that we became engaged.

Happy Easter, Mother! I love you.

Love always, Bill

P.S. You are wonderful!!!

May Day 1949 A Second Landlady Confronts Paris

We obtained another nice apartment on Riverside Drive. It had a grand piano and was nicely furnished. We rented the study to a man and his wife and gave them kitchen privileges. This helped with the rent. The apartment belonged to a Mrs. Vanderlyn who was going to spend some months in Paris.

June Hickman. Dame Peggy Ashcroft

June Hickman was so wonderful to us in all emergencies and otherwise. He helped us move again.

Peggy Ashcroft, who had attended the Central School of Speech at London University at the same time as Lawrence Olivier and I, was starring in the Broadway production of *Edward My Son*. Marilyn, Francine, Grandma Christensen and I went to see the play.

Afterwards we spoke with Peggy. Later she was our guest for lunch at the Ritz Hotel. It was good to see her again, and to revive memories of our school days. She was very charming, so relaxed and unpretentious. She had one daughter. Peggy said that she had been divorced for some time.

May 10, 1949

Devirl sent from the mission field the following telegram:

"Loving greetings to Mother and on Mother's Day. With love to Mother and Father. Devirl"

May 10, 1949

Marilyn and I took Grandma Christensen and Francine to the noted Tavern On The Green restaurant in Central Park. It was Mother's Day. We then spent the afternoon and evening together. It was an especially enjoyable day.

Two weeks later, Daddy needed to go to a convention in Chicago. We were delighted when he said that he would come on to NYC to be with us for a few days. He arrived at Grand Central Station, Sunday, May 14. Daddy had sent a telegram letting us know what time he would arrive. We met him. It was just wonderful having him with us again.

On her birthday, Rex [Sessions?] took Marilyn to the musical comedy, *Along Fifth Avenue*."

Last Friday night, he took her to the "Sweetheart's Ball" at the church.

On this Friday evening, Marilyn went to see Columbia play Pennsylvania in a basketball game. She went with a football player from Columbia. Afterward they went to Greenwich Village and wandered up and down the streets.

Marilyn went to the Gold and Green Ball, with Verdon Carpenter, a church member who attended New York University.

Marilyn Plays Columbia

At Columbia University, Marilyn was in the play *Bite the Dust* .. She was the secretary to the mayor; and did splendidly. This play, which was under the direction of Dr. Milton Smith, ran eight nights.

Grace Also. Prepares and Presents Original Monologues

In addition to my full-time graduate course at Columbia, I had, for the whole year, been writing a program of monologues. Part of my writing included my interpretation of the life of Catherine de Medici; and the lives of Carlotta and Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico.

Marilyn and I had worked diligently in our classes. We were richly rewarded when Miss Gertrude Keller, Chairman of the Interpretation Department at Columbia, said that they would like to present me in a program of my monologues at the Brander Matthews Theater, which is on the Columbia campus.

Miss Keller said that she and Dr. Milton Smith, head of the Dramatic Arts Department had come to the above conclusion. This was a great honor and opportunity.

They said that I could choose whomever I wanted to provide the prelude and interlude music. Of course, I wanted Marilyn to do this. When I informed Dr. Smith of this, he was pleased. Marilyn had had some of his classes and he was impressed with her preparation and ability. Miss Keller said that they had not presented anyone in an individual program for several years.

Our winter classes were concluded in June. We then had six weeks in which to perfect our program. The results on August 10, 1949 were most gratifying.

I received the following telegrams wishing us luck:

"NA214 PD=JACOB SLAKE ARIZ 13 1248P=
MRS GRACE NIXON STEWART=
465 WEST END AVE APT 100=

WHEN WILL YOUR RECITAL BE WOULD LIKE NINA TO BE THERE WIRE
COLLECT=
HAROLD I BOWMAN="

"NA078 CGN PD=SALT LAKE CITY UTAH 10 752A AUG 10 1949
=MRS D B STEWART=
=APT 10D 465 WEST END AVE=

WISHING YOU BOTH MUCH SUCCESS WOULD LIKE TO BE WITH YOU
LOVE=

D B STEWART"

"AUG 10 1949

NUSW347 GKC370 CLEEVEHILL PO 26 92046
NLT MRS D B STEWART 465 APARTMENT 10/D WESTEND AVE NEW YORK

DEAR MOTHER BEST WISHES FOR SUCCESS IN YOUR RECITAL MY
PRAYERS ARE WITH YOU LOVE

BILL"

Ad Boards On Columbia University Campus Read

You Are Invited To Attend

A Showcase Recital Of Original Monologues

By Grace Nixon Stewart

Music, Marilyn Stewart

Brander Matthews Theater

Columbia University

Wednesday, August 10th [1949]

8:30 P.M.

420 West 117th Street

The Printed Program Read

Brander Matthews Theater

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Grace Nixon Stewart-original Monologues

Piano Solos-Marilyn Stewart

Etude in D FlatLiszt

Fourth of July Band Breakfast Grace Nixon Stewart

SarabandeDebussy

**The Prairie School TeacherGrace Nixon Stewart
(Based on a true story recorded by Grace Johnson)**

Curtain to show passing of time.

Intermission

Prelude in A MinorDebussy

Hurricane ValleyGrace Nixon Stewart

Sonetto del Petrarca 123Liszt

The Garden Grace Nixon Stewart

Stage Manager Elaine Weilenmann

The following cards were sent to me with very beautiful flowers:

"In eager anticipation, Gertrude Keller."

"Good Luck! and Love, from June, Bea and Katie."

[William Rose Benet's *Reader's Encyclopedia* entry is:.

Matthews, [James] Brander (1852-1929)

American teacher, critic, and author. Matthew's short but pioneering work *An Introduction to the Study of American Literature* (1896) stimulated the study of American literature as a legitimate field of interest. He taught English at Columbia University from 1891 to 1900, at which time he was appointed professor of drama, the first such post in America. Among his numerous influential works were *The Development of Drama* (1903), *Shakespeare as a Playwright* (1913), and *The Principles of Playmaking* (1919).]

Grace and Marilyn's Money Raising Performance For Washington D. C.'s Chevy Chase Ward

My cousin, Laura Broussard, and her husband, Edward, asked if I would come to Washington D.C. to give a program at the Chevy Chase Ward to help raise money for their chapel, and to be their guest while there.

On August 30, 1949, Marilyn and I offered that performance. So many of my friends were in the audience. Among them, Alice and Ernest C. Wilkinson. The chapel was filled, and the audience most appreciative.

The Announcement

The Mutual Improvement Presents

GRACE NIXON STEWART IN ORIGINAL MONOLOGUES

Music-Marilyn Stewart

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Sixteenth St. and Columbia Road, Washington, D.C.

Tuesday, August 30, 1949

The Printed Program

Prelude in A Minor

Debussy

"Fourth of July Band Mother's Breakfast" G. N. Stewart

Etude in D flat

Liszt

The Garden

G. N. Stewart

INTERMISSION

**"Carlotta and Maximilian of Mexico" G. N. Stewart
(Historically Authentic)**

Scene I. Twilight in a Belgium Garden. Carlotta is kneeling before Maximilian's flower-covered coffin.

Scene II. Mexico City. Three years previous to Scene I.

(Music)-Nocturne in E Minor

Chopin

Scene III. Rome. Carlotta in a library of the Vatican with the Pope.

Scene IV. Same as Scene I. At dawn

**There will be a curtain between scenes
to denote passing of time.**

Costumes by Bea Hickman

The following day Alice Wilkinson took Marilyn and me to lunch at a hotel. Her lovely daughter, Alice, was with her. Later that afternoon, Marilyn and I returned to New York City..

Grace and Ruth Draper

While staying on in NYC I had a remarkable experience. I was the guest of Ruth Draper. She, with her maid, were staying in her New York apartment for a few days. Miss Draper was acclaimed the world's greatest monologist.. I had heard her several times at a theater in London. There she gave a command performance for the Queen of England.

We had a valuable interview, for which I will always be grateful. I asked Miss Draper several questions regarding her technique. Also about the writing and preparation of her programs, audience relationship, and so forth. All of this I have recorded and placed in my red interpretation loose leaf notebook with my Leland Power's and other valuable notes.

September 2, 1949

June, Bea and Marilyn went to Niagara Falls. They were amazed and awed by the magnificence of the falls. That night they spent in the Adirondack mountains, which are very impressive.

On Saturday, they attended the pageant at Palmyra, New York; and stayed for all of the services on Sunday.

Marilyn Visits Jack Frost in Denver

On September 7, 1949 Marilyn took a train to Denver for a few days' visit with Jack Frost and his family. Jack had asked her a number of times to do this. It was difficult to say goodbye, although it was only for a short time.

Grace Continues Private Studies with Maude Shearer.

I stayed on in one of June's apartments at 534 West 124th Street, so that Mrs. Thelma Johnson could complete my blue velvet suit and blue hat.

She also made a muff ascot for my neck, from a large mink cape collar that was on black fur coat, which Mother had me buy while I was a student in Boston.

Mrs. Johnson was a gifted and lovely lady, who had other employment during the day, and could only design and sew during the evenings.

I continued my private lessons with Maude Shearer.

September 23, 1949. Grace Raises Money For Manhattan Ward

My nephew June Hickman asked me if I would give a program in the Manhattan Ward, to raise money for the Relief Society. This I did. The music was presented by June and his wife Bea. June has an unusually beautiful tenor voice. The numbers which we gave were as follows:

THE MANHATTAN WARD RELIEF SOCIETY

Historically Authentic

The Life of Catherine de Medici

Scene I. In a nunnery in Italy. Catherine is twelve years old.

Scene II. Four years later in Paris at the Palace of Francis I

Scene III. Twenty years later in the apartment of Catherine de Medici Valoise in the Palace of Henry II, her husband.

Scene IV. Thirty years later in Catherine's bedroom in the palace. A large picture of her husband is above the fireplace.

Lighting-Jack Laney

Stage Manager-Elaine Weilenmann

Our program in the Manhattan Ward was very successful. The audience was delighted with June's beautiful singing and Bea's piano numbers. James McConkie said, "That was simply terrific, so artistic and beautiful. I don't see how you could possibly have written those numbers and memorized them."

Back Home

I left for Salt Lake City a few days later. June and Bea, Thelma Johnson, and other friends came to Grand Central Station to say goodbye.

I arrived home October 9, 1949. Daddy, Marilyn, and I had a joyous reunion. They were still living downstairs on Wolcott, where we remained until we could find a suitable home to rent or buy.

On October 10, the following article and a picture appeared in the Deseret News:

GRACE NIXON STEWART OF THEATER FAME RETURNS TO SALT LAKE

All the thrill of an opening night in New York . . . a packed theater house in Washington . . . flowers, gifts, telegrams . . . words of praise from respected critics--all were memorable moments in the star-spangled stay of Grace Nixon Stewart in New York City.

This distinguished Salt Laker, whose name is synonymous with beauty and extreme talent, is again at home at 11 South Wolcott St. For the past year and four months Mrs. Stewart, honored dramatist, lyceum artist, and teacher, has done such work and received such honors as would cause many a woman to dream.

In New York City, to study at Columbia in application for her doctors degree in speech, Mrs. Stewart had each day filled with a full course of graduate study, the preparation of two original lyceum programs, monologues; and private study under directors and teachers of note.

Number of Degrees

With the impressive list of degrees already behind her name, received from both American and European universities, it would seem Mrs. Stewart's exceptional talent would need no further development. And Columbia University , in recognition of such ability, presented Mrs. Stewart in two programs of her own

historically-authentic monologues, comedies and satires. The New York audiences at the Brander Matthews Theater at Columbia, gave standing ovations that proved their appreciation of her thrilling performances and their acknowledgement of the fact that she was the first monologist ever to be presented in her own programs at that institution.

Following these presentaitons, criticisms given were typical of that offered by Dr. Theodore Steel: "They are both artists!" Audiences realized "They" included Marilyn, daughter of Mrs. Stewart, endowed with talent in her own field. In New York, with her mother, to further advance her piano training, Marilyn provided mood music which she had personally adapted.for her mother's presentaiton

List of Friends

These artists, at home in any group of artists, would daily visit, or study with such personages as Ruth Draper, world famous writer of monologues, Peggy Ashcroft, personal friend of the Stewarts and the eminent English actress, and Hazel Dawn, star of "Pink Lady."

Through all the glitter and sparkle of Fifth and Park Avenue, Mrs. Stewart, mother of three and wife of Devirl B. Stewart of Stewart Distributing Co., Salt Lake City, remained living proof that careers and marriage can mix. Her desire for the close-knit family unity found in the Stewart clan, has kept pace with her desire to be expert in the latest speech techniques. Her family has always traveled and studied. And wherever they hung their hats, the home fires kept burning.

Now at home, Mrs. Stewart will continue with her lyceum work and concertizing. A former instructor at both University of Utah and Brigham Young University, she will open a studio to keep her "hand in" at teaching. With her return, Salt Lake's drama circles have regained a bit of their infinite charm.

Receptions

The second Sunday after our arrival, our dear friend Ruby Robbins and her husband, Bicknell, gave us a delightful homecoming reception at their home. Many relatives and friends came during the evening. Marilyn played for them and I gave a reading. Ruby served a delicious buffet supper.

The next evening we were entertained at dinner by our friend, Mrs. W. W. Brady, in honor of our return. Several guests were invited.

October 13, 1949. Grace's Family Move To BYU President's Home

We were fortunate in being chosen over several applicants, to rent the home of Dr. Christian Jensen. We then moved to 1555 South 13th East. He and his wife were moving back to Provo, where Dr. Jensen would become acting president of Brigham Young University. While in college, I had been a student of Dr. Jensen.

When we had our stored furniture and mirrors installed it looked very nice indeed. There were a living room, dining area, kitchen, and three bedrooms upstairs. Downstairs, it had a large family room where I taught, and a smaller room where Marilyn assisted me with the classes

On October 20, 1949 I gave an evening's program in Pocatello. The following day, the article below appeared in the Pocatello newspaper

POCATELLO LITERARY CLUB PRESENTS DRAMATIST-READER

Grace Nixon Stewart thrilled an audience of 250 with a brilliant dramatic performance Monday night at the LDS Institute. Mrs. Stewart appeared under the auspices of the Pocatello Literary Club.

She read poetry from three contemporary poets, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Sarah Teasdale, and Lew Sarett. "Opening a Bazaar in Devonshire, England," and "On a Porch in New England," two monologues done in costume, were especially humorous and clever. She read two one act plays: "Hearts to Mend," by Harry Overstreet, and "The Finger of God," by Percival Wilde.

Following the evening's program, a reception was held in her honor with Mrs. A. B. Chase, Miss Marilyn Morton, Mrs. N. C. Holloday, and Mrs. H. Ralph Stephenson, club officers, receiving.

Refreshments were served in the ballroom. The halls were beautifully-decorated with spring flowers.

October 1949

The Lion House committee asked if I would give a course of lectures on the History of the Drama. This I did. The lectures were described as follows:

Mrs. Stewart will discuss early Greek writers and their plays in the first lecture. Important plays, well known in the history of drama, will be read at each of the lectures. They will continue for six weeks, on the same day and hour each week.

Grace And U. President's Wife

Elva Olpin asked me to read for the Opera Appreciation Club's big guest day at the University of Utah. Marilyn assisted me. She played beautifully. It was a really successful afternoon. The audience was lavish in their comments. Elva cried, really sobbed, when she tried to tell me how beautiful it was. I was happy with the results. Margaret Hewlett took me to our rented home on thirteenth east. We sat and talked for a short time about her family and their marriages.

Marilyn had joined the Chi Omega sorority soon after our return from NYC. So Marilyn went over to the sorority house after our program.

November 10, 1949

The following article appeared in the newspaper.

"Holding her audience in rapt attention throughout the entire evening, Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart's reading of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," at the women's clubhouse, Thursday evening, was a distinct treat. Her interpretation of this well-known story from the pen of Francis Hodson Burnett revealed exceptional ability on the part of the reader.

The entertainment was a benefit for the clubhouse, and many who attended the reading expressed the hope that Mrs. Stewart would be given another opportunity to appear here during the coming winter, and that other similar high class entertainments would be fostered.

KSL Awards

Two of my private students were given awards by KSL Radio station. The following article appeared in the paper:

2 'U' STUDENTS GRANTED \$100 AWARDS BY KSL

Two University of Utah women received \$100 scholarships from station KSL, it was announced Monday.

Marilyn G. Stewart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Devirl B. Stewart, 95 East First North St., and Margery Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Thompson, 1337 Michigan Ave., received the grants.

The awards were made at the annual dinner of the university chapter of Alpha Episilon Rho, national radio society.

From England

Bill sent a lovely birthday card with the following note:

Happy Birthday Mother Dear. I think of you always and hope that you will have great happiness on this day. My love always, Bill.

December 19, 1949

On The evening of December 19th, I gave a program for the University of Utah Mothers. They were a very appreciative audience and most kind in their comments. This letter came from their president Mrs. Kimball:

"Dear Mrs. Stewart,

I want to thank you many times for the lovely program you furnished for the U of U Mother's Club. I was out of town and regret much that I did not hear it. Every one said it was very outstanding and all enjoyed it very much. Thank again.

Very Respectfully,
Mrs. C. A. Kimball"

December 16, 1949

It was so good to have Devirl home with us again. It was reported to us from various sources that he had been an outstanding missionary and had continued in missionary work three or four weeks beyond his two years. I shall never forget how tender and spiritual he was. So charming and delightful to be with.

Last Sunday evening Lester and Margaret Hewlett had the Sunday Night Club at their home. Marilyn and I gave the program. The guests were lavish in their praise. Daddy glowed with happiness. The Hewletts sent us a case of jam.

In December of 1949, the following article appeared in the newspaper:
CHURCH OFFICE EMPLOYEES ENJOY CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

An estimated 700 persons attended the annual Christmas party of Church office employees Monday night at the Hotel Utah, at which the message from the First Presidency was given by President J. Reuben Clark Jr.

The program included piano solos by Reid Nibley, a reading by Grace Nixon Stewart, singing by the South High A Cappella Choir directed by Armont Willardson, and organ music by Glen Pratt.

Elder Adam S. Bennion of the Council of the Twelve extended greetings to President David O. McKay [at this time President George Albert Smith was President of the LDS Church] and the assembled General Authorities, employees and their guests, and David Thomas led the group in carol singing. Gordon B. Affleck was general chairman for the event.

College President's Gratitude and Birthday Greetings

Brother Fox wrote the following letter on his retirement as President of LDS College of Business:

Feramorz Y. Fox
P. O. Box 2522
Salt Lake City, Utah

"Dear Grace,

The Stewart family is a great asset to the business, cultural, and religious life of our city and state. I shall not often have the same need for your help as in years past, but I shall not forget your generous cooperation on many occasions. I thank you again and again.

Sincere birthday greetings. May the years bring more and more of the good things of life.

**Sincerely,
 F. Y. Fox"**

December 25, 1949

Christmas night, at Devirl Jr's. suggestion, we had Joseph F. Smith and his daughter, Ruth[?], to dinner. Francine came with her sister, Elaine and Devirl brought Julie Caine. We had a beautiful Christmas evening together.

March 10, 1950

Patricia Coli, a private student who came to the 13th East studio, and her parents, were taking care of a very beautiful mansion on 2nd North and State Street. The top floor was a ballroom. There was a separate carriage house. The main house was over 9,000 square feet and was situated on the corner of the State Street intersection, two blocks below the state capitol.

Mrs. Coli told the owner that we wanted to buy a home. Mrs. Ryder called and asked us to look at their home, as it was for sale. So Daddy, Devirl, Marilyn and I went to see it. I was surprised that it was the same one that I had previously been in at a party which Patricia had given for another of my students; and I had found it fascinating.

The first thing that I asked was, "Does it have a back stairs?" I was answered that it did. Mrs. Ryder took us through the entire house. We all liked it very much. Daddy was able to buy it for \$20,000. It had previously been listed for \$40,000.

Marilyn Wins Oratory Contest and Represents Students at University Of Utah's Centennial

On February 28, 1950, Marilyn won a memorable honor. She gave her winning oration at the one hundredth anniversary of the University of Utah.

Representatives were there from all over the world. She delivered the oration magnificently. Her sincerity, simplicity, and beauty of voice were so convincing.

Marilyn looked beautiful in her purple suit, with artificial violets flowers in her blonde hair. The governor of the state and other notables asked for a copy of her oration. As always Daddy and I were very proud of her. Devirl was also present for this honor.

The following article appeared in the newspaper:

JUDGES PICK TOP ORATORS FOR 'U' FETE

Marilyn Stewart and Raymond Shanks, University of Utah students, were named Saturday as winners of the Founders' Day oration contest. Competition was open to all university students.

Miss Stewart, whose winning address is entitled, "Congratulations, University of Utah, on Your Hundredth Birthday," will be a featured speaker at the Founders' Day Convocation program Feb. 28, at 10 a.m. in Kingsbury Hall.

Other student projects in connection with the Founders' Day celebration include a flag-raising ceremony just prior to the academic procession of faculty members and honored guests to Kingsbury Hall for the convocation program.

Avard Fairbanks

Afterwards we were talking on the sidewalk with Avard Fairbanks, the noted sculptor. He said that his teacher had left his cape for Avard. [This is the first time that I had heard of that custom]. He asked for a copy of Marilyn's talk.

April 27, 1950

Marilyn gave her father a birthday card which had a real sense of humor. He greatly appreciated it, as he did those from her brothers. She wrote, "Daddy you are so loved by all of us, but loads of love from me, your only daughter Marilyn."

We sent Bill extra money shortly before he was released from his mission, so that he could travel on the continent. He went to Germany, Holland, Italy, Rome, and Naples.

With Nixon Endowment Devirl and Marilyn Move To Europe

My wonderful parents had left us several thousand dollars. A large portion of this amount came to us in the spring of 1950. I wanted to use the money for the benefit of our children and in a way that would be pleasing to my parents who had worked diligently for the money.

So, in consulting with my husband, I suggested that we give Devirl and Marilyn a trip to Europe. Daddy agreed to this. I knew that this would be educational, and education for their family was one of my parents' main objectives in life,

At first Devirl and Marilyn were hesitant about going. Devirl had wanted to go back to Alaska to earn the money to buy an airplane. But later, they were delighted

with the prospect of touring Europe for several months. And they were also happy that they were able to see Bill before they left for Europe.

A number of parties were given for them prior to their departure. We took them to the train. Devirl was wearing a colorful Hawaiian style yellow and blue sport shirt which was given to him by Lelia Bassford at a party she gave for them.

Some of the places which they visited were London Amsterdam, Brussels, Berne, Interlaken, Lucerne, Munich, Oberammergau, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Nice, and Paris.

They saw the day long Passion Play in Oberammergau. [This was to be given every ten years starting in 1634. It was first given in 1634 in keeping a vow of gratitude for God's delivering them from the plague. The special 300th anniversary presentation was in 1934, shortly after Hitler came to power. Apparently because of the interruption of two world wars and some previous problems, the first one after World War Two was held in 1950].

Marilyn came home on time, at the end of two months. Devirl got back in about three and a half years. Marilyn returned to Europe before Devirl went to North Africa, mainly Morocco. Devirl had been President of the students at The United States Foundation at Cite Universitaire on the South side of Paris. He arranged for Marilyn to have her own studio with a piano there. He also, through his friends who were studying with Nadia Boulange at the Paris Conservatoire and with Walter Giesecking in Saarbrücken, Germany, facilitated Marilyn's studying with these two greats of that musical generation.

On May 26, 1950, our dear Bill returned home from his mission; two days before Devirl and Marilyn left for Europe. We met him at the airport. He was pale and thin. He came running toward us from the plane, the wind blowing his hair. His trousers flapping against his thin legs. He had little resemblance to the dashing boy who had left for his mission.

Then I remembered where his money had gone. We had sent him plenty. He had used his money to buy lovely presents for Francine instead of food for himself. He brought Francine beautiful Irish linens, and so forth. For Francine's mother he brought gifts. They both appreciated them.

We took Bill and Francine to our 13th East home, and had a lovely lunch there. He didn't eat much. Francine wore a dark blue silk dress, and a hat to match, trimmed with yellow corn flowers. She looked very pretty.

Francine's parents were concerned about Bill's health, as were we. Edythe said that Francine's father wanted Bill to have a medical examination. Doctor Robbins was afraid that his heart was affected, and didn't want them to be married soon.

However, with a few weeks at home and three good meals a day, Bill began to put on weight.

We bought Bill a new suit, shoes, shirts, and other necessities, which he surely needed. He certainly hadn't spent any money on his personal needs during his years in England. President Boyer, Bill's mission president, told me that James William Stewart had been one of the very best and most devoted missionaries he had ever had in all his years as mission president.

More Stewarts Enter Europe

Marilyn had a glorious time on her first trip to Europe. Daddy and I so enjoyed her letters. Quoting from one of them:

Bruxelles, le
7-9 Boulevard Adolphe Max

"Dearest Folks,

Everything happens so fast! We've been to London, Amsterdam, Brussels all in a week and are now on the train to Berne--This is the experience of a lifetime! Such excitement

There are 15 girls on this tour and 1 boy--Devirl. We went to see "Brigadoon" in London. In Brussels, "Tosca" (the opera) and the ballet of Faust. In Brussels, I bought (eek!) a beautiful light blue and gray plaid 100% woolen dress for school. It's quite stunning, I think.

Our hotels are marvelous! It's like going to the Hotel Utah every nite. Food in London was poor, but excellent in Amsterdam and Brussels. The people on the tour are all very nice--educated--refined. This is wonderful!!! Love, Marilyn"

I had written Marilyn, but my letters evidently hadn't caught up with them. We immediately sent them more money.

We were so pleased that they were going to see the Passion Play at Oberammergau. They later wrote that it was magnificent. We received the following letter from them:

Carlton Hotel Tivoli
Lucerne

"Dearest Folks,

We are leaving at 7:15 this morning for Oberammergau. Mother, we just bought you a lovely Swiss wrist watch.

We are having a grand time. Everything I've ever dreamed about. Sorry to send S.O.S. but there are some wonderful things to take advantage of, if we could.

Please write us immediately at Florence address:
Lungarno Corsini 8R,
Florence, Italy

Would love to hear from home. Haven't heard a word since leaving Salt Lake--This is my 4th letter. Hope all is well.

All my love and Devirl's, Marilyn."

The following is some of the other correspondence that we had while Devirl and Marilyn were in Europe:

95 East 1st North
Salt Lake City, Utah
June 24, 1950

My Darling Little Dear!!

Thank you for the gay letter-It made me want to dance for joy to know you are having such a fun time. Do have a date with the tour guide or someone to dance in Paris. One just must. And eat at a sidewalk cafe! Don't leave anything undone that will make your trip more wonderful to remember.

Please tell me if Devirl is having a really good time!!!!

Yes we took the books back to the library that belonged to Lorin. I called Carol-or rather she called-to say goodbye to you and took care of the sorority dues. So do not worry about anything--just enjoy yourself.

The additional money is from Aunt Nina. She is so eager for you to have a wonderful time, as are we. She said \$20 was for you and \$20 for Devirl. The third \$20 to pick up some little figurine for her house. But added most emphatically that you use the third \$20 if you need it. So if you want to do that I will see that you have an extra \$20 in Paris to get something for Aunt Nina's house-even though she said to use it if you needed it. I think we should replace it, as she would really like something from Europe.

I think that we will have to have Francine's tea in Aunt Olive's garden. The house is still in such a primitive state that we will do well if we have all the windows in by September, to say nothing about the painting and the carpets.

We have one big hole in the kitchen wall 5 ft. by 5 ft. Flys, bugs, and bees enter at their leisure. We will be cooking on the electric plate for some weeks yet. I merely mention all this so that you will not hurry home. When you do land in America and return to your new home, you will only be disappointed in any effort at civilized living.

We still haven't a place to hang our clothes. The reason for all this slowness is that we cannot get consistant workmen. The plumbers come one day and stay away three. We have not been able to get a carpenter-except old Mr. Bentley-and he wasn't here all last week.

So enjoy yourself while you can in clean surroundings. This home is really going to be very beautiful. But I doubt if it will be finished before about Thanksgiving!! How thankful I will then be!!!

At the moment, they are taking the volunteer reserves for the war in Korea. But if there are not enough of them the draft will immediately fill in. Do not be too concerned about the war, or anything. For this one summer just have a world of fun.

Dearest, will you write immediately and tell me if you want me to send my charge card. I still have it for Bonwit Tellers and Saks. If you want me to, send me your

signature so that I can forward it to them. You received my letter, did you not, asking if you would like to get your formal there. I was in hopes I could get you the money for you to spend in Paris. Love, Mother

P.S. Have a real good time with this money in Paris. Please go to the "Comedie Francais" and Opera and everything grand!! Do I get a letter soon? If it is at all possible, and I think it will be, I will get you a little money while you are in NYC.

95 East 1st North
Salt Lake City, UT
June 28, 1950

My Dearests,

Last night, after I had written you at Florence Italy, Daddy and I had our supper on Devirl's veranda. It was very beautiful-the city, mountains, moon, sky. There was a breeze from City Creek Canyon. The home is a very beautiful and a comforting place to have. I feel so at home here.

Somehow it seems that I had never left my home in Provo. They are so similar in floor plan and "feeling". The quality of the two is the same. All this I love to have so. I almost expect to have my mother speak to me every time I go up the front stairs. Aunt Nina had the same feeling when she went through our home about a month ago. She was just thrilled with it. She told Harold Jr. that it was magnificent. She wanted to have one like it.

I do hope that we will be rid of the plumbers and carpenters by September!!

Enjoy yourself. The plaster's falling thick!
Enjoy yourself we stumble on fallen brick.

Guess I'll stop for the evening. My rhyme isn't so good. With all our love, Mother.

P.S. Please be sure of remembering Grandma and Grandpa sometimes. They were responsible.

Dear Mother,

Please write me in NYC about coming home--I can never tell you how much the summer has meant to me!! Love to all, Marilyn.

July 12, 1950

My Dearests,

You ask about coming home. We are still living like cavemen.

Thanks for the lovely letter, Marilyn. It thrills me that you are having such exciting adventures.

There are five large tunnels dug in the basement. Each of them large enough to conceal twelve dead bodies. The excavated dirt is piled in huge mounds beside them. I have been thinking of burying some of my students alive--those who don't work!! I thought that I would put _____ in first. But today I felt so sorry for her, and decided to wait a week.

Dearest Mommy,

Well, cutie pie, I hope you like it! I combed this city for an appropriate outfit for you and I really think this is nice for Francine's tea. Underneath is a very soft, pink slip showing through. Your cocoa shoes should go beautifully. If I can find two delicate pink roses, I'll buy one for your hat and one for the waist of the dress.

Mommy, I found the formal I've always dreamed of. It's salmon color, strapless (a 3 yd. stole comes with it), gorgeous full skirt, tight bodice and millions of silver sequins and rhinestones sprinkled all over it. I got it at Saks 5th Ave. Claude Heater came down Tuesday--went shopping--did I ever scare him away by the price tags!

All my love--thanks millions for everything--I hope you like your lace dress--I can just see you in it. Please thank Dad for the letter. Love Marilyn

**Signal Mountain Lodge
Jackson Hole, Wyoming
July 3rd**

My Dearests,

The plumbers took a four day holiday. As a result, so did we. Saturday, Sunday, Monday and the Fourth of July. We return the evening of the fourth. Most businesses are closed for the four days.

Bill, Francine, Daddy and I are together. We have had a very pleasant time. Today the three of them are fishing on Jackson and Yellowstone Lakes. I will report their results.

Bill and Francine are very happy together. Francine seems equally thrilled to be with him, as he with her. He is almost back to normal health. The house, when we locked the doors, was in worse condition that it has yet been.

The new plumbing had three leaks in it and the dripping water mixed with the fallen plaster, bricks, and dirt made quite a thick mixture to walk thru. If they would send us the same plumbers twice in succession it would help!! We would at least know who had done it.

We have very nice cabins here at Signal Mountain Lodge. Do you recall that we stayed here once before when Devirl was about fourteen? The summer school is very good this year. Some of the very nicest students we have ever had. We have thirty-four.

Much love from all of us. Mother, Daddy, Bill, and Francine.

95 East 1st North
Salt Lake City, Ut
July 24, 1950

My Young Dearest,

I am just supposing you are in New York City. I have had no word from you since you were in Rome. I am so grateful you have Bea and June with whom to stay. They are perfect darlings--next to my own children I love them.

Marilyn Dear, I am sending you my charge plate. Also, I am writing Saks and Bonwitt Teller to honor your signature. There will be a letter in the credit dept. of each store. Dearest, use your wisdom in what you get. But your selection of clothes will be much better there than here, and not any more expensive, I think.

Also I can pay for them by the month which will be a help, at the present. Please don't get anything that isn't absolutely heavenly. If you see anything as stunning as

your Dior for school, why get one complete outfit. Then we must give a tea for Francine. Take time to shop carefully so you will be completely satisfied.

Perhaps Bea may feel well enough to go with you. I wish the baby would be due while you are in NYC so you could be with her. I don't like her to be away from all of the family at this time. And they have been so dear to us.

Dear, I am not enclosing much money--cash is at such a premium. But my credit is good. However, let me know what your needs are, and I will manage it. Do have a lovely time in New York.

Please may I have a letter from you as soon as you land in America. Give my love and appreciation to Bea and June, and know they love to have you with them--who wouldn't? See the good theaters while in NYC. Let me know your money needs.

So very much love--Mother."

Marilyn Returns. Devirl Stays

At the end of Marilyn and Devirl's tour of Europe, Devirl put his sister on the airplane and stayed on in Paris.

On August 1, 1950 I presented, in an individual recital, Murial Goodspeed. She was a gifted and diligent student. She had three private lessons a week. Murial did very well indeed. She was only eleven years old.

The Stewarts' New York City Relations

June and Bea had invited Marilyn to stay with them while she was in NYC. We were grateful for this because we knew that she would be safe with them. While Marilyn was in NYC she, with Bea, chose at Bloomingdales a very nice dress for me to wear to Francine's tea. She also chose beautiful silver-blue velvet material for me to have made for Bill and Francine's wedding.

At Sak's Fifth Avenue, Marilyn bought an elegant evening gown. I had asked her to do this. I have never seen one so beautiful. I had sent her my charge card so that she could put them on my account.

We had promised Marilyn that she could go to Chicago on her way home, and choose the type of baby grand piano which she wanted.

She chose one from the Kimball company. Daddy had a connection with them through one of his dealers. Marilyn chose a beautiful Queen Ann style. I have never seen a more beautiful cabinet. Its carved legs and tonal quality reflected Marilyn's excellent taste.

Although Jack Frost had urged her to do so, she decided not to come home by way of Denver. Jack's mother also was particularly fond of Marilyn.

Moving to the Mansion

After literally scouring President Jensen's home; it shone. They were able to sell it in just a few days.

We moved to State Street on June 1, 1950. Bill, as usual, was most helpful in the moving process. He took care of all of Devirl's books and carried them to the second floor. Daddy worked with him.

I had tried to have all things organized so that the distribution of books, clothing, dishes, and furniture would not be so time consuming to rearrange.

But again, as in moving from Wolcott, the family movers were in a hurry, and so no segregation was maintained, when unloading on State Street. It was the end of summer before I again had all in order.

I finally had arranged Marilyn's clothes in her closets; as well as placing jewelry and beads in separate boxes, and having her childhood playthings, books, and all possessions neatly arranged in her room; Bill's in his room; Daddy's in his room; and Devirl's books and so forth in place. Of course the teaching continued as usual.

Bill and I went to town and purchased his clothes to begin his married life. These purchases comprised all of the things which we both felt he needed or wanted. It was always a joy being with Bill, or doing anything for him.

August 27, 1950

The following articles appeared in the newspaper in connection with the marriage of Bill and Francine:

AFTERNOON TEA HONORS MISS ROBBINS

One of the most beautifully-appointed afternoon teas of this social season was given Saturday in honor of the forthcoming marriage of Miss Ellen Francine Robbins to James William Stewart.

The charming affair was held in the spacious, terraced gardens of the Lorenzo E. Elgren home at 1372 Yale Ave. Hostesses were Mrs. Devirl B. Stewart, mother of the prospective bridegroom, and Mrs. Elggren, an aunt.

Receiving guests as they first entered through the house were Mrs. Aldon Anderson Jr. and Mrs. Marvin R. Curtis. In the garden, Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Elggren, in formal late afternoon ensembles, greeted the groups of young misses and matrons. Assisting them was Mrs. Burtis France Robbins, mother of the pretty bride-to-be.

BRIDE-BRIDAL CONTINGENT

The dark-haired bride-elect and her contingent were congratulated by the guests as they stood in a small, ivy-filled garden grotto to the side of one of the terraces. Each wore a bouffant summer gown with large garden hat. Attendants to Miss Robbins will be Mrs. Keith Ross Tollstrup, Miss Elaine Robbins, Miss Joanne Robbins, her sisters, and Miss Marilyn Grace Stewart, sister of the bridegroom.

The tea table, on one of the lower garden terraces, was covered with a white, imported organdy cloth, caught up at the corners with lavender asters and ribbons, and gracefully trailing leaves. The formal centerpiece on the table was fashioned of white and orchid asters and lacy greens.

PRESIDING AT TABLE

Presiding at the table were Mrs. A. B. Christensen and Mrs. J. B. Robbins, grandmothers of the prominent bride-to-be. Alternating with them were Mrs. Harold I. Bowman and Mrs. Grant Stringham.

Assisting as hostesses throughout the gardens were Mrs. Ray Van Cott, Mrs. Harry E. Bassford, Mrs. C. Bicknell Robbins, and Mrs. O. C. Tanner.

WEDDING DATE

A string ensemble, in a wooded side area, filled the gardens with music during the late afternoon hours.

Miss Robbins and Mr. Stewart will wed in Salt Lake Temple services Sept. 5. A large evening reception will follow at the gracious Robbins home.

September 5th Rites

FRANCINE ROBBINS SETS WEDDING DATE

Of more than usual interest to Salt Lake society is the announcement made by Dr. and Mrs. Burtis France Robbins, 1176 East South Temple St., of the engagement and forthcoming marriage of their daughter, Ellen Francine.

Beautiful Miss Robbins is the affianced bride of James William Stewart, son of Mr. and Mrs. Devirl B. Stewart of 95 East First North St.

The prospective bride, prominent in local music circles, is a former student at the University of Utah, and has studied dress and costume design in New York at the Parsons School of Design. At the university she affiliated with Lambda Delta Sigma.

Mr. Stewart has recently returned from Europe where he fulfilled a mission for the LDS Church. Before leaving for Europe, he was a student at the University of Utah, was active in debate and theater, and a member of Lambda Delta Sigma.

The prominent couple will wed in Salt Lake Temple services scheduled for Sept. 5. A large evening reception will follow at the gracious home of the bride's parents.

At the evening reception, Miss Robbins will be attended by her sister, Mrs. Keith Ross Tollstrup, the former Edyth Rae Robbins, as matron of honor; Miss Marilyn Grace Stewart, sister of the bridegroom, recently returned from Europe; and Miss Elaine and Miss Joanne Robbins, will complete the bridal party.

Joseph Richards will assume the duties of best man for Mr. Stewart. Ushers will be Grant Stringham, Keith Ross Tollstrup, Burtis France Robbins, Jr., Douglas Davis and David Castleton.

The future bridal pair, to be extensively entertained prior to their marriage, will honeymoon in Catalina, California and establish their future home in Salt Lake City at 11 South Wolcott St. Both will continue studies at the University of Utah following their marriage.

**BRIDE OF JAMES WM. STEWART
ELLEN FRANCINE ROBBINS WED**

In the tradition of the weddings of two of Utah's foremost families, Miss Ellen Francine Robbins and James William Stewart were married Tuesday morning.

The bride is a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Burtis F. Robbins, 1176 E. South Temple. Mr. Stewart is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Devirl B. Stewart, 95 East 1st North.

Marriage vows were solemnized in Salt Lake LDS temple, Tuesday morning by Dr. John A. Widtsoe, member of the council of twelve apostles.

Parents of the bridegroom honored the wedding party at a breakfast in Starlite Gardens of Hotel Utah after the ceremony, and the newlyweds received congratulatory friends Tuesday evening at the Robbins home.

Candle-lighted, the house was a beautiful setting for the reception. Soft violin and piano music by Reginald Beales and Mrs. Lucille B. Swenson was played throughout the evening. Autumn flowers in yellows and golds decked the rooms; and the winding staircase was festooned with garlands of asters, smilax and glossy ivy leaves.

Newlyweds stood before a large, antique gold mirror, with arching sprays of blossoms forming a background.

The bride wore an original gown of ivory satin with train, styled with a deep scalloped bertha framing an oval neckline. The front panel of the skirt was scalloped to reveal an exquisite under panel of Brussels lace. Her veil rippled from a lace cap embroidered with tiny pearls, and she held a half crescent of bronze blossoms.

Attendants of the bride were Mrs. Keith Ross Tolstrup, her sister, matron of honor; Miss Marilyn Grace Stewart, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Elaine Robbins and Miss Joanne Robbins, also sisters of the bride.

Their bouffant frocks were designed by the bride in four autumn shades--rose bronze, dusty rose, amber, and champagne--in layers of filmy nylon net over taffeta. Their hair was worn in smooth clusters of ringlets caught up at the back with small bronze chrysanthemums. And they carried heart-shaped tulle bouquets of talisman roses and chrysanthemums.

MOTHERS' GOWNS

Mrs. Robbins wore a graceful gown of chiffon and lace in deepest violet-blue with matching lace gloves and slippers, and harmonizing corsage of violet blooms.

Mrs. Stewart was attired in a soft, silver-blue velvet gown with delicate pink corsage.

The bride's grandmothers, Mrs. Sarah B. Christenson and Mrs. Joseph B. Robbins, were attractively gowned in dusty rose and pale creme silk lace with complementing corsages.

Joseph C. Richards was best man. Keith Ross Tolstrup, Burtis F. Robbins Jr., David Castleton, Grant Stringham, and Douglas Davis ushered.

For traveling, the bride wore a slender suit of taupe brown trimmed with velveteen, a little brown hat and brown suede accessories. Newlyweds will honeymoon in Catalina, California.

ASSISTING AT RECEPTION

Assisting Dr. and Mrs. Robbins at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. C. Bicknell Robbins, Mrs. Alldridge N. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon B. Christenson, Dr. and Mrs. S. Kenneth Robbins, Dr. and Mrs. Richard Paul Adams, Mr. and Mrs. LeGrand Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Marion G. Romney, Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. M. Lynn Bennion, Mr. and Mrs. Richard P. Condie, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Schreiner, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Eccles, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe E. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Lester F. Hewlett, Mrs. J. Spencer Cornwall, and Mrs. Harold B. Lee.

An Alencon lace cloth covered the serving table under a Dresden candelabra, Indian temple bells, and floral arrangements of ivory, yellow and bronze auratum lilies.

On August 27, 1950, Devirl's present arrived. He had sent from Europe a beautiful, large oil painting for their wedding, and a telegram of congratulations and best wishes for their happiness.

Bill and Francine spent their honeymoon in California. I want always to remember how they looked the night they arrived home. I have never seen anyone more happy. It was thrilling to see. They were like radiant stars visiting earth and finding it an exciting, magnificent experience.

That they keep this happiness throughout their entire married life is my fervent desire.

December 15, 1950

A Christmas dinner and program was given at the Hotel Utah. The guests included: President George Albert Smith, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., President and Sister David O. McKay, Elder and Sister Joseph Fielding Smith, Presiding Bishop and Sister LeGrand Richards, Bishop and Sister Joseph L. Wirthlin, Bishop and Sister Thorpe B. Isaacson.

PROGRAM

Bishop Thorpe B. IsaacsonMaster of Ceremonies

**Vocal Solos Sister Jessie Evans Smith
A and B numbers**

**Organ Solos Leonard Friendly
A and B numbers**

Christmas ReadingGrace Nixon Stewart

Bob and Dotty Brown

South High A CappellaArmont Willardsen, conductor

**Christmas GreetingsThe First Presidency
The Presiding Bishopric
"Silent Night"Everyone Sing**

BenedictonBrother Ben Hanley

This was a memorable evening. I wore my blue velvet evening gown. People were very complimentary in their remarks about my reading and the way I looked.

**National League of American Pen Women
Salt Lake City Branch**

December 16, 1950

**Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart
95 East 1st North
Salt Lake City, Utah**

Dear Mrs. Stewart:

The Salt Lake City Branch of the National League of American Pen Women extends to you an invitation to affiliate with them.

Because of your fine cooperative attitude, and your splendid talent in the field of lecture-recitals, the members of the Salt Lake City Branch are happy to extend this invitation to you, and hope that you will find it possible to join with them in their Pen Women activities.

Yours truly,

**Mrs. Clinton D. Vernon
President**

December 1950

For my birthday and Christmas of 1950, Devirl, from Paris, sent three beautiful scarfs, which I have treasured through the years.

Katherine's Letter of Thanks

Dearest Mrs. Stewart,

Just a line to say thank you again for everything. First, for squeezing me into your busy schedule, for the things you taught me, and the readings; but mostly for the wonderful spiritual lift that seeing you always gives me. You are the msot remarkable person possible--and I'll always consider it a privilege to know you.

Yes, I see why you're so happy with adorable Francine. I was so glad to see her with Bill, and know they'll be so happy.

My love to you all,

Katherine

January 21, 1951

The following is a letter to Marilyn on her 20th birthday:

To my very Dearest,

Congratulations, Darling, on arriving at your first year out of your "teens," with all the accomplishments and loveliness you have to give to your friends, church and family.

We all wish you every happiness and success in life!! You may depend on us all to do our best to assist you in your desires, and ambitions whatever they may be.

With great love to you always. Mother.

March 6, 1951

Marilyn was elected secretary of the Associated Women of the University of Utah.

April 1951

The following is part of a letter from Marilyn she said:

I don't want to work as you have Mother. I think the same ends can be achieved in a better way. I don't see how you could have done differently. What you have done has made the present possible. Not one in a thousand would have done as much. Still I don't want to do it that way!!

June 11, 1951

With much urging from the secretary of the graduating class of 1921, I attended the class reunion in Provo. It was so good to be with friends, some of whom I had not seen for thirty years. They chose five of us to have our pictures taken together: David Smith, George S. Balliff, Lucille Williams Jones, Grace Nixon Stewart, and President Ernest L. Wilkinson.

Then they chose the oldest attending graduate of the BYU, Francis W. Kirkham, class of 1893, and me, to have our pictures taken. The caption was: "Welcoming Grace Nixon Stewart into the Emeritus Club." These pictures were published in the school paper.

They also served a delicious dinner. I sat at a table with my precious sister, Olive, and brother, Dr. Nixon, both of whom were members of the Emeritus Club.

July 25, 1951 Grace Writes Devirl of Her Electioneering For Marilyn

Devirl Dear,

Thank you for your letter. We are grateful you arrived safely in England. The 24th of July is passed and it was quite the most unique I have spent. Starting early in the morning I went from door to door asking for votes for Marilyn. All this on the West side of the city. The poverty and dirt was equal to any I have seen in New York City, or London.

The judges at the Center Theater give the final decision. Marilyn has been doing very well so far. I hope yesterday's votes add enough to put her into the semi-finals. It isn't the only day I have spent at this activity.

They had a parade yesterday which was supposed to have been very good. I saw bits of it as I was telling people how to spell Marilyn. It is surprising how many of these poverty-stricken people had television sets. We haven't one.

In some houses I would continue the ironing while the mother wrote out a "pink slip." Other places I would tend the baby. There were two blind people whose hand I guided as they wrote. It was quite pathetic. Then there was a deaf mute who let me write for him, and so it went. I found it very fascinating and touching.

It was 8 o'clock in the evening before I finished. Then Daddy and I went to the Tabernacle to hear "The Days of '47." Lew Ayres and Evelyn MacGregor were the stars.

Much Love, Mother.

August 23, 1951

Marilyn won the television contest for piano playing. Her picture was published in the Tribune. She looked very beautiful, seated at the piano, in her evening gown.

December 28, 1951

Since our home is still not completed,,Daddy and I entertained our Sunday Night Club at Aunt Nina's. We served a really sumptuous dinner of roasted turkey and ham, several vegetables, and fruit salad. Aunt Olive made her famous ice cream.

We received a number of letters about the evening, one saying they had never been so "royally" entertained. And that it was an evening long to be remembered.

My dear Grace:

You wonderful lady! Your party was made to order to give all of us exactly the "pick-up" that we need. No words of mine could adequately express our appreciation for an evening of such real fun. Of course, the main attraction was that superb dinner. I never ate better food, and all of us completely forgot about calories in the face of that festive board.

The party was one which every member present cannot ever forget. We owe you, your nice husband, and your wonderful sisters a real vote of thanks for your hard work, beautiful planning and executing of a perfect party.

A thousand thanks, Ellen and Frank Asper

January 21, 1952

On Marilyn's twenty-first birthday, I wrote this note to her:

Marilyn Darling,

This check is to buy you a lovely spring outfit for 'best' dress, hat, gloves, shoes, or what you choose.

May this be the happiest and most satisfying year of your life up to this time.

With love always, Mother

Grace Chosen as The Reader for Commemoration of Salt Lake County Relief Society

March 18, 1952

I was asked to be the reader for the Relief Society "Musical Review", in the Tabernacle. The following newspaper article describes the event:

MUSICAL REVIEW TO BE GIVEN BY RELIEF SOCIETIES

On March 16, in the Tabernacle at 8 o'clock, a musical review, "Onward" will be presented by the ten-county stake Relief Societies of the LDS Church. Close to a thousand women will take part in the event, which is commemorative of the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the first stake Relief Society in Salt Lake County.

The review which shows the progress of the organization, is a picturization in song and story of its growth and development, and will be divided into three parts. Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart, is the reader.

□

The event will be free to the public and is said to be the largest celebration of its kind ever attempted here.

Letter From Sterling Scholar

April 1952

Jean Judkins, a private student, won the Sterling Scholarship in Speech. She was attending East High School. The following is a portion of a letter which she sent to me:

Dear Mrs. Stewart,

I have never met a person whom I more thoroughly respected and admired. You are a person who has achieved success in a spiritual way, and your greatest success is your unselfish efforts to help others to gain the same goal you have gained. I

don't quite know how to go about to tell you what a deep feeling of devotion I have for such a wonderful accomplished person.

April 29, 1952

I again gave a lyceum program in Pocatello, Idaho. A picture and article were in their newspaper:

PRESENTS ENTERTAINING RECITAL

Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart, well-known Salt Lake dramatist, presented one of the most brilliant dramatic programs that has been seen in Pocatello for years, Monday evening, before the Pocatello Literary Club.

Club president is Mrs. A. B. Chase, who introduced Mrs. Stewart, and Miss Marilyn Martin, vice president and English instructor at Idaho State College.

Following the evening's program a reception was held in honor of Mrs. Stewart. Refreshments were served in the ballroom. The halls were beautifully decorated with spring flowers.

Grace Returns to Huntington Fifty-two Years Later

May 1, 1952

Our family was asked to come to Huntington to the dedication of the new chapel. My sister, Nina, would not take no for an answer, when I told her that I could not leave my teaching. So I had a substitute take the students when Nina called for me at 2 o'clock. With Olive, we drove to Huntington. Willie, Ezra and his wife LaRue were also there.

President J. Reuben Clark, and Apostle Moyle represented the General Authorities.

At the Saturday night meeting they called on me to speak. It was a total surprise. My family was very pleased with what I said. I spoke of my Father and Mother. This was a subject happily-received by the audience. From what was told to us there, they contributed more to the education of the townsfolk and to the building of the town than any other family before or since. People spoke so very highly of them. They were certainly greatly extolled for their remarkable contributions to

the entire valley. In closing my talk I quoted verses from 1 John on loving one another.

President Clark was the next speaker. He spoke of my talk and said that he was my mother's cousin; and that his first trip to Huntington was fifty years ago. He had stayed at our home. He is a very wonderful man, and I am fond of him. He and Ezra stayed at the Bishop's home that night. They had some interesting conversations. []

Olive, Nina, and I stayed at the home of our girlhood friends, Florence, Mable, and Katie Lemon. Our old home was well-kept. However, the beautiful trees and orchards which our father had taken such pride in, had been cut down. It seemed strange that anyone would take away such beauty.

There were meetings all day Sunday. At noon we had dinner at Grace Lea's in Castle Dale. Sunday morning I was up at six o'clock and walked to the cemetery. Our sister, Myrtle, was buried there. The grave was well-kept. Castle Valley is a beautiful valley.

I enjoyed seeing my old friends more than I can well express. They were all so very kind to me, and spoke of the talk which I had given; and of me. After the final meeting, several friends spoke to us about our remarkable parents.

Among them was Grace Wakefield, who had been one of their clerks in the store. She later married Edward Geary. They had been students of Papa's when he taught school in Huntington. Brother Geary said Papa was the best teacher he had ever had. Grace W. Geary said Papa was an A1 teacher. That his students were inspired to achieve.

Ed Geary had once worked for George Miller's bank as cashier. He told us that George Miller was too dishonest for him to continue working for him. He said, "George Miller and your Father were at opposite ends of the pole. Your Father was always honest." Ed ran the film for our motion picture theater. He later bought our store.

On Monday morning, we came back to Salt Lake City early enough for that day's first student

Idaho Falls Program

May 27, 1952

Marilyn and I gave a program in Idaho Falls. It was a real success. Marilyn played beautifully. Florence Peterson said that she had never heard me read so well. Personally, I felt that the performance needed a good deal of polishing.

However, I did the best that I could with the amount of practice I had been able to get in. It had been necessary for me to get up at four in the morning to get the play ready.

They paid us fifty dollars. We bought Daddy a much- needed suit with the money. We still owe quite an amount on it.

Grace Seeks Additional Time For Perfection

Much of the time it was necessary for me to clean the apartments once a week. I didn't mind doing the cleaning, but I did dislike the time it consumed. It took me at least eight hours to clean and scrub ten kitchens and baths, change the linen, dust and vacuum.

I would so have liked to put that time on my programs for the public. But perhaps some day I can. It is very difficult to find anyone who will come steadily once a week, because of the three flights of stairs. Women can get easier work.

We have so enjoyed having Jimmie with us. He is adorable. Instead of crawling on his stomach he crawls on his back. He has worn off all the hair on the back of his head.

Francine and Bill are so thoughtful of us. They came often, and bring Jimmy. He is only six months old. Daddy has so much happiness with him. Jimmie will scream with laughter at the way Daddy plays with him. They are great friends.

Marilyn's Parisian Graduation Present

Marilyn graduated from college June 7, 1952. She was a distinguished student, and had received many well-deserved honors. Marilyn had been promised that when she had completed college she could return to Paris to study for a year.

Grace Reads at Daughter's University Recital

On June 24, 1952 The University of Utah Department of Music presented Marilyn in an individual recital. They asked me to assist her. The program was as follows:

PROGRAM [?]

I. Sonata [? , Opus 13 Beethoven

Grave

Adagio cantabile

Rondo-allegro

Sonetto 104 del Petrarca. Liszt

Marilyn Stewart

II. Love In A Dutch Garden . . . Granville Barker

Grace Nixon Stewart

III. Sonatine pour le piano Ravel

Mode're'

Mouvment de menuet

Anime'

Marilyn Stewart

The following article about Marilyn was in the newspaper:

MISS STEWART WILL STUDY AT SORBONNE

It's "So long USA, Bonjour Paris" for Miss Marilyn Stewart, who sails from Quebec, July 8, for a year of musical study in France.

A daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Devirl B. Stewart, 95 E. 1st North, Marilyn was graduated from the University of Utah this spring with a major in radio and speech. She also was active in Chi Omega and served as Associated Women's secretary.

Miss Stewart, an accomplished pianist, plans to further her musical education by taking private piano lessons and other special classes at the Sorbonne in Paris.

Previously she studied under Kathryn Bacon of Juilliard School of Music in New York. She also attended Columbia University one year, where she studied speech and dramatics.

Miss Stewart will give a farewell recital Tuesday at 8:15 p.m. in the Union Building. She will be assisted by her mother, Grace Nixon Stewart, who will give a dramatic reading.

The program is being presented by the University of Utah Department of Music, and the public is invited to attend.

Marilyn played beautifully and looked lovely. She wore the formal which she bought in New York City at Saks Fifth Avenue.

July 4, 1952

Marilyn, Daddy and I went to the drugstore on 13th East and Second South to buy sunglasses and other small items which Marilyn needed for her trip. While there we bought ginger ale and ice cream and so forth, to have a farewell party; just the three of us. Soon after, we took Marilyn to the airplane for Quebec. It was so hard for us to again say goodbye to our daughter.

This was Marilyn's second trip to Europe. Soon after her arrival in Paris we received a letter from her. Quoting from part of it:

My Darling Mother,

I arrived in Paris Tuesday afternoon. Devirl met me and took me to The Foundation Des Etas Unis where he had reserved a room for me. Devirl has been

most kind in trying to help me. Tuesday evening he took me to the Yugoslav Ballet, and Wednesday evening to see Marcel Marceau. It was excellent.

There is so much to tell, I'll start with Devirl. He looks well, but a little thin. Both of us need dental work. Devirl has been so generous with his time in showing me Paris and getting me acquainted with people at Cite' Universitaire and at church.

Enchanted Paris

Mother. Paris is an enchanted place. Its enchantment is as unbelievable as a fairytale. It's music, paintings, ballets, theaters, old mansions, fascinating people; or just walking through the streets, down the Champs de Elyees, or in the Bois de Boulogne, or along the Seine.

Will write again soon.
Love and kisses, Marilyn"

Devirl's Arrangements For Marilyn

Devirl, who had presdident of the Comite Des Etudiants at The Foundation Des Etas Unis until shortly before Marilyn arrived, had discussed the possbility with the new director, Dr. T. Noel Stern, for Marilyn to have a studio and piano at the Foundation. He had also arranged for her to meet his friend Mary Louise Boehm. Mary Louise was studying with Nadia-Juliette Boulanger at the Conservatoire and with one of the two or three greatest pianists in the world, Walter Geiseking. Geiseking was in Saarbruken, Germany.

Soon Marilyn was studying with both of these persons
Merriam Webster Webster's New Biographical Dictionary entry:

Nadia Boulanger 1887-1979. French music teacher Associated (from 1921) with Conseratoire Americaine (director from 1950); taught also at the Conservatoire de Paris (1945-57) and privately. Pupils include Aaron Copland, Roy Harris, Darius Milhaud, Walter Piston, Roger Sessions, Virgil Thomson, Leonard Bernstein, Lennox Berkeley, Elliott Carter. Noted also as a conductor.

August 1952

We were so in debt that in August that I decided to try to teach again at BYU. I would also keep teaching privately.

Dr. Harold Hansen was head of the speech department at the "Y". I made an appointment to see him. He asked me to send a resume of my degrees and teaching experience. This I did. Dr. Hansen replied that my credentials were impressive, but that they had no vacancies at present.

Mrs. Pardoe was supposed to be retired because of age, but Dr. Hansen had a personal problem in this regard.

In October, Daddy and I were invited to join the Bonneville Dancing Club. Their opening party was at the LaFayette Ballroom in the Hotel Utah. A buffet dinner preceded the dance. Daddy and I wanted to join but felt we couldn't take the time from our work.

Debt Charges On

John Douglas sent his third notice asking that the interest be paid on my large diamond. I just didn't have the money. So Mr. Douglas put my diamond in his window for sale. He had a price of \$2,019 on the ring.

Nina came to see me one afternoon. She noticed that I didn't have my ring on and asked why. I had to tell her. She returned later that evening with a thousand dollars, and asked me to redeem the diamond. When I went with the money to see Mr. Douglas the next morning, he let me have the ring.

However, I had told Nina when she gave me the thousand dollars that I would not accept it unless she would take the diamond in return. Nina agreed. To keep her promise, she took it for about five minutes. Then she left, leaving the diamond. I vowed that with my first available money, the amount would be returned to my wonderful sister. At a much later date, I was able to do this.

Rebuilding A Stately Mansion with Workers of Varying Qualities

The remodeling continued. The plumbers were Jack and his son. We called him "Slow Jack." David Lyon was in charge of the rewiring of the home. Mr. Bentley was the carpenter for the apartment remodeling.

Granite Mills provided materials and labor for the studio. They also put new cornices in the third floor halls and bedrooms, and built bookcases in young Devirl's and my bedrooms.

They also cut a door onto Marilyn's balcony, and did special mill work around the windows and mirrors in the dining room and above the large windows and window seats at the landing of the front stairs.

Mr. Cannon was the architect for the studio. It had formerly been a large kitchen. The old black high-backed stove was taken out and a new room made. It all took such time, and was expensive. The workmen had a good time calling one to another and visiting back and forth. They also left the job for "errands", fishing trips, and so forth. Apparently they felt that they had a good set up here. The plumbers were here nine months.

I took the students into the living room where bedsprings, mattresses and furniture were piled in one end by the fireplace; and big rolls of carpet were piled high in the other. I taught in the carpet end.

Marjorie Thompson, my assistant, taught in the library. Furniture was there also, covered with sheets as in the remainder of the house. However, Marjorie had sufficient room, and it could be kept clean.

That summer, while the kitchen was being remodeled and made into my studio,.I cooked on a single hot plate The plaster was being knocked off up to the rafters, so that beams could be put across the ceiling. This made quite a combination, together with the brick layers making a new fireplace in the same room.

The cupboards were being torn out of the "butler's pantry" to make a new kitchen for us. At the same time, the refrigerator room was being made into a garden room. [Get an inside picture? of the house as it was originally?]

On the fourth floor ,the ballroom was being made into six apartments. Later the wash room, coal room, butler's room, and the fruit room were turned into apartments.

The large downstairs billiard room, with its fireplace was made into an apartment. It was very large. And so we partitioned off its east end; making two apartments of the billard room. We also had to have an outside entrance cut into the east apartment.

The plumbing for nine new bathrooms was completed that first year. Later we changed the large bathroom on the third floor into two smaller bathrooms. The

plumbing in the home was so old that all of the old bathrooms had leaks in them, except the semi-bath on the main floor. Here we added a shower.

The replacement of the pipes in my bedroom's bathroom cost \$500. It had been necessary to take up part of the tile floor. We also put in mirrors and made a beautiful bathroom.

It was a real problem trying to keep up with the payments to companies, laborers, carpenters, painters, electricians, plumbers, and brick layers. And the men who laid the concrete had to be paid weekly. We borrowed money for our tithing. We had to mortgage everything, even the furniture. I took to the pawn shop the large diamond which Daddy had given me when we lived on Wolcott. It brought \$500.

The pressures continued to mount. Devirl in Europe and money for him each month, as well as extras, such as church books and others he wanted. Marilyn also in college. Devirl asked me to cash his bonds and send the money to him. This I did, as well as sending his monthly money.

We were behind with Tracy Collins Bank payments for our house mortgage. We also were behind with the payments on the policy which my Father had given us. Daddy's insurance lapsed. To pay the insurance on his policy, I took my engagement ring to the pawn shop. It brought \$200.

Devirl said that he needed a car in Europe. It would save him much time in getting to places he wanted to go. I borrowed money from Amy Howard to send to him for his car. He bought it from a Mr. Hill at the U. S. Embassy who was being transferred to Spain. It proved to be of poor quality, and a continual drain on his finances. He kept it for over a year before selling it. The used motorcycle which he had previously owned had been sold with little loss. .

But his keeping of the defective automobile and the time spent taking it to a German mechanic across town on the northern side of Paris, who was the only one willing to work on this discontinued American make was expensive.

At Christmas we sent several groups of books by missionaries. They included the following from Deseret Book: *The Holy Ghost* by McConkie, *I Cry Joseph* by Clark, *Life Eternal* by Lynn McKinley, *Tonic For Our Times* by Richard L. Evans, and *J. Golden Kimball* by Claude Richards.

We also sent a large foot locker, filled with food. There was food rationing in England at that time. And we sent him Christmas money from my sister Nina and her husband, Ezra and his wife, and Uncle Willie, all of whom loved and admired Devirl.

We were behind with Mr. Bently, the carpenter.. He said he had to have \$200 by the end of the week to pay on a debt. The man who installed the kitchen cabinets, Mr. Huser, said he must be paid at the end of the week.

Mr. Willey, a carpenter with only one leg, who was working on the coal room to get it ready to rent , came with a friend. They were drunk. He demanded his money. When I explained that we just didn't have it, he went immediately to the Utah State Industrial Commission at the Capitol, two blocks up the hill. They sent a man to see me

. We were really pushed against the wall. Then my blessed sister, Nina called and asked, "How are you?" I answered "All right."

She said, "I just feel that you aren't. Harold will bring you some money before the bank opens in the morning." Of course I had never asked for money. They offered their help so kindly and gently. I shall never forget it. I just looked forward to the time when we could repay them, and the time did come. The money which Harold brought certainly relieved the immediate crisis.

March 1952

I received this letter from Sister Arlene Frisby, who was on a mission in England with her husband. Arlene was the mother of a very talented student, who had studied with me several years. The following is part of her letter:

Cumberland Hotel
Marble Arch
London, W.I.
1953 ?

Dear Grace,

Your son idolizes you--he talks of his mother to every one--he is so much like you--don't worry about him but I would help him get done and have him come home--he needs companionship--I asked him when he was interested in getting married, and he said when he gets home and has work and finds the right girl--he needs that companionship and he needs you.

April 3, 1953

I shall always remember the letter from Marilyn, which she sent from Paris, in which she sent sixty dollars, pleading that I would buy me a daytime dress. I have never had such a sweet urging. Marilyn had saved the money from her limited allowances. How wonderfully thoughtful it was of her. So at a much later date, I did as she had asked.

Landscape Gardening

It was important to have beautiful landscaping for our magnificent home. But almost all at the rear of the house, was a concrete driveway leading to the carriage house area. So we had a bulldozer take up the concrete. This was carried away, and good soil brought in.

Then we planted some exquisite flower beds. We wanted to keep this back area informal, with old fashioned flowers.

Some of the flowers were: pink and blue canterbury bells, blue and purple asters, blue delphiniums, madonna lillies, crimson and white peonies, bleeding hearts, purple and yellow columbine, purple phlox, purple and pink hyacinthes, pink and blue forget-me-nots, bachelor buttons, larkspur, and pink sweet williams. [capitalize?]

In the autumn we had planted hundreds of tulip bulbs. The first flowers to appear in the spring were these gorgeous crimson tulips; and behind them a bed of yellow tulips. It was a memorable picture.

By the carriage house was a large catalpa tree. We had an iron seat built around it. The honeysuckle and lilac bushes were behind, forming a fragrant background. Euonymus grew tall against the carriage house. We planted English Ivy as ground covering. In front of all, we planted organ grape with holly-like leaves.

Just at the rear of our home, we had a professional flagstone man construct a flagstone walk which led to a flagstone wall, floor, and wishing well.

Within the well, Daddy installed colored lights and a fountain. The colors of the fountain were the same as the dominant colors of the garden flowers. These fountain colors also tied into part of the rest of our outside color scheme.

In the planters which were around the wall and well, were cherry-colored geraniums and white roses. We designed two massive and beautiful gates to the rear entrance. The Salt Iron Works made and installed the gates. Against the rear of our home we planted purple clematis and purple wisteria.

There was a large oak tree near our back patio. We had an iron seat with a high back made around the tree. In front of the back of the seat, were planters in which we had cherry-colored geraniums. We also had three large, blue pillows against the back, and a blue cushioned seat.

To the west of the oak tree, we laid a flagstone patio. Against the white picket fence we had heavenly blue morning glories. They almost covered the fence. We called this "Daddy's Patio." He enjoyed resting there on a cushioned metal chaise lounge, under the shade of the oak tree.

Adjoining the patio was an alcove, over which we had white climbing roses. And within, grew grapevines and lillies of valley.

Much of the mansion was surrounded with black wrought iron fencing, which had first been erected around the L.D.S Church's old Relief Society building.

On the east side of the home, along the sides of this restored iron fence, we had trenches dug. The poor soil was taken out and replaced with rich mountain soil. Then we had hundreds of rose bushes planted on this east side and in front of our home.

On the south east corner of the block, which is on the north west corner of the intersection of State Street and Second North, by one of the front entrances; the ground on both sides of these steps and walkway was planted with red polyantha roses. Next to the red roses, and along the front iron fence, we planted white bridal breath. The effect was truly stunning.

Along the west front entrance, we planted roses of various blending colors. Against this fence we had scarlet climbing roses. All of the roses in the surrounding large beds were in harmonious colors.

On the east side, near the fence between the rose beds, we planted a pink flowering peach tree, a flowering cherry tree whose blossoms were cherry-colored, and then, another flowering plumb.

Daddy helped the men to properly plant the many pine trees which we had purchased. The result was strikingly beautiful.

However, we would not be content without something from our Wolcott home. So Devirl and Daddy went to our former home, and brought from an arrangement of three pines which we had planted on the north west corner of that house a growth-stunted blue spruce. They planted this on the east side of the State Street home.

Once free of its shady, arboring syblings, it grew into a tall, magnificently-shaped tree. Daddy often used this as an example of the need for space in which to grow

Against the east and west sides of our home, were thickly planted eponyms, which grew very tall. The total effect of the gardens and pine trees surrounding our antique white painted brick mansion was truly breathtaking.

It seemed as if people were photographing the house almost daily. And some tourists asked if they could take pictures of the grounds.. We had letters and comments from prominent citizens thanking us for so adding to the beauty of Salt Lake City.

April 1953

In April, the furniture of the McCormack Mansion was for sale. All of the pieces were imported from Europe, and were being sold for a fraction of their original cost. Daddy was away. The mansion was only a block from our home, so I went over to see if they had what we needed.

Mrs. Buchorn was in charge of the sale. She was a friend who knew our home. There were several exquisite traditional items that would enhance the charm of our home. I had very little available money. Mrs. Buchorn said to choose what I wanted and she would charge it to her account.

I bought an antique, large, round marble-topped table with gold filigree trim, and legs of brass, tied together with brass bars, which formed a circle and held a heavy brass flower container.

I also bought an antique high-backed chair with metal rosette inserts, and which was upholstered in cherry-colored French print brocade. Another item purchased was a hand-carved high-backed entrance seat with lid that opened to an enclosure for rubbers and galoshes.

Also a very large mirrored, hand-carved marble-topped hat and coat hanger and umbrella holder; a high-backed Queen Anne magazine and plant holder, which contained four metal planters; and a Queen Anne round table with plant holder in center and magazine shelf underneath.

They had a magnificent painting. The original of the painting was in the famed Dresden Galleries. It is believed to depict a prisoner who discovered the process for making china. As a result, he won his freedom. The hand-carved frame and picture had been purchased in Europe. They were now asking \$25,000 which was about half of its original price. It was too large for a regular home. Mrs. Buchorn had it taken to her antique store.

She called me one day and said that the only home in Salt Lake City that could accommodate the painting appropriately was ours. I had wanted the painting from the first time I had seen it displayed, and knew exactly where it should be hung. The McCormicks' daughter finally agreed to accept three thousand dollars. So I bought the painting and paid for it as I could. It took me about seven years to complete the payments. The picture was so heavy that six men were required to lift and hang the painting.

1952

In early spring, my dear sister, Nina, went to Europe. Devirl was with her part of the time when she was in Paris, Salzburg, London, and Edinburgh. This experience was a happiness for both of them. They attended theaters, the opera, and dinners together.

Devirl again met Nina in Salzburg, Austria. because she had sent to him, in Paris, asking that he purchase a certain type of film for her camera. Nina could not obtain it in Salzburg. So that she could obtain the film in time, Devirl took the train to Salzburg and delivered it to her at her hotel. Nina wrote to me saying that it was

raining hard. And she added, "They are both so wonderful and I love them very much." Although Marilyn was not in Europe at that time, I know that Devirl and Marilyn loved and appreciated their Aunt Nina.

In Edinburgh, they saw Tyrone Guthrie's production of Sir David Lindsay's *The Three Estates*. Devirl suspects that this production added much to Guthrie's reputation in and eventually departure to the United States.

The last few months of Devirl's sojourn abroad he spent working for a government contractor. He was located near Casablanca and Marrakech. There he met a beautiful Jewish girl, Rebecca. Her father was a Rabbi. Devirl was always doing missionary work. They fell in love and decided to be married. He had given her an engagement ring. He was trying to convert her to Mormonism. She had agreed to attend the Mormon church. Devirl wrote to us of his intention to marry Rebecca and sent her picture. Daddy and I were very disturbed. Rebecca knew very little English. Most of her conversations were in French. Her background had been very different. Devirl had had some remarkable educational and cultural opportunities. She had rarely left her own country.

We wrote to Devirl trying to reason with him. We were not successful. We sent a telegram to Marilyn asking for her assistance. She did all she could and was very effective. We prayed and fasted that Devirl would come home, if only for a short time, before marrying.

I recall that it was in sacrament meeting, in the Capitol Hill Ward that I was given an assurance that all would be well with Devirl. I was so grateful I could not keep the tears back. It was the Lord who brought him back. The following morning we received a telegram from Marilyn saying, "Devirl has changed plans, is coming home.". Love, Marilyn

October 30, 1953

Devirl returned to Salt Lake City. We met him at the airport. His first words were, "Mother, I have come just for six weeks, I want to go to the temple. Then I am going to return to Europe." I replied, "Alright dear, it is so good to have you with us again."

Daddy and I did all we could to make Devirl's stay pleasant. We bought him a new suit, shoes, overcoat, and other needs. He went to the temple every day that it was

open. We had a late supper prepared for him when he returned from the temple and the three of us ate before the studio fire.

Francine and Bill wanted to give a dinner party for Devirl in honor of his homecoming.

But Devirl said, "Mother, I have no one to take as my partner." I answered, "Why not take Jean Chiverall. She is a very lovely girl." Devirl replied, "Oh alright, but there is no future in it." I said, "I know but you will have a partner for the dinner party." Jean had been a student of mine for some time and was now an assistant teacher. Devirl enjoyed the party and appreciated Bill and Francine's thoughtfulness.

Jean invited Devirl to a Chi Omega sorority party at Hotel Utah Roof Garden.. She told me afterward that the girls were fascinated by him. That they had never met anyone who was so interesting a conversationalist.

November 25, 1953

Devirl had Thanksgiving dinner at Chiveralls. Daddy was away. I had ironed all day and had rheumatism in my hips and legs. I had supper of bread and milk and went to bed in the small service room.

This had been my bedroom since we rented the dining room, where I had previously slept, since renting my bedroom. Later that evening both Devirl Jr. and Bill came in to see me. They were both very kind. They are such excellent boys.

Bill and Francine had spent Thanksgiving with Francine's parents. Edythe had invited us, but I didn't want to go without Daddy. He was home the following Sunday, and we had Thanksgiving dinner at Bill's. It was delicious as usual.

In the middle of December Devirl told me he was going to ask Jean to marry him. I said, "Devirl, I think this is much too soon. You have known each other only a few weeks. Your backgrounds are very different." Devirl replied, "I am twenty-seven-years-old, and I want to get married."

Since he was determined, we discussed the various possibilities of where and how he would give Jean an engagement ring. He decided he would reserve a small private dinning room at Beau Brummel's, where they would have dinner served. At the end of the main course, he would have the waiter bring in a box with a beautiful

orchid. In the center of the orchid, Devirl had placed a diamond ring surrounded by small diamonds.

They decided that they would be married on the twenty-first of December, my birthday. The next day, Jean told me that Devirl had asked her to marry him, and that she had accepted. I was still very concerned about their marriage. I said, "Jean, please think this over very carefully. You have known each other so short a time. Finish college before you get married."

She replied that they wanted to be married soon. Finally I said, "Jean, Devirl is as you must know not an ordinary type of man. He is a scholar and has very special needs. Please take some time by yourself to consider this situation more fully. If necessary cut a class at school, go to the chapel on Memory Grove and think over what marrying Devirl, before you have finished college, would mean."

Jean told me later that she had done as I suggested, but that her decision was to be married that month as they had planned. Devirl baptized Jean. I went with her to prepare for her baptism. They couldn't be married in the temple until Jean had been a member of the church a year.

Prominent Nuptial Announcement

MISS JEAN CHIVERALL TO BE BRIDE OF DEVIRL NIXON STEWART

Of widespread interest is the announcement of the engagement and approaching marriage of Miss Jean Chiverall and Devirl Nixon Stewart.

The lovely bride-elect is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lynn A. Chiverall, 6682 South Third East St., Murray. Mr. Stewart's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Devirl B. Stewart, 95 East 1st North.

The well-known young couple will exchange marriage vows Dec. 21. A wedding breakfast at the Hotel Utah Roof Garden will follow the ceremony. The popular bridal pair will be honored that evening at a reception at Bonneville Stake House.

Mrs. James William Stewart, the former Miss Francine Robbins, is to be matron of honor. Miss Sara Lee Erickson of Midvale and Miss Lynn Rich of Ogden will be

bridesmaids. Karen Nixon, Charlene Wozab and Nina Dean Bowman are to be flower girls.

James William Stewart, a brother of the bridegroom, will be best man. Milton Weilenmann, Harold Bowman, Lowell Anderson, Bryant Hawkins and Jay Nixon are to usher.

Miss Chiverall is in her junior year at the University of Utah, where she is a member of Chi Omega sorority and Spurs. Mr. Stewart recently returned from England and France, where he has been studying for the past three years. While in France he was student president of the "American Foundation," which is the United States International House at Cite' Universitaire. In Paris he participated in debates with representatives from the University of London, Oxford, and Harvard.

Before going to Europe, Mr. Stewart attended the University of Utah where he was active in student organizations, debating, and was a member of the Chronicle staff. He was a member of Lambda Delta Sigma, Intercollegiate Knights and Vigilantes. He completed an LDS mission to the Northwestern States

Parties for the engaged pair will be given by Mrs. James William Stewart, Miss Lynn Rich, Miss Sharlene Bowde, Miss Carole Eccles, Mrs. Alta Hoopiani and Mrs. Ivy Larsen.

ELABORATE WEDDING RECEPTION FETES THE DEVIRL N. STEWARTS

Surrounded by the beauty of the Christmas season, the marriage of Miss Jean Chiverall and Devirl Nixon Stewart was solemnized Monday evening.

As they exchanged wedding vows at the Bonneville Stake House, the prominent couple stood in front of an archway banked with white chrysanthemums and lilies and interspersed with white bells and holly. Twinkle lights cast a soft glow to the picturesque setting.

Officiating at the nuptials was Bishop Richard L. Bird Jr. of the Federal Heights Ward. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lynn A. Chiverall, 6682-3rd East, Murray. The bridegroom's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Devirl B. Stewart, 95 E. 1st North, Salt Lake City.

The bride was radiant in a white velvet gown. The slender waist was accented by a sheered yoke, with puffs that were caught by clusters of pearls. The full skirt, underlaid with taffeta, swirled into a chapel-length train. Tiny velvet-covered buttons adorned the long, pointed sleeves.

A circlet of embroidered pearls caught the cathedral-length veil of illusion. She carried a bouquet of valley lilies centering white orchids.

Mrs. James William Stewart was matron of honor; Miss Lynn Rich and Miss Sara Lee Erickson, bridesmaids. They were in cherry-red velvet. Fitted bodices and short sleeves of the gowns were edged with sprigs of holly, as were the full-length skirts.

Their headpieces were circlets of cherry-red velvet embroidered with pearls. They wore short, white gloves, and carried nosegays of white roses and dwarf chrysanthemums.

Flower girls, Nina Dean Rich and Paula Patterson, were in crisp embroidered organdy frocks, accented with red velvet sashes. James William Stewart was best man for his brother. Ushers were Milton L. Weilenman, Harold Bowman, Jay Nixon, John Rich, Bryant Hawkins and Don Sonntag.

Mother of the bride chose a dress of silver blue metallic cloth for the wedding, and wore a corsage of orchids. The bridegroom's mother was in a velvet dress of winter blue, accented with an orchid corsage.

Assisting in receiving the guests during the evening were Elder LeGrand Richards of the Council of the Twelve and Mrs. Richards, Pres. and Mrs. A. Ray Olpin, Mr. and Mrs. M. Lynn Bennion, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Asper, Mr. and Mrs. C. Bicknell Robbins, Dr. and Mrs. Burtis F. Robbins, Dr. and Mrs. J. O. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Firmage, Mrs. James McConkie, Mr. and Mrs. Lester F. Hewlett, Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Lynn S. Richards and Mr. and Mrs. Aldon J. Anderson Jr.

A yuletide theme was carried out in the dining room, where tiny Charlene Wozab and Neldon Maxfield, miniature bride and bridegroom, presented the guests with wedding cake. Presiding in the dining room were Mrs. L. E. Elggren, Mrs. E. T. Ralphs, Mrs. Robert Livingston. Assisting in the gift room were Mrs. Harry Bassford, Mrs. Alta Hoopiani, Mrs. John Rich, Mrs. Wilford Coon, Mrs. Don Bennion, Mrs. Lowell Beckstead, Mrs. James Wood, Mrs. Elmer Wood, Mrs.

Frances Anderson, Mrs. Harold Winn, Mrs. Michael O'Connor, Mrs. Clayton Anderson, Mrs. Oral Wood, Mrs. Russell Ingersol and Mrs. Sheldon Anderson.

Presiding at the guest book were Mrs. Bruce Howland and Mrs. LeGrand Holbrook. The newlyweds left immediately after the reception for a honeymoon trip to Carmel-by-the-Sea. The bride wore a smart going-away suit of brown check, accented with brown accessories.

February 1954

Valentine's Day came on Sunday. Daddy said to me, "I wish I could buy you a Valentine, but I haven't the money. It has been so long since I have been able to buy you a Valentine." That evening Bill and Francine brought us a lovely cake frosted in Valentine colors. Devirl and Jean brought us Valentine cookies. We surely appreciated their kindness.

In late February Daddy had to go to the hospital for an operation. At first he seemed to be getting along well, then not at all well. He had to have a second operation. This time the doctor took out his appendix as well.

April 1954

On Daddy's birthday, Marilyn sent from Paris a beautiful birthday card with this notation, "To my Darling Daddy on His Day, with loads of Love, Marilyn."

May 1954

On Mother's Day I received this letter from Marilyn who was in Paris. Only a portion is included:

"Dearest Mother,

Firstly Happy Mother's Day! In one sentence that tries inadequately to express all-- I love you. The most understanding and generous and admirable person I know."

Marilyn concluded the letter with:

"I hope you enjoy these white kid gloves. With much love, Marilyn."

On September 12, 1954, the following article was in the newspaper:

RECITALS PLANNED FOR STUDENTS BY GRACE NIXON STEWART

Grace Nixon Stewart will present her students in speech recitals Monday and Tuesday evenings at her studio, 95 East 1st North. The programs, starting at 7:30 p.m., will include comic, dramatic and scriptural readings, modern poetry, creative dramatics and original pantomimes with musical accompaniment.

Those participating will include: Annett Rollins, Carol Beckstead, Joyce Workman, Eyvonne Young, Judy Larsen, Rebecca Scholey, Florence Bird, Stanford Evans, Martha Evans, Lois Nielson, Anna Lee Jeppson, Darlene Davis, Sharma Bushnell, Stephen Bushnell, Bruce Cottom, Stephen Cottom, Cathy Snow, Carol Richins, Allen Maurer, Anna Lou Lindquist, James Wells, Linda Gallaway, Loa Lund, Jimmy Payne, Stephen Anderson, Anita Jensen, Mary Stewart, Kay Snyder, Leslie Callister, Gayla Hansen, Susan Wortley, David Jones, Camille Taylor, Christine Odell, Carolyn Taylor, Peggy Gygi, and Marilyn Shipley.

On Saturday, October 2, 1954, I had taught thirteen hours and had been having trouble with my heart again. On Sunday the pain was quite intense, so I had to stay in bed.

Olive brought steaks, and also prepared what I had intended to cook for dinner. She made a delicious meal for Daddy.

She gave me some heart medicine and homemade ice cream. That was all that I was able to eat. A day in bed was excellent medicine, as was Olive's loving and wise care.

November 8, 1954

The Pen Women's tea was a beautiful experience. I used my students in the dining room. They were all in white and had cherry sashes. I had trained them carefully in how to conduct themselves, and what they were to say to those they served.

Later, Mrs. Lee, the Governor's wife, sent a letter congratulating me on the excellent way in which the students conducted themselves.

As my guests I invited my sisters Olive and Nina; and also Edythe Robbins, Minnie Anderson, and Alice Chiverall. The following is part of an article that appeared in the paper before the tea:

LEAGUE OF PEN WOMEN TO STAGE TEA AT GOVERNOR'S MANSION SATURDAY

A cultural atmosphere will prevail Saturday when members of the Utah Branch of the National League of American Pen Women gather at the Governor's Mansion, 603 E. South Temple for their annual tea. Hours will be from 1:30 to 5 p.m.

In the receiving line will be Mrs. J. Bracken Lee, Mrs. Marba C. Josephson, past president and guest speaker; Mrs. Leah Widtsoe, Elsie Carroll, and Mrs. Evelyn Vernon, past state president.

Highly anticipated is the discussion to be given by Mrs. Marba C. Josephson, who will relate her interesting experiences of the past several months during her trip abroad as a delegate to the International Council of Women triennial world gathering.

Grace Nixon Stewart is in charge of the dining room. Serving will be Marie Dalglish, Nina Dean Rich, Nita Maxfield, Sharlene Wozab, Christine Odell, Barbara Lazenby, Yvonne Young, Mary Holbrook, Judy Larsen, Florence Reeves Bird, and Annette Rollins.

December 1954

In early December I took my large diamond to the pawn shop again. That was the only way we had to raise money for our tithing.

On Saturday, March 13, 1955, Devirl, Jean, Grace Lynn, Bill, Francine and Jimmy came to dinner. I had taught for twelve hours, but The joy of having them with us was a rich reward. It was twelve p.m. before I had finished the preparations for Sunday dinner.

On April 10, 1955, the Capitol Hill Ward choir gave an Easter cantata, *The Promise of Easter*. I was the reader for all four sections, My parts were memorized. It was an impressive occasion.

The May 6, 1955 mail brought this note from Marilyn in Paris :

Dearest Darling Mother,

This is just a very quickie to tell you how much I love and appreciate you 100%, and how long it's been since we've been together--keep wondering if it wouldn't be humanly possible for us to have a weekend in Boston next Fall.. I'll really look forward to it, hoping anyway.

Bushels of love, Marilyn

Marilyn's Vacation, Paris, L.D.S. Tabernacle Choir, and Aunt Olive

In July 1955, Marilyn left Paris for a vacation. to Switzerland, Germany, Greece, and Pakistan. But she returned to Paris in time to hear the Tabernacle Choir. She said that their concert was excellent. Marilyn and Aunt Olive, who was in the choir, had dinner together in Paris.

August 1955 No Money For The Mansion

There was a necessary lull in the remodeling. No money, only bills. We tried to borrow more money. Tracy threatened to foreclose. Mr. Ogaard, in the mortgage department, was adamant. We tried several well-to-do individuals. Their answers were various. Often they replied that their money was already invested. We went to the Pacific National Insurance Company with no success. We were desperate.

On September 5, 1955, Labor Day, at 5 a.m, I had written a letter to Marilyn in Paris. I took it to the post office on Fourth South and Main. The streets were almost empty. I felt that it was going to be a good day. So my heart had a song in it, and I danced along the deserted streets.

As I returned home I saw Rudy Pribble, who was renting our library, in front of our home looking at the roses. I had prayed so diligently that we would be able to borrow some money to meet our pressing debts; especially to raise money to release the lien for \$900 which Keats Painting Co. had placed against our house . This had to be raised before Tracys would let us borrow money to construct the extra carport parking needed, so that we could keep our tenants.

Seeing Rudy, I said a quick prayer in my heart, asking Heavenly Father if I should ask Rudy to loan us the lien money. My impression was that I should. Ruddy replied that he would lend us the money.

I hurried around the house to tell Daddy. He didn't say much, but he was pleased. I invited Rudy to breakfast, and made waffles for him and Daddy while they talked. Such a load had been lifted from my mind. I was so very happy and so very grateful.

About a month later I ask Rudy if he would finance the remodeling of the carriage house, which was being converted into three apartments. It would cost about \$5,000. He again said that he would. This also I considered a great blessing from our Heavenly Father. Rudy had been with us nearly two years. He knew how very hard Daddy and I had worked, early and late. He also knew that we were honest, and that we would return his money with interest.

On December 20, the day before my birthday, I asked Rudy if he would see us through to the completion of our remodeling projects on our State Street home. I had prayed fervently that his answer would be yes. And it was. These experiences were a testimony to me that if we do our best to keep the commandments of our Heavenly Father, and work diligently; we will be richly rewarded.

December 1955

By the end of December, I had made final arrangements for Devirl and Jean to go through the Temple with their children Grace Lynn and Nickie. I spoke with Apostle Spencer Woolley Kimball; and he said that he would perform the Temple marriage ceremony.

January 2, 1956

Apostle Kimball, in the Temple, married Devirl and Jean. He then sealed Grace Lynn and Nickie to them. Daddy and I were in attendance. It was a morning filled with memorable beauty. I shall never forget those two precious little children, all in white. They were both very quiet and attentive.

Eighteen years later on December 30, 1973, our kind, considerate, humble cousin became President; Prophet, Seer, and Revelator of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

By February 1, 1956, The painters were again back at work on the apartments.

Grace's Composition Presented During April's L.D.S. Conference Time

The committee for the celebration of the Utah handcart pioneer centennial asked me to prepare and offer an evening program for conference on April 7, 1956

This took much thoughtful planning and work. I obtained from the library in the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers building, true stories of the pioneers' trek of thirteen hundred miles across the plains to Zion. Then I wrote the connecting narrative. Some of this material was obtained from Alfred Osmond's book *The Exiles*.

At the same time I was carrying a heavy teaching load, and helping two high school students, Bradley Nygren and Esther Jane Peterson, with their orations.

When I completed the script of the centennial program, I submitted it to the committee. They were pleased and offered no suggestions.

So I started preparing some of my students to give the pioneer stories. I also helped rehearse still others of my students to represent, in group choral reading, scriptures such as *The Beatitudes* and *The Lord's Prayer*. I presented the narrative.

April 7, 1956's Conference Time Presentation

On Saturday evening, in the LaFayette ballroom of the Hotel Utah, representatives of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers from many parts of the world were gathered. The prelude music set an appropriate mood for our presentation of The Handcart Centennial.

The students were all in white. They looked like angels, and read excellently. I wore my white satin dress, which was my graduation dress from the Leland Powers School in Boston in 1923.. It was beautiful and still fit perfectly. Mr. Larsen, the grandfather of Jackie Bach, one of the participants,. had given me a large purple orchid, which I wore after the program.

This was a peak night for all of us. We had prepared diligently and prayerfully. The Spirit of our Heavenly Father was with us and blessed our endeavors.

Members of the committee said that they were thrilled with the entire program. We received many wonderful comments. I want always to remember the joy of that night.

I knew that this was my work, and that I could best serve our Lord through public presentations of this nature and quality.

Daddy had not been able to attend because of Priesthood meeting, after which he was detained for some time. I vividly recall walking down the marble steps to the lobby of the hotel, where several of my college friends had gathered after Priesthood meeting.

Among them were Dr. Lockwood Hales and President Ernest Wilkinson. They were so gracious in their comments on how I looked and what they had been told of the program we had presented. They had been told "that it was perfect." The following letter came a few weeks later from Kate Carter:

Daughters of Utah Pioneers
300 North Main
Salt Lake City, Utah

April 14, 1956

Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart
95 East 1st North
City.

Dear Mrs. Stewart:

We have been receiving many compliments on the program and feel that it was most outstanding. Please express our thanks to the members of your group who helped.

Sincerely yours,

Kate B. Carter, President
Central Company
Daughters of Utah Pioneers

The following Sunday evening, in the Tabernacle, my students gave the "Beautitudes" in choral speaking. They were just wonderful. So controlled and quiet. They were very responsive to my directing. President McKay spoke following the choral speaking and said that the young people were truly inspirational.

April 10, 1956

Laura Brossard, my cousin, phoned to say, "Your choral speaking group in the Tabernacle was masterful, your pauses before the name of the diety, gave a reverent attitude." Laura concluded, "I will always think of you and those children when I think of the "Beautitudes."

Laura and her husband were presiding over the Eastern States mission at this time.

Those participating were: Jackie Beck, Penny Ashton, Ann Dalglish, Mary Olsen, Sidna Kay Holbrook, Judy Rowe, Wilma Wagstaff, Marie Dalglish, Jill Hogan, Rita Lee Riley, Patrica Aston, Christine Odell, Charleen Wozad, Rebecca Rowland, Jan Brunson, Rose Marie Jarman, Neldon Maxfield, Richard Jensen, Joan Peterson, Esther Jane Peterson, Norman Maxfield, Jane Knudsen, Caroline Taylor, Jimmie Stewart, Margaret Bruggeman, and Judy Bollinger.

On the following Sunday evening we presented the Beatitudes, and The Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth, and Twenty-seventh Psalms in a Bountiful evening service.

April 16, 1956

Marvin Pack said:

"It is a wonderful experience to meet a person like you, Mrs. Stewart. You are so stimulating, so just, so remarkable in handling people. We want to take another class."

Mr. Lynn M. Hilton
Salt Lake City

June 1956

Devirl received his Bachelor's degree from the U of U in June of 1956. He also completed the classwork for an M.B.A. However, he didn't write the thesis

required. After graduation, Devirl accepted a position in California with North American Aviation at Rocketdyne, where his title was Statistician Senior.

July 1, 1956

Utah Newspaper Recognizes Marilyn's Return

Marilyn arrived home from Paris in July. It was so wonderful to see her again. The following is one of the newspaper accounts.

UTAH PIANIST RETURNS FROM EUROPEAN STAY

Marilyn Stewart, well-known Salt lake City pianist, has returned from four years of study in Europe and expects to teach in the music department of Brigham Young University this winter.

She also will maintain a studio in Salt Lake while teaching at BYU.

The quiet-mannered, attractive Miss Stewart calls her stay in Europe "almost a dream." Describing Paris, she said: "It is an enchanted place. Its enchantment is as unbelievable as a fairy tale; until one has experienced years of its music, painting, ballets, theaters, and old mansions."

Before going to Europe four years ago, Miss Stewart had spent one summer abroad. On her most recent trip, she expected to study in Paris for a year, but stretched her visit to four.

While there, she received two diplomas from the National Conservatory of Paris. She was a private student of Nadia Boulanger and studied for a year with Yves Nat, French concert pianist. She also was a member of Walter Giesecking's master class in Saarbrucken, Germany.

During her third year in Paris, Miss Stewart was presented in a recital at the American Foundation, City Universitaire. She played several concerts in the French capital.

While abroad, she toured Switzerland, Germany, Spain, Rome, Vienna, Athens, and Turkey. Before leaving for Europe the University of Utah graduate studied for 16 months in New York City with Catherine Bacon of the Juilliard School of Music. She was attending Columbia University at that time.

The pianist is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Devirl B. (Grace Nixon) Stewart of 95 E. First North.

July-August 1956

During July and August, Marilyn gave piano lessons, and studied typing and shorthand at the LDS Business College. Marilyn wanted to return to Paris after a year at home. But she wanted to earn her own money to do this. I suggested that she get her master's degree in music, since she had had spent so many years studying this art, and was very talented.

The BYU had a very good music department; so Daddy, Marilyn, and I went to Provo.

I had called President Wilkinson to ask for an interview. He was just wonderful to us, and so impressed with Marilyn and her achievements. He telephoned Dean DeJong, head of the music department, and arranged for an interview for us with him.

Marilyn spoke with Dean DeJong about music and musicians. They were very responsive to each other. Marilyn played the piano for him. He said she played beautifully, and that President Wilkinson had suggested a teaching fellowship of \$1,000 for Marilyn while she was working for her master's degree.

So Marilyn, pleased; decided to start teaching and working toward her master's degree. We looked for an apartment, and located a nice small one in a large home near the lower campus, where the music department was located.

When she could, Marilyn came home on Friday evenings so that she could take her private students on Saturdays.

July 18, 1956

On July 18, 1956, in Pioneer Park at 7:30 p.m., a pageant was presented. The outstanding events of the Mormon trek to the Salt Lake Valley, were depicted. I was the reader for the pageant, and Dorothy Keddington provided the music. It was an interesting experience.

On August 8, I received a letter from the Days of '47 President, Joseph J. Lehandler, which concluded, "May we then extend to you our heartfelt thanks for your participation in making this year's entertainment a success."

August 10th, Bill came to the home and asked me to help him raise money to complete his home. I called Alta Hoopianni She was so very willing. Alta tried to get more money on her home, but was unable to do so. She has surely been a wonderful friend. I will never forget her kindness and help.

I called another friend, Amy Howard, and asked if she would loan me the money to help Bill. On August 24th, Amy took a mortgage on her home, and loaned me \$3000 which I gave to Bill. Thus he was able to complete their home. Amy has been a real friend for many years.

On December 17th, I gave a Christmas reading for the church office employees in the Lafayette Ballroom at the Hotel Utah. It was a beautiful experience, which I shall always remember. I wore my blue velvet formal. My hair was lovely and shiny. I felt poised and had an inner calm.

There was a very distinguished audience, including President McKay and several apostles. Adam S. Bennion and J. Rueben Clark Jr. were also on the program.

President McKay's reaction to my reading was gratifying. Among several others, Apostle Adam S. Bennion spoke to me at the conclusion of the evening's festivities. I was made to feel that I had a great gift.

Daddy enjoyed the dinner and evening. He seemed very pleased with my reading.

December 20, 1956 [?]

My students gave a recital of Christmas stories in the 17th Ward chapel. Those participating were: Joan Jensen, Fern Lyman, Marlene Newman, Sharron Gygi, Patricia Gygi, Pauline Horsley, Gladys Smith, Judy Christensen, Joan Robbins, Carol Stains, Daryl Badger, Melba Roach, LaDean Pierce, Jean Chiverall Stewart, Janis Jensen, Colene Roundy, Charlene Francis, and Shirley Weeks.

Grace Heals

Jackie Back's parents and grandfather were very grateful for what they felt I had done, and continued to do for Jackie. They invited us to dinner every Sunday and

on special occasions. When we declined coming, Mrs. Back was very displeased and wondered what they had done to offend us. She said that they wanted us to consider them as part of our family. So the simplest solution, it seemed, was to comply. Marilyn went to dinner with us when she was here.

Mrs. Back telephoned me often. This took much time that I did not have. If I had a student when she called, then she would call later.

During one of these conversations Mrs. Back said, "Jackie has had a hard life. She is only happy when she is with you. Mrs. Stewart, you have given her health, do you know that?"

I said, "No."

"Yes, Jackie hasn't been ill this entire winter, or last summer just because of you."

On December 21st, the morning of my birthday, Jackie and her grandfather brought me a beautiful three-tiered birthday cake. Jackie said, "Mrs. Stewart, I love you more than anyone else in the world."

Of course to repay the Backs for their kindness, I did all that I could for Jackie. And her parents seemed to be very impressed.

On each Sunday morning, I would get up at around 4:30 a.m., take my bath, and get ready to teach. Then Sister Wanberg would meet me, and we would walk or ride from our State Street home to the BYU center which was in the McCune Mansion at the Main street end of the block.

There I would help the students who came to this BYU Youth Program location on Sunday, from 6 a.m. until they had to leave for priesthood or Sunday school.

After this, I would phone Jackie and help her for half an hour or more with her Bible. I also gave her opportunities to give readings for certain groups. This pleased her parents, Jackie, and her grandfather, Mr. Larsen.

In a letter dated April 16, 1956, Marvin Pack rejoiced: "It is a wonderful experience to meet a person like you, Mrs. Stewart. You are so stimulating, so just, so remarkable in handling people. We want to take another class."

On February 7, 1957, Bill, Francine, and Jimmy came to dinner. Afterward Bill said, "Mother, I want you to accept this."

"I can't see what it is without my glasses."

He replied, "It is a check for a hundred dollars. We want to give it to you."

I answered, "We can't possibly accept it." By this time the blood was burning in my cheeks.

Bill continued, "We are supposed to help our parents when they need help. President McKay said that we are no better than heathens, unless we do."

Francine said, "Mother, you have given us so much more than this, just in the love that you have given Jimmy."

Daddy said, "We can only take it as a loan." Bill said, "No it is a gift!!! Give us the happiness of doing something for our parents because we love you." He was so lovingly eager to help, and we were in great need of money. So we accepted the check. However, we resolved to repay them when they were in most need.

April 26, 1957

Again, I gave a program in Pocatello. The following is the program which I gave, and the article that appeared in the paper:

THE POCATELLO LITERARY CLUB PRESENTS

GRACE NIXON STEWART

Introductory Music

Julienne Hill, Violin

Norma McLeod, Cello

Jacque Overturf, Piano

Introduction of Reader

Mrs. A. B. Chase, President

PROGRAM

POETRY

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Figs From Thistles"

First Fig

Second Fig

Midnight Oil

Thursday

To The Not Impossible Him

The Betrothal

Dirge Without Music

God's World

SARAH TEASDALE

Blue Squills

The Answer

It Is Not A Word

Swallow Flight

On The South Downs

The Debt

Let It Be Forgotten

I Would Live In Your Love

The Lamp

LEW SARETT

To A Wild Goose Over Decoys

Wind In The Pine

Costume Change

MONOLOGUE

Opening A Bazaar In Devonshire, England

Costume Change

ONE ACT PLAY

Hearts To Mend--Harry Overstreet

Five Minute Intermission

MONOLOGUE

On A Porch In New England

Costume Change

ONE ACT PLAY

The Finger of God--Percival Wilde

POCATELLO LITERARY CLUB PROGRAM

Highlighting the spring social season was the presentation of Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart by the Pocatello Literary Club, Monday evening, at the LDS Institute.

Mrs. Stewart was introduced by Mrs. A. B. Chase, club president. Mrs. Stewart, of Salt Lake City received her B.A. degree in speech at the BYU; her M.A. degree at Columbia and she studied at the Leland Powers school in Boston. Her cherished award is her L.R.A.M. from the Royal Academy of Music and Art, at London, England.

A reception honoring Mrs. Stewart was given following the program. Receiving guests with Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Chase, were Mrs. Cecil Couch, Mrs. Cora Copening, Miss Marilyn Morton, and Mrs. Ralph Stephenson.

On May 23, 1957, I directed thirty-five students from The East High Seminary in choral speaking of the Ten Commandments, and the Twenty-seventh and Twenty-fourth Psalms.

We had been practicing at six a.m. for three weeks. They did very well at their graduation. The students gave me a beautiful orchid.

Grace Attends Her First BYU Commencement in 1921. and a Second in 1957

June 6, 1957

I attended commencement at BYU. This was the first commencement which I had attended since my own in 1921. I had always tried to return to reunions and other BYU celebrations, but felt that I didn't have the time or proper complete outfits, although I had had special invitations.

The commencement speaker was Dr. Clay Marvin, President of George Washington University. He was accompanied by his wife, who had been President of the National League of Pen Women. A reception was to be given for President and Mrs. Marvin after the commencement exercises.

All members of the Utah Branch of the National League of Pen Women were invited as special guests to the commencement, and to a reception and buffet supper as guests of the University.

Since I was a member, I received a letter urging me to come. Marilyn had written and asked me to please go to the commencement ,as it would make her happy if I did. So I told her that I would go.

Utah's Olive Burt Once More Features Grace

I wanted very much to go. Olive Burt, president of the Utah Chapter of the National League of Pen Women went through the receiving line with me; though she had been through before.

She said with a touch of pride, "Mrs. Marvin this is my cousin." She repeated this to others to whom she introduced me. I am the one who should have shown pride. Olive is a distinguished writer, and has been the recipient of several awards. Oxford University published one of her books.

Several people said I looked very lovely. I really think I did. I wore my new green dress with a blue lace top. I wore a small hat made with the same colors.

President Wilkinson was extremely kind. As I went through the receiving line, he introduced me to Dr. Harold Clark, Dean of the Evening School. The President said, "This is one of the best dramatists in the state," and added other gracious comments. Then he said, "Dean Clark, Mrs. Stewart wants to teach at BYU and I highly recommend her."

The Pen Women supper was luscious.

Marilyn Receives Master's Degree and Returns To Paris

On July 28, 1957, Marilyn received her masters degree in music from BYU. Some friends and relatives from Salt Lake, in attendance were Bill and Francine, Melba Hoyt, Elenore O'Dell, Aunt Olive, Alta Huppinana, and Daddy and I.

Marilyn played beautifully and looked lovely, as usual,. wearing the evening dress which she had bought at Saks Fifth Avenue. She had a most appreciative audience. The following was her program

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY MUSIC DEPARTMENT

presents

MARILYN STEWART, PIANIST

Student of Carl Fuerstner

in

GRADUATE RECITAL

Sonata in F minorScarlatti

Sonata in F majorScarlatti

Sonata in C minor, op. 10, No. 1 Beethoven

Allegro Molto

Adagio Molto

Prestissimo

INTERMISSION

Impromptu in B flat major, op. 142 Schubert

Intermezzo in E minor, op. 119, No. 2Brahms

Intermezzo in A minor, op. 118, No. 1Brahms

Sonetto del PetrarcaLiszt

Ballade in Ab MajorChopin

Olive, Marilyn, Alta, Daddy and I had a late dinner at Keeleys. We then returned to Salt Lake City, helped Marilyn finish packing, and at 2 a.m. we put her on the plane.

Autumn 1957 Devirl's Family Returns From California

In the autumn of 1957, Devirl and family returned from California. He again registered at the U. of U., and this time received his teaching credentials.

In September of 1957 I was still calling students at five o'clock in the morning, to get them started practicing and to help them with any questions. This procedure I continued for years. The parents seemed to appreciate my calling. It is doubtful if the students did.

Clifton Johnson asked that he be called at 4:30 a.m. This was difficult because often I would teach until eleven o'clock at night. I did so want the students to succeed.

The following article appeared in a Salt Lake newspaper about our recitals:

THREE RECITALS OF READINGS SLATED

Three recitals next week will feature students of Grace Nixon Stewart performing dramatic readings, comic and serious monologues.

The recitals, to be held in Mrs. Stewart's garden, 225 N. State, are planned Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7:30 p.m.

Then on Sunday, at the McCune Mansion on Aug. 10 at 2 p.m., Mrs. Stewart will present a Bible recital entitled "*The Life Of Jesus,*" as recorded by St. Matthew. The presentation will be accompanied by music and pictures.

On September 30, 1957 Devirl Jr., came for me. We went to town; and, at my insistence, he let me buy him new shoes, a pair of slacks, and a very good-looking imported sweater to go with his grey shirt.

Afterward, we went to Keeleys. Devirl was so thoughtful, so kind, and so handsome. When we came home, Bill was raiding the refrigerator. The three of us sat and talked. I had not been so relaxed and happy for a long time. Bill was genuinely concerned for Devirl's welfare and has a deep love for him. Devirl has a genuine affection for Bill. It was an experience always to keep in memory.

Later that evening, Bill returned and took me to a movie. It was very enjoyable and the first recreation I had had in a long time. Francine was working on her father's accounts and couldn't join us.

October 24, 1957 BYU Lion House & Seminary Adult Education

On October 24, 1957, I started teaching for the BYU Adult Education. The following article appeared in the newspaper about the classes:

BYU OFFERS 2 S.L. CLASSES

Cooperating with the West High Seminary, 333 W. 1st North, Grace Nixon Stewart will teach "The Best Years," Thursdays from 7:30 to 9 p.m. Also taught by Mrs. Stewart in collaboration with the Lion House, 63 E. South Temple, "The Art of Story Telling" will stress speech as a helpful communication tool. Classes at the Lion House will be Thursdays, 3 to 4:30 p.m.

November 27, 1957 Thanksgiving at the Stewart Mansion

The family was all at our home for Thanksgiving dinner, except Marilyn, who was in Paris. We wished that she could have been with us.

December 4, 1957

Daddy bought a used car for \$575 dollars. I raised the money by putting my diamond back in the pawn shop. Daddy had to have a car for his work.

December 6, 1957(?)

We had a birthday dinner for Devirl. Bill and Devirl said it was a very good dinner. Daddy had helped me. Francine was in the hospital with Stephen. We surely missed her.

Jimmy and Grace Lynn stayed all night. We loved having them. Grace Lynn wore my blue bed jacket for a nightgown. She said, "It even has a flower on it." Nina had given it to me.

December 21, 1957

On my birthday, Daddy gave me red roses. Bill and Francine gave me a beautifully-decorated birthday cake. There were also special gifts from Marilyn, and from Devirl's family.

On Christmas Day we had dinner at Bill and Francine's. They gave us a lovely set of dishes, and, Daddy, a hat.

December 28, 1957

The following is a letter I wrote to Bill:

"My Dearest Bill,

This check is to pay your tuition. The U of U office said it would be \$83. They said books would cost about \$25 or \$35. I am adding \$25. Any additional books will be happily paid for. Your spring tuition will be ready, and book money.

Bill, Dear, I deeply appreciate your great effort to "do all yourself" well you will be! You will be doing all the studying. All the "A's". You will still be earning the food and lodging for four excellent people. This is just a little help--which you would have had all along the way if you would have taken it.

Devirl and Marilyn have had all of their schooling and books paid for. You have been unwilling to do so because you felt it was too hard on us. It is harder to not have you in school.

Already you have done excellently! You have surely proved to yourself and all the family that you desire to, and have so far been, on your own!!

Now you owe it to Francine and Jimmy and Stephen, and yourself, and us to finish your education, while there is time!!! which is the swiftly-running hour!! We will help you all along the way. Much Love, Mother."

GRACE SETS COURSE FOR HER REMAINING YEARS

December 29, 1957 How Long Will My Work and I Live.?

I awoke early Sunday morning and thought about the future. Yesterday I taught fourteen hours. We are still loaded with debt and responsibilities. I wondered if I would live long enough to have my Alma Mater, and my parents, especially, proud of my achievements.

Then, like a flash, almost an inspiration, it came!! Perhaps the reward would come through Bible programs, given by my students. The Bible readings could be accompanied by especially appropriate pictures and appropriate music. Also, by religious programs which I would personally give.

In July of 1957, Brother Parnel Hinkley, one who attended my bible classes at Leadership Week in Salt Lake City wrote,

You are a wonderful teacher. I would to God there were one hundred and fifty Grace Nixon Stewarts in the church. You are so vital, happy, aglow, youthful, so honest, enthusiastic, with a sense of humor, and so radiant. That is why you teach with such inspiration.

1958 (59 for eleven days of 1958) (Mostly 59th year)

January 8, 1958

My BYU adult classes were held in the elegant ballroom of the McCune Mansion. The Deseret News published a large picture of one of the classes, with me teaching. The members ranged in age from twenty-eight to eighty-two.

January 18, 1958

We gave a birthday dinner for Bill. He and his family, Devirl and family, and Daddy and I, all had a very enjoyable day. It was an excellent dinner they said. Daddy had helped me to prepare it. Francine brought the birthday cake.

Devirl Goes To BYU

On February 11, 1958 I went to the BYU with Devirl. We had previously made an appointment with President Wilkinson. Ernest was so gracious and spent much

time with us. He introduced us to Dr. Pond, Dean of the Graduate School. Then to Dr. Barrett, Dr. Belnap and Dr. Woodruff, Dean of The School of Education..

Devirl had interviews with each of them. They all seemed to be impressed with Devirl, and encouraged him to continue in the field of education.

We had dinner at the cafeteria. Then after a final interview, we returned home. It had been such an enjoyable day. It was wonderful being at the BYU again and with someone so charming as Devirl. He was eager to start school at BYU.

February 14, 1958 [Friday? DNS]

For Valentine's Day, Bill sent me red roses. I so appreciated his constant thoughtfulness. Bill is one of the most caring men I have ever known. I made an old fashioned Valentine and gave it to Daddy.

[Perhaps February 1958?] One Monday evening, very late, I returned to SLC after teaching in Provo. I felt that despite the hour I must go to the hospital, that all was not as it should be with Nina. I opened her door, and I shall never forget the pathetic sight of my sister sitting forlornly on a foot stool by the window rubbing her head. She looked like a lost child. She had gotten out of bed and gone to the bathroom by herself, fallen and hit her head.

She had had her light on, but no one answered. The light was still on when I arrived. I called the nurse. She reported the fall to the supervisor, Mill Wall, and she called the resident doctor. Nina took all the blame, so that the nurses would not get in difficulty. She kept repeating, "It was all my fault."

I was so grateful that I had come to see her. I held her hand until she fell asleep. They had given her a "hypo" to dull the pain. I called Nina daily, when I was not teaching in Provo.

The following Sunday, Bonnie, the Indian girl whom Harold and Nina had adopted, was much on Nina's mind. She said, "Bonnie needs a private tutor. She has no imagination. Her background has only been rocks and scrub oak. Children need a background of fairy tales, tall timber, circuses, and many wholesome experiences to stimulate their imagination." Nina thought that they should get Laura Hickman to tutor Bonnie.

Three Sundays later, Jessco and Mildred telephoned from Washington D.C. They were very concerned about Nina. She spoke with them briefly. They were so loving and thoughtful. I talked with them later and reported Nina's real condition, which she could not admit even to herself.

Our brother Dr. Nixon came to visit Nina again that Sunday. This he did frequently. Nina was always so grateful for his visits.

The next Sunday Effie Dean came again. This time she brought her children and Bonnie. This made Nina very happy. I became concerned as they climbed on to her bed and onto Nina's body. I felt this might increase her pain. Nina would gladly have suffered any discomfort just to have them in her arms again. Wisely, Effie Dean didn't let the children stay long.

Nina seemed to sense that she was fighting a losing situation. She asked to be taken to her home. Her husband and family had spent much time with her, but she wanted to be in her own bedroom. But at home she continued to grow constantly weaker.

March 16, 1958

I am in bed with a cold. I have been contracting them frequently this winter. I think they are a result of continual work, work, work; month after month.

I have, in addition to the regular teaching and apartment cleaning schedule, been crowding time, to assist Bill Wright, a student, with his oration. I do so want to help him. But I hope that I will never agree to spend extra time helping on another. I just don't have the time.

I have spent much time on Sunday mornings during 1957 and 1958 helping Bradley Nygren, Christine Odell, Lucile Patterson, and Darlene Proctor with their Bible programs. These programs may build into something truly great for them and the church. This I sincerely hope.

For the past two years I have put many, before-dawn-hours into trying to finish our son Bill's *His Life*. book

Grace and Husband Differ on Cash Value Life Insurance

My wonderful parents, several years ago, had given me an insurance policy. It would have given me at least seventy dollars for the remainder of my life starting in 1960. However, Daddy felt that we could no longer pay the yearly premiums and urged me to terminate the policy.

This I didn't want to do. My parents had given it to me for assistance when they felt that I would most need the help. They, at times, had paid the premiums. There were, I explained to my husband, but two more years to continue the policy. Then we would receive \$70 a month for the remainder of our lives.

He replied that the interest we were now paying on debts and the loan on the policy wouldn't justify this. Finally I consented to surrender the policy. It was a great disappointment to me, because I had definitely counted on the income monthly for life and I felt my parents would be displeased. Because my husband thought we should do so I consented. We received \$1086.96. All of this I paid on debts.

[When the house was sold in 1973, shortly before Grace's husband's death, the price was 180,000. When the details for the sale were finalized by Devirl Nixon and Grace, with Devirl, Sr.'s presence and approval, 10,000 dollars in purchase price was given up so that the family could live there one more year. On January 8, 1974 Devirl, age 76, died. Hence the house's equity, much of which was invested over a period of years, may have been around 170,000 This, of course, brought in much more than 70 dollars a month].

March 26, 1958

My excellent student, Rita Lee Riley, asked me if I would help her with an oration. I didn't know how I could do it with my heavy schedule. However, I told her that I would. And, of course, I did.

During the school year of 1957 and 1958, Devirl taught seminary and continued his schooling at the U of U.

April 1, 1958

Dr. Harold Clark, Chairman of the BYU Evening School, phoned asking me to come to Provo to meet with Mrs. Eileen Webb and Dave Chalk.

Mrs. Webb wanted to make it possible for me to have an extra class on Monday to make my weekly trip to Provo more worthwhile. Also, Mrs. Webb suggested that

they arrange the classes so that they each be held for two hours on Monday instead of one hour Monday and another on Wednesday. This I appreciated. I had a number of youth classes at the McCune for BYU.

It was necessary to have Dr. Hansen's approval since he was head of the Dramatic Arts Department. I had made several appointments with Dr. Hansen which he did not keep, giving one excuse and then another. My feeling was that he just didn't want me. Our training had been very different. However, I was determined not to give up. I knew that the Dean of the Evening School, Dr. Harold Clark, and Dean DeJong, chairman of the Fine Arts Department wanted to have me teach at BYU. They were both very honorable and forthright gentlemen.

I had an interview with Dean DeJong. He told me that he knew of my work. They had appreciated my teaching when I was there before and would like to have me return. They had wanted to release Mrs. Pardoe for the last seven years. Always during that time she would say, "This is my last year." Then she would want to stay on again. He told me of the many problems that they had had with the Pardoes.

Then I told Dean DeJong of my previous talks and letters to Dr. Hansen since 1952, and of his promises and projected future hope, with no results.

Our interview concluded with Dr. DeJong asking about Marilyn. She was still at Radcliff. He thought that this was an excellent place for her, and added that he hoped that she would keep practicing consistantly, because she was very talented.

Marilyn was apparently able get her graduate degree in French from Harvard. This would make her one of the first women to do so.

Hansen Caves In

Dr. Hansen was in SLC for a convention. I phoned and told Dr. Hansen that I had asked Dr. Clark if I could arrange a meeting between them, since Dr. Clark had not been able to reach him. Dr. Hansen replied that he had tried to contact Dr. Clark. So it was arranged that we would meet in Dr. Clark's office. This we did. Eileen Webb and Dick Hertzell were also present.

Dr. Hansen was quite cool to me and suggested that I teach only non-credit classes. Dr. Clark answered, "I think very highly of Mrs. Stewart. Her work at our SLC

center has been remarkable. Anything she wants to teach will be most acceptable to me."

Then Dr. Hansen warmed up a bit and said, "You know we could give her a credit class, possibly 325 Advanced Interpretation."

So it was settled with Dr. Clark saying, "Now do I understand that we may use Mrs. Stewart elsewhere as much as we choose?" Hansen said, "Surely." I thanked Dr. Hansen for making this possible. He replied, "I think Dr. Clark will give you plenty to do."

Dr. Clark, Eileen Webb, Dick, and I talked for sometime in Dr. Clark's office. It was concluded that I would send them a report of classes I should like to teach and their outlines.

Grace and BYU Once More Commence

The preparation of the syllabuses took all of my precious "extra" time. I already had all of my summer school classes, six recitals, and a lyceum to prepare. Working late into the night and before dawn hours, the reports were completed with great thoroughness and detail.

On March 24 [? meeting with Clark and Eileen Webb was after this date?] the new class was to start. Several students from the previous session re-registered. It was necessary to have ten students for a credit class to continue. Our Bill enrolled to complete the number. The "repeat" students kept my classes going.

Eileen Webb, secretary of the evening school, had attended one of the autumn classes. She sent glowing reports to Dean DeJong, Dr. Hansen, as well as to President Wilkinson; and to Dr. Lynn Hilton at the BYU Center. April 2, 1958.

Devirl asked to have his seminary party here. He was enthusiastic about the arrangements. They seemed to enjoy the evening.

I had provided much more food than was necessary. and when I asked Devirl if he would like to take the remaining food home, he said that he would like that very much. They were still living at Chiveralls, where he contributed all that he could to the family expenses.

April 4, 1958

Marilyn wrote from Paris asking that I send her the Woolley and Foss Coats of Arms. Preston Parkinson sent me a copy of each. of these heraldic bearings or escutcheons which I forwarded to Marilyn.

April 6, 1958, Easter Sunday and also a day for L.D.S. Conference.

Nina and Harold were here from San Antonio, where Harold was President of the mission. They were staying at the Hotel Utah. Nina and I didn't have much time together. But it was a real joy to see my wonderful sister again. She had to leave at nine o'clock with Harold for their missionary reunion. She wanted me to go with her, but I declined.

On April 7, 1958, Jimmie called to thank us for his Easter basket. He said he loved it; including the five silver dollars, marbles, and other surprises. He is so very special.

An April Christmas present from a long-time student and friend

April 11, 1958

"Dear Grace,

With deepest love for a long delayed Xmas present. For what you have done for me and been to me I give you my love and devotion.

Friendship is Divine, Thou art Divine. Because of your love and understanding, patience and friendship and good, good will; a small token for Xmas.

Deepest love,

Isabel" [[Barcley?]] [[sp]]

April 12, 1958

What a Heavenly Day. I spent the morning on the BYU campus. The early blooming yellow forsythia were in bloom. The lawns were green. The snow

covered the mountains that stood as lofty resplendent sentries above the school I love.

I had a long talk with Dr. Harold Hansen. He spoke to me at some length about his situation with Mrs. Pardoe; the trouble that she had made for him, the hypocrisy of her words and actions. He said that he shivered when she put her arms around him, knowing what she had been saying at his back. He said that he had been crucified by the Pardoes.

This was Dr. Hansen's point of view. The Pardoes had also told me their side of the story. They felt they had been most unjustly treated since President Wilkinson had replaced Dr. Pardoe as head of the dramatic arts department. Of course, I did not repeat to one what the other had told me. I had had quite extensive experiences with both, and made my own evaluation of the situation.

I reminded Dr. Hansen that I had first applied to him in 1952, and I still very much wanted to teach at BYU, and I asked him outright if he would like to have me teach there in his department. He said that he thought he would. I told him I wanted him to be extremely frank with me and that I had been very disappointed at the results of our last conversations. . .the building up in anticipation of coming and then the abrupt conclusions.

He said that he thought I was justified in my feelings. Also that Mrs. Pardoe had asked to stay on another year. I said I felt certain that President Wilkinson would be favorable to my teaching at BYU. He said he felt certain of that, since the President had always radiated interest when my name was spoken. But he concluded that there was no opening until Mrs. Pardoe was retired.

April 27, 1958

On Daddy's birthday he received loving messages from Devirl, Jean, and children; Bill, Francine, and family; and Marilyn. But all family groups celebrated Daddy's birthday separately

May 9, 1958

On Mother's Day, Daddy and I met Devirl, Jean and family, and Bill and family at Liberty Park, where we had a picnic. Bill mentioned happy memories he had of Liberty Park as a child. How Daddy and I would take the children there for the

band concerts and rides on various fun facilities. Devirl had played cornet solos with the band.

It was a lovely afternoon. Grace Lynn gave me a home[?] card with a Santa Claus on it. All emphasis was on Daddy. He had been away for his birthday, so we were celebrating it now. We had a birthday cake, and all gave him presents. He was so pleased.

I took the children for rides on the merry-go-round and slides. They had as much fun, as did I.

June 6, 1958

I received this note from Marba Josephson of the General Board also on staff of The Improvement Era?]of the Mutual:

"Dear Grace,

It was such fun to participate in your take-offs on the board last Saturday. You really made the day!

You surely are talented, and give such a great deal through your wonderful work.

With Love, Marba"

June 1958

Devirl enrolled at BYU to work toward his doctorate in Educational Administration. His initial doctoral advisor, Dr. Keith Oakes had come from USC to help start this doctoral program. There he had guided many students through their doctorates.

Dr. Oakes stated that Devirl was the only student at BYU up to this time who was not required to make up cultural deficiencies in at least one of the learning areas, which included mathematics.

Daddy said that we couldn't help Devirl any more because of our many debts. So I borrowed \$400 to pay his tuition and books.

I didn't mention this to Daddy, at the time, because he would be troubled to know that his was an additional debt. Devirl had a wife and three children for whom he was providing.

I am so grateful that Devirl is back in school again. I know that he will succeed.

Devirl and his family lived at Wymount Village on the BYU Campus until autumn. Then they moved to Orem. Devirl taught at Pleasant Grove High in the daytime, and attended night classes at BYU. He was enrolled for a full course during two summers. For his second year of teaching, he moved his family to Pleasant Grove.

June 1958

Early in June, Dr. Hilton, who was head of the BYU Continuing Education Program, in Salt Lake City, asked me if I would come to the McCune Mansion where their classes were held and bring my students. He asked me to be in charge of their Youth Program.

After consulting my husband, I consented to do so. I took eighty-five students with me.

At the end of that summer we gave four reading recitals and two Bible recitals. The parents were very pleased with their children's programs, as was I

July 3, 1958

Jimmy stayed with us. He was in the reading recital which we gave that evening. After the recital Jimmy said, "Let's have a picnic out here on the patio, just the three of us." We did and we enjoyed it very much. We had the fountain on. It was a beautiful evening. Jimmy and Daddy slept on the front porch.

On July 4, 1958, the next morning, we went to town for pancakes, after which Daddy and Jimmie went to the parade. I went home and prepared our part of the picnic.

We all had a very happy day. Devirl and family came from Provo. And Bill, Francine and family; Nina and Nina Dean, Ezra, LaRue, Karen, Daddy and I, all went to Memory Grove for a picnic. It was just a wonderful afternoon.

Toward evening we went to Harold and Afton's impressive new home.

I was disappointed that it did not have a large dining area where large family groups could gather. Covering the back yard were some flood lights for security purposes.

Uncle Ezra asked Devirl what a person would have to do to live in a home like that. My husband said that he thought that second mortgages were a good source of income. But that it was important to pick out good properties and be in a position to assume the first mortgages if there were defaults.

July 24, 1958

Devirl, Jean and family, Bill and family, and Daddy and I had a picnic at the Robbins farm with our dear friends Edythe, Burtis, and family. It was a delightful afternoon.

When Devirl and family were ready to leave I told Devirl that I would put more money in the bank for them so that Devirl could devote his time to his school work, rather than working part-time.

He was working toward a doctorate in Educational Administration. He received all "A's", as he did in spring quarter. Winter quarter he had one "B." The remaining grades were "A's". I am so thankful that we can help him. He is a wonderful man, has an excellent mind, and is very talented.

On July 25, 1958 of the last week in July, I taught two classes at Education Week in Salt Lake City; one in interpretation and one in Bible.

On the same evening of July 25, I presented Wilma Wagstaff in a recital at The Memory Grove Memorial House. Her program was as follows:

I

"27th Psalm"

"100th Psalm"

**"If With All Your Hearts"Mendelssohn
Keith Baird**

"Mama Goes to the Theatre"Comedy

"River of Stars" Alfred Noyes

Piano Solo

Carolee Gale

"Sick Room Consolers"Grace Nixon Stewart
with costumes

II

"Madam Butterfly"

in costume

Grace The Story Princess

On August 3, 1958, the following article appeared in the *BYU Universe*:

SPEECH INSTRUCTOR IS LIKE STORY PRINCESS; COMMITTEE HAS HIGH HOPES

Dainty and feminine! Like a princess in a story book is Grace Nixon Stewart, instructor of speech at Brigham Young University. She is a woman, (although she still seems a girl) of unusual ability.

From the time she was 10, when her parents moved to Provo from Huntington, Utah, until she was 18, she has been at BYU, first in training school, then high school, and, finally, college.

In college she was on the debating team for three years, on the White and Blue staff, and, in her senior year, she was vice-president of the student body. She took the lead in the first play produced by Professor T. Earl Pardoe "Brown of Harvard," and also had the lead in the senior play.

[Ernest Wilkinsensp? and A. Ray Olpin were on the same debate team]

After graduation, she attended Leland Powers School of Speech in Boston, Massachusetts,. She spent the intervening summer of the two years in Boston at the Phidelah Rice School on Martha's Vineyard, an island in the Atlantic.

After marriage in Salt Lake, her husband was sent on a mission to England. She went with him and studied at Oxford. While in England, she had several leads in plays and in her last year received her L.R.A.M., the highest recognition for dramatic work given in England at that time. Out of 43 who took the examination, she was one of only three who passed.

[She studied two years at the Elsie Fogerty School of _____ which was affiliated with The University of London, and for one summer at Oxford. In the first year at Elsie Fogerty two future academy award winners Laurence Olivier and Peggy Ashcroft were also in her class. Grace was student plays such as Madam X with them.]

Upon her return to America, she taught speech at the University of Utah, and has taught one day a week at BYU for the past six years. She is now teaching three days a week. She was director of dramatics for the civic opera of Salt Lake City for five years.

She now has two boys and a girl. According to her vibrant expression "they're gorgeous." She loves her family dearly, and next, she loves to teach. There is intense feeling in everything she does, whether it be reading, teaching, or just living.

Autumn 1958.Nina Returns To Hospital

It was necessary for our beloved sister Nina to return to the hospital again for several weeks. It is too painful even to record her intense suffering. I spent every Sunday afternoon reading to her until I had to catch the evening bus to Provo, so that I would be there to teach Monday classes. This I also had the privilege of doing when Nina was in the hospital the previous April.

One afternoon the doctor came. I spoke with him later, outside Nina's door. He said she couldn't last more than a few weeks. This was heartbreaking.

August 1958 Once More at The UBIC

On August 7 and 8, 1958, I gave programs for the Uinta Basin Industrial? Convention which was held in Roosevelt, Utah

On August 7, LaRue Nixon met us at the bus station. She was just wonderful to me and insisted on carrying my suitcase. She took us to their beautiful home, where there were comfortable rooms for both Melba? and me.

LaRue then took us to a nicely-appointed luncheon for the. guests. Miss Utah and her attendants were there. The hostesses, music, and food were enjoyed and appreciated. But most of all, I valued the gracious hospitality of my brother, Ezra, and his wife and family.

In connection with this event, the following newspaper articles appeared in the paper Also below is the program which I gave:

**GRACE NIXON STEWART, NOTED DRMATIST
TO APPEAR IN UBIC WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT**

Dramatic talents of Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart, Salt Lake City, have been secured for one of the women's department sessions during the UBIC, announced Mrs. Fran Harrison, chairman.

Mrs. Stewart, vivacious and dynamic in her appearance and ability, has thrilled audiences all over the world with her performances, and will appear as the guest artist for the women's division Friday afternoon, August 8, at 2:00 o'clock at the Roosevelt Theatre. She will also be featured Thursday evening during the talent show.

Among presentations which Mrs. Stewart has scheduled for her UBIC audience are *The Garden*, one of her own monologue compositions; *Carlotta and Maximilian*, a four-scene play reading; *The Fourth of July Band Mothers' Breakfast*, another of her own compositions; and *On a Porch in New England*.

With Mrs. Stewart will be her own musical accompanist, Mrs. Von Hoyt. No children under teen-age will be allowed in the theatre for this performance.

A graduate of the BYU at Provo, Mrs. Stewart has studied extensively in the East and abroad. She attended Leland Powers School of Speech at Boston, Mass. for two years and, after her marriage in Salt Lake City, her husband was sent to England on a mission. She accompanied him and studied at Oxford and the University of London, where she had several leads in plays, and, in her last year, received her L.R.A.M., the highest recognition for dramatic work given in England at that time.

Upon her return to America, she taught speech at the University of Utah, and has taught one day a week at BYU for the past several years. She was director of dramatics for the Civic Opera of Salt Lake City for five years.

She has two sons and a daughter and loves her family dearly. Her next love is her teaching.

Mrs. Stewart is a sister of Ezra J. Nixon, Roosevelt Stake president.

PROGRAM

The Garden Grace N. Stewart

On a Porch of A New England Farm House
Based on Reading of Ruth Draper

Carlotta and Maximilian of Mexico
(Historically Authentic)
Dramatized by Grace Nixon Stewart

Scene I

Twilight in a Belgian Garden, Carlotta is kneeling
before Maximilian's flower covered coffin

Scene II

Mexico City-Three years previous to Scene I

Scene III

Rome-Carlotta in a library of the Vatican with
the Pope.

Scene IV

Again in the Belgian Garden, at dawn.

The Fourth of July Band Mother's Breakfast
Written by Grace Nixon Stewart

PROGRAM PERSONALITIES

GRACE NIXON STEWART

Never in the history of the U.B.I.C., has the Women's Department been able to secure such a prominent entertainer as Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart, whose entire adult life has been dedicated to advancing her dramatic talents and helping others to develop their own.

A native of Huntington, she is a sister of President Ezra J. Nixon of Roosevelt. She grew up in Provo, is a graduate of the Brigham Young University, gained her M.A. degree from Columbia, and has studied in London and several eastern American Universities.

Mrs. Stewart's children are talented musicians, and are following in their mother's footsteps, in entertaining others. She is an artist in drama, dialogue, and monologue. She will appear on the women's program and the talent show Thursday evening.

Coincidental with Mrs. Stewart's appearance at the 1958 UBIC was her presence at the UBIC and Indian Fair at Fort Duchesne twenty years ago. At that time she was described as "Utah's most lovable and popular dramatic artist," a reputation which still follows her.

After the performances this article appeared in the paper:

CAPACITY CROWD HEARS GRACE NIXON STEWART

The outstanding dramatic performance of Grace Nixon Stewart thrilled her audience last Friday afternoon, as she capably portrayed character parts in original monologues, to a capacity crowd at the Roosevelt Theatre, as a feature in the Women's Department of the Uintah Basin Industrial Convention.

Her interpretation of "Carlotta and Maximilian of Mexico," was superbly presented in four scenes, with costumes and lighting effects adding to its success.

Background music was furnished by Mrs. Stewart's own accompanist, Mrs. Von Hoyt.

On the lighter side, the drama artist then presented one of her creations "The Fourth of July Band Mother's Breakfast" This was followed by "On the Porch of a New England Farm House," based on a reading by Ruth Draper.

Residents of this area rarely have the opportunity to witness such wonderful talent, and those attending the dramatic feast will long remember Mrs. Stewart's exceptional presentation, recorded as one of the main highlights of the 1958 UBIC.

She is a sister of Ezra J. Nixon, President of the Roosevelt LDS Stake.

August 1958 Leadership Week

The week of August 3, 1958 I taught a class in story telling at Leadership Week, on Tuesday and Thursday.

August 27, 1958

Dear Francine came to our home to have me try on a summer dress she had made for me. Francine told me that she had been at her club recently, and that the girls were talking about their "in-law" troubles and problems. She told them of her mother-in-law whom she felt was just perfect and that she thought our relationship was ideal. I agreed with her. She said her friends envied her.

August 1958 Grace's BYU Memory Grove Tradition

On August 29, 1958, we gave our summer school garden party at Memory Grove. It was an occasion long to be remembered. All students and teachers were in formal attire. All of the boys wore white coats, dark bow ties and dark trousers. The younger girls and boys were carefully trained to serve the refreshments properly, and in what was appropriate to say to the guests.

Certain boys and girls were stationed at the entrance of the garden to direct guests to the main receiving line, which consisted of the teenage group. They had been carefully-rehearsed in gracious manners of introduction and formal conduct.

The middle-age group of students directed guests to comfortable seats. Faculty members were stationed at designated places to help our guests feel at ease in this formal situation.

The rise in the contour of the lawn made a natural platform for our patriotic program. The National Guard carried the flag and posted the colors, accompanied by appropriate recorded music. When the "Star Spangled Banner" was played the audience stood.

From our faculty, we chose a hostess for the evening, who announced and thanked the participants on the program. Students gave patriotic readings and poems. To all on the program, I had given special help, to make certain that they were excellently prepared.

At the conclusion of the program, the hostess asked the faculty to come to the platform and she introduced them to the audience and spoke of the subject they taught.

Finally, I was asked to join the faculty members. There were some gracious remarks about me, and then I was presented with a dozen, long-stemmed red roses. Then the teenage receiving line was again formed to say goodnight to our guests and to thank them for coming.

It was a beautiful experience for all of us. The students have looked forward with eager anticipation to these annual formal garden parties.

[At Grace's funeral on August 17, 1991, Bradley Nygren told of a time when he, in a tuxedo was asked by Grace to go speak to a group of motorcycle persons and ask them to move so that the noise would not interrupt the program. He had a choice of two forces. Bradley is short, but he carried out her request successfully].

Several parents made particularly gracious remarks to me about how their family members had developed not only in their speaking ability but in spirituality.

Mrs. Devota Peterson said, "Mrs. Stewart I have to tell you something. You are the most wonderful teacher. I appreciate you more all the time. You work for excellence in your students. You are one in a million. Salt Lake City is so fortunate to have you . . . I come, with Esther Jane to her lessons, not feeling very well, but you lift my spirits constantly."

I want to remember always the deep sincerity with which Rita Lea Riley said, "Mrs. Stewart the one reason I don't want to go to California is that I will have to leave you. Of course I will miss my family, but it is you I will miss most. You have done so much to help me. You have been such an inspiration to me."

Grace Teaches At The McCune Mansion. A Block
From The Stewart Mansion

It was so exciting teaching at the BYU Adult Center in the beautiful mansion's drawing room. I recall three different times when Tracy Cannon had asked me to teach there. But I was not interested. BYU made all the difference.

Dr. Lynn Hilton was really great to me. He said the most complimentary things. They called me their "tops" teacher. He said that he had heard only excellent reports of my teaching.

He said that one of the older men, Mr. Millerberg, told him that I was the best teacher he had in his life, and that the class which he had taken from me was the most enjoyable of his experience.

Anything which I have asked of Dr. Hilton he has had done. He had a platform built in the ballroom on the third floor, so that that our plays and recitals might be more effective.

Dr. Hilton always greeted me most warmly. He left whomever he was speaking with to speak with me. I surely tried my best to merit his high esteem and continually to improve.

Nina Returns to L.D.S Hospital

In the Autumn It was necessary for our beloved sister Nina to return for several weeks to the hospital. It is too painful even to record her intense suffering. I spent every Sunday afternoon reading to her until I had to catch the evening bus to Provo, so that I would be there to teach Monday classes. This I also had the privilege of doing when Nina was in the hospital the previous April.

One afternoon the doctor came. I spoke with him later, outside Nina's door. He said she couldn't last more than a few weeks. This was heartbreaking.

On October 10, 1958, I went to Dr. Harold Hansen's office, and gave him the valuable *Book of Famous Actors and Their History*. This book was included with several others which we had obtained from the McCormick Mansion. Dr. Hansen was delighted with the gift. It had been out of print for several years.

On October 12, 1958 we gave a Bible program at the BYU. The following newspaper article records the event:

PROF. GRACE STEWART DIRECTS GROUP . . . YOUTH GIVE INSPIRING RECITATION

One of the most unique and outstanding presentations of the life of Christ was given Monday evening in the Experimental Theatre.

Under the direction of Grace Nixon Stewart, professor of speech at BYU, 17 young people ranging in ages from 5 to 17 recited complete scriptures from the New Testament.

With a series of colored pictures flashing on a screen behind them as each one spoke, they were accompanied by recordings of the Tabernacle organ playing several different appropriate selections.

A total of 150 youngsters participate at different performances. Members have traveled in the United States, Canada, Alaska, and South America.

Professor Stewart begins rehearsals at 6 a.m. Sunday mornings at the BYU Adult Education Center in Salt Lake City. She keeps a careful schedule of Sunday School and Priesthood meetings, and makes sure that the children attend.

In addition to Biblical recitations, the group recites from the Book of Mormon. Professor Stewart has instilled in the hearts and minds of these children a love of the scriptures.

And they, in turn, bring the truth, beauty, and power of the Bible and Book of Mormon to life, and hence instill the scriptures in the hearts and minds of all those who have the opportunity of seeing and hearing them.

On October 16, 1958, the following article was in the newspaper:

[Per 95 96 Church Almanac Rochester New York Cumorah Stake Organized 21 Jan 1962 And Then Changed to Rochester New York Palmyra Stake 30 Jun 1985]

JOHN HART Tuesday, May 21, 1996 4:35:19 PM 5/21/96 Went back to the church news? Around 21 Jan 1962 that was when the Cumorah Stake was organized

Beginning at 7:30 p.m. at the Palmyra Stake Center, the MIA session will be held under the direction of Supt. Howard Pearson and Pres. Margaret Zabriskie.

Christine Odell twelve-year old daughter of Mrs. Eleanore Odell, will read from memory, the Life of our Lord as recorded by St. Matthew. This greatest of all stories will be accompanied by continuous pictures of the Life of Our Savior. Appropriate music from the Tabernacle organ, Brother Frank Asper at the console, will also be continuous.

Christine is a member of the BYU Adult Education Youth Program at Salt Lake City. Dr. Lynn Hilton is director of the center. The Youth Program is under the direction of Grace Nixon Stewart.

When interviewed about this program, Mrs. Stewart said, "Christine Odell reads with remarkable intellectual and emotional understanding. She has a beautiful and adequate voice. Her body is well-poised and articulate. She is a little girl of great integrity and spirituality."

These "Evenings with the Scriptures" (Bible or Book of Mormon) from the BYU Youth Programs in Salt Lake City are being given across the nation from New England to California. Over five hundred presentations have been given in sacrament meetings.

An invitation is cordially extended to everyone to attend.

On October 27, 1958?, our son Bill, while attending an evening class which I was teaching at BYU, wrote this note, which he gave to me:

Dear Mrs. Stewart,

The State of Utah has a law that a person must be of a certain minimum age to work.

You look so young in blue hair ribbon and dress--are you sure you have reached your 18th birthday?

Grace And Ernest Eat With The Guys

November 14, 1958

President Wilkinson asked me to have dinner with him at Helaman Hall. Only men ate here. It was interesting being the only woman in the dining room. The

President wanted me to see not only the men's but also the women's dormitories. It was a delightful evening. However, I was a little late for my 7:30 class. My students said it was the first time, and I want it to be the last.

November 21, 1958 Grace's Evening Recital and John Gielgud

At the McCune mansion, Bradley Nygren and Christine Odell gave to my Thursday evening class, from memory, *The Life of Our Lord, as Recorded by St. Matthew*

My precious sister Olive, opened and closed the evening singing sacred songs. She has such a beautiful voice, and such feeling and intensity of interpretation.

John Gielgud

Before the program was concluded, Daddy and I left to hear John Gielgud. He was remarkable in thinking and feeling, in clear articulation, and body language appropriate to the literature, especially in his excerpts from *King Lear* and *Richard the Second*.

But Mr. Gielgud's voice was much higher-pitched and less resonant than I had expected from one of his reputation. Dr. Lees introduced us to Mr. Gielgud. He was very gracious, but a bit feminine in body attitudes, and he had the air of having met many people.

December 14, 1958 A Reunion of One. And Memories

I arrived in Provo early enough to attend sacrament meeting in my old sixth ward church building. It had been thirty years since last I was there. There wasn't one person present whom I knew. However, there were beautiful memories of my mother and father, brothers, sisters, and friends. It was here that my husband and I first attended church together.

Nina's Last Christmas

Christmas Time 1958. At about five, Devirl and family came. It was so wonderful having them all together. After a delicious supper which we all enjoyed, I called to see how Nina was. Effie Dean said she was worse. So we left the children with Daddy and went to see her. She was in the living room on the sofa, but looked so ill. We gave her our Christmas gift, a beautiful pot of pink azaleas. Nina was so happy to see us it made our hearts ache. Nina said, "The only company I want is my family. I love you all so much."

Elva C. Olpin Wife Of University Of Utah's President Describes Impact Of Grace's Performers, And Makes Offer.

December 27, 1958

"Dear Grace;

I didn't expect to be so long, thanking you for the lovely program you sent to us last Thursday. The children were so sweet and delightful, and yet, so natural and talented, with such poise and fine memories, that our Opera girls were carried away, even into tears. They thought the children were wonderful, and the music and picture accompaniment beautiful. Thank you so much, and if ever I can do something for you, musically or otherwise, I will be happy to do it.

Elva C. Olpin"

1958 New Year's Eve

We were so pleased that Nina could be in her home for the holidays, where we visited with her at various times. Devirl and his family, Bill and his family, Ezra and LaRue, Daddy and I were with her New Years Eve 1958. Harold had brought Nina into the living room, and laid her on the sofa. Her joy in seeing all of us brought tears to our eyes. Nina wanted to embrace each of us. This touching evening shall not be forgotten.

Later, Daddy and I went for a drive. The Christmas lights were still on in homes and city streets. We had never seen the holiday decorations so beautiful. I kept thinking of Nina and wishing that she were with us. Finally we bought some ginger ale and ice cream and came home to say goodbye together to the year 1958 .

1959 GNS 59-60 { 60 for eleven days of 1959) (59 Mostly 60th year}

During January and February of 1959, I continued to spend as much time as possible with my dear sister.

January 11, 1959 Nina's Last Party

On this date our dear sister, Nina, made her last public appearance. Their missionary homecoming was held that Sunday afternoon in the Yale ward. Never will I forget the determination and courage written on her face. Her hands clutched the sides of her seat. Her teeth were set closely, that no gasp of pain would escape. She was unable to stand. It was a beautiful service. Trace Bowman gave the Twenty-third Psalm beautifully. This pleased Nina. Her grandchildren sang, "I

Am A Child Of God." Olive had trained them. The missionary chorus came up from Provo.

Little Grace Lynn, Nickie, and Mary Ellen were sitting with their mother when I came into Nina and Harold's homecoming in the Yale Ward. How they ran up to me, threw their arms around me and kissed me several times. Never have I had children show more joyous emotion of love. I was so happy and grateful!! This memory should carry me through many dark skies.

Afterward there was a reception in Nina's home. There were so many people it was difficult to get from one room to another. They were all served. Nina was so appreciative of having them all there, to remember this precious experience.

February 15, 1959 Grace and Nina's Dying Scene

This day is etched deeply on my mind and heart. I vividly recall holding Nina's hand that last day, and gently rubbing her arm. She repeated my name several times and said, "Take care of yourself."

Effie Dean came in and said, "Mama you must try to sleep now." Effie Dean took Nina's hand from my cheek, and drew the covers around her arms. Nina did go to sleep; it was forever in this life.

I was heartbroken. Nina was only sixty-three years old. I couldn't imagine a world without Nina. She and Olive had been my best friends. No one could have had more loving, tender, helpful and understanding sisters.

April 4, 1959

The morning session of the Relief Society General Conference was devoted to the memory of our sister, Nina. Never have I attended a more beautiful service. Surely her spirit was there, as were mother's and father's. I cried all during the meeting. I just couldn't hold the tears and sobs back. I kept remembering her great kindness to me and my family, her generosity, love, and concern.

[In the LDS Church's Relief Society's Meeting at General Conference there was reference to Nina Nixon Bowman. Get details from Effie Dean?].

May 1959

I went to President Wilkinson's office. The secretary said that he was busy. I asked her not to disturb him. She said, "You are Grace Stewart aren't you?" My answer was affirmative. She continued, "I think that the president would like to see you.

Won't you sit down." She went into the president's office and returned in a moment saying, "The president will be happy to see you." A man came out of the president's office and I went in.

Ernest was just wonderful to me. We spoke of our school days and the good times we had had on the debate team, dates, and so forth. We laughed a good deal. Then I told him of the difficulty with Dr. Harold Hansen. Ernest said, "This week I am working on my budget. Then I will see Dr. Hansen about your situation."

This made me very happy. Ernest concluded the conversation with, "Grace you have a marvelous character, and you have achieved so much." I replied, "I will do much more. You will see."

I have prayed so hard that Ernest would make possible my again teaching in the day school at my beloved university. I had faith that he would, and he did.

May 1, 1959

The McCune mansion was opened for a reception of BYU dignitaries from Provo and special guests. In the receiving line were President Wilkinson and his wife, Dean Harold Clark and wife, Zola Martin and husband, and others. After refreshments were served, Dr. Hilton showed the dignitaries through the building. President Wilkinson asked me to accompany him and Alice, his wife. They were so kind and gracious to me. Toward the end of the evening, my sister, Olive, came to take me home. We drove to the Capitol grounds, parked for about half an hour, and talked. Olive is so wise, and understanding. She is so very important and precious to me.

May 10, 1959

On Mother's Day, Marilyn sent three lovely pair of stockings and a sweet note. Daddy brought me a bouquet of white lilacs and red tulips from our garden. I thanked him and said that I would much rather have them than any flowers from a florist.

May 10, 1959 We asked Harold to come to dinner again on this Mother's Day. He said, "Always, before, when I took Nina anyplace, she was coming back with me. Now she doesn't come any more."

May 10, 1959. The Stewart Mansion and Garden

That evening, Daddy and I walked in our lovely garden. Again I mentioned what a remarkable contribution he had made to the beauty of Salt Lake City by his hard work in bringing in so many large, well-formed pine trees. They added to the effectiveness of our gardens.

We had received written comments on the changes which we had made in the outer appearance of our home and magnificent garden. And also hundreds of oral comments. Tourists would enter through the iron gates and ask if they could walk around our estate. Almost daily someone was taking pictures of our home.

May 19, 1959 The LeGrande Richards and Rosmarie Reid

Daddy and I went to Brother LeGrand Richard's Golden Wedding Anniversary, held at their son LaMont's home. We met Rosemarie Reid there. She was a charming woman; gracious and friendly. It was a delightful evening.

June 1, 1959 Party

At the end of the winter quarter of teaching at BYU Evening School in Provo, we had a party at Hobble Creek Inn in Springville. There was a picnic supper in the outdoor section. The food was varied and very good. We all had a wonderful time dancing, laughing, and singing. They had been excellent students.

I had worked hard on the class preparations. and had given them much good material, all of which I had had typed. This included Principles of Interpretation, Voice Building, Readings, and so forth. I had taken time with my clothes and felt that I looked nice and had much vitality, and joy in my teaching.

June 21, 1959 Temple Square Assembly Hall Program

We gave the pioneer program which I had written; ?The Centennial at the Assembly Hall on Temple Square. The main participants were: Paula Patterson, Bradley Nygren, Wilma Wagstaff, Christine Odell, and Maie Dalgrush.

The stories were beautifully-given. I was proud of each one. Melba Hoyt played the organ. The music was continuous throughout the program.

June 22, 1959. This Day's Ogden, Salt Lake, Provo Tour

I taught two classes of storytelling at the Ogden Leadership Week. It was an exciting and wonderful privilege. The people were so lovely to me. Several came up after class and said such kind things. One said, "I just want to touch you." Another commented, "I must put my arms around you."

After my classes in Ogden, Rick Hemstrom, who had charge of the Ogden Leadership Week, and I, drove to Provo, where I taught classes at Leadership Week. I must remember never to teach in Provo and Ogden the same day. Then back to Ogden the next day. At the same time I was continuing with the Youth Program at the McCune mansion.

July 16, 1959 NEWS RELEASE

The BYU Adult Education Center announces a group of recitals to be given by the children and teenagers of Grace Nixon Stewart's summer Speech and Dramatic School to be held evenings, Tuesday through Sunday, of next week in the ballroom of the old McCune school at 200 North Main, which now houses the BYU Center.

To climax the presentations, the students will receive and entertain parents and friends at a garden party to be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Devirl B. Stewart, 225 North State, on Tuesday, July 21, 1959 at 7:00 p.m.

Among those invited are President and Mrs. Harvey L. Taylor, Vice-President of BYU; Dr. and Mrs. Harold Glen Clark, Dean of Adult Education and Extension Services; Mr. and Mrs. Phileon B. Robinson, Assistant to Dean Clark; Dr. and Mrs. Lynn M. Hilton, Chairman of the Salt Lake BYU Center; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hatton-Ward, Supervisors at the BYU Center. After being served by the youngsters, the guests will remain for an evening of fairy tales.

In addition to comic and serious readings, and pioneer stories, the week's recitals will consist of several plays including "Courtin' Time," "Perfect Hideout," "Mushrooms Coming Up" and "Rumplestilskin."

On Sunday, The Life of Our Lord, according to St. Matthew, along with musical and pictorial accompaniment, will be presented.

Assisting Mrs. Stewart with her 125 students in the BYU Summer Youth program have been Carol Romney Curtis, Francine Robbins Stewart, Wilma Wagstaff, Gloria Williams, Paula Patterson, Melba Hoyt, Kathleen Snow, and Marie Dalgrush.

The BYU Adult Education Center wishes to invite the public to these recitals.

The morning after the first recital, Dr. Hilton said that it was a real success and added, "What amazes me is how you can take any old kid and make something out of them." He had been particularly pleased with his daughter Cynthia's progress during the summer.

[I believe that Dr. Lynn Hilton told me [the ed.] that he was the youngest student to receive his Ph.D. in Educational Administration at the University of Chicago. He said that he got an ulcer and "lost his stomach" in the process. Besides being in charge of BYU's adult center, he directed many travel-study programs for BYU.]

[Later he was co-owner of a travel-study partnership; his share of which he sold for several million dollars.

Then he represented several Sheiks in Saudi Arabia and settled in Egypt. One of his books is entitled *In Search of Lehi's Trail*. . This was in response to *The Ensign* magazine's challenge: to "follow in the steps of Lehi from Jerusalem to the land called Bountiful-if you can discover where that might have been."]

[Dr. Hilton informs DNS that Cynthia is now a lobbyist for a hazardous materials transportation association in Washington D. C.. She has various persons working for her, and often has a chance to use her speech skills when she presents proposed legislation to members of congress.]

The parents were particularly appreciative of the good manners the children had learned and had had an opportunity to apply. They were delighted with their stories and fairy tales and poems. Mrs. Allgood said, "I have never spent a more enjoyable evening." July 27, 1959.

The Season's Leadership Weeks in Salt Lake, Ogden and Provo

I taught classes in "Bible" and "Story Telling" at Leadership Week in Salt Lake City for five evenings. These were enjoyable experiences - teaching at Leadership weeks in Salt Lake City, Ogden, and Provo.

July 31, 1959 Leadership Week Letter

"Dear Bro. Hilton:

Thanks very much for the great leadership program. Of all the classes which I attended, the one on vocal interpretation of the Bible by Grace Nixon Stewart was beyond price. I think that I voice the sentiments of many members of the class when I say that I would to God there were a thousand Grace Nixon Stewarts to give life to the half dead, and spirit to the greatest of all books--The Bible.

Sincerely yours,

Parnell Hinckley

Grace Nixon to Boston and Marilyn Grace
August 15, 1959

At 6:15 I boarded the California Zephyr for Boston to see our precious daughter, Marilyn. Daddy had insisted that I take a roomette. How good it was just to sit down. We were near Price, Utah before I had completed necessary work: grades to send in to the BYU, storytelling notes and so forth.

Then I started to read a book on storytelling and to cut readings to be typed. Oh how I enjoyed time to read, and I continued to do so for two days. While enroute, I scarcely looked out of the window. My body had a good rest. Francine had made a very special lunch. This I thoroughly enjoyed. There was more than sufficient for two days.

Marilyn was at the station to meet me. She looked so beautiful. It was a joyous meeting for both of us. We took a taxi to her apartment. It was small but very clean and orderly. Marilyn prepared a lovely lunch.

That evening we had dinner on an outdoor patio. We then went "night walking" around Harvard Square and the Longy School where Marilyn was teaching music.

The following evening we had dinner in the mission home with our cousins, the Edgar Brossards. Each day, while Marilyn was at work, I spent some time in the Harvard library. This was catch-up time on notes and so forth.

On Wednesday, we met with some of her friends. Marilyn had a lovely luncheon for me. I enjoyed her associates; but Marilyn is so much more charming than any of them.

Thursday evening we took Katie Clare to dinner with us. Katie is a friend whom Marilyn has had since their time in Paris. She was delightful; very vital, spontaneous, and original. She said, "I have no time for people who are not doing important things."

After dinner we drove along the Charles River to Arthur Miller's play, "A View From the Bridge." Afterward we had refreshments at an interesting foreign place.

Friday, I talked with Mrs. Robinson. Her husband is a judge. She has wonderfully expressive eyes, a responsive body, remarkable presence, and is part Negro. At my request, she presented a story.

It was thrilling to witness such total involvement in the tale. It was as though nothing existed but the characters portrayed and the narrative which she made come to life. [ed.]

Saturday morning early, I went to my beloved Powers School. The front doors were locked. In the basement a workman was painting. He let me in. I made my way to the auditorium. The pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Powers were there. Beautiful and precious memories came. These I will always treasure.

Much of the remaining part of the day I spent at the Boston Public Library where I received excellent help from Miss Armstrong. That evening, after Marilyn had finished work, we had dinner in town.

Marilyn said, "My friends say such nice things about you. Well, one souvenir of your few days with me will be, that I hear over and over how terribly young you look, and what wonderful skin you have."

After dinner Marilyn and I went shopping. She wanted me to have a mink stole. We tried on some; but there was none which pleased us. Marilyn said, "Mother, do try to find a mink in New York City that pleases you. You deserve it."

These days in Boston with our precious Marilyn had been delightful.

August 2, 1959

Sunday morning, Marilyn took me to the train. It was difficult to say goodbye.

After arriving in New York City and going to the Commodore Hotel; I visited the Park Avenue church, then read for several hours.

That evening I arranged a move to the YWCA. It was very inexpensive.

This was such a beautiful vacation--like a dream. Free from daily responsibilities, perfect relaxation, shopping, walks, theaters, good food, enjoying Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street.

I had fun buying my mink [is this the one that later on in New York got cut down the back?] Marilyn was so happy that I had decided to get it.

1959. August In New York.

A New Dress to Wear For The Sunday Evening Group

I also bought a heavy satin cherry and black dress, with gloves and handbag,.to wear to our Sunday night group I think that perhaps I will never again spend that amount of money on myself.

However, I had bought no clothes for ten years except the green and blue dress with hat and shoes, which I had bought for commencement at BYU in April 1951. Sometime previous, Marilyn had given me sixty dollars which she sent from Paris, begging me to buy a dress. That money covered most of the cost of this dress.

On the second Sunday I went to St. Agnes Avenue Church. There was such a magnificent painting of "The Last Supper." I didn't want to stop looking at it. It was three-dimensional. Afterward I went to the little church around the corner. It was peaceful and inviting.

Sunday August 30th 1959

After visiting The Little Church Around The Corner again, I went to Trinity Church. and saw the tomb of Alexander Hamilton. I copied some statements about him. From there I walked down Wall Street, then to Greenwich Village. Enjoyed the unselfconsciousness and abandon of the banjo groups.

Then I went to the ocean and took a boat ride to Staten Island. The fare was five cents! Afterward, took a bus ride through a slum district which is now being torn down. Better buildings are to be erected. Walked much of the way back to my room. Enjoyed the sky and the world. That evening I took a train to Chicago.

On the following day, Labor Day, I took a sightseeing bus around Chicago. Then enjoyed a movie starring Fredric March. Walked to the train. That evening, in my compartment's bed, I had a good rest.

The next day I just sat and thought, didn't even read; looked out of the train window and thought. Arrived in Salt Lake City at ten p.m. Wednesday, September 2nd. Daddy met me.

1959

I had given Bradley Nygren his first Bible when he was four. Soon after he started studying with me. Fortunately, he had a mother who insisted on his preparing his assignments. By the time Bradley was eight-years-old, he had memorized my fifty-minute cutting of St. Matthew.

Melba Hoyt and I had spent many hours selecting appropriate music to accompany the scriptures. Sunday morning early, Katie, Bradley, Melba, and I would go to a ward chapel and have Bradley give the scriptures while Melba played the organ accompaniment. I would interrupt to give suggestions.

When we had perfected, as nearly as possible, the timing [ed] of the music and scriptures, we added the pictures, which we had carefully chosen; and timed them with the music and Bible reading. Katie ran the projector. Bradley learned the cues from story climaxes, music, and pictures, without looking at the pictures. []

My next project was to obtain permission to use the Tabernacle Organ. Lester Hewlett, president of the Tabernacle Choir, and a personal friend, gave us this permission. Frank Asper, Tabernacle organist, another friend, played the organ while Bradley gave the Bible. Katie and I paid KSL to make a master recording of the program.

I wanted to conclude the program with the Tabernacle Choir's stirring recording of "I Know That My Redeemer Lives." This permission was finally granted by Isaac Stewart, who, by that time, had charge of the choir's recordings.

I was eager that as many people as possible hear our Bible programs, and felt that it would be much more readily accepted if sponsored by the Brigham Young University, rather than just under my name.

So I wrote to President Wilkinson asking for his permission to use the name of the University. The president's reply was, in part, as follows: "Grace, we will be delighted to have this program if you can get permission from the missionary committee. Otherwise we have no authority."

I made an appointment with the missionary committee, and I arrived before the appointed time. Brother Gordon Hinkley said he was too busy to meet with them and hurried into an adjoining room. I made three different appointments. Always, some problem arose. It was necessary to have a full committee to give this permission.

Finally, in desperation, on my third visit, I explained the situation to Elder Bruce R. McConkie, a member of the missionary committee. He said, "Sister Stewart, forget all the red tape and go on with your plans." It is my impression that he must have spoken to the committee and a letter of permission was sent to the Brossards. For this I have always been grateful to Bruce R. McConkie. []

On October 26, 1959, I received a telephone call from Laura Brossard, my cousin, saying that our Bible program had been accepted; and they would be delighted to have Bradley Nygren or whom else I cared to send, give the Bible presentation throughout the New England States Mission.

I continued to work diligently with Bradley to perfect each admonition, parable, and story of the Book of Matthew. He was very receptive and tried to apply each principle of interpretation which he had been taught. The results were truly amazing. We always had prayer before our Bible sessions.

We wanted to have Bradley's tour of the New England States Mission a family affair. So I asked his father to give the opening prayer and his sister, Waleen, to give the closing prayer. Bradley's father was not an active member of the church. Katie asked me to write the prayers so that they could be memorized. This I did.

[Grace was 61 for eleven days of 1960]

BRADLEY NYGREN

The comments about the program, that came to me from the East were remarkable. A few are included here:

Bradley's presentation is a most inspiring and wonderful portrayal of the most beautiful story in print. Not only is it done with professional perfection; but with deep feeling of love and emotion for its greatness and worthiness.

President and Sister John E. Carr

Everyone loved it in Short Hills.

Bishop Hilton

I think the program was marvelously presented and manifested by the rapt attention of the audience. I believe it would have been an excellent sacrament meeting program, having been so reverently and inspiringly presented. We would look forward to similar presentations.

**Branch President Blomberg
Worcester**

Dear Bradley, Sister and Brother Nygren, and his lovely sister. We are so pleased that you gave us the privilege of hearing and seeing your wonderful presentation. It brought to life the story of our Lord and Savior in a most beautiful manner. May our Heavenly Father's blessings be with you always.

**President E. Earl Hawks
Cambridge, Mass.**

Just Elders were present in Dwight Hall. They all loved it. Bradley's presentation was marvelous. The audience was astonished.

President Moss

Bradley was outstanding in his timing and presentation. We can't believe that he is 11 years old. He seems much older. The slides were certainly the best collection we have ever seen. We are sorry there were so few present; but we will certainly make

sure the spirit of the performance given is passed on to all the members of the branch.

**President Robinson
Hartford**

A remarkable example of preaching the word of the Lord by the spirit. Effective through the simplicity of its presentation. We are proud to have been a witness to this great portrayal of The Life of Christ. Thank you Nygrens for your wonderful friendship and willingness to further the Lord's work in this part of his vineyard.

**District Pres. Leonard L. Stonely
New Bedford**

One of the most inspirational programs I have ever heard. Bradley, obviously held the attention of his audience. We were spellbound by his delivery, his obvious sincerity, and above all, by the realization that he is able to commit scripture of such magnitude to memory. The entire participation of the family, and the wonderful music was most pleasing.

**James A. Mack
Branch President**

Bradly: Thank you so much for the wonderful hours of inspiration you have brought to us. We congratulate you on your splendid performance and extend to you a wish for the greatest success in all that you undertake in righteousness. May our Lord's richest blessings go with you.

Brother and Sister Nygren: As you have shared with us in New England your rich talents, so may He bless and keep you in this life and in the life to come we pray, sincerely.

**Ira T. Terry
Springfield**

December 21, 1959

Devirl and Jean gave me a beautiful birthday dinner at their home in Orem. The menu and decorations were so harmonious and showed much thoughtful care and time. They had little lambs in the window and Christmas tokens.

After dinner, Grace Lynn, Nickie, Mary Ellen, Jimmy, and I went for a walk to the church, and saw the big Christmas tree. It was a gentle evening, one always to be remembered. When we returned to the house, Jimmy gave his Bible presentation and other readings, excellently.

We missed Marilyn!! She had sent me some Parisian perfume. Devirl's family gave me a red rose and some stationary. Bill and Francine gave me a pretty blouse. Daddy gave me red roses.

We spent Christmas Eve with Bill's family. Bill and Francine were so thoughtful and considerate. Jimmy so adorable. We all enjoyed happy little Stephen. On Christmas morning Jimmy received a bicycle.

We all had lovely gifts. Marilyn had sent me an especially beautiful undershirt. Daddy gave me gold earrings and a matching necklace. Bill and Francine gave us thoughtful gifts, as did Devirl's family.

We had an especially delicious late breakfast. There was a very special Christmas feeling in their home. Later Daddy and I made a few calls to deliver gifts, to Carol Curtis and other friends

We stopped at Lydia Eckardt's. She insisted that we come in. They had a wonderful supper for us; such food and gracious hospitality. I never want to forget Lydia's mother. She had remarkable love for all people and was eager to share her love.

Family and friends had given Daddy and me a very happy Christmas.

On December 30, 1959, Daddy and I took lonely Alta to dinner at "Wrights". Alta said several times that it was the loveliest time she had had in the entire year.

New Year's Eve I went to town on an errand. When I returned at about four o'clock, Daddy said that Provo had been trying to get me.

Ernest Roses

Shortly after I returned Ernest Wilkinson called again to wish me a happy New Year. He added, "Would your husband mind if I sent you some roses?" I answered, "I think he wouldn't mind at all." Ernest is a very good and thoughtful friend; and has been during and since our college days.

January 3, 1960

Jimmy came and said, "I just came down to see my dear Nana and my Grandpa." I deeply love that little boy.

1960

CHILD, 11, TO GIVE FROM MEMORY GOSPEL AT LDS MISSION

"The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham."

So are written the first lines of the Gospel According to St. Matthew in the Holy Bible.

A handsome, wavy-haired, Salt Lake boy will be at the Worchester Branch of the New England States Mission, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Saturday, and at the Cambridge LDS Branch Sunday to relate The Gospel According to St. Matthew.

Eleven-year old Bradley Nygren, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Nygren, 1443 Wilson Ave. (1750 South), has committed the 28 chapters of St. Matthew to memory and understands the spiritual meaning of the words.

When he was 4, Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart, 95 East 1st North, a teacher at the Brigham Young University Adult Education Center, gave him his first Bible.

The boy began reading the scriptures at 5. Now, as a speech student of Mrs. Stewart, the youngster is one of 12 who can recite the Gospel. Of the group, Bradley is one of the best pupils.

For more than two years now, Bradley has appeared before audiences. His father opens the program with prayer, his younger sister, Wallene, 8, introduces Bradley and Mrs. Nygren operates a projector for color slides which accompany the recitation.

Added emphasis is given the program by a recorded accompaniment by Dr. Frank W. Asper at the famous Salt Lake Tabernacle organ.

"His first appearance outside of Utah came last Tuesday when Bradley was asked to visit the New York LDS Stake in Manhattan. Bradley has performed before thousands," Mrs. Stewart said.

February 5, 1960

STUDENTS MEMORIZE SCRIPTURE IN S.L. ORAL READING CLASSES

There's no dust gathering on the Bibles of the youngsters in the Bible-reading classes taught by Grace Nixon Stewart at the BYU Adult Education Center in Salt Lake City.

"The Bible Made Dynamic in Our Lives" is the course in which Mrs. Stewart teaches her students to read memorize from the Bible fifty-minute cuttings of Matthew, Mark, Luke and much of John.

In giving these readings, accompanied by appropriate music and illustrated with beautiful pictures, the young people have thrilled ward and stake audiences on hundreds of occasions. One young man, Bradley Nygren, 11, recently returned from a tour of the New England Mission where he gave "The Life of Christ According to St. Matthew" in several of the branches and other places.

Four of Mrs. Stewart's students soon will be giving their Bible readings in Argentina. They are Patricia, Merrydell, Joy and Laird Snelgrove, children of President and Mrs. C. Laird Snelgrove.

Forty-five of the young people in Mrs. Stewart's weekly classes at the Adult Education Center meet at 6 a.m. each Sunday morning at the center for special coaching in their memorization of the scriptures. Some parents assist with the early morning class.

Each session is opened and closed with prayer and the boys and girls are dismissed in time to attend the regular Sunday meetings in their own wards.

Part of this group is memorizing portions of the Book of Mormon to be given in the same manner as the Bible readings.

February 22, 1960

69. Dr. Hansen said he would like to teach a class in Salt Lake City at the BYU Adult Center. I organized a class for him. It took much telephoning. He said he enjoyed teaching the class. The students seemed to like his class. Later I organized another class for him.

February 23, 1960

They asked me to give another program at Mask Club. This time I presented my Salt Lake City students in monologues, comic and serious. They all did well, but Wilma Wagstaff and Paula Patterson were excellent. Wilma gave "Little Meg Barnileg", Paula gave the monologue, "At the Drug Store." There were so many comments on their artistry.

March 16, 1960

My new contract came, and a raise in salary.

Dr. Hansen asked me to get tickets for him and Dr. Lael Woodbury to see Hal Holbrook in the monologue, "Mark Twain." Holbrook was very good, maintained the character throughout. The three of us met Mr. Holbrook afterward. Both Dr. Hansen and Dr. Woodbury wanted to reimburse me for the tickets. This I would not accept. Each of them sent me appreciative letters.

The following Monday, Dr. Hansen said to me, "Mrs. Stewart, it is good to have you in our department. Your attitude is so exhilarating, and such a contrast to the "whining" I have been putting up with. You are doing a splendid work. Our students join in my appreciation."

May 8, 1960

Mother's Day was a memorable experience. Daddy and I, Bill and Francine and family, spent the day with Devirl and family, in their home in Pleasant Grove, Utah. Their home looked lovely. They had a grand piano and other nice furniture. After a very good dinner, the children and I went for a walk through the wooded and flowered section away from the home. Jimmy and Nickie dashed on ahead climbing small hills then sliding down them. Nickie got caught on a shrub, Jimmy rescued him. Stephen was so cute pushing a rickety baby cart. After a light supper we reluctantly left for home. It surely was one of my very happiest Mother's Days, except that Marilyn was not with us.

We were all pleased that Devirl had been accepted at Stanford University, as well as at Harvard, The University of California Berkeley, and University of Southern California. In June of 1960, Devirl and family left Pleasant Grove for Stanford.

On Father's Day I bought a hat for Daddy. He needed one, but would spend no money on himself.

Grace Lynne was so adorable all winter in Saturday speech classes. Saturday mornings she would say, "Nana, let's have a few moments all to ourselves before the students come." And we would have precious moments all to ourselves about 7 a.m. We would go in the small ballroom and sit by the window on the window seat and I would tell her a fairytale, or fairy poem, or we would just talk.

And again about 3:30 p.m. she would often say, "Nana, before the semi-privates come let's have a few moments by ourselves." I hope I will never forget the exquisite joy of those brief moments with that sweet angel. Everyone loved her. Gloria Williams could ill afford a beautiful large doll that she gave Grace.

May 26, 1960

I had an appointment with Dr. Hilton about student accounts. He was a little irked. He said, "Mrs. Stewart you must have made quite an impression in Provo." I said, "Why?"

He answered, "Dr. Mathews called and said that the president had called him and said that Grace Nixon Stewart was to teach in the day school at the BYU part-time, and at the Salt Lake City center part-time."

Dr. Hilton continued, "President Wilkinson cracked the whip, Mathews cracked the whip, and Dr. Hansen fell into line. Dr. Matthews called me at ten o'clock last night and said that the president had just called him and wanted to know what had happened about Grace Nixon Stewart.

He added that this was an unprecedented experience, this interest of the president in having an individual teach in a department." It would be difficult for another to imagine my joy, after trying with Dr. Hansen since 1952.

I thanked Dr. Hilton for his many kindnesses to me and all the ensuing opportunities that had come to me since he had asked me to come to the BYU center.

Dr. Hilton added, "I suggested to Dr. Matthews that they give you a full professorship status." He concluded with "Mrs. Stewart ,we need you here at the center. We can't get along without you. We have had a happy relationship, which I want to continue."

A Fascinated Discoverer From Payson

Payson, Utah
June 14, 1960

Dear Mrs. Stewart,

I want to thank you, Mrs. Stewart, for the interest you have taken in me. Taking your class has opened the door to a whole new world for me--a world which I find to be very fascinating. .You will always be an inspiration to me as I am sure you are to all who work with you.

Sincerely,
Martha Tanner"

Dr. Lock Hales In Glendale

On June 26, 1960 I talked to Dr. Lock Hales on the telephone about Bradley's giving our Bible program in his ward in Glendale. Lock was in the bishopric. He said, "Grace, if you want this it will be arranged." And a date was set.

Then Lock said, "Do you remember my old Ford and the rides we had in it, with Merrill Brockbank and Thelma Howe. And how you and I would walk through the fields, which is upper campus now? Then there was only the Maeser building. We had such fun." He ended with some especially memorable words.

Grace's Bible Program Goes Abroad

Our Bible and Book of Mormon Youth Program has been presented by missionaries in: Peru, Argentine, Norway, Sweden, England, Canada, and Israel. Our BYU Youth Group has given programs in: Vancouver, British Columbia; The New England States, California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Arizona, Nevada, and Utah.

For six weeks we gave our program at the Salt Lake LDS Mission Home. During the of Leadership Week June 27-July 1, 1960, I taught in Ogden.

August 1960. Grace Lynne at Nana's

I want often to recall the evening of August 1, 1960. Precious little Grace Lynne again spent the night with us. Daddy had taken us to a drive-in for a hamburger and root beer. While Daddy was buying the food, she looked up at me and said, "Nana, dearest, I love you, I adore you, I adore you. I want to live with you always."

August 3, 1960. Grace's Niece in Hospital

While in Provo I learned that Gladys Nixon Nelson was in a Salt Lake hospital. My son Devirl and I went to see her. She looked so frail. We had a happy half hour together. She asked me to come back. I said that I would on Sunday.

After helping Bradley on Sunday, Katie Nygren drove me to the hospital. We took a large bucket of roses from our garden. Gladys was sleeping when I came in. I quietly arranged the roses in vases. They looked lovely. Gladys awakened. We laughed and talked happily. I brushed her hair.

Suddenly, she threw her arms around my neck and said intensely, "I love you Aunt Grace." Gladys wanted me to read to her from the Book of Mormon. I read passages on faith. She asked me to leave the Book of Mormon with her, and I did. Gladys said, "Come again soon." I kissed her and said that I would.

Tuesday morning Gladys died. The cancer had reached her liver. She left two lovely children, Natalie and Nathan. The beauty of Gladys's sweet spirit I want always to remember.

The Robbins' Logan Canyon Cabins

In late August 1960, Devirl and family, Bill and family, and I, went to the Robbins' cabins in Logan Canyon. It was great to have them all together again. We missed Marilyn and Daddy. He was on a business trip. As usual Francine was so thoughtful. She had a separate cabin for me so that I could rest well.

Grace Lynne and Mary Ellen wanted to sleep with me. They did. I didn't sleep much. But it was a genuine joy to have them with me. Jimmy and Nickie were in an adjoining cabin. We communicated, but the boys insisted that the girls not come in. It was such fun!

Sunday morning we all went to Sunday School, except Jean and Francine. They took care of the babies. Bill didn't go either, I was in the children's department with the children. Then we joined Devirl and the others for sacrament meeting

We all went to Ezra and LaRue's for a delicious prime rib dinner at their Manavu resort. They were so gracious and thoughtful; and such genuine hospitality.

Monday, the children and I had an excursion. We swung in a big, flat hammock. Then went wading in the creek, climbed cliffs, and walked through wooded paths. It was just wonderful.

After lunch, Bill took the others fishing up the creek. Mary Ellen and I tried, but couldn't, locate them. So we walked on both sides of the creek for what she called 44 miles.

Later that evening, some of us went to Logan in Devirl and Jean's car. I took Jimmy, Nickie, Mary Ellen, and Grace Lynne to the show of their choice. Devirl and Jean went to a different show. When we met later, I bought hamburgers and malts for all of us. Then we drove home to Salt Lake and Pleasant Grove.

Grace's Value To BYU Youth Program

On August 21, 1960, I went into Dr. Hilton's office to speak to him about Bradley's trip to California, about giving our Bible program for the Primary Board, and about other Bible appointments. I was about to leave, when Dr. Hilton asked, "How old are you?" I told him, and he continued, "Are you well? You musn't get sick. You are a great asset to us. This summer you had a 140 students. You are our bread and butter."

I thanked him. Then he added, "These formal garden parties and programs you give at the end of each summer school are terrific successes. Am I correct in saying that the first was in your own beautiful garden, the second here at the McCune Mansion Garden? And that since then they have been held each summer at Memory Grove.?" I answered that this was correct. He concluded, "Great! They are important to the students."

Grace Back on "Y" Faculty

118. Monday, September 19, 1960 finally came. I was to attend the faculty meeting of the Fine Arts Department at nine a.m. I can vividly recall the thrill and happiness of that occasion. Dr. Matthews presided.

119. New members were called upon to speak. I said something to this effect, "The BYU is my school. I love it. I am grateful to Dr. Matthews, Dr. DeJong and Dr. Hansen for inviting me. I want to be the very best teacher that I can be." My voice was good. I spoke with confidence and sincerity. I wore my black Elizabeth Arden dress. [ed.]

120. Some very special students were in my classes that first semester. Julie Bagley, Homecoming queen of 1961, and her friend, Julia, who had eyes like dancing stars when she smiled. Bryan Schuck, David Hillstrom, and others.

September 19, 1960

An invitation arrived: "You and your partner are cordially invited to attend the Speech and Dramatic Arts Supper at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Harold I. Hansen."

Mrs. Pardoe was there. I helped her with selecting her food; she couldn't see. She was very gracious, and, to me, appeared happy that I had joined the department. I thanked her. Dr. Morris Clinger told me later that Mrs. Pardoe had tried to prevent my being accepted.

"Never forget the thrill of your first day of teaching at BYU on September 28, 1960." I think that my enthusiasm rather startled the students. It was such a joy that I didn't even try to conceal it. I hope that I never do.

The students were responsive, with one outstanding exception; Murial Riddle, a rather large girl who seemed disinterested and resentful.

However, on the last day of school she came to my desk weeping. She said, "Mrs. Stewart I want to know how I can have a personality like yours, such poise and sureness." How surprised and grateful I was.

September 23, 1960

The Book of Mormon concert was held in the Tabernacle. Crawford Gates wrote the music. Dr. Harold I. Hansen was the reader. Elenore O'Dell had bought tickets for Katie Nygren and me. We took Bradley and Christine with us.

The music was inspirational. *But the reading certainly gave me more confidence in my own reading and teaching.* Afterwards, there was a reception for Crawford Gates at the McCune Mansion, to which I had been invited. I took the others with me.

At Rick Henstrom's insistence, we went through the receiving line. He greeted me with, "Here comes one of my favorite people." Dr. Harold Clark was most gracious. He said to Christine, "The reason you are such a good reader is because you have such a lovely teacher."

He put his arm around Bradley and said, "I have heard of this young man."

Dr. Hilton was so nice to all of us. He said to Bradley, "You could have done a better job with that reading than Dr. Hansen did." Crawford Gates spoke of my daughter Marilyn and of his appreciation for her and her talent. It was a particularly enjoyable evening for my guests and me.

Oct. 26, 1960

It was necessary for us to take a chattel mortgage on our furniture for \$26,000 to meet our obligations. In 1971[?], January 21st we paid this mortgage in full to Tracy Collins.

While Devirl and Marilyn were in Europe it was necessary for me to again borrow money from Amy Howard. [Devirl returned in 1953 September. Marilyn was there twice returned the last time in late 1950s? But worked for Pakistanian embassy and others during part of that time ?]

December 14, 1960

I had this note from her, "Dear Grace, Here are your receipts for Oct. and Nov. Thank you, Amy." I was still paying \$20 a month on the principle and interest. Amy has been a real friend.

December 24, 25, 26, 1960

We had a most delightful Christmas with Devirl and family at their Stanford student apartment. Marilyn, Daddy and I arrived just after dark Christmas Eve. The children weren't told. We wanted to surprise them. We had brought sheets to put over us. We knocked at the window, and Devirl opened the door and invited the ghosts in.

We spoke in disguised voices. Grace was first of the children to recognize us. Then followed much merriment. We placed our gifts under the gaily-trimmed Christmas tree. After a delectable supper, we spent a joyous Christmas Eve together.

Devirl had arranged with a neighbor to let Marilyn and me use their apartment while they were away for the holidays. The apartment also had a room for Daddy.

Christmas Day was a joyously memorable one. Devirl and Jean's genuine hospitality I have seldom seen equaled. On the following day we took a picnic lunch, drove through the redwoods and on down to Carmel by the Sea.

On December 27, 1960 Marilyn and I went to San Francisco and did some shopping. It was another very special day of our holidays.

December 29, 1960 "Marilyn wrote to us saying"

"Dearest Ones,

Just a note to thank you 100,00 times for such a delightful visit with you and with Devirl's family. Thank you more than I can say.

I am going to a New Year's party at Katie Clare's.

Wishing you a most Happy New Year, and thanking you again for my lovely Christmas.

All my love, Marilyn"

February 24, 1961

"Dear Mrs. Stewart,

If I were not suppressing my real feelings, I would begin this note by writing "Dear and Wonderful Teacher."

Yesterday, I gave "Madame Butterfly." I had worked long and hard upon it, trying to remember, in detail, every suggestion you gave me. I also consulted every reference I could find about the play by David Belasco and the opera by Puccini. I used Puccini's music for the musical background except at the very end. There, I used the familiar strains of "Poor Butterfly," which as you know, hasn't the classical quality of Puccini's composition, but is very appealing to most people.

The expressions from each member of the audience were enthusiastic and most gratifying. These, I know, are merely a matter of courtesy and good manners.

However, I sensed the sincere appreciation, responsiveness, and unwavering attention while I was reading, which is quite an accurate index of the success of one's presentation.

I am sincerely grateful to you, Mrs. Stewart, for the excellence of your teaching, for the stimulation you have always given me to try to interpret literature artistically. As I told you at our recent session, being with you is a spiritual experience for me.

Thank you ever so much for that intangible, powerful force which radiates from you and reaches deep inside me.

With my Love always,

Rhea

Rita Lea came to the studio and said, "Mrs. Stewart, you

Spanish Fork Testament Sunday, April 23, 1961

In her Spanish Fork home before a sacrament meeting program which the family was giving Ruth Adrus spoke of Grace "She is very gifted as an actress, musician, writer, teacher and above all as a Christian. She inspires her students."

After the Sacrament Meeting program, they took me to see Lock Hale's mother who was 90. I hadn't seen her since I was 18. But she remembered me.

Rita Riley;As I read your sweet words of encouragement I started to cry. You always project so much understanding and wisdom to all who know you. Your goodness can't be measured. You are both such wonderful people. "

-

[North Logan Ward.Rhea Budge] [[1961?]] [Rita Budge?]

Harold Glen Clark

One thing I want you to know is that you have a marvelous mind, a great heart, and a way of keeping spiritually, mentally and physically young. Don't lose this spirit! You are a great example to all of us in the "sixties."

Sincerely, Harold Glen Clark

President of Evening School BYU"

Leila Bassford. Christian Scientist and Long Time Friend

Leila Bassford."A friend is one whose strength is as the mountains, on whom we can lean when we are weary: who is as dependable as tomorrow's dawn; as true and unwavering as the north star; as refreshing as rain in the desert; as quiet as the sunrise.

A friend, in short, is one who exalts us above the restrictions of our mundane, everyday selves, into the limitless possibilities in the glorious realms of our divine being." For my dear Grace who so beautifully exemplifies all the qualities I have spoken of here. "How calm a mountain is, with strong and steadfast base: Accepting sun or storm alike, with grace.

Could I its quiet strength and tranquil beauty glean. I, too might stand through grief or joy, serene. Leila B."

I feel that the things I have learned from you as a person are priceless.

God bless you, Penny McKee"

-[[1961?]]

"I do want to share my gratitude for the inspiration you are to me as a Latter-day Saint and an artist. My lessons have become a sheer joy to attend.

Successful Teacher and Director's Homage-Lemuel Harsh

"God bless you and I thank him for having led me to you. Lemuel Harsh."

Young Girl Notes Grace's Freshness

**."Mrs. Stewart you always came to class looking so much like a breath of spring that I couldn't resist making those flowers for you. They reminded me so much of you. I hope you enjoy them. Love to you, Rosella
"**

Student Observes Grace's Reach Emphasis

"You are the one who has inspired me to always reach a little higher, stand a little taller, be a better me. I seldom get over to BYU, but always I look for you---hoping to catch a spark from your radiant light.

Gratefully, Maurine Huges."

Wide Esteem

"You are such an esteemed person--revered, admired, and respected by all. It was an inspiration and privilege to be associated with you. Sincerely, Elaine Frederickson."

Complete Lovliness

"I want you to know that I feel you are a precious and completely lovely woman. Your ever willingness to serve all the needs of your family, and the additional blessing you are to the church members and investigators, makes your own life even more beautiful.

Please always remember how very special you are in my life. I appreciate and love you. Shauna Tolstrop"

Source of Inspiration and Encouragement

"I have said many times you have been my greatest source of inspiration and encouragement and I will always cherish your friendship and our associations above all others.

With much love, Jessie Bassett."

[[1961?]]

Most Outstanding Person I Ever Met Says Long Time Associate Teacher-Mother of Large Family and Wife of LDS Mission President

Carol Romney Curtis.

"Mrs. Stewart, I appreciate everytime you think of me. I feel it is an honor to know you for you are the most outstanding person I have ever met. Love, Carrol Curtis."

Tribute from California's Mother of The Year

Gwen and Herb Brown" [of Los Angeles?Bishop of Westwood Ward and Gwen Mother of the Year for California?]

"You are indeed an inspiration to all who know you and to me to try harder to accomplish those things in life that have made you such a gracious and charming woman. Believe me there are not enough who have these beautiful attributes that make life so much more pleasant and enjoyable.

Sincerely with love,

Gwen and Herb Brown"

["Herb Brown was a prominent Southern California Insurance Executive in the Westwood area].

[[1961?]]

Former Long Time Student Misses Teacher
When Now Must Seek Excellence By Herself

"My Dear Mrs. Stewart,

You created in me such a fire for loving dramatics and trying for excellence that it is hard to tackle anything without your accurate help. I've worked on a few new readings trying to remember the many principles you told us, but it is very difficult to be alone. I feel like a sheep with no one to turn to. Love, Helen Pyper."

Amy

"Your dear influence does rescue me from the depths of despair and set me a right and start me again on the path of happiness. You can never realize the depth of my love and my gratefulness.

My sincere love, Amy."

Sara Harmer-A Substantial Gracious and Genial Lion House Receptionist

"You'll love my Grace--a beautiful little sprite with a cameo face and deep souled eyes. Sara Harmer."

Sybil Giles

Thanks for your beautiful thoughts. Sybil Giles."

March 24 1961.My Mother's Birthday.

I attended the cotillion ball at the Capitol. It was very enjoyable. The ball was given for the graduating class. Cathy Snow, a student, gave me the invitation. I took Mrs. Wanberg for my partner, since Daddy was out of town.

Friday April 18, Saturday April 19, Friday May 5, 1961

The Mutual Improvement Association-Cambridge Branch presented "Promised Valley". The music was by Crawford Gates. Lyrics by Arnold Sundgaard. Our Marilyn was the main accompanist.

May 2, 1961

Grace Sees Harold Clark Regarding Her Son Bill

Bill asked me to see Harold Clark, Dean of the Business School and ask about Bill's work. I made an appointment with Dean Clark and asked him about Bill. His eyes shone and he said excitedly, "I haven't words to tell you what I think of him. Why that boy leads the class. Such enthusiasm, vitality. He has a brilliant mind. You can't stop him." I asked about Bill's potential in business. He replied, "All he needs to do is to focus his attention on the goal he wants--he'll make it."

Dr. Clark continued, "Some students have asked me about their marks, I said 'C'. They complained, I showed them Bill's papers. And then one said, "I think a 'C' is too high a grade for me."

May 13, 1961

BYU Adult Education Center

Grace Nixon Stewart's Speech Classes at the Brigham Young University Adult Education Center present another recital of great stories for youth from the timeless pages of world literature. Bible stories, dramatic readings, fairy tales, myths, indian legends and many others, come to life under the dramatic artistry of these specially-trained students ranging from 5 to 18 years of age.

Be sure and bring your children as you enter once again through the portals of ONCE-UPON-A-TIME-LAND, the magical world of enchantment. Every child should have a firm background in the enduring and charming stories of the ages.

For an enjoyable evening calculated to entertain both you and your children, plan to attend the recitals Saturday, May 27th at 5:30, 6:30, and 8:00 p.m. at the BYU Adult Education Center, 200 Main, Salt Lake City.

Lynn M. Hilton
Chairman

CAMPUS MEMORANDUM**BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY**

TO: Grace Nixon Stewart

Re: Your Participation in the Devotional Assembly during "Leadership Week", for Thursday June 29, 1961, in the Hotel Utah Motor Lodge Auditorium.

As you know, we expect to hold a Devotional Assembly each evening of Leadership Week. We have set aside Thursday, June 29, as a time when your students could perform. The assembly will start promptly at 7:00 p.m. in the evening and terminate at 7:55 p.m.

After announcements, music, prayer, etc. there will only be a 25 minute period available for your students to perform. Would you be kind enough, to arrange a program that would not last longer than the 25 minutes. If you need props, such as: a slide projector, screens, pianos, etc., I hope you will let us know at your early convenience, also, whether you are willing to accept this invitation to perform.

We hope that both you and all of your performers will sit with us on the stand and will be there as much as 30 minutes before the opening of the assembly so that everything can be arranged without a last minute rush.

If all of the above is acceptable, would you indicate the title that we could use in publishing this activity.

Lynn M. Hilton, Chairman

August 1961

In late August of 1961, I returned to Boston to have some dental work repaired. Marilyn met me at the station and took me to her apartment. She was so thoughtful and supplied my every need.

Because of Marilyn's connections I was able to visit part of an afternoon with the world-famous writer Ruth Sawyer, at her cottage, among the pines, at Bar Harbor, Maine. This was a treasured experience. We sat on the veranda and spoke of story telling techniques, and possibilities. I had read Mrs. Sawyer's book, "The Way Of The Story Teller." There were a number of questions which I wanted clarified.

They were all answered with directness and simplicity. Miss Sawyer then asked me about myself and my work. I told her that I was a Mormon and that in my classes a portion of each period was devoted to the oral interpretation of the Bible or Book of Mormon. This interested her intensely. She said, "Mrs Stewart, do continue this oral teaching of the Bible. More people should be engaged in doing so. Some of the greatest stories are in the Bible." Miss Sawyer continued, "Mrs. Stewart, be certain to hear the storyteller at the Boston Library. She is one of the best." I replied that I had and thought her excellent.

Miss Sawyer was past eighty at the time of our interview. It was such a privilege to talk with Miss Sawyer. I didn't want to again take a taxi so I walked through the pines to the small "Church of the Pines", which Miss Sawyer said she attended. She had told me that she was a Presbyterian. I went into the church and meditated over the eventful afternoon. Later I walked back along the harbor to the village. The following day I took a sight-seeing trip around Bar Harbor and up the coast of Maine and then returned to Boston.

My dental repairs were soon completed, and after a fond farewell I left for New York City where I spent a few days attending matinees and evening theaters. Also enjoyed walks, window shopping, and made a few purchases.

I then returned to Salt Lake City, where my husband met me at the station.

.

September 6, 1961

Sunday morning, after I had been with students preparing for sacrament meeting that afternoon, these comments were made to me. Sister Dorthy Bennion (a school teacher) said, "Sister Stewart, you give so much!! I have never known such an inspirational person! You are so diligent! You bring such improvement into the children's lives. You are doing for them what no one else is doing, giving that which is permanent and beautiful." Mildred Christenson said, "Sister Stewart you will never know how much I love you." After we had given

After we had given the Bible program at Yale Ward, Arta Hale, of the General Board, with tears in her eyes said, "Grace, you are doing a great work." Dr. and Mrs. Baker made similar statements. Sister Ashley said, "Mrs. Stewart we want Janet to study with you because you are the greatest example Janet could have of sweetness inside, and good looks outside!"

October 27, 1961

CAMPUS MEMORANDUM BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

FROM: Morris M. Clinger TO: Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart

ELLIOTT HOUSE STEADMAN HOUSE

Re: Monday, October 23, Mask Club Program

. It is my pleasure to congratulate you, Grace, for the most excellent, well-organized program that you gave at our Mask Club meeting last Monday. The program was unusual in many ways: The participants were so very young, yet so adequately rehearsed; they were so well-mannered and courteous to each other as well as to the audience; they earnestly captivated the religious spirit of that which they read.

They evidenced rich meaning and even richer feeling with selected vocal intonation. I think I have never seen such a young group so fully and so artistically rehearsed. It was a very worthwhile experience for all Mask members and I am grateful to you, bless your loving, sweet heart, for the efficient yet friendly manner in which you responded to my request.

I am looking forward to another occasion when you personally can give us a full hours' entertainment with "Little Lord Font Leroy" or other selected readings.

.Respectfully yours, Morris

November 4, 1961

. Quoting from part of a letter from President Wilkinson: "Dear Grace, I was happy to read the excellent article in the "Y News" about the thirty two youths participating in a scripture reading performance at BYU Mask Club. We are most grateful to have you here, because you make a great contribution to your classes.

Sincerely, Ernest"

.

December 23, 1961

Marilyn sent us a gaily-decorated musical Christmas tree. It played Christmas carols. This gift has been a holiday delight to children and adults this Christmas season.

March 24 1961

. My mother's birthday. I attended the cotillion ball at the Capitol. It was very enjoyable. The ball was given for the graduating class. Cathy Snow, a student, gave me the invitation. I took Mrs. Wanberg for my partner, since Daddy was out of town.

Kathy Wood from storytelling class.A Tribute To Our Teacher**January 12, 1962**

This letter came from our precious son Bill to me at the BYU in Provo:

"Dearest Mother,

Just a short note to say hello! There are many things that I am grateful for Mother dear, and at the top of the list is a gal like you. Not because you are good looking and "chic" (which indeed you are). My main happiness is simply the fact that I have you as a Mother-and you are you!

It is difficult to explain what it is about a rose or other beautiful and appealing flowers that exacts from an individual a feeling of happiness when he looks at it, is near it and is surrounded by the qualities that flow from its many characteristics. One is simply happy due to being near an item of special appeal--and such, Mother dear, are the feelings that come from being your son--because you are you dear.

All my love, Bill"

March 16, 1962**Grace Is Promoted**

I was given the status of assistant professor at the BYU.

March 24, 1962. She Falls Back

At about 5:30 a.m. I was able to get to the edge of the bed and fell back. Everything started to swirl. I was not able to get out of bed. I had lost control of my body. It was the first time in years I had missed teaching because of not being able to walk.

I called Bill. He insisted, against my wishes, that he call Dr. Evans and that he come to see me.

The doctor said that this condition was the result of sheer overwork, that my body refused to be pushed any further; and that this condition would reoccur periodically, unless I worked less hours and worked more slowly and easily.

Bill taught my Saturday classes. He called every two hours and brought me food from his home, which was prepared by lovely Francine. Bill insisted that I not teach in Provo the following Monday. He taught my classes for me. It was the first time I had missed teaching a class since I had started teaching at BYU.

The doctor said I should stay in bed a week. I only stayed in bed Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. On Tuesday I returned to my teaching.

On The 31st of March, I received this note from my very dear student Carol Romney Curtis:

"Dear Mrs. Stewart,

I shall never forget the happy memory of seeing you walk into that hospital room to see me. I'm sure one would feel much the same if they were seeing an angel.

I did want you to know how I loved the flowers you sent on Christmas Day. They lasted so long and reminded me of you.

May you be blessed continually in your important work of "lifting up."

Much Love, Carol Curtis"

April 5, 1962.

From Dr. Hilton: "The youth are the same all over. But there isn't another Grace Nixon Stewart." [].

May 3, 1962

I gave the play Queen Victoria (Victoria Regina). This was the notice that appeared in the newspaper:

PLAY WILL BE READ HERE BY NOTED ARTIST

Mrs. Stewart is acclaimed as one of the country's outstanding dramatists. She has received her education in many noted universities, both in this country and abroad.

In May 1962, the following two articles were printed in the newspaper:

MASK CLUB BANQUET

Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart and Prof. Harrison R. Merrill will be the guests of honor at the Mask Club banquet which will be held at the Hotel Roberts Saturday, May 10.

Under the direction of President Frank Whiting and his committee a number of interesting features are planned which promise to make of the annual thespian's banquet a rousing success. Miss Ruth Lewis and Miss LaRue Jensen are preparing the decorations; the menu is under the supervision of Miss Elaine Paxman; and Miss Addie Wright is arranging the program. Interspersed throughout the program and banquet will be several numbers from the Hawaiian string trio.

Although the committee men refuse to divulge the exact nature of the programs, pre-banquet indications are that they will be unique in the field of program designing. Each program will be absolutely individual according to those in charge.

June 16, 1962 Devirl's Stanford MA

Devirl received his Master's Degree from Stanford University. We were very proud of him. Our hope is that he will now continue his studies and obtain his doctorate. We will continue to support them financially and in all other possible ways.

Father's Day 1962

On Father's Day, Daddy received a charming floral card from Marilyn. Devirl and Bill sent cards with their love and appreciation.

June 17, 1962

Milton Weilenmann, one of my former students, was president of the British Canadian Mission. His sister Virginia said to me, "Mrs. Stewart I don't know of anyone who has touched so many for good as you have.

It is because of your reputation that you have been asked to come to Vancouver for the youth conference with your Bible program!!!"

President Weilenmann had written asking me if we would come to Vancouver to participate in the British Canadian Youth Program. This invitation we accepted, and it was a wonderfully spiritual experience.

SPEECH STUDENTS TOUR NORTHWEST

Sixteen young students of speech and dramatic arts classes at the Brigham Young University-Salt Lake Adult Education Center have returned from a successful tour of six states and Canada, climaxed by a World's Fair appearance at Seattle.

Hundreds of performances of the "Life and Teachings of Jesus" were given before ward and stake audiences in Utah, Idaho, Arizona, Nevada, California, Washington, and Western Canada.

The group gave "The Life of Our Lord" as recorded by St. Matthew and St. John to recorded accompaniments by Dr. Frank Asper on the Salt Lake Tabernacle organ. The performances were illustrated by colored slides of biblical art masterpieces.

Three presentations were given at the World's Fair before they went to Vancouver, British Columbia, to perform at the concluding session of the LDS British Columbia Youth Conference.

The group pictured here includes (back row l. to r.) Bradley Nygren, Dennis Pack, Manfred Moeller, Gary Frederickson, Stewart Smith, Paul Squire, Kent Chadwick; 2nd row: Nancy Aland, Karen Wagstaff, Joyce Bjornn, Kristie Place, Joyce Gibson and (front row) Diane Pack, Christine O'Dell, Ester Jane Peterson, and Karen Christiansen.

Professor Grace Nixon Stewart instructed and coached the group.

THE BIBLE OBJECTIVES FOR THE BYU YOUTH PROGRAM

The Bible made dynamic in our Lives

Youth brings vividly to life the teachings of Our Lord.

Fifty minutes with St. Matthew, St. Luke and St. John. These exciting stories, miracles and admonitions are given from memory with great intellectual and emotional understanding.

Continuous Music from the Tabernacle organ, Dr. Frank Asper at the console, and continuous pictures by the greatest artists accompany the memorized Gospels.

Those participating in this sacred hour are from five to eighteen years of age. They are young people of great spirituality.

The girls are dressed in white. The boys, in white coats and dark ties.

OBJECTIVES OF PROGRAM

These students love our Lord. They love to read His words. We know that they live by His precepts. They wish to bring, not only an increased understanding of the teachings and admonitions of our Lord, but to bring the joy that they feel in experiencing these great truths to other youth, and to their elders.

June 16, 1962

This is an excerpt from a letter sent to me from a missionary, Brian Schultz, in Buenos Aires Argentina:

"I would like to thank you very very much for all the help you have given me. For the guidance, the counseling, and most of all, the wisdom. I don't know how to write my thanks. I just want you to know that I place you higher than any other person in excellent qualities."

July 23, 1962 Sunday Fairy Tales

Sunday, Devirl and family had dinner with Daddy and me in the late afternoon. Grace Lynne, Nickie, Mary Ellen, and I went to the State Capitol building to hear the chained monster roar and try to get out of captivity in the dome of the capitol. Also, to see the fairies dancing on the railing of the balcony.

Previously, I had arranged with the caretaker to assist me by making roaring noises from the imaginary monster. The Capitol was closed to visitors on Sunday, but the caretaker let us in, knowing my purpose.

After listening to the monster in the dome try to break his chains, the children became alarmed for fear he would succeed. So we went down to the next gallery to see if the fairies would be dancing on the railings that evening, since visitors were

not about. Fortunately, about dusk, several of them, in their ruffled skirts, tight bodices, dainty bonnets, and silver slippers, came from their fairy home and began a fairy dance.

Grace Lynne, Mary Ellen, and I could see them in their blue, lavender, or pink frocks. But unfortunately Nickie said, "I don't believe in fairies." Now as you may know, the legend is that the moment anyone says that they don't believe in fairies one dies. The children were aware of this. We had spoken of it earlier.

When Nickie uttered his disbelief, immediately a tiny fairy in a pink dress fell dead. As it was falling from the top balcony I quickly caught it in my large red hat. We were so sorrowful for its death that we decided to have a funeral and burial for the fairy.

We all walked through the Capitol gardens, down to a grassy part directly in front of a stone seat, under a tree. We performed the last, sad rites. I asked Nickie if he would be the funeral speaker. This he declined to do.

However, he said that he would dig the grave. This he did in the soft earth, with the aid of a rock. We had wrapped the fairy in white tissue paper. And after a brief service, in which was mentioned that we hoped none would again say he or she didn't believe in fairies, the tiny one was buried.

**BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
SALT LAKE ADULT EDUCATION CENTER
North Main Street
Salt Lake City, Utah
Office of the Chairman**

July 23, 1962

NEWS RELEASE

On Saturday, August 4, twenty teenagers and children of the Brigham Young University Youth Program at Salt Lake City, under the direction of Professor Grace Nixon Stewart, will close their bags and say their good-bys. They leave for a whirl wind tour of six western states and Canada, on a series of eighteen performances. The hours of rehearsals at 6:00 a.m. for these young people, will come in climatic performances in Vancouver, Canada, and in Seattle, and Tacoma, Washington.

The driving spirit behind this Bible presentation has been Professor Grace Nixon Stewart, the petite, vivacious, dynamic exponent of the spoken word. As a young girl of six, Grace Nixon used to sit at her fathers feet, while he a bishop, read the Bible. Professor Stewart describes the scene as follows:

When my Father was bishop, he would invite his counselors to come to our home on Sunday evenings. We would spend the evening in our red, plush, Victorian parlor. While Father and his counselors discussed church business, we children would watch a tripod-mounted chart which, as we turned it, portrayed the life of our Lord. As we looked at the pictures, mother would play the organ and sing softly.

Years later, this remembrance of my early childhood came to me while I was sitting in a Capitol Hill Ward sacrament meeting. So often the authorities had pled with us to read the scriptures. I had read them.

But I felt that there might be a way for them to have a greater impact on more people. I eventually felt that if the scriptures were memorized and set to music with appropriate pictures, that people would listen with more rapt attention. And this they did. This was another of my father's contributions to my life.

These serene moments in her home filled young Grace with such an inner peace and love of the scriptures that she has followed a dream to this day, of sharing the spoken scriptures with other people.

The following of her dream took young Grace Nixon to many places. It took her to the Brigham Young University, where she graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree.

It took her to Boston where she attended, for two years, The Leland Powers School of the Spoken Word. She graduated with honors from this school. It took her to Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, where she attended "The Phidelah Rice School of The Spoken Word, of which she is a graduate.

It took her to Columbia University, where she received her master of arts degree. It took her farther; to London, England, where she attended the London University for two years, and an Oxford University summer session. In England, she received the LRAM recognition.

She completed further graduate study at Northwestern University, where she received outstanding recognition. Later, she completed graduate study for sixteen

additional months at Columbia University. There, in 1949, she was presented in an evening of original monologues at Brander Matthews Theater, with her daughter Marilyn as accompanist. Such training and innate talent has brought Grace Nixon Stewart unusual success.

She is an Assistant Professor of Speech at Brigham Young University in Provo, and a member of the Pen Women of America. For ten years, she was a member of the speech committee of the M.I.A. General Board, and chairman of the Young Women's Speech Committee.

Her real love and her dream throughout all these years has remained the Bible; not the Bible alone, but the Bible made dynamic, the Bible made alive in the lives of the individuals, and brought with vitality into the home.

The realization of this dream comes true in Grace Nixon Stewart's life each day, as she helps train 200 young people at the BYU-Salt Lake Adult Education Center. The young people come from all faiths: Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish, as well as Mormon.

The young Jewish students memorize sections of the Old Testament, The Catholic, Protestant, and Mormon youth memorize books from the Old, as well as, the New Testament. In addition, the Mormon youth memorize books from the Book of Mormon.

The high point in each young person's study is when he alone, or, together with his family unit, presents a Bible evening at various church services or home gatherings.

These Bible presentations are beautiful and inspiring. They are accompanied by carefully-chosen music, specially taped from the Tabernacle organ for this purpose, with Dr. Frank Asper at the console. The student gives completely from memory the text of one of the Gospels, illustrated by appropriate sacred pictures, and delivered with professional perfection.

These stirring Biblical presentations have been given over 2,000 times throughout the New England states, and across the continent, including California. They have been given before colleges, institutes, stake gatherings, P.T.A. district gatherings. They have been received with enthusiastic acclaim and invitation to return.

For the past six weeks they have given "The Life and Teachings of our Lord," at the L.D.S. Mission Home as the final experience for departing missionaries.

This summer's Bible touring group will take a portion of Professor Stewart's 200 charges to Winnemucca, Nevada; Reno, Nevada; Sacramento, California; two appointments in Oakland, California; two appointments in San Francisco, California; Medford, Oregon; Portland, Oregon; two appointments in Vancouver, British Columbia; and one in Seattle, Washington; and one in Tacoma, Washington.

The performances in British Columbia are in conjunction with the British Columbia Youth Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. All of the young people of Alaska and Canada have been invited to attend this conference. A final recital in Boise, Idaho, and then home again.

This entire program of speech and dramatics for young people is under the direction of the Brigham Young University-Salt Lake Adult Education Center, of which Dr. Lynn M. Hilton is chairman. Professor Grace Nixon Stewart is ably assisted by a capable staff. Marvin Pack is program coordinator, Mrs. Rudolph Christiansen is the group secretary.

October 10, 1962

The Speech Faculty was being introduced at the opening of Mask Club. This letter came the following day:

"Dear Sister Stewart,

Last night I attended Mask Club meeting at which you were introduced. I was not at the time aware of your presence on the faculty, but may I say with all sincerity I am glad you are on this wonderful faculty who teach and help us. Your sweetness truly radiated to each of us. I am in speech therapy. But I do hope I can take a lesson from you and incorporate into my life that sweetness and enthusiasm you gave to us last night. The world is brightened by people like you.
Thank you. Yours, Susanne Brown"

November 2, 1962

Today a basket of beautiful flowers came. The card read:
"With love to my wonderful mother, Your Son Bill."

NEWS RELEASE
December 14, 1962

While the majority of the faculty and the students of the Brigham Young University enjoy a respite from their work during the Christmas holidays, at least one faculty member and a hundred other students will spend their busiest time of the year, over the holiday season.

Grace Nixon Stewart, Assistant Professor of Speech and Dramatics at the Brigham Young University, divides her time between teaching students on the campus, and students at the B.Y.U. Salt Lake Adult Education Center in Salt Lake City. The Salt Lake City program has 150 students between the ages of 5 and 19, enrolled in a course of speech, dramatics, and social procedure for children and teens.

The highlight of a full Christmas agenda for this group, will come on Friday, December 21, at 4:30 p.m. when they present live on KSL-TV, The Life of Christ, according to Matthew.

Seventy-five of the students will appear in full costume to depict the major events in the life of Christ, from the nativity through the crucifixion. This television appearance is just one of a series of performances which has brought national and international recognition to this outstanding youth program.

A somewhat similar presentation of the life and teachings of Jesus, accompanied by Dr. Frank Asper at the Tabernacle Organ, and shown with color slides, has been presented over a thousand times.

These sacred programs have been given throughout the New England States, Idaho, Arizona, Nevada, and California. A recent tour of the Northwestern States was culminated by three performances in Seattle at the time of the World's Fair, and two performances at the concluding session of the British Columbia Youth Conference at Vancouver, British Columbia. Requests have also been received inviting the group to appear in England, Scotland, and South America.

All told, the students will give over 30 performances in the Salt Lake area over the Christmas holidays. Performances are scheduled at hospitals, rest homes, and churches.

In addition to the performances of the life of the Savior, students will give several public recitals. These recitals will display a varied repertoire for these talented youths. They will give performances of Christmas stories, Book of Mormon stories and fashion shows.

The following is a Christmas card that I received from Kent Chadwick:

Studying with you has been the highlight of my life for I was truly happy as a member of your Bible group. Giving constantly from myself to those who needed what I had to offer. I certainly have much to thank you for and I would want you to know too that I love you and admire you for your patience with me. I ask the Lord to uphold you and to give you much joy this Christmas season, because you have enriched my own so much . . . Sincerely, Kent Chadwick.

This card was designed by my uncle, Arnold Friberg, who also does the Book of Mormon and the Ten Commandment pictures."

December 30, 1962 Grace is 63 for 11 days of 1962. But is "in her 63rd year" for all of the year 1962.

A beautiful corsage came from Bill. The card read, "To my girl Grace from your boy Bill with my love, Happy New Year."

AN ART BOOK from a BLIND STUDENT

January 17, 1967

"My dear Mrs. Stewart:

Because of your being such an outstanding artist in your own field, I know you have a keen appreciation for beauty, I thought you might be pleased to have this little book of Arnold Freiberg paintings.

I still think of you often and so much appreciate all you have done for me. I am looking forward to again taking lessons from you.

Thank you so much for everything.

Love,

Cleta Marianne Johnson

Your blind student"

July 19, 1963

The following letter is from Belle Spafford, General President of the Relief Society.

Dear Grace,

It was a happy surprise to find, upon my return from Washington, after an extended trip, your thoughtful and encouraging letter. It is of interest, too, that just prior to leaving for Washington you had been on my mind. So much so, that I had enquired about you of my daughter-in-law whose friend's children are studying speech with you. As was to be expected, I received a glowing report of your continuing good work.

I visit the BYU often, as you know, and always my memory brings to mind the happy days I spent there and the choice friendships that were formed. How much I admired and enjoyed you, Grace. It seems unfortunante that as the years move on the varied interests and activities of dear friends often keep them from being together frequently. But how very fortunate, that the feelings of friendship remain.

You have accomplished so very much with your great talent and training; and your sweet spirit that has brought development and pleasure to so many people. I'm delighted that your work continues and that during your busy schedule you found time to think of me and write to me.

Do come into the Relief Society office and see me when you have a moment.

Warmest friendship always, Belle."

July 20, 1963

The following is an excerpt from a letter that Daddy wrote to Marilyn concerning some furniture:

If you feel they fit into your decor we will send them, however. If you send us the exact size. As to the needlepoint items. Please under no circumstances should these ever leave the family. They were made by your grandmother and are certainly a work of art; and I personally feel they should stay in the family as long as they are preservable. I'm certain, too, she would be happy to know you have and treasure them.

Both Mamma and I want you to have things that are nice. And all of the items which we are sending are of real quality. I'm leaving for Rock Springs, WY. tomorrow morning, for two days of business. Write soon. Love, Dad."

August 28, 1963

Marilyn wrote a letter of appreciation for the furniture. She concluded with, "I am delighted with it. Thank you so very much. All my love, Marilyn."

September 6, 1963

Dear Sister Stewart,

One more report and it is a very good one. A week ago last Friday I was invited to the mission office to present the Luke program to the mission staff, including President Nicolaysen and his wife and children. The children were very well behaved and the program kept their attention. The President enjoyed the program and has plans for it here in the mission. It was what I had hoped for, because I couldn't really do much more with it without his authorization. However, he has some suggestions for our use here. Since we are in the mission field, we need to present each program to interest people in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The difference between us and other Christians is not in the Bible we use but rather that we have other information about the Life of Christ.

To make this program so that we can use it as a missionary tool, the president asked if it would be possible to add about three or four more scenes adding a little information about Christ visiting the Americas and mentioning the Book of Mormon. This gives the missionaries afterwards the chance to ask all investigators if they would like to know more about the Book of Mormon and how it adds its testimony to the Life of Christ.

This of course means adding some connecting dialogue that will not be scriptural, and also, we need some more slides. I mentioned that before I had left, you had mentioned that you were working on a Book of Mormon program. I thought perhaps that you might also have some slides. If not we will make some here, one way or another.

I thought about adding one other passage direct from the Bible from John when Christ tells his disciples that he has other sheep that are not of this same flock. (John 10:14-16). I would put it in the same scene as the Last Supper. Then, after Christ telling his Disciples that he sends them into the world as his Father has sent him or the final scene to add in dialogue that after Christ left his disciples he ascended into heaven but not forgetting his promise to visit his other flock. And with that transition, to present a slide of Christ descending to the Nephite nation. There was a beautiful picture of that scene painted by Friburg and put in the Instructor or Era. It was a full page picture. We would have to make some others. But I am sure we could do it by using what already exists.

But before proceeding on our own, I thought best to write and see if you have some good advice. Once we have those scenes included in the program I am sure that it will be presented in every branch in Lima, and perhaps outside too. But it is a powerful program and I am very grateful for the opportunity to do it.

If slides are possible, I will gladly send you a check for what they might cost to have made and to send.

I am having some very wonderful experiences here. At the moment too much responsibility rests on me here in this Branch. I hope to delegate it out as much as possible, but it takes time. I draw frequently on your teachings, not so much on drama as your own personal example which has helped me many times. Trelva writes interesting letters. May the Lord always bless you. Sincerely, Brian [Schuck].

Circular To Bishops

Dear Bishop _____

May we assist you in arranging a special spiritual program?

"An Evening With Our Lord", is the title of this series of performances which portrays the life and teachings of Jesus Christ.

The words of the Saviour are re-experienced with you by 30 young people, professionally trained and directed by Professor Grace Nixon Stewart and her staff at the Brigham Young University Salt Lake Center for Continuing Education. It features Dr. Frank W. Asper at the tabernacle organ. This music was taped by KSL Radio and is reproduced during the program along with continuous and impressive colored slides. The music and pictures have both been chosen with great care for truth and beauty. This program has the approval of the First Presidency for use in sacrament meeting.

The young people read with remarkable intellectual and emotional understanding. Their voices are musical, responsive and adequate. Their bodies are well-poised and articulate. They are young people of great spirituality.

We feel that the greatest contribution we can make to our church is bringing the scriptures vividly alive to others through the youth of the church. The thousands of people who have witnessed these programs proclaim them to be among the rare religious experiences of their lives.

The program was presented last Christmas night at the Institute of Religion at San Jose, California. They have been featured on the Brigham Young University Campus in Provo. Comments from faculty members and students ranged from, "A dynamic performance" to, "One of the most moving spiritual experiences of my life."

If you would like to have this program for your ward sacrament meeting, we still have a few dates available during this early spring season. You may make arrangements for this program by calling Sister Thelma Wanberg, Youth Program Coordinator, at 355-6752. If you have any further questions, we would be happy to have you call us.

Most sincerely yours,

Dr. Lynn Hilton

ABOUT THE TEACHERS

Grace Nixon Stewart and several talented staff members teach this program at the BYU Center.

Grace Nixon Stewart, Columbia University, L.R.A.M. London University, London, England; graduate of Rice School of Spoken Word, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts; graduate of Leland Powers School of Spoken Word, Boston, Massachusetts; graduate study at Northwestern University; recently 16 months of graduate study at Columbia University, where she was presented at Brander Matthew's Theater in an evening of original costumed monologues; assistant professor of speech at BYU, Provo. Professor Stewart is a member of the Pen Women of America. She has served ten years on the General Board of the M.I.A. Equipped by nature and training for the profession she has chosen, she has had years of experience in training youth in the speech arts, and unusual success has attended her efforts.

The following article, with pictures of Professor Stewart and students, was published sometime previously in the Salt Lake Tribune.

YOUTH PROGRAM WAITS CURTAIN IN CALIFORNIA

Talents do not wait upon age. This is being proved by students in the BYU Youth Program, ranging from sub-teens to early 20s.

Prof. Grace Nixon Stewart, director of the youth program, will have her latest group of 15 young people participate in a Christmas College Hour at the Institute of Religion located at the San Jose College in San Jose, Calif.

This College Hour is sponsored by the San Jose Institute of Religion and is designed to be a monthly series, offering the young people of the area an inspirational experience. Prof. Stewart is taking a group from the BYU Center in Salt Lake to join in a program with students at San Jose.

The BYU Youth Program is receiving national recognition. One of its dramatizations, "The Life and Teachings of Jesus," assisted by Salt Lake Tabernacle organist Dr. Frank Asper has been presented hundreds of times in programs throughout the New England states, Utah, Idaho, Arizona, Nevada and California.

A recent tour to the Pacific Northwest included presentations of programs in Seattle and at a Canadian-Alaskan youth conference in Vancouver, B.C.

At the Salt Lake Center, a wide variety of courses are taught, ranging from voice building to greater individuality, poetry, creative dramatics, oral interpretation to name only a few. Students attend class one day per week to develop their talents in a special way.

Students shown with Prof. Stewart include Kerry Bennion, Ted Clark, Debby Drury, Donna Burt, Craig Young, Dorothy Proctor, Linda Bennion, Backie Blair, Paul Wanberg, and Ronda Lee Wanberg. Bradley Nygren, not in the picture, will accompany the group to San Jose.

During the past Christmas season, students from this BYU youth group gave more than thirty performances throughout Salt Lake City, including a special half-hour show on KSL-TV with eighty participating. Two Easter performances were given on KUTV-TV.

BYU Adult Education Center

September 15, 1963

Dear Friend Grace Nixon Stewart,

BYU is proud of the great work you do with youngsters (and older folks as well), in enriching their lives with not only an understanding of the great literature and the social graces, but developing the ability to communicate these to others.

Lynn M. Hilton

December 21, 1963

Dear Sister Stewart,

By the time you receive this card I will have presented the Bible program some 10 or 11 times to more than 1000 people and there will be other opportunities too.

I'm very thankful to you for this help, and also for presenting Trelva to me. She has grown to be very important to me through her letters.

May 1964 be wonderful for you.

**As always, Brian Schuck
Elder Brian E. Schuck
Casillo de Correo 4759
Lima, Peru**

**February 10, 1964
Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart
North Main Street
Salt Lake City, Utah**

Dear Sister Stewart:

President G. Stanley McAllister asked me to write you in connection with your group of 100 children who do mass choral readings. It is my understanding that you are interested in bringing your group to New York for possible inclusion in the World's Fair special activities.

457. As you may know, all activities of the World's Fair come under the general direction of a special church committee headed by Elder Harold B. Lee. G. Stanley McAllister is a member of that Committee, in charge of special events and services.

All programs to be presented at the Fair in connection with the Church's participation are to be presented to Elder Lee's Committee for approval. Therefore, it would be helpful to us if you could let us know of the type of program you have in mind, the kinds of facilities that would be needed to most appropriately present the program, your plan for financing expenses, and any other details you can give us that will help to evaluate your proposal.

The schedule at the World's Fair is already becoming very crowded, so advance planning is very important. We look forward to hearing from you in the near future.

Sincerely,

Kenneth H. Beesley

First Avenue
Salt Lake City, Utah
March 3, 1964

President George H. Mortimer
Cooper Avenue
Upper Montclair, New Jersey

Dear President Mortimer:

A short time ago Dr. Lynn Hilton, Chairman of the Brigham Young University Adult Center in Salt Lake City, returned from New York City and reported to us his conversation with President G. Stanley McAllister concerning our Youth Bible and Book of Mormon group of over a hundred teenagers and children.

Previously we had had an interview with Elder Richard L. Evans and it was at his suggestion that we are writing to you and to President McAllister.

Our objective is to acquaint visitors at the World's Fair with what the Church does through its educational programs to develop spirituality in youth. Since the public, in general, is conscious of the need for spiritual development, a means by which this can be accomplished appears fundamental.

Our Brigham Young University Youth Missionaries, devoted to the study and presentation of the scriptures should prove most effective in furthering this

purpose. The hundreds of thousands of our own people who have witnessed these Bible and Book of Mormon presentations most enthusiastically proclaim them to be among the rare religious experiences of their lives.

We have sent to President McAllister a book folder containing statements of appreciation for these Bible programs given during the current month of February. If you desire, we will send other letters from presidents of missions and many distinguished citizens. Also are included pictures of some of the younger participants that you might see the beauty of their spirits. It also seemed wise to include some newspaper articles that you might better judge the quality of our offering.

It may be of interest to you to know that some of our former members who are now on missions in South America and England are using our complete program as a special proselyting activity. Just a few days ago a picture of two of these missionaries came with an additional report of its success in Peru and Argentina. Please, will you read on the back of their picture their comments regarding the value of this presentation. For your convenience, this picture has been placed on the last page of the book.

The complete story of the "Life and Teachings of our Lord" takes fifty minutes. If you desire, time adjustments can be made. This greatest of all stories is accompanied by continuous music from the Tabernacle organ, with continuous and impressive colored slides. The music and pictures have been chosen with great care.

Most Sincerely,

Grace Nixon Stewart

95 East First Avenue
Salt Lake City, Utah
March 16, 1964

President G. Stanley McAllister
Fifth Avenue
New York 28, New York

Dear Stanley,

Only one with vision, imagination, and desire to help others, such as you have, can sense the joy we all felt when your letter arrived. I read it at our 6 a.m. Bible rehearsal Sunday morning. You would have been deeply touched by the prayer one of the group gave in gratitude to "President McAllister." They all wanted a letter written to you with their personal signatures attached. This we promised when plans were nearer completion.

I do wish you could have heard their gasps of delight at your projected idea of an appearance at the Marble Collegiate Church on Fifth Avenue. Thank you for this. We realize it will take much time and influence to achieve this.

Over a hundred young people join me in gratitude for your enthusiasm and efforts to present our Bible and Book of Mormon program at the World's Fair and wherever you might suggest. You may be certain we will give these scriptures with a dedication audiences have not before witnessed.

I have complete confidence that you, Stanley, will succeed for us. For certain, there is no one I would rather have champion our cause. I feel a deep personal gratitude to you.

My love to you and Adelaide.

Grace Nixon Stewart

Grace and New Student's Countenance Leads to This Girl's Engagement.

Dear Sister Stewart,

This card comes in appreciation for the great help you have been to me. You helped me at a time which was very crucial. Several Experiences had happened which had caused me to lose nearly all my confidence. When I came to your class I was thoroughly convinced about not being able to memorize or even remember things.

It was very discouraging and humiliating not to be able to stand up in front of the class and give my recitations. I tried hard to memorize, but it was slow because I didn't believe I could do it.

You were very understanding and you emphasized my good points. You even gave me help on my personal appearance which I greatly appreciated. You made me feel as though I was a person of great worth. I started to feel and think this way.

Slowly, I gained back some of my self confidence. As a result, I am a happier person, because you let me prove to myself that I could do it. If you had given me a low grade and forgotten the matter, I probably would still be struggling to believe I could do things and was a person of worth.

As a result of the joy that came into my life through accomplishing this course requirement, I have been able to feel better about life and people. "A very special person was attracted to me because of this happy countenance, and now I wear his engagement ring.

It means a lot that you are so happy and thrilled in seeing me find a wonderful eternal companion. I sincerely appreciate your concern and thoughtfulness. You have exhibited to me many outstanding character traits -- many of which I am striving to emulate. You are a person who has had a tremendous influence for good in my life, and I appreciate you for it.

Remember when you made us promise not to gossip for the rest of the semester ? It seemed to be easy enough at the time, but it proved to be a great challenge. I learned the great value not to gossip, because you committed us on it and we didn't want to break our word. Your enthusiastic, good loving, and radiant spirit has certainly emphasized true Christ-like charity. Thank you for your example.

Each time we have the opportunity to talk with each other, I come away feeling very uplifted. Your life and experiences are of great interest to me. I really have appreciated your sharing of some of the experiences in your life. It has meant a lot to me. Thank you again for the wonderful change that you have brought about in me. I love and appreciate you for it. I pray that the Lord will extend rich blessings to you because of the special help you have given to me and others.

**Sincerely,
Mary Elizabeth Ellis**

March 1964

I had spent what time I could for about four months making a loose-leaf binder with choice pictures of the life of our Lord from his birth to, and including, the resurrection.

I added pictures of special family occasions such as Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Valentines, Easter, and Mother's Day; and charming little fairies, brownies, and leprechauns. Jean wrote the following letter in appreciation:

Dear Dad and Mother,

The package arrived safely on Saturday. Thank you very much. We certainly appreciate the many hours of work that went into making the lovely folders and beautiful collection of pictures. I know how many hours that took.

David came to me tonight and said, "Mother, where is my important book. I have to use it everyday." But then he became very worried and said, "How can I use it? I don't know how to read or write words." Now he is waiting (not so patiently) for me to help him learn a Bible story. Love Jean."

In late spring of 1964 I had a reoccurrence of total exhaustion, this time in Provo. At 5 a.m., I tried to get out of bed and finally was able to do so, but fell to the floor. At last, I was able to crawl down the stairs to the telephone and call Bill. He called my brother, Dr. Nixon, and in a short time they arrived and carried me to Bill's car.

The doctor felt that they should take me to the hospital. This I didn't want. Bill said, "We will take mother to our home and care for her there." This they did, and the care was excellent. My brother gave me a "shot" of something, and Bill, instructions for the medication that he left. He called a number of times, and came twice a day to Bill's home.

Francine said, "Nana, dear, you have worked so hard for so long. No one should work as hard as you do at any age." She took care of me the first day, most of which time I slept.

Bill taught my university day and evening classes. Francine took charge of the Salt Lake classes, and continued her teaching schedule there. My private students were cancelled for the week. I later wrote the following from notes I had taken while recovering at Bill and Francine's generous and hospitable home.

Starting the second day: At this moment, Wednesday morning 9 a.m., Dr. Stephen is head of the hospital. Dr. Frank, his first assistant, and Annette chief nurse. The president of the United States could not have received more loving and enthusiastic attention.

Dr. Frank leaves for school at 9:40 I will miss him. I haven't known a more generous little soul. His gift this morning an Easter basket, which he made. It contained green grass, marbles, and a George Washington hat (three cornered) that he had made. All were decorated with vivid and subtle colors.

My nurse's costume was red corduroy trousers, a red and blue knit shirt, blue Keds, and a black veil, tied in a ponytail at the back, and drawn so tightly over her face it flattened her nose. On her head, an original Indian crown of feathers and all. The nurse just announced that it was time for another pill, which she gave me in her unsterilized hands. She is a genuinely good and most resourceful and happy nurse.

Dr. Stephen is staying home from school today to take care of me. I protested but to no avail. Francine said, "He is an 'A' student and it won't hurt at all. He has never missed a day of school." I answered, "He shouldn't break his record now." Francine merely shrugged and replied, "What's a record."

At the moment, Dr. Stephen is setting a poem he wrote to music. They all study music with Grandma Edythe. Stephen is leaving spaces on the sides to illustrate the poem. Then he is going to give it to me. He has already given me so many original gifts: three placemats, stars glowing from all sides of their borders, and a central motif of colored flowers (I have a feeling he had planned them for the Fourth of July), crystal marbles, and painted, blown out. eggs.

The nurse just came in. She has changed costumes again. She exclaimed, "You know, Nana, you can take all of these presents to heaven with you when you die. Just put them in a basket with a lid, and glue the lid on so the heavenly children won't take them.

Your dying clothes must show through though. Grandma Christensen didn't show anything in her coffin. So put them at your feet in your coffin."

This surely was a new approach to mental therapy. Nurse Annette was so intensely serious, it was funny. I had difficulty in not laughing aloud. This I now do when I recall the incident.

The nurse said, "I must now leave for afternoon session. It starts at, twelve to twenty." Then added authoratively, "I will tell the doctors to watch you carefully." They are each so original and so precious.

Jimmy is my nurse now. He also is an "A" student. He was so kind and gentle. I told him that I wanted to take a bath, and was certain I could manage. He answered, "Now Nana, you keep the door slightly open and keep splashing so I will know you are all right." Never have I had such a splashing bath. Jimmy was so relieved when I was back in bed again. He is an ideal young man.

July 24, 1964

We had a real celebration. Devirl's and Bill's families were with us. First, the Days of Forty-Seven parade, then dinner at our home. Afterward, we ate watermelon, ice cream, and cake.

We had the happiness of having both families with us that summer. Devirl's children attended our BYU summer school at the McCune mansion.

BYU CENTER SPONSORS TEENAGERS AT SEATTLE

A score of teenagers and children of the Brigham Young University Youth Program take off August 4 for a series of 18 Bible choral presentations in six western states and Canada, including the World's Fair at Seattle. They will be under the direction of Grace Nixon Stewart.

Their tour includes three performances at the World's Fair in Seattle and one in Vancouver, B.C.

Their accompaniment was taped for them on the Salt Lake Tabernacle organ by Dr. Frank Asper.

The group, selected from 200 young people at the BYU-Salt Lake Adult-Education Center, give from memory the exact text of one of the Gospels, illustrated by appropriate slide-picture arrangements, and delivered with professional perfection.

These Bible presentations have been given, up to this date, a total of 1,970 times across the continent and the New England states, before making the present western tour.

In addition to appearances at the World's Fair in Seattle and in Vancouver, B.C., the touring group will appear at Winnemucca and Reno, Nevada; Sacramento, Oakland, and San Francisco, California; Medford and Portland, Oregon.

Mrs. Stewart will be assisted by Marvin Pack, program director.

September 3, 1964

**I received a letter from Dr. Harold I. Hansen. It said:
"Dear Grace,**

Thank you for your thoughtful note regarding the Hill Cumorah Pageant and church historical spots. I appreciated your thoughtfulness.

I am very pleased at your association with us. You are doing a splendid job, and our students join in our appreciation. Every good wish to you during the coming year.

Harold I. Hansen"

November 2, 1964

This newspaper article was in the Deseret News.

PLAY WILL BE READ HERE BY NOTED ARTIST

Presenting the dramatic play, "Queen Victoria," Grace Nixon Stewart will appear at the Ogden LDS stake tabernacle Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

Mrs. Stewart is claimed as one of the country's outstanding dramatists. She has received her education in many noted universities, both in this country and abroad. She possesses several degrees in her art.

December 17, 1964

My friend Fern and I had a delightful evening at Dr. Lael Woodbury's home in Provo. We had a buffet dinner and met several interesting people. Dr. Woodbury was especially attentive to us. Afterward Fern and I went to a play at the University.

The following introduction was later sent to me by mail.

Mt. Pleasant Utah

December 20, 1964

Dear Mrs. Stewart,

All of us are seeking for the same thing--Happiness! But some people seem to be better equipped than others to find happiness, and to help other people find happiness, and many of the finer and more inspirational things of life. They do this with their fine friendliness and happy spirit.

We know that the fool hath said, "Tommorrow I will live." But we also know that today itself is too late. The wise lived yesterday.

There is a lady with us tonight who is very, very wise. She has lived well yesterday, she is living abundantly and well today, and she is planning to live intelligently and wonderfully in the future.

In fact, she lives so well as to fill almost completely this expression from Elbert Hubbard: "Resolve to cultivate a cheerful spirit, a smiling countenance, and a soothing voice. The sweet smile, the subdued speech, the hopeful mind are earth's most potent conquerors. And he who cultivates them becomes a very master among men."

Tonight, it is my privilege to present this lady who is a very master among men. I am proud to introduce Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart, a general board member of the Y.W.M.I.A., who will speak to us on "Our Faith in Youth."

Best Wishes Always.

Sincerely, Louise Fowles

The following are a few of the numerous letters of appreciation Which we received from giving our Bible and Book of Mormon programs.

Feb. 13, 1964

**Professor Grace Nixon Stewart
225 North Main Street
Salt Lake City, Utah**

Dear Professor Stewart,

May I take this opportunity to join others in expressing our family's appreciation for the program on "the life of Christ", as presented recently in our ward by the young people from the Youth Center of the BYU.

Their presentation was inspiring. Their poise and diction was excellent. Their feeling and interpretation was significant of much study and direction. And the lighting effect on the speakers gave an added touch to the program. We felt blessed to have enjoyed it in our ward.

Sincerely,

Norman W. Farnsworth
High Priests Group Leader
East Mill Creek 5th Ward

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
BRYAN SECOND WARD BISHOPRIC
SUGAR HOUSE STAKE
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

February 18, 1964

Professor Grace Nixon Stewart
225 North Main Street
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Sister Stewart,

I am writing to let you know of my feelings regarding the presentation by the students in the youth program of the BYU center entitled "The Life of Jesus Christ."

This splendid program held the audience spellbound. Even the youngest children were fascinated. Everyone that I talked to was very impressed and said it is one of the finest programs that they have seen. And this is the way that I personally feel. Each student did his part exceptionally well, the background music was most outstanding, and the slides and lighting were most effective.

I can heartily recommend this program as a wonderful, spiritual, and up-lifting experience.

Sincerely,

**Odis L. Record
Bishop**

**THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
RICHARDS WARD BISHOPRIC
SUGARHOUSE STAKE**

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

February 17, 1964

Sister Stewart:

Sister Thomsen and I wanted to express to you our thanks for the lovely services put on by your group from the BYU at our sacrament services a few weeks ago.

We think it was outstanding and shows what really can be done with our young LDS boys and girls who are given a little training. We have been so accustomed to hearing our boys and girls read their talks or mumble, so at times, you cannot hear or even understand just what they are trying to say.

We think your program was outstanding and really enjoyed it very much, and would recommend more like it all through the church.

May the Lord bless you and your associates in this work.

Sincerely,

**Douglas Thomsen
Bishop**

November 17, 1964

Dear Mrs. Stewart,

I do not have the words to express myself the way I would like to, but I want you to know how grateful we are to you for the wonderful influence you have had upon Nancy.

Your graciousness in granting her desire that you speak to us at her farewell testimonial, and the great help you have been to her in her Bible classes have meant so much to Nancy.

Many times she has said to me, 'Mother, Sister Stewart is so sweet.' I am sure she loves you, Sister Stewart, and we do too. It was wonderful for us all to hear you, and I am glad our little grandchildren were there to hear the inspirational talk from you and feel your sweet spirit also. It did my heart good.

I am sure Nancy will remember the things you told us and I am sure I will too. I went right home and as soon as I could I underlined these precious thoughts in my Bible.

I am sorry I didn't have the opportunity to tell you, 'Thank you,' afterwards but I was very excited so may I please say it now. Thank you so much.

Sincerely,

Mr. and Mrs. Bernards

Sixty Six for Eleven Days of 1965) (Mostly 66th Year)

Sister Stewart,

I've asked myself what makes you a real teacher. This is what I've found: ...

You're always inspiring and giving to others--almost without their knowing.

You're gracious, kind, and your best self always

You're the teaching, by being the example.

You're persistent--your long hours of constant vigil, we hope, produce results you, as well as ourselves, desire.

I'm thankful for a real teacher.

Virginia Nielsen

**Danna Day
Section**

Mrs. Stewart,

We all would like to thank you with all our hearts for the improvement that we have seen in ourselves, both spiritually and temporally. You brought us to see the persons that we can become. Thank you!

From a teacher:

Thank you for not only being so very kind to teach my student, but also for being an inspiration to me. I only pray that I might be half as loving and giving as you are; that I might have lived a life so full of service and achievement; that I might even partially inspire as many as you have. I'll never be able to do as much as you, but you have been my inspiration to try.

Know that you grow dearer each year that I can be privileged to say I've known you.

Lovingly your forever student and friend,

Taunie

**DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS**

**Salt Lake Valley Seminary District
Beaumont Circle
Salt Lake City, Utah 84121**

**April 26, 1965
Grace Nixon Stewart**

**107-1st Avenue [sent to McCune Building?]
Salt Lake City, Utah**

Dear Sister Stewart:

The presentation of your 16 students was indeed a thrill to all who were in attendance at our teacher-improvement graduation program last evening. I believe President Tanner was very pleased. Would you mention to these students what an excellent contribution they made in our stake?

May the Lord continue to bless you in your many contributive efforts in building His kingdom.

Sincerely your brother,

**Charles R. Hobbs, Teacher-Trainer
Cottonwood Stake Sunday School**

**THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
COTTONWOOD STAKE SUNDAY SCHOOL
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH**

April 27, 1965

**Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart
Firt Avenue
Salt Lake City, Utah**

Dear Sister Stewart:

Many thanks to you and your very outstanding group of artists for their lovely and inspiring program presented in the Cottonwood Stake House, Sunday evening, April 25.

Your young people have certainly caught the spirit and meaning in the scriptures which tell the story of Christ's life and teachings.

The unselfish giving of time and effort to share this message with the people of our stake is truly appreciated.

Our sincere thanks.

Cordially,

COTTONWOOD STAKE SUNDAY SCHOOL

**Albert O. Quist
Superintendent**

**(67 for eleven days of 1966) (Mostly 67th year)
(68 for eleven days of 1967) (Mostly 68th year)
(69 for eleven days of 1968) (Mostly 69th year)
(70 for eleven days of 1969) (Mostly 70th year)**

**West 5th North
Salt Lake City, Utah
December 5, 1969**

**Grace Nixon Stewart
East 1st North
Salt Lake City, Utah**

Dear Sister Stewart:

A number of years ago during BYU Leadership Week some of your students put on a beautiful program based on scriptures and pictures from the New Testament. It was most effective and very impressive, I thought. I am teaching the adult class in Sunday School and we are studying the New Testament. I was wondering if your students still do these lovely readings from the Bible and if it were possible to present one of these programs for our Sunday School.

We are the First Ward from Rose Park, and our Sunday School begins at 9:30.

I am enclosing a self-addressed, stamped card, if you care to correspond. Or, if you would rather call me at my home after 6:00 p.m., the number is 364-5176.

Thank you so very much for all the pleasures you have given us in the past with your delightful programs.

Yours very truly,

Bonnie Sanford

January 21, 1965

For Marilyn's birthday I had an umbrella quilt made using materials from her various dresses through her high school and college years. As always, she was so appreciative. This is a portion of the letter we received about her birthday gifts.

Dear Mother and Dad,

Thank you for the absolutely most gorgeous quilt I've ever seen--it's unbelievable!!! Have shown it to several friends and they merely rave--what else could one do!

At present, it, plus all acoutrements are sitting in state on purple sofa in living room just waiting to be shown. I adore the pale pink pillow--exquisite--and the cover for day pillows also--really it is unbelievably lovely and as usual you are thinking of a gift to be treasured for many years. I can't thank you enough!

My much love and in gratitude, Marilyn"

April 3, 1965

We gave our Bible program in American Fork. It was an outstanding success. Dr. Chadwick and his wife had brought their son Kent to our six a.m. Sunday morning Bible rehearsals for two years. Kent was a member of our BYU Youth Programs. Sister Chadwick brought Kent to classes during the week.

After the program Dr. Chadwick said, "Sister Stewart, you are such a lovely lady. We are proud to be numbered among your friends. It is an inspiration to witness you teaching the scriptures and to listen to your interpretation of them."

Sister Dorthy Bennion cried with emotional appreciation as she said, "Sister Stewart, you are so marvelous. I am so grateful my children are studying with you. You are so devoted, so dedicated to your students and their spiritual growth."

April 21, 1965

The Pocatello Literary Club presented me in an evening of poetry, one-act plays, and monologue readings. The following is the program from that meeting.

**THE POCATELLO LITERARY CLUB PRESENTS
GRACE NIXON STEWART**

Introduction of Reader, Grace Nixon Stewart by Mrs. A. B. Chase

PROGRAM

POETRY

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Poems from "Figs From Thistles"

First Fig

Second Fig

Midnight Oil

Thursday

To The Not Impossible Him

The Betrothal

Dirge Without Music

God's World

SARAH TEASDALE

Blue Squills

The Answer

It Is Not A Word

Swallow Flight

On The South Downs

The Debt

Let It Be Forgotten

I Would Live In Your Love

The Lamp

LEW SARETT

To A Wild Goose Over Decoys

Wind In The Pine

(time to change costume)

MONOLOGUE

Opening A Bazaar In Devonshire, England

(time to change costume)

ONE ACT PLAY**Hearts To Mend--Harry Overstreet****(Intermission--five minutes)****MONOLOGUE****On A Porch In New England****(time to change costume)****ONE ACT PLAY****The Finger of God--Percival Wilde****May 1965**

717. For two years Mrs. Pardoe and I shared the same office. She and Dr. Pardoe were extremely angry with President Wilkinson because he had released Dr. Pardoe as head of the speech and dramatic arts department and given the position to Dr. Harold I. Hansen. Mrs. Pardoe made so many unkind, and dreadful statements about President Wilkinson to me, and others in my presence, that I could no longer endure listening to them.

So I went to President Wilkinson's office and asked him to please do something to assuage their wrath. He had known of their unkindness from several sources. He asked me if I had any suggestions, I did. Mrs. Pardoe had told me that she thought they should have some very special recognition since Dr. Pardoe had established the department and been head of it for twenty years.

She said that she didn't want some small section such as the "Theater in the Round", named for them. The beautiful large theatre on the main floor of the Harris Fine Arts Building, had not been named.

I was of the impression that Mrs. Pardoe felt that it should bear their names. President Wilkinson thanked me for coming to him with my information and suggestion.

On August 16, 1965 I received this letter from President Wilkinson.

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY**Ernest L. Wilkinson**

August 16, 1965

**Dr. and Mrs. T. Earl Pardoe
South 100 East
Provo, Utah**

Dear Brother and Sister Pardoe:

On behalf of the Board of Trustees, the University, and The College of Fine Arts and Communications, I have the pleasure of announcing that the Drama Theatre of the new Franklin S. Harris Fine Arts Center is to be named the T. Earl and Kathryn Pardoe Drama Theatre.

In this manner it is our desire to honor you and preserve for future generations our gratitude for the leadership and inspired service you made to the cultural progress and image that has distinguished this institution.

We are planning a special occasion for formalizing the naming of these areas. As soon as this date is set we will notify you, hoping it will be possible for you to be with us. We expect this occasion to be sometime in November.

Sincerely,

Ernest L. Wilkinson

Grace Creates Dramatic Reversal

It was amazing how the tenor of the Pardoes' remarks changed after they knew that the main theater was to be named for them. I was personally delighted because Dr. Pardoe, who had been so generous to me in my college days, was being honored. And they no longer maligned President Wilkinson. Both men were, and had been for years, my good friends.

The above conversation with President Wilkinson I have never revealed to anyone. However, I have a feeling that the Pardoes knew that I had had something to do with the theater being named for them. Because soon afterward I received this letter from him.

October 12, 1965

My Dear Grace,

You have always been so sweet and loyal and we love you for it. We point with pride to your success and dramatic abilities, counting you choice among our friends. In fact, you are precious.

Naming a theatre for Kathryn and T. Earl is most appreciated. But the success of our students is our best monument.

Come see us often, with love, T. Earl."

Neighborly Tragedies

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Raile had been our good friends. Since we bought our home on Wolcott Street, only a hedge separated our gardens.

Mrs. Raile had been married previously, and her husband had drowned, leaving her with two sons, Frank and Bobby. When Marilyn was about five years old, Mrs. Raile suggested that I give her sons speech lessons in return for Dr. Raile's taking care of our medical needs. This I agreed to, after consulting with my husband.

Dr. and Mrs. Raile had one child, a daughter Ramona whom her father idealized. She was two years older than Devirl. Dr. Raile was an especially good father to Frank and Bobby through their growing up, and college years. Both boys had masters degrees in business from Harvard University. They had used their time well from their early youth. Their mother had seen to this.

Ramona spent much of her time just lying on the patio coach in the summer. She didn't study piano, dancing, or speech. She and her brothers had many disagreements about the housework to be accomplished.

Mrs. Railie was a gifted and creative writer. She was on the General Board of the Primary for a number of years. Unfortunately she and her friend Emily Smith, also a primary board member, began to find fault with the president of the board, May Anderson.

Their negative comments were not confined to Miss Anderson, but were also against certain general authorities who maintained her as president. Mrs. Raile and Emily thought, and made it known widely, that a new primary president should be chosen.

The result was that both Mrs. Raile and Emily Smith were dropped from the Primary Board. Mrs. Raile became extremely embittered. I shall not forget the dreadful statements she made to me even about the President of the Church.

There was no use trying to reason with her. She just became more vindictive. She stopped wearing her garments. Both Mrs. Raile and her family discontinued attending church.

Frank married a girl who was not active in the church. He loved children and wanted a family. She refused to have children.

Frank and Bobby had made a great deal of money in California, where they both lived with their wives. Bobby had married a lovely Salt Lake girl, June Musser. They had been college sweethearts.

Frank wanted a divorce. His wife was only willing to give him one on the condition that he give her half of all he had made and a third of all future earnings from his present business interests. To this he agreed.

Ramona married a Christian Scientist.

Mrs. Raile and I had been such good friends. It grieved me to see her unhappiness and continual frustration and illness since leaving the General Board.

Formerly, Vilate, had had many friends whom she and Dr. Raile often entertained at garden parties in their beautiful garden. They would invite Daddy and me. I would give memorized one-act plays or poetry for their guests.

Vilate developed diabetes, and other body ailments. She was troubled in mind and heart. At times Vilate would call me on the telephone and say, "Grace, please come and read the Bible to me when you have finished teaching." This I would do, and she said she felt comforted.

Mrs. Raile continued to develop additional health problems. She had a very sore mouth. It became difficult for her to take food. One day I called to see how she was feeling. She said, "Grace I am in such terrific pain I can only speak with great difficulty, my tongue is covered with prickly particles as is a chickens body when the feathers have been plucked and sharp edges are left." Her tongue was swollen from constant irritation. She had lost all of her teeth and her mouth was too full of sores even to swallow liquids.

A few days later Dr. Railie notified us of her death. They had a private graveside service.

The new L.D.S. hymnbook was copyrighted in 1985. Song number 184 is "Upon the Cross of Calvary." the music is by Leroy J. Robertson, 1896-1971. And the text is by Vilate Raile, 1890-1954. Asterisks by their names in the authors and composers index indicate that they were L.D.S.

Underneath the song, in the right-hand corner, are listed two of the scriptures which relate to this hymn. They are Luke 23:33, 46 and Helaman 14:14-19. [I believe that one of Vilate Raile's verses is also on the This Is The Place Monument across from the Hogle Zoo. {ed.}]

Ramona became addicted to alcohol. Her husband obtained a divorce. Frank and Bobby did what they could to help her. Finally, because of her conduct, they had her placed in an institution. After a short time Ramona telephoned to her father and reported that her brothers had placed her in the institution to rid themselves of her.

This accusation caused a permanent rift between Dr. Raile and his step sons. Since he was a doctor, he was able to have Romona released to his care, and he brought her home. However, Ramona was mentally ill. She imagined much that was not true, and related these fantasies as truth. As a result much more family disharmony resulted.

These problems I will not relate here. Ramona had great difficulty sleeping. She would need to have her father keep talking with her until three o'clock in the morning or later. This was a great strain on his health. He gave up most of his medical practice, so that he could meet his daughter's many requirements.

One morning, Dr. Raile went into Ramona's bedroom. Her head and arms were hanging over the side of the bed. She had ceased her life by taking all of the sleeping pills.

Dr. Raile called Daddy and notified him of Ramona's death. Daddy did what he could to help Dr. Raile. They had a private funeral for Romona at Dr. Railie's home. He didn't want Frank or Bobby to be present. Ramona was buried before her brothers had word of her passing.

A few evenings after the funeral, Daddy and I visited Dr. Railie to give what comfort we could. He wasn't well, and his conversation was unlike his usual coherent speech. It was only about a week later that he suffered a fatal heart attack. Again a private funeral was held. This time it was for a disillusioned and heartbroken man. He had been our loyal friend for over twenty-five years.

Frank and Bobby were notified of their father's passing. Daddy conducted the services. After the services, we met with Frank in Dr. Raile's home. He was worried about the home being burglarized. He had tried to get police protection but was unsuccessful.

From police headquarters, he had been told that in the city there were at least fifteen homes broken into every night. In order to help Frank, Daddy and I said that we would take care of the home until he could return with his wife.

Frank had married again and had two daughters. They would bring June, Bobby's wife, with them and decide on the division of the household belongings. Bobby still suffered from a serious back injury which he experienced before his marriage. It was difficult for him to travel.

We arranged with Mr. Smith, who had bought our home, to guard the Raile house during daylight hours.

Daddy's business required his leaving town. It was left to me to take care of the home at night. Most often it was after ten o'clock p.m. before I finished teaching. I would walk to South Temple Street and continue walking toward Wolcott. This was pleasant because the evenings were cool.

However, I shall never forget the frightening experience of unlocking the front door and entering what now seemed a haunted house. I envisioned the restless spirits of Mrs. Raile and Romona in the various rooms. I recall hurrying up the front stairs to the master bedroom where both Vilate and Romona had died.

I quickly undressed and jumped into bed. Sleep did not come for hours. I kept thinking that this was a bed of death. Both Romona and her mother kept leering at me with accusing eyes, saying what right have you to be here? . . Leave!!

Oh how I wished it were possible. But I had given my word. So I pulled the covers over my head hoping to block out their images and induce sleep. How grateful I

was when the first glimpses of dawn came. I arose quickly and left the house, where now, it seemed, three restless spirits walked.

One Saturday evening when I arrived at the Raile domicile, the porch light was not on. I concluded that the globe had burned out. To my horror, none of the lights would turn on. Fortunately, I had a flashlight, which guided my faltering steps to the dreaded bedroom. The flashlight cast eerie and uneven shadows throughout the room.

My inclination was to sit on the couch all night rather than risk another night in the unwelcome bed. Finally, I removed my shoes and laid on the bed, fully-clothed. I had tried, the previous night, to lock the bedroom door, but there was no key. I consoled myself by thinking no lock could keep ghosts from entering.

I was weary and must have fallen asleep, but suddenly was awakened by the sound of someone walking downstairs. I reached for my purse and took from it Mr. Smith's telephone number. There were some frightening moments before he answered.

I told him that I had heard a prowler in the house. He said he would come right over. Mr. Smith had a key and let himself in. He came to me upstairs, found the fusebox and did something that made the lights come on. Together we went from room to room. At last we went down the narrow steps to the basement. We both walked softly and cautiously. We found no one. Mr. Smith concluded that the burglar had entered by a basement window, and left the same way.

On Sunday, Daddy joined me. We went out to dinner, then returned to the Raile house. We were informed that Frank would return that evening. Daddy and I had a pleasant afternoon recalling happier days spent in the Raile home. I played the piano and Daddy closed his eyes and listened.

Frank arrived with his wife and June, Bobby's wife. They were going to divide the furniture and other things. Frank introduced his wife, Florence, to us. I said, "What a beautiful wife you have Frank." He answered, "Yes, I am so fortunate to have her and our two lovely daughters." Florence protested, "I am the fortunate one. Frank is an excellent husband." It was good to know that Frank now had a happy marriage.

After asking if there was anything further we could do for them, Daddy and I left for home. A few days later we received this letter.

Dear Grace and Devirl:

There is no way for Bob and me to adequately express our appreciation for all you have done in taking care of 19 South Wolcott. It was to us the kind of sentimental act of friendship which is so often lost in today's kind of world.

We will be in touch with you again when we are in Salt Lake but I did want you to know how truly appreciative we are.

Sincerely, Frank"

Frank remained in Salt Lake until the furniture had been loaded in a van bound for California. Previously, he had called Daddy and had asked him to come to the house and choose between an easy chair or sofa for a gift of appreciation. Daddy telephoned to me and asked which I would prefer. My answer was, "The sofa". This we later had moved to our library on State Street.

Grace's San Francisco Vacation

When my classes were over at the BYU and the McCune-BYU Center, I went to San Francisco for a vacation. While there I called Frank at his office to see how they all were. Bobby came to the phone. During our conversation he said that Frank had gone to Hawaii with his two daughters for three weeks.

He had obtained a divorce from Florence. She had, he found, been having an "affair" for several months, even before their trip to Salt Lake City. Bobby added that Frank had told him he wanted to devote the rest of his life to his daughters. It was difficult for me to understand how anyone who had expressed such love and appreciation for Frank could be such a hypocrite.

(66 for eleven days of 1965) (Mostly 65 in her 66th year)

Mrs. Stewart,

We all would like to thank you with all our hearts for the improvement that we have seen in ourselves, both spiritually and temporally. You brought us to see the persons that we can become. Thank you!

From a teacher.

Thank you for not only being so very kind to teach my student, but also for being an inspiration to me. I only pray that I might be half as loving and giving as you are; that I might have lived a life so full of service and achievement; that I might even partially inspire as many as you have. I'll never be able to do as much as you, but you have been my inspiration to try.

Know that you grow dearer each year that I can be privileged to say I've known you.

Lovingly your forever student and friend,

Taunie

(67 for eleven days of 1966) (Mostly 67th year)

April 26, 1966

Dear Mrs. Stewart,

We all miss you so very much. It would be so wonderful to have just a few minutes sometime when it is convenient for you just to see you and to hear your voice.

We talk about you all the time, and it seems as though you have set the standard for the family. Often when we are going to do anything, we wonder how Mrs. Stewart would want us to do it. And then we work to achieve that standard. You have really been our inspiration.

May you have a very wonderful holiday and may the blessings that you so richly deserve be yours. You have the deep love, appreciation, and gratitude of all of us.

Sincerely, Ralph, Ruth & children"

The radio ran the following BYU Youth Program announcement from the below script three times daily for two weeks.

BYU "Youth Program"

KSL Radio

Seconds

June 3, 1966

**Brigham Young University
Salt Lake Adult Education Center
200 North Main St.
Salt Lake City, Utah 84103**

**BYU "Youth Program" #6-2
ANNCR:**

Tape/Talent (Music Under) Please Rotate

The BYU Center for continuing education, proudly offers their nationally famous "Youth Program" under the most capable direction of Professor Grace Nixon Stewart. Professor Stewart, outstanding in her own right, assisted by experts in their field, have developed a curriculum and provide training virtually untouched anywhere in our nation, for youths 6 to 18 years of age.

Students are skillfully trained in the art of voice building, storytelling, oral interpretation, teenage dancing; your greater individuality, and an extensive study of the scriptures, public recitals, poetry, reading, creative dramatics and puppetry, to further the development of self confidence and poise in the young people. The youth program will start June 13th and run through July 23.

June 13, 1966

Nick and Mary Ellen were in Summer school with us at the McCune mansion. We included them in the pioneer centennial program which we gave in the Assembly Hall on Temple Square. Their pictures were taken near the pioneer monument.

July 22, 1966

An Annual Formal Garden Party

The annual formal garden party for the Youth Program at Brigham Young University, Salt Lake Center for continuing education, will be held July 22, 1966, 7:30 p.m., at Memory Grove.

The Youth Program is under the direction of Professor Grace Nixon Stewart. Chairman for the evening will be Mrs. Olive Hodson. Soft music will be played throughout the garden during the reception of the guests. The theme of the program will be patriotism. The National Guard will post the colors. The readings and garden party will be under the direction of Professor Stewart.

The readings will be:

"Creed"-by Jed Clarke

"The Flag Goes By"-by Jim Trowbridge

"A Child Named Catherine"-by Julie Haake

"Fairies At the Bottom of Our Garden"-by Mary Ellen Stewart

"The Best Game the Fairies Play"-by Ann Ferguson

"Please"-by Joyce Berghout

"Fairies and Chimneys"-by Teri Adkins

Refreshments will be under the direction of Mrs. Clarence Edwards. The color scheme at the refreshment table will be white and pink. Serving of the refreshments will be under the supervision of Mrs. Olive Hodson.

Those in the receiving line will be in formal attire. The young men will be in white coats and black ties. They will be Bradley Nygren and Ronda Lee Wanberg, Phillip Jones and Kathy Crow, Paul Wanberg and Marie Yeates, Gregory Hodson and Bonnie Boel, Scott Smith and Carolee Haake, Henry Yeates and Adria Eason, Jed Clarke and Beckie Blair, Kent Chadwick and Darlene Proctor, Dennis Pack and Louise Proctor, Mary Ellen Stewart and Stephen Saxton, and Jim Trowbridge and Kathy Edwards. Receptionists will be Mrs. Francine Stewart and Mrs. Carol McKay.

There will be twelve hostesses situated in various parts of the garden to help the guests feel comfortable and engage them in conversation until the program started. The young people included in the receiving line will again take their positions to thank the guests for attending and to bid them goodnight.

August 21, 1966

I spoke at my student, Kent Chadwick's, missionary farewell in American Fork.

September 7, 1966

Landmark Destroyed. Provo Mansion's Interior Moved To Salt Lake Mansion

On Father's birthday, I arrived in Provo in time for church in my old ward, the Provo sixth ward, where my parents family and I had faithfully attended.

On my way to church I saw that our beautiful old Provo home was being dismantled. After church I spoke to the bishop about our home. He explained that the city had bought the house, and was taking it down because they needed the land for the post office and parking. Tears filled my eyes. I remembered how diligently my Father had worked to make the lawns and flower beds especially beautiful.

Our home had been designed by a noted architect for Judge Southerland, the only member of the United States Supreme Court, from Utah. The interior was elegant.

I asked the bishop how I could obtain the seven beautiful stained glass windows, and other valuable contents. He suggested that I go to the chairman of the city commission. This I did on Monday after my teaching at BYU was concluded.

I told the commissioner how important our home had been to all of our family. He was very sympathetic and understanding. He said, "Mrs. Stewart, sentiment is more important in this instance than the money. I will show you the highest bid for the movable interior of your home. You bid even one dollar higher and all is yours." I gave him five dollars higher.

Grace's Husband and His Helper Transport Antiques To Salt Lake City.

My husband, knowing how important the home had been to me, brought a helper, and worked diligently to remove our library built-in secretary and bookcase. The top of this reached the library ceiling. That was then installed in our Salt Lake, State Street home's library

The Provo library fireplace was magnificent. They painstakingly removed colored ceramic sections and the figures of the lamb and shepard in the center, numbered them, and had the fireplace reconstructed, by a professional, for our Salt Lake home.

They carried out the same procedure for the fireplaces in our parlor and in my bedroom.

At the top of the Provo home was a wrought iron widow's walk. They said that it would not be possible to obtain that. But Devirl worked until he had it all. This we had installed around our patio.

This is only one example of something considered very difficult or impossible, which during his lifetime, Devirl ingeniously accomplished.

Finally, they carefully removed all the stained glass windows. Some of these were used as windows in our home. And the remaining ones were made into three beautiful lamps, which hung from the ceiling of our library, upstairs sitting room, and master bedroom.

We also successfully removed some of the shrubs. And they grew on the west side of our State Street home.

Thanks for influence. Hope to re-enroll in the future.

Loran Hts. Drive
Salt Lake City, Utah
September 12, 1966

Dear Mrs. Stewart,

I wanted to let you know that we will not be able to send Carolyn and Nancy to the BYU Youth Program this Fall. But we do hope that in a year or so we will again be with you and partake of the wonderful influence there.

We all want to thank you for the tremendous influence for good you have been in our lives. When speaking of trying to be good and perfect, the way the Lord wants us to be, Jim said, "You mean good and perfect like Mrs. Stewart." "Yes", we all agreed. Through you we have all learned to love the Lord more deeply by learning the scriptures and making them come alive in our lives.

Your school has been a place where we could find refinement, when it has been a scarce commodity on the general market.

Most of all we are grateful for you and the good things you stand for. You are a great influence for good in our lives. We will be eternally grateful to you for your life and your teachings, for making the Gospel of Jesus Christ come alive in our lives.

Most sincerely,
Lucy Fox

A Greatful Mother Urges Moderation

Your high standards will be with her all her life.

Take care of yourself and don't overdo. I'm sure you must have a rigid program for yourself of self-discipline in order to keep up the pace you set for yourself.

Thank you again from both of us,
Barbara Butler

A Greatful High School Teacher Acknowledges Grace's Influence

Professor Stewart,

For the magnificent concept of art, truth, and beauty you have shared with Gina and myself, we shall eternally be grateful. Again I thank you for the many hours you have graciously credited to us in our time of need.

We pray we shall always make you proud of our actions and accomplishments. You have been a source of personal strength and inspiration to us both. God bless you. We wish you the best Life may offer.

Love,

Lemuel and Gina Harsh

November 5, 1966

On this date was the BYU class reunion of those graduating in 1921. It was a glorious occasion. Several of the class had distinguished careers. After the luncheon pictures were taken of a few of us. My picture was taken with President Ernest Wilkinson, and another with George Ballif.

In BYU President's Box

We then went to the football game. President Wilkinson asked me to sit with him, and his wife, in the President's Box. It was an exciting game. Again, at the evening festivities, my classmates were so especially kind to me.

**Stanford and San Jose State College
Institute Presentations**

The evening of December 25, 1966, the BYU Youth Group gave our Bible Program for the Stanford University Institute and the San Jose College Institutes. Grace Lynne Mary Ellen, and David participated. The large audience was most appreciative.

Devirl had arranged with the San Jose stake president, Horace Ritchie, and with the San Jose State college President, Dr. John Wahlquist, for our appearance. Devirl also made it possible for girls and mothers to stay in the women's dormitory and the boys and father's to stay in the men's dormitory.

A decorated Christmas tree was in each building. I stayed at Devirl's home. Devirl and Jean had all of us for a delicious Christmas Eve dinner. Again, on Christmas Day, we were all invited to dinner. They were most gracious hosts.

President Wahlquist and many others congratulated the students . He said he was greatly impressed with their interpretation of the scriptures. It was all a beautiful and memorable experience.

(68 for eleven days of 1967) (Mostly 68th year)

An Art Book Book From a Blind Student

East First South #3
January 17, 1967

My dear Mrs. Stewart:

Because of your being such an outstanding artist in your own field, I know you have a keen aprpecciation for beauty, I thought you might be pleased to have this little book of Arnold Friberg paintings.

I still think of you often and so much appreciate all you have done for me. I am looking forward to again taking lessons from you.

Thank you so much for everything.

Love,

Cleta Marianne Johnson
Your blind student"

April 20, 1967

Our precious daughter received her master's degree in French literature from Harvard University. We are so proud of her. Marilyn previously had earned her masters degree in music from BYU.

April 22, 1967

Francine wrote our BYU Youth program's spring play. It was an excellent production. The following is the newspaper account:

Newspaper Write Up Details

•Theme: "Age of Chivalry" in the Court of King Arthur of Camelot

•Place: Ballrooms of BYU Salt Lake Center for Continuing Education

•Date: April 22, 1967

•Time: 7:00 p.m.

•Program:

•Play

•Fashion Show

•Tributes to graduating students

•Reception

•Play: "The Court of King Arthur"

•Setting: Third ballroom--walls in tapestry and panelled mahogany. Antique thrones with carved legs and deep cherry-red-brocade upholstery. The dais for the thrones was covered with an oriental rug. Above the thrones hung banners and shields with the crests of the various knights in dark red, gold, and white. Hand-carved and hand-painted shields were hung about the room.

•This was for the Court scenes:

•Garden scene: Crepe paper streamers in deep red, green, violet, blue, and pink hung from the central pillar of the middle ballroom. Around the top of the pillar a large garland of flowers in the same bright color encircled it. From this garland the streamers were attached and hung in graceful loops extending to the gold candelabra along the mirrored walls. Another garland hung above the arched doorway.

•Five trees in various spring blossoms were about the ballroom. One, a 13-foot rose tree set in front of one of the mirrors, reflected hundreds of deep red roses, with light red centers. Other trees were in yellow, pink, and violet blossoms.

•King Arthur--Phillip Jones was costumed in a salmon and brown brocade tunic and matching cape--lined in a soft, pink satin. Heavy pink and gold braid edged the cape and tunic.

•Queen Guinevere--Adria Eason wore a rust tone crepe gown with a high waistline and graceful flowing skirt. A pale pink band encircled the lifted waist with heavy

rust lace over it. A sheer pink veil falling from a gold crown hung full length to the floor.

- Launcelot--Paul Wanberg wore a brocade tunic of beige, salmon pink and green--with fitted green sleeves and green braid trim.
- Elaine--Ronda Wanberg in deep fashion-red organza gown.
- Directed by: Professor Grace Nixon Stewart
- Written and narrated by: Francine Stewart
- Music by: Marie Yates
- Refreshments: Cherry tarts and pink punch.
- Table--embroidered linen cloth in deep red,blue, green and pink yarn.
- Centerpiece--a miniature rose tree
- Hostesses: Olive Hodson, Rita Perry, Carol McKay

July 7, 1967

I received this letter in response to a serious and difficult situation one of our students had gotten himself into with the law.

I was able to get his gun from him, and dispose of it, before the policemen arrived. They were going to take him to jail. However, I was able to convince them that I would personally be responsible if they would release him into my custody.

To this they finally consented. The offender was a gifted and wayward boy. His parents were excellent people, and my friends. I was most grateful for the results.

Dear Grace:

Masterful and magnificent are the words to describe your ultra efforts, ability and performance in helping us.

A most serious attempt at runaway was shot dead in embryo. The forces of evil were cheated, our son was snatched from an awful trap and prayer was answered.

God bless you, Sincerely, Sheldon and Mary"

July 23, 1967

In Manti, Utah, *The Mormon Miracle Pageant* had its inaugural performance. There were two narrators, a 300 voice chorus, and an audience of 2,000. On this same date, in Dublin, Ireland, was the formal opening of the Abbey Theatre's new Peacock Theatre.

July 28, 1967

We again presented "The Life and Teachings of Our Lord." This time, all the participants were costumed in the traditional dress of the period, some costumes from years previous. Our Jimmie was the child Jesus in the "temple in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions." This picture was published in our school brochure.

October 9, 1967

We received this letter from our grandson Jim:

Dear Grandpa and Nana,

You're the best grandparents that a grandson could be privileged to have. You're always willing to help and give advice. You are the perfect example to follow. I want to let you know that I sure do miss you.

How are you doing in your work at the BYU, Nana? I'm sure you are a marvelous job as a professor at the BYU, and as the head of the BYU adult education center.

Grandpa, when you read this letter you will probably have just gotten back from your trip to Southern Utah and Las Vegas. How did everything go on the trip? I wish I could take a trip with you. Perhaps we could arrange it during the summer. How is the work on the big house progressing? I saw the rooms in the old carriage house and they were very nice.

It is really great having Uncle Devirl and Aunt Jean so close to us. They have done so much for us. We also got a nice pole lamp from Uncle Devirl.

I'm playing football down here, but I haven't played much. I sprained my foot so I won't be able to participate in the last couple of football games. I wish you the best of everything.

Love, Jim"

Grace Helps Woman Improve Attitude Toward, And Understanding of Self.

Dear Sister Stewart,

I would feel very ashamed of myself if I didn't sit down this Sabbath day and let you know how special you are to me. I would like to tell you in person, but knowing you, I know that you would only start building me up. . So before the time in your class slips away, I would like you to know how wonderful I think you are.

Your class has given me a number of valuable truths and helps that I shall be blessed to use for the rest of my life. I can still remember the first day, wherein, you gave the class a trust and a love, not only in you, but in our Heavenly Father, and his Son, Jesus Christ.

Day by day, I could feel my love and knowledge for him grow, as I viewed in your eyes and total person, what this love had done for you. I know that you truly love Jesus Christ, and have a testimony of his life and message here on earth.

And if knowing you in this way was not enough, you gave me something that only one person, in my life has, Sister Stewart. You helped me believe in and love myself. You helped me to understand and know myself and my own worth. You see, I have never quite believed in myself, and have hated me.

But I weep for what I have now, as I see and thank you for this unselfish love which you have given me.

I only wish that I could give you something as precious in return. For you are to me one of the greatest and most precious people in the whole world. The Celestial Kingdom will certainly be a lovely place if just half the people there are like you.

For your trust, concern, and believing and caring in me, I thank you deeply. It has been my great honor to be in your class, and to be your secretary.

I have just briefly touched on your significance and worth in my life. And I apologize at my inadequacy in expressing it I want to strive always to be the type of woman which you have shown me; truly a child of God. God has truly blessed me with your teaching and relationship.

Sincerely,

Valarie Casper"

November 1967

{69 for eleven days of 1968) (Mostly 69th year}

**THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS THE OFFICE
OF THE BISHOP**

Holladay 24th Ward

February 27, 1968

**Sister Grace Nixon Stewart
BYU Adult Education
200 North Main St.
Salt Lake City, Utah
Dear Sister Stewart:**

We want to express our appreciation for all the preparation and the fine performance that you, your associates, and young people presented in our recent sacrament meeting. We only hoped that Delbert Christensen would have participated with the group.

Sincerely,

**Blythe Moyes
Bruce B. Anderson
Hugh L. Sharp**

Holladay 24th Ward Bishopric

Mathematics Professor Writes BYU President of GNS's help in TV Programs

**President Ernest L. Wilkinson
Brigham Young University
ASB
Provo, Utah 84601**

Dear President Wilkinson:

As I am sure you are aware, for the past two years I have been developing a program in teaching certain lower division courses in mathematics using television

as a teaching aid. According to all of our studies of the program, it is proving even more successful than we had anticipated.

As a result of this success, I am certain that I will be engaged in producing more and hopefully better television tapes for various courses in mathematics in the near future.

Realizing my lack of professional training in the dramatic arts and, in particular, public speaking, and how very critical these are in producing effective tapes, I sought counsel from Dr. Charles Metten of the Dramatic Arts Department.

He introduced me to Sister Grace Nixon Stewart, having indicated to me earlier that she was one of the finest voice teachers that he knew of. [underlining ed.] It is with regard to this introduction and many subsequent meetings with Sister Stewart that I am writing this letter.

Without a moments' hesitation, she went right to work with me and has invited me back time and time again for instruction and exercise. Though she has only been working with me a few weeks now, I have already sensed a marked improvement in my speaking voice and general delivery while learning more about developing one's voice than in all my previous years of experience in the field of education.

I am most appreciative of the many unselfish and patient hours she has spent with me and have expressed such to her. However, I felt that you would also want to know of this sincere interest and generous service that she has given, and is continuing to render to me, which I would consider over and beyond her normal assignment.

I have since reflected how seemingly seldom we as members of this great faculty share with each other personally many of our talents that could, and most certainly would, significantly strengthen our united effort in providing a stimulating and effective program of education for the fine students that come to this institution.

I know I will be forever indebted to Sister Stewart for what she has done for me. And I know, in turn, that I will now be able to offer to this university a greater and more effective service than I could have previous to this choice experience.

Very Sincerely,
Ronald D. Jamison
Associate Professor of Mathematics

**PRESIDENT'S OFFICE MEMORANDUM
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY**

**From: ELW
To: Ronald D. Jamison
Date: March 9, 1968**

Re: Grace Nixon Stewart

Thank you for your letter of March 7 telling of the success you have been having in producing television tapes for courses in mathematics and the help Sister Grace Nixon Stewart has been to you.

May I congratulate you on your success in the teaching of mathematics courses, using television as a teaching aid. I am happy to know that you plan to continue producing more television tapes for various courses in math in the near future.

I have known Sister Stewart for many years and have a high regard for her as an excellent voice teacher. As you indicated in your letter, she is unselfish in using her various services to help others. I am happy for your letter of appreciation of the good work she has done for you, and I concur in the good things you said about her.

Ernest L. Wilkinson

April 26, 1968

The following is from a birthday card given to Daddy:

Happy Birthday, Dad. We all love and miss you very, very much. Your gift from all seven of us is in the mail, and will arrive soon. All our love to a wonderful Father. Love, Bill"

April 26, 1968

This was the message on a card I received:

To the most gracious, lovely woman I've ever known with all my love. Terry and Romel

**BYU Youth Program
KSL Radio
June 5, 1968 for use through June 16, 1968**

**BYU Salt Lake Center for Continuing Education
200 North Main
Salt Lake City, Utah 84103**

Announcer:

Young people of Utah and neighboring states representing the BYU Salt Lake Youth Program have given over 1,800 performances around the world of the sacred program, "The Life and Teachings of Jesus". It has been received with international acclaim. This youth program is available now for your sons and daughters. They will receive training and guidance virtually untouched anywhere in our nation under the outstanding direction of Professor Grace Nixon Stewart.

Assisting Professor Stewart are accomplished teachers in their fields. Youth will be skillfully trained in the art of voice-building, story telling, dramatic readings, crafts, teenage dancing, modeling.

Also. your greater individuality, intensive studies in the scriptures, poetry, formal and creative dramatics. plays, public recitals, formal and informal parties are given throughout the season. The Youth Program will begin June 17th and continue through July 26.

If you have young people between the ages of 6-19, call 328-0325, or write for the BYU Youth Program brochure, 200 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, 84103.

July 29, 1968

FUN SUMMERTIME PARTY

A formal garden party, complete with music, dancing and entertainment, was held Friday night at Memory Grove.

"My America" was the theme for the event, sponsored by the Youth Program of Brigham Young University's Salt Lake Center for Continuing Education. It was under the direction of Professor Grace Nixon Stewart.

Mrs. Stewart welcomed the guests, assisted by Grace Lynne Stewart and James William Stewart Jr. General chairman was Marie Yeates.

A patriotic program added dignity to the evening. Colors were posted by the Utah National Guard. Dancing followed the program.

Forming welcoming line were Esther Jane Peterson, Donna Burt, Linda Bennion, Bonnie Cox, Susanne Locher, Carole Lee Haake, Gwen Taylor, Karen Fitts, Kathy Jensen, Kay Lynn Hodson, Jon Clark, Benton Clark, Romel Mackelprang, Philip Jones, Bradley Nygren, Dennis Pack, Kerry Bennion, Carlos Mindreau, John Daynes, Allen Jensen, Michael Jensen, and Stewart Smith.

Hostesses, in the garden, were Mrs. Raymond J. Wanberg, Mrs. Orrin McKay, Mrs. Richard Hodson, Mrs. K. W. Yeates, Mrs. Kurt Locher, Mrs. Joseph E. Bennion, Mrs. Leonard Haake, Mrs. Melvin R. Cox, Mrs. Rudolph Christiansen, Mrs. A. T. Patterson, Miss Ronda Lee Wanberg, Miss Lucille Patterson and Miss Cathy Crow.

July 29, 1968

The following is a card given to me at the Garden Party along with twelve red roses:

**With this gift from all of us
Come lots of wishes, too,
From each and every one of us
Who think so much of you;
Wishes for the very best
Today and every day,
And all that makes you happiest
Along the future way!**

From:

Brad Nygren, Ronda Lee Wanberg, Katherine Crow, Marie Yeates, Linda Bennion, Olive Hodson, Darlene Proctor, Francine Stewart.

August 24, 1968

Dear Sister Stewart,

Thank you for the informative, delightful, and tremendously worthwhile courses you offered in your Youth Program this summer. My two little nieces, remained exceedingly enthusiastic about it during the entire session. They would return home with glowing faces and eagerly anticipate the next day's activities.

We were especially satisfied with the dominating spiritual instruction and atmosphere which pervaded the entire session. This deepened and refined the experience for the girls which, we realize, will have a lasting impression on them and the younger members of their family--so important in our society nowadays.

John Wright, their little cousin, who was able to complete only half the session, was equally enthusiastic.

His parents called me last Sunday evening and expressed their love and gratitude for your contribution to their son's development and happiness. They said, "John and his younger brother will be enrolled next summer."

It was my suggestion that the children have the opportunity to participate in your program this summer, so I really started something. It really surpassed my expectations, Sister Stewart. I hope that I may have a measure of success in my work, which is really compensation, isn't it?

Cordially, Elizabeth Price"

September 10, 1968

Recently, as a Lion House project we had the great pleasure in presenting to the Salt Lake public, Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart in a dramatic recital.

She read the play "Victoria Regina," the play which as you know, has been for sometime, one of the leading stage presentations in both this country and in England. It is the vehicle through which Helen Hayes has added so much to her already widespread fame.

To hear Grace Nixon Stewart read this play is as satisfying as to see it produced. We were all captivated by her skillful and graceful impersonations, not only of the

Queen Victoria, but of the other characters as well. We marveled at her feat of memory and her transitions from one character to another. It was altogether a delightful evening.

Now the thought occurs to us that other communities might be desirous of sharing in the pleasure and uplift which come from hearing this reading. Mrs. Stewart is willing to give it in a limited number of places, if satisfactory dates can be arranged.

We suggest that you might find it easily possible to raise twice the amount of money required for expenses or even more, and thus secure for your stake an addition to your funds.

If adjacent stakes can arrange consecutive dates, Mrs. Stewart's traveling expense would be lessened. Several stakes have already availed themselves of this and similar opportunities and have netted considerable amounts.

Sincerely,

Clarissa Beesley,
Executive Secretary
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints"

(70 for eleven days of 1969) (Mostly 70th year)

April 22, 1969

I received a letter from Francine saying that Frank, Annette, and Stephen would like very much to attend our speech school that summer. This pleased me because I love them very much.

May 26, 1969

Daddy and I attended a dinner in the Lafayette Ballroom at the Hotel Utah in honor of Dr. M. Lynn Bennion retiring superintendent of Salt Lake City schools. The Board of Education and Chamber of Commerce were the sponsors.

May 27, 1969

Jean wrote a letter thanking us for making it possible for them to buy their home at 3370 Navajo Lane, Provo.

June 18, 1969

Jim wrote a letter thanking us for the "beautiful gold watch" we gave him for graduation. Jim continued, "It works perfectly. It winds itself and I am really proud to wear it."

June 26, 1969

Daddy and I attended the "Centennial Ball", at the Salt Palace. The invitation read as follows:

Commemorating the organization of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association in 1869, the General Superintendency and Presidency of the Mutual Improvement Associations of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints request the pleasure of your company at th Centennial Ball

On Thursday, the twenty-sixth of June, One thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine, at eight-thirty o'clock in the evening

Place: The Salt Palace, Salt Lake City, Utah

Music The Twenty-Third Army Band Utah Army National Guard and Utah Symphony Orchestra.

Dress: Semi-formal

Dinner was served, and the evening concluded with songs and dancing. We had a delightful time.

July 25, 1969

Our garden party in Memory Grove was a beautiful experience for all who attended. The theme was "The Best Things In Life."

October 1969

In early October we received a gracious note from the governor's wife, Mrs. Margaret Lee, in which she stated the following: "I think I have never seen such perfection of service coupled with such charm as was in evidence under the

direction and careful supervision of Grace Nixon Stewart." My students served the refreshments to the guests.

November 1969

I gave the three-act play "Romance" for our Sunday night group at the home of President and Mrs. A. Ray Olpin. I think I shall not forget how delighted Daddy was with the way I gave the play. On the way home he said he was so very proud of me, and that I should continue giving plays.

December 20, 1969

I attended the Christmas party given for the faculty of the College of Fine Arts and Communications. We sang Christmas carols and had favorable refreshments.

December 25, 1969

I received these letters during the holiday season:

Dear Grace,

I appreciate your friendship greatly. It is a pleasure for me to work with you in the department. Your enthusiasm, charm, and personal warmth are examples to all of us.

May the New Year and decade be a happy, healthy, and prosperous one for you and your family.

Sincerely yours, Charles Metten"

I want you to know that you are one of the most gracious and lovely ladies I have ever known. My warmest thoughts and affectionate regards. Preston Gledhill"

Among the many Christmas cards sent, to Daddy and me, we especially valued one from Elder LeGrand and Ina Richards in which Elder Richards had written, "We treasure your friendship."

(71 for eleven days of 1970) (Mostly 71st year)

January 26, 1970

Dear Sister Stewart,

The most wonderful thing about graduate classes is that somehow you obtain a rapport in a classroom that lets you really communicate your thoughts to others. I

wish to take time to thank you for your great teaching ability and for letting us, your student children, share and enjoy the warmth of your convictions.

When I am with you I can't help but remember the scripture I think of so often in terms of my own mother, "Her children rise up and call her blessed." I think more than any other thing evident in your classroom was your example of living what you teach and even more outstanding to me, your unconditional love for each of us. I don't see how anyone could ever take offense at correction or criticism in your presence. If there were ever hurt feelings it was only a desire to be able to do better faster to gain your approval and self-assurance. I don't believe that I have ever met a more guileless or Christ-like woman and even as I tell you these things they sound on the page kind of meaningless and brassy. The word Lady should mean so much to each woman. Each should find the stability, strength and femininity that you have. It is good to be able to walk among those who really feel the vitality of life and who seek hours to really live.

Thank you for your testimony, your love and your belief in and devotion to your work and the Church.

Sincerely,
Adele Manwaring"

April 16, 1970

Daddy and I sent to Jim an airplane ticket from San Jose to Provo to investigate the BYU. While he was there we gave him a dinner in the Skyroom at the Wilkinson Center.

Several distinguished guests were invited. Dr. Lael Woodbury was the master of ceremonies. He spoke of Jim's outstanding record in high school. He had been chosen as the most likely to succeed at Oak Grove High School. At the close of the dinner Jim thanked the guests for their interest in him and for attending the dinner.

I had called President Wilkinson and asked for an appointment for Jim to meet him. I told the President of Jim's high school record. President Wilkinson encouraged Jim to come to the BYU. He said they were interested in such good scholars. Then I introduced him to other influential people with whom I had previously made appointments.

I reserved a room at the Roberts Hotel for Jim. However, he preferred to stay with Clyde Clark, a friend whom he had known when they were living in Orem. We received this letter from Francine and Jim later in the month.

Dear Nana and Grandpa,

Again may I express my appreciation for this wonderful trip you made possible for Jim. We know you spared neither time nor expense in making things exciting. He told the whole family about all the events of the week. We feel he is both blessed and lucky to have such devoted grandparents. With my Love, Francine.

Dear Nana and Grandpa,

I want to especially thank you for giving me the opportunity to come up and see the university campus. I really had a good time and I learned a lot while I was there. Thank you again.

Love, Jim"

July 5, 1970

BYU Youth Program

Under the direction of Professor Grace Nixon Stewart

Just a few statements of what they say about the program.

We shall ever be grateful for your wonderful, worthwhile youth program and what it has done for our children. I attended your final program and was tremendously impressed with what had been accomplished in just six weeks."

Sincerely, Mrs. Clarence Samuelson

We recognize your own talents and that of your staff in the excellent teaching and training of these young people. We would recommend this program to all age groups. It is an excellent way to touch the lives of people everywhere. And the students, I'm sure, receive great benefit from this program."

Dr. and Mrs. Ted Clark

As we observed the performance, I was impressed with the many hours of training necessary to bring such a presentation to a high state of perfection. I would, therefore, lend encouragement to all who may be able to take advantage of such training, and would give expression to the need for support of such opportunities such as this for our young people. We would look forward with anticipation for a similar experience some time in the future."

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Easton

We do appreciate the opportunity BYU gives our young people to participate in such a wonderful program. Thanks so much for the thought, time, and effort that goes into the program. Our young people look forward to it with enthusiasm each year."

Mrs. and Mrs. Harold Thorn

Public recitals also are given throughout the year which include scripture programs, classic and contemporary poetry, comic and serious dramatic readings, scenes from great plays, and costume monologues. Other highlights include Bible recitals at Christmas and Easter and modeling and fashion shows during the summer.

July 17, 1970

Daddy had a heart attack in Missoula, Montana. We phoned to the doctor who was taking care of him. The doctor assured me that he was getting good care, and that he was resting comfortably in the hospital. He said it would not be safe for Daddy to drive his car home. This we would not have permitted without the doctor's favorable recommendation.

Devirl took the airplane to Montana and drove Daddy home in Daddy's car. But they called on customers as they worked their way home.

The remaining part of the summer, Daddy rested on the upholstered sofa on our patio during the daytime. A cool breeze which came from the canyon made it pleasant. He would stay there until the stars came out. Then I would assist him to bed in our downstairs bedroom.

It was not easy for Daddy to be inactive. However, for the remaining part of the summer he was content to enjoy his home and beautiful garden.

Our son Bill was also very helpful. He wrote and telephoned frequently.

July 23, 1970

Our formal garden party was again held at Memory Grove. Our BYU Youth Group chose the theme "This is Your Day for Your Country." Again there was the posting of the colors. Patriotic readings and poetry were given by the students. It was a delightful evening.

September 1970

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Stewart,

I don't know why it is that the dearest people are always the last in line when it comes to thanks. I guess that thanks is harder to express to people that one feels so close to.

Pat and I really are grateful for the beautiful books that you gave us. Those books are not only great literature, they will always be treasured and associated with your names.

I don't think that I can ever tell you how much gratitude and love is in my heart for you Mrs. Stewart. I owe everything that I am or that I may become to the beautiful and sweet influence that you have had over my life. Of course I can't discount my parents because they're the greatest--but I feel exactly the same about you and I know that right alongside my mother and my wife, you will be the dearest and sweetest woman that I have ever known.

Once again, Pat and I thank you both for the opportunity of just knowing you.

**Love always,
Brad and Pat Nygren"**

September 1970

Our grandson Jim started school at the BYU on September 12, 1970, and received his Bachelor of Science degree before leaving for the Switzerland, Geneva mission, which covered French-speaking Switzerland and part of France. In Switzerland, he served in Vevey (close to Lausanne) and LaChaux de Fonds. In France, he labored in Besancon, Lyons, Ales, and Juan Les Pains.

After his return to BYU, he obtained a graduate degree in law. He practiced for some time outside of Utah, but is now pursuing his profession with a prestigious Salt Lake City firm.

Another grandson, Devirl Nixon Stewart, Jr. or Nick, was called at about the same time to the Switzerland Zurich mission. Which served four and a half million German-speaking persons, the majority of the Swiss population, and also part of Germany.

Nick had early and impressive success. After several leadership positions, he was called to join one other, of approximately 250 missionaries, as assistants to the president of the mission.

One of his unique experiences in this position was the necessity of managing the mission without a mission president. After President O'Brien was released and had left the mission, President Wooten was unable to obtain a visa for an unforeseen length of time.

Elders Joseph B. Wirthlin, now a member of the Council of the Twelve, and Elder Thomas S. Monson who is now in the Church's First Presidency, visited Nick and his companion from time to time over several months.

After Nick's return to his home in Provo, he continued in his grandfather's and father's business while building his own business in some of the same types of goods that he was selling through Stewart Associates. He appears to have built a remarkably successful business, which necessitates buying trips to the Orient.

November 18, 1970

The BYU Symphony Orchestra and a large chorus, which included five soloists, a speaking chorus of fifty-four members, the Philharmonic Orchestra, and the Oratorio Choir, all joined in giving a most spectacular performance of "Dies Ultima" the "Last Day", by the acclaimed composer Vacly Nelhybel. The composer, who now lives in New York, was in attendance for this world premiere of his great work.

This musical experience was given two evenings in the DeJong Concert Hall. I trained the speaking chorus.

It was an inspiring event in my life. I still recall the thrill of being called to take a bow before that vast audience, and receiving their applause, as had the other directors of the participants.

December 17, 1970

The mortgage of \$16,750 was paid to Tracy Collins Bank. This cleared our debt on our home.

Since the spring of 1950, my husband and I had worked diligently to pay for our home; for the remodeling and furniture that was appropriate. Mostly, our work

days were sixteen hours. However, we felt rewarded when by December 20, 1970 all was completed. And it was beautiful!!

All of the family came home Christmas Eve and stayed overnight. We had a glorious Christmas dinner, and celebration of this most sacred and beautiful of holidays.

It was so delightful to have Marilyn come from Boston. We planned carefully for her entrance into our living room. We had Christmas carols playing, and members of the family at various parts of the living room and library, to greet her.

The Christmas tree almost reached the ceiling of the library. It was decorated with purple and cherry-colored satin balls, and red velvet bows. Grace Lynne had decorated the tree. Marilyn commented on its beauty. The gifts were gaily-wrapped and placed under and around the tree.

{72 for eleven days of 1971) (Mostly 72nd year}

January 10, 1971

Dear Nana & Grandpa,

I still see the picture of your beautiful home in my mind. As my mother remarked, it is a work of art! And in my mind. perfect, to the last detail. You have inspired me to work a little harder, and start improving some of the unfinished areas of my own home.

The memory of the grand parties (Christmas night and Christmas Eve) still linger, as do our fun times with Marilyn, and with Devirl's family, and with both of you. It surely was an unforgettable Christmas. One that I shall always cherish. I am still savoring the memory of that excellent food, Mother, and your comfortable big bed, Dad. Thanks again for everything. I have had fun spending the very generous Christmas check you gave me.

Clothes seemed to be a little more pressing than a lamp. [underlining DNS] Love, Francine"

February 5, 1971

Dearest Nana,

Because of the efforts of you and Grandpa, the past holiday season left all of our family with many invaluable memories. Thank you!!!!

This morning, Aunt Francine told me of your illness. Many times during the day I found my thoughts turning to you and all that you have done to help me become what I am and the inspiration you have given me to achieve what I will someday achieve. Perhaps the only way that I will ever be able to truly thank you for this is through my thoughts and actions.

Nana, I had thought that in this letter I would beg you to take time to recover fully and not to work so hard. But, I will only say that I hope you will rest and take better care of yourself.

Because I hope to have you, Nana, to turn to for advice and companionship for. . forever. And I am very concerned about your comfort. But, I know that peace of mind is more important to you than physical comfort. And I'm sure that in spite of what anyone says you will always do what you think will be of most service to the Lord.

I love you always. Grace

April 27, 1971 [Tuesday?]

We entertained our Sunday night group. It was a very satisfying and memorable evening. This note from Ellen Asper (Mrs. Frank Asper) is indicative of the statements from many of our group.

Dearest Grace:

As long as I live I shall recall with deepest joy and appreciation the uniquely elegant evening which you and your husband gave to us last Sunday. It was flawless in every detail.

To partake of such gracious hospitality in the incomparably beautiful setting of your magnificent home was a choice honor, indeed. Frank deeply regrets not being able to be there. But I have tried to bring it all to him in words!

Affectionately, Ellen"

Commenting on this same evening is a note from Georgia Cullimore Faux:

Dear Grace,

What a beautiful evening at your gorgeous home! And how precious you are, and your lovely family and friends!

I did so appreciate being included on such a memorable and elegant night. Only please take care of yourself and be happy--always your trademark!!

All my love and gratitude to a beautiful lady and friend.

Ever, Georgia"

June 5, 1971

The following statements were made in the school paper. Our pictures were taken and were also included.

CLASS OF '21 INDUCTED INTO EMERITUS CLUB

Half of the survivors of the graduates of the Class of 21 attended their initiation into the Emeritus club. A total of 21 students graduated that year. From left to right are David Smith, George S. Ballif, Lucile Williams Jones, Grace Nixon Stewart, and Ernest L. Wilkinson.

Oldest graduate attending the Emeritus Club meeting was 97-year-old Francis W. Kirkham, Class of '93, who welcomes Grace Nixon Stewart into the club.

July 7, 1971

I entertained our club of seven girls: Lyle Glazier Nixon, Violet Johnson Brown, Sadie Allerton Clark, Laura McDonald, and Alberta Huish Christensen, and Helen Woodruff Anderson.

We had been together since our first year of high school. We met at our various homes once a year since graduating from college.

This note from Laura McDonald speaks of that afternoon. It was a lovely occasion.

My Dear Grace,

Your beautiful home of elegance and perfection was a lovely experience. I marvel at your ability to have accomplished so much besides years of teaching, rearing a

family and even spending some time abroad. Needless to say, your husband and you have done wonders together. Such understanding and cooperation must have been most gratifying for both of you and for your family. May you have enjoyment of your achievements for many, many years to come.

With my love, Laura"

November 7, 1971

Ralph and Ruth Andrus brought their five children from Spanish Fork to our BYU Youth Program, in Salt Lake City, each Saturday for at least five years. The following is a letter from Ruth Andrus:

Dear Mrs. Stewart,

I wonder if you have any idea of the profound influence you have had upon our entire family. We have loved and admired you for so long. And the children have tried to practice the very fine things you taught them. You instilled in them a real desire to attain the best that they were capable of accomplishing. They have succeeded well, and we feel that you have been a major factor in their success.too.

We have profited profoundly by our friendship and your example. I try to use many of your teaching methods in my teaching, in so far as they can be applied under rather different circumstances. I still think of the book that you should write concerning teaching. [underlining ed.]

Sincerely, Ruth Andrus"

{73 for eleven days of 1972) (Mostly 73rd year}

October 2, 1972

We received a very beautiful card from our granddaughter, Grace. On the inside she had written, "Dearest Nana and Grandpa, The thankfulness I feel is beyond the depth of language, Love, Grace"

November 30, 1972

The play "Uncle Vanya" was presented in the Pardoe Theater. This was quite an experience for me as I had not been in a play since my days at the London Central School of London University. The following is from a newspaper clipping:

The play "Uncle Vanya," will be presented from Nov. 30 to Dec. 16 in the Pardoe Drama Theatre.

"Uncle Vanya" is a four-act comedy by Anton Chekhov. The play will feature Tom Rogers as Uncle Vanya, Grace Stewart as Marya, Beverly Warner as Marina, Lee Scanlon as Serebryakov, Tamara Fowler as Helena, Gail Sears as Sonya, and Robert Stoddard as Astrov.

This note from Jean Jenkins is typical of the comments made about my acting. Jean is a teacher in the Dramatic Arts department.

To Grace Nixon Stewart:

I saw "Uncle Vanya" last Friday and you were great! And to think that you told us not to come. . . I liked the play, well directed and I most especially liked your acting, your role. You give 'em all something to think about, Grace. Beautiful voice, good control. You never lose that character for a minute. It was an absolute joy to see a real thespian. Thank you! Jean Jenkins"

The following is another note I received concerning the play:

Again, you were superb in "Vanya"; no one else could have been so necessarily cast! I appreciate, prize your friendship so very much. Don't ever change! Love's best throughout this season and New Year. Max and Beverly Golightly

From a grateful, regretful former student ?

My Dear Sister Stewart:

Your patience and skill imparted more enjoyment and real practical, usable tools to me than any class I can remember participating in. Thank you so much.

Wish I were with you next quarter. My love to the girls (as always.)

Love, Bob" [[?]] date?

December 1972

Our daughter Marilyn invited Daddy and me to visit her in Boston for the Christmas holidays. This we did, and had an especially wonderful time.

Marilyn met us at Back Bay Station in Boston. She was beautiful and radiant. Marilyn first took us to her friend's two- bedroom apartment. Marilyn's friend was away for the holidays, and had offered her home to accommodate us.

Marilyn had filled their refrigerator with foods which she knew we liked, for our midnight and in between snacks. Marilyn took us to her apartment for dinner. It was delicious. Marilyn is a gourmet cook. I asked her for some of her recipes. These she sent to me.

Marilyn's apartment was beautifully and harmoniously furnished. The dominant colors were purple, cherry, and shades of blue. The Christmas tree which sat on the piano reminded me of a delightful shimmering little humming bird. Its lights were reflected in the mirror.

The furniture was mostly traditional: Empire and Louis the XVI. The small dinnette had an exquisite inlaid, marble-topped round table. The main chair was inlaid with an intricate design. It was covered with cherry damask of a French design. The pictures on the walls were quite special, and in key with the other furnishings of the rooms.

Marilyn's apartment was spotless. Her white bathroom was a joy to see. Marilyn had but one bedroom. It was tastefully decorated.

Later, Christmas Eve, we met Marilyn's friend Jack Lazare. He stayed with us for a late supper. He is a very gracious and well-educated gentleman. We enjoyed his company.

Christmas Day, Jack invited Marilyn, Daddy, and me to supper at his condominium. His rooms were immaculate. The food was unusual and flavorful. Jack was a delightful host.

Two days later Marilyn, Daddy and I went to New York City for the weekend. Daddy had reserved two rooms at the Commodore Hotel. We had breakfast at the hotel and a sumptuous lunch at the Savoy Hotel.

Afterward we went shopping. Daddy bought Marilyn a full-length black swede coat with a fur collar and a fur hat. She looked handsome in them. The coat fit her slim figure perfectly. Daddy chose a white fur trimmed coat for me. He said I looked

better in it than any I tried on. He has very good taste. It has been my favorite coat for years.

We wanted to take Marilyn to the theater that evening. But she felt that she should take the late train to Boston and rest for her work on Monday. Daddy and I stayed on in New York City and saw some interesting theaters on Forty-Second Street.

This was our first vacation in many years, and it was just perfect.

From Marge Lignell in Switzerland

Dear Mrs. Stewart,

From far off Switzerland I would like to thank you and your students for the beautiful reading and music that you so generously gave on our choir program. It was done with such finesse and perfection. Many people remarked that it was the outstanding program of the year.

You should feel very proud of your students. And your students should feel very proud of you. The members of the choir were very pleased when I told them the Stewart family was going to be on our program.

Many, many thanks and I do hope all of you will favor us again.

Sincerely, Marge Lignell

{74 for eleven days of 1973} (Mostly 74th year}

Katherine again. A note for 1973:

Dearest Mrs. Stewart,

I shall be thankful for you as long as I live. You are an indescribably lovely, gracious, precious friend. And I love you so dearly.

God bless you and yours throughout '73!

Sincerely,

Katherine" [Karchner?]

March 19, 1973

Daddy had a stroke in Deer Lodge, Montana. Our granddaughter Grace was at the University of California at Berkeley. She left school and flew to Montana, and brought Daddy home on the plane.

Jean and I met them. As they came through the gate, Daddy recognized me and called, "Mommy.". I took his hand and kissed him. We put Daddy in Jean's car and drove toward the LDS Hospital. As we passed Second North my husband pointed toward our home. We explained that we were not going there at present. We were taking him to the hospital.

After the first night, we were able to obtain a private room for him. He was in the hospital from March 20th to Friday, the 13th of April. I visited him daily. After my last class at the BYU, my dear friend Nadine Ashby would drive me to the hospital where I would stay with Daddy until it was necessary to leave for my Salt Lake students.

In addition to Dr. Cornwall, Daddy's regular doctor, we had two specialists. On the day when my husband was released from the hospital, Dr. Cornwall wanted him sent to a nursing home. To this I would not consent. I wanted to take care of him myself, in his home where he would be happy.

Our dear Jean helped me take Daddy home. He was unable to walk. But with our help, leaning heavily on us, he could take steps slowly. We finally were able to make him comfortable in our downstairs bedroom, where we had two single beds.

I had a nurse come to give him his bath three times a week. She also took his blood pressure and monitored his heart.

In order to take proper care of my husband, I resigned my position as head of the BYU Youth Program in early spring of 1973.

It was important to my husband's recovery that he have exercise. So several times a day we would walk through our downstairs rooms. Daddy had to be supported; so he put his arm around my shoulder. He leaned heavily on me.

I hadn't the strength of myself to hold him up. It was only through the help of our Heavenly Father, to whom I prayed as we walked, that I was able to continue.

When Daddy was tired of walking I would take him to the library where he would lie on the comfortable sofa. Then I would bring him orange juice, tomato or, apricot juice about every hour; alternating the three with water. The doctor said it was important that he have plenty of liquids.

We had a six-o'clock ritual which we followed faithfully. It was to listen to the Lawrence Welk program. I would sit on the long sofa where Daddy was lying. Sometimes we would just hold hands. At other times I would take care of mending. Daddy preferred the former. After the program we would go into the studio and have supper, which I had previously prepared and put in the oven.

Daddy was improving. He had gained weight, and could now walk by himself with the aid of his cane. I began teaching in my studio. Since I had more students than I could effectively take care of by myself, I employed Gina Smith to assist me. Gina taught in the adjoining room which looked out on our garden.

Between my studio and our kitchen we had a "dutch door". The top opened into the studio and I kept it unlatched. I had asked Daddy to come to the door whenever he wanted anything. This he did, in his own quiet way. When I didn't hear from him for the space of an hour, I would leave the students in care of my room assistant and check on him.

He was always such a gentleman, and grateful for so much attention. He could now obtain his own fruit juice from the refrigerator. This he did because he knew it would please me if he continued to take sufficient liquids.

These were happy days and evenings which we spent in our beautiful home together.

I stopped teaching evening classes at the BYU Salt Lake Center when we first brought Daddy home from the hospital in April of 1973. At the same time I had resigned as director of the BYU Youth Program. The Youth Program was then discontinued.

Our dear thoughtful Ruth invited us to her home for Sunday dinner. Faithful Wilford came for us. Daddy and I enjoyed the delicious dinner and our relatives.

May 10, 1973

This note came from Dr. Max Golightly. I had audited his Collegium Dramaticum class, during a period which I had free while teaching at BYU. This note he is about my participation in his class.

Dear Grace:

Thank you so much for being. You touch so many lives and "Grace" this time with your presence. My students enjoyed you immensely in Collegium Dramaticum: 'a definite charisma', one girl said, 'a necessary' another boy said. And you are--in so many ways. I value your friendship highly. Have a happy summer! Max

A few weeks later I heard my husband call "Mommy", I ran to him. He was in his king-sized bed upstairs. It was about eight o'clock in the morning. His face was covered with perspiration. He had had a heart attack. I called the doctor, and then took him in an ambulance to the LDS hospital. There he suffered a second stroke.

Our dear Jean, Jim, Nick, and Grace Lynne visited him often. Our son Bill came from California in the hope that he could be of some comfort to Daddy and to me. Bill stayed until the evening of Mother's Day.

Our son Devirl, teaching in California, had agreed to take over Daddy's business at the end of the school year. Jim and Nick quit their studies and worked in the business until Devirl took over. I was with Daddy each day.

On Sunday May the 20th we were able to bring my dear husband home again. He had made a more rapid recovery from this stroke. His body was in better condition than when he had the first stroke in Deer Lodge, Montana.

After three weeks, Daddy was able to come into our comfortable kitchen for his breakfast. Prior to this time, I would prop him up in bed and feed him. His hands trembled so much he could not feed himself.

My husband was so tender and appreciative of all that I did for him. When he was able to ask the blessing on our food at breakfast, tears would roll down his cheeks, as he thanked our Heavenly Father for me and for the care I was giving him.

One morning at breakfast, when he was saying the blessing he said, "Heavenly Father send someone else to take care of me. I know I am wearing Mommy out." I did my best to comfort him, and told him that it made me happy to take care of him, and that I wouldn't let anyone else do so.

Constantly in our morning and evening prayers he would say, "Bless Mama. She is the best person in the world, always so kind and good." At times I would open my eyes as he prayed--his earnestness, appreciation, and devotion to me nearly broke my heart. Always he thought of me. He would say, "Rest, rest, rest. You cook so much. Always you are working."

During the summer and autumn of 1973, Daddy would walk unsteadily into our garden, at the rear of our home, pick a white rose carry it carefully and bring it to me. I would inhale its fragrance, thank him for it, and then place it in a vase in our blue and white kitchen window, with its white ruffled curtains and beautiful stained-glass window which was also blue and white.

Finally, one morning my precious husband brought me another white rose, and said, "This is the last rose of summer." After that he brought purple petunias, and said, "You like this color." Daddy and I went to the ZCMI and bought him a new brown suit. He enjoyed wearing it. He would put the trousers on almost every morning.

I had asked him to try and confine his walking to the rear garden where I could see him. This he evidently found too limiting.

One afternoon he walked around the house to the front garden and started down the steps. He tripped over a hose, fell, tore a hole in the knee of his new trousers, and cut his hand. He came to me and I washed and bandaged his hand. He said, "I am so sorry." He changed his trousers, so that they could be mended.

May 13, 1973

The following is a letter from Francine:

Dear Nana,

I hope you enjoy your Mother's Day with Bill this year. I thought his wanting to be with you especially this year was very touching.

I would like to express my gratitude for the many wonderful things you have done for Jim. But please be careful with your money now. I know how much you enjoy buying him new clothes, and he does look dashing in them. However, you need your money. Jim's a smart boy and is capable of earning enough to buy his own.

You have been a wonderful mother to me, and a good example of how I should be, when my children marry. We all love you very much. Love, Francine"

Daddy and I went to our Sunday night group at Albert Bowen's home. I asked that we be seated at the far end of the room, because I noticed that my husband's hands were trembling and I knew it would be difficult for him when we would be served dinner. I wanted to hold his plate for him as unnoticed as possible.

Our friends were all so gracious and happy to have my husband with them again. Wilburn West came and sat beside Daddy. The two of them carried on an enjoyable conversation. It was a pleasant change for both of us.

Our dear friend Edythe Robbins sent this note about our presence at the Bowens:

Grace dear,

It was a positive thrill as we entered the Bowen living room to see you and Devirl present. Except for being thinner in the face, he looked remarkably well.

**You have given a tender devoted watch--care to his well-being and comfort and happiness. Nor has it been easy, I'm sure. Bless you! May the best come to you and yours, I pray,
Love, Edythe"**

July 15, 1973

Dear friend and Master Teacher

You are not a person, you are an experience.'

This line from the play One Thousand Clowns has of course, comedy implications. But our visit with you two evenings past was truly an experience.

The beauty of your home will be a memory long remembered. I am glad that you were able to finish it to perfection. I don't know how one could put a price tag on such a home.

As I thought about it, I was cognizant of the fact that I could never put a price tag on the instruction, opportunity, and encouragement which you have given me since my acquaintance with you in 1952.

Mother has had the opportunity to view some of the older and pioneer-restored homes in this area. During the past two years she has served as President of the DUP camp. She has a deep appreciation for what you have done to restore and preserve segments of the past.

I am sure that the pieces from your parents' home must give you great consolation and strength in your present situation.

Mr. Stewart seems to be doing very well considering the import of his past illnesses. It is evident he has had wonderful care. His complexion shows evidence of the good diet and liquids you prepare for him.

We were always amazed each Christmas when he would make the effort to come by with exciting presents. He was always so pleasant, bringing a Santa Claus spirit to us. This we can NEVER forget. I also have fond memories of decorating the christmas tree with him when we used to have recitals on the lower floor of your

Remember those looooong recitals. As I recall, we were lucky to conclude them by midnight!! He enjoyed so much the passing out of those huge popcorn balls to the children.

Yes, the Stewarts will always be such a special part of my life. I recall during my first high school days of teaching with you, Mr. Stewart used to call me the "little school marm.

As we walked past the little studio and to your door, I was flooded with past memories of Margie[[?]], Jean, Wilna, and so many students. Studying and teaching with you in those two rooms. What well spent time.

I have always felt the obligation to finish school because of the golden hours which you gave me.

That which you gave me must be past on. It is too valuable to horde.

Mother felt strongly that Mr. Stewart would continue to get better and overcome those maladies that plague him now. We certainly pray to this extent. He has such a sweet spirit and was so kind to us. His concern as to where our car was parked was so very helpful; and by going through the front door we were able to get out of the rain quickly.

Thank you both for a gracious visit and an exquisite experience. We think of you ALWAYS, knowing that your indomitable spirit will continue to reach for new goals.

Love,
Reat Lee and Mother

July 27, 1973 Marilyn and Jack

Marilyn and Jack were married. We sent Marilyn a white orchid and some wedding money.

In early August we sent a letter to Marilyn and Jack asking them to come for Christmas. We thought if we asked them early enough they could plan to spend at least part of that special holiday with our family.

Marilyn's Boston Program Links French Artistic Studies

The following article appeared in a Boston newspaper, with a picture of Marilyn:

An unusual study, binding music and the inspiration of French literature, is being offered at Mt. Ida Junior College. Entitled "Matinee," it has been formulated by Marilyn Stewart Lazare, chairman of the department.

Mrs. Lazare, a Waban resident, is also a faculty member of the New England Conservatory at Wellesley. The course covers 300 years of French inspiration in musical composition, poetry, opera, symphony, ballet, and musical comedy.

Daddy Silently Points

On the 20th of December 1973 Jean came to visit us. Daddy took her into the library. Some days he found it difficult to speak. He picked up a certain magazine he had been looking at. He pointed to a picture of red roses. Then counted on his fingers twelve, and pointed toward the kitchen where I was preparing dinner. Jean understood and said, "You want a dozen red roses delivered to Nana on her birthday." Daddy nodded his head.

Then he pointed to another picture. It was an ad for the fragrance "Wind Song". Jean said, "You want Nana to have 'Wind Song'." Again he nodded his head. Daddy, had through the years, given me red roses on my birthday. Jean surmised that he wanted me to have the "Wind Song" fragrance for Christmas.

We received a letter from Marilyn saying that she and Jack would be delighted to come for Christmas. Among other things she said she definitely wanted to take her father to church at the University Ward on Sunday.

I telephoned Bill and Francine about Marilyn and Jack not being able to arrive until December 27 because of Jack's radio work. And that they would need to return to Boston the afternoon of the 29th.

1973. Father's Last Christmas.

Francine wrote that their family would like to arrive on the 26th and help me with preparations for the 27th. This was typical of our lovely Francine. She and Annette were a great help in the house. Francine arranged so artistically all of the flowers. Bill and Frank shoveled snow from the patio and walks.

Devirl and Bill met Marilyn and Jack at the airport and brought them to our beautiful home. After loving greetings and giving of gifts, we had dinner.

This was a dinner that my husband had been looking forward to for days, because he had a plan in mind that I knew not of. Our long dining table had been set with linen, silver, and serving plates. The chairs had been placed in the order I thought appropriate.

However, Daddy asked me to come again to the dining room. He had rearranged some of the chairs. He said, "Mama, I want you to sit beside me at the head of the table." I answered, "Since we are honoring Marilyn and Jack shouldn't they be at the head of the table?" He said, "No, I want you there beside me." This all occurred the day before the arrival of Marilyn and Jack. The following day it was evident why Daddy had been so insistant.

We were all seated at the table. The blessing had been asked, and fruit cocktail served. Then Daddy stood and asked for everyone's attention. He put his arm around me and with great emotional intensity said, "I want you all to know that this is the most wonderful woman in the world, the most unselfish, the most devoted,---" Tears came to his eyes and he wanted to continue,.But our son-in-law Jack, who had been appointed master of ceremonies interrupted, saying, "We agree and know that you are just as wonderful."

We all enjoyed the turkey dinner with its sweet and irish potatoes, a variety of vegetables, fruit salad, relishes and plum pudding.

That evening our relatives, and other special guests, came to greet Marilyn and Jack. We served light refreshments. It was a satisfying and delightful experience for all of us.

The following morning and early afternoon, Marilyn and Jack went to see certain places that were important to her in her childhood and youthful years. They used Grace's car.

Surprised Sightseers Hit The Roof

There was plenty of turkey, ham, pies, and cakes for the family to help themselves to as they felt inclined. After Marilyn and Jack had taken a nap, Jim and Nick drove them to interesting places that they hadn't previously visited such as Trolley Square. I had asked Marilyn and Jack if they would like to "dress" for dinner at an especially nice place. And I asked Jim and Nick to keep them occupied for at least an hour and a half.

This gave the other members of the family time to put on evening attire, and arrive at the Hotel Utah Roof Garden, where I had previously reserved a special section, and had asked for certain waiters who were to serve only our family.

Nick and Jim suggested to Marilyn and Jack that they end their tour by visiting the "Roof Garden" at the Hotel. This they did. When they arrived we all stood and sang the line, "Here comes the bride." This was the cue for the waiter to bring in the large, beautifully decorated wedding cake.

Then we all applauded. Marilyn and Jack were elated and they were seated at the head of the table. Devirl and his family on one side, Bill and his family on the other. Daddy and I were at the end of the long table. This seemed to me the best arrangement, since my husband had seemed extra tired.

An especially delicious dinner was served. Then Jack and Marilyn cut their wedding cake. It was eaten by all with ice cream in the shape of a heart. It was a happy and memorable evening.

Jack and Marilyn Fly East

Soon after Marilyn and her Father returned from church, she and Jack needed to leave for the airport. There was a heavy snowstorm and they were concerned about reaching Boston in time for Jack's work at the radio station. Dear, generous Ruth had invited them, and us, to dinner. This they had to decline.

It was difficult to say goodbye. Daddy and I stood in the snow and waved goodbye until Bill's car disappeared from sight.

Tithing in Bad Weather

On the 31st of December we had another heavy snowstorm, and a strong wind. It was the last day to pay our tithing for the year. So about dusk we braved the falling snow and breezing wind, struggled up the hill to Capitol Hill Ward and paid our tithing. When we left the church the wind was even stronger. Daddy took his white handkerchief and tied it round my face under my eyes. He said, "I don't want you to have your face frozen."

During the year at certain times it was necessary for me to go to town to take care of our business needs. I would always take Daddy with me, and leave him at the Hotel Utah, where he could be comfortable on one of the sofas or easy chairs. My husband's physical condition varied. Some days he felt much better than at other times.

{75 for eleven days of 1974} (Mostly 74 in 75th year)

January 2, 1974

Daddy and I had such a lovely and memorable day. The sun was shining. That day he insisted on going with me to all the places where I needed to take care of business. We held hands or arms all the time. Daddy said, "Let's have dinner at Lamb's Cafe." This we did, and spoke of many past and present happy experiences.

After dinner we walked home, again his holding my arm. When we reached the living room Daddy took me in his arms and held me tightly for a few moments. Then he said, "Thank you for such a beautiful day."

Daddy Passes On

Three days later on January 5, I was in the kitchen preparing our evening meal. I glanced at the clock. It was six o'clock. It was my husband's habit to come to the kitchen at about ten minutes to six, take my hand, and we would go into the library to listen to the Lawrence Welk program.

When he didn't arrive I went to the library. I couldn't see him. I ran upstairs to his bedroom, then back to the library. Daddy had evidently started to the kitchen for me, and fallen to the floor. I had not seen him, at first, because he had fallen behind the long marble topped table in front of the sofa. He had had a final heart attack.

I called the paramedics. They could not revive him. We took him to the hospital in an ambulance. Dr. Cornwall called a heart specialist. I was with Daddy in his room with the heart specialist when he had a third stroke, from which he did not recover.

On Tuesday January 8, 1974 at 10:35 p.m., Daddy passed away. Jean, Jim, Nick, Grace, Ruth, Loretta, and Richard were there with me. Devirl was on a business trip.

On Friday, January the 11th, the viewing was at our home, which Daddy loved so much. The casket was in the library. Esther Jane Peterson, and her mother, provided subdued, and appropriate music throughout the evening. Esther Jane played the violin. Her mother accompanied her on the piano.

I shall always be grateful to them, and to Ruth who received those who came. And there were many. Jim and Nick sat beside Daddy until three-thirty Saturday morning.

Saturday January 12, 1974

Funeral services were in the University Ward chapel where Daddy had been in the Bishopric for thirteen years. He had been Bishop for nearly eight years.

Bill and Marilyn Leave For Opposite Coasts

Late on the afternoon of the funeral Marilyn left for Boston. Two days later Bill left for San Jose, California.

Daddy's funeral services were very touching and beautiful. There were many, many floral tributes. On the bronze casket was a long spray of deep red roses.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICES

**OFFICIATING.....Bishop Grant B. Morrell
Of The Capitol Hill Ward**

FAMILY PRAYER..... Wilford Coon

PRELUDE MUSIC..String Quartet

INVOCATION..... Max Marquardson, nephew

SPEAKER. James W. Stewart, Jr., grandson

VOCAL SOLO. Neldon Maxfield
"The Lord's Prayer"

SPEAKER. Judge Aldon J. Anderson

BIBLE READING. Bradley Nygren

SPEAKER. Bishop Richard Nixon

MUSICAL NUMBER. Quartet

"I Need Thee Every Hour"

1st violin--Edythe Rae Tollstrup

2nd violin--Elaine Harris

Viola--Elaine Romney

Cello--Stella Miller

SPEAKER. President Marion G. Romney

BENEDICTION. Ezra J. Nixon

POSTLUDE MUSIC. String Quartet

DEDICATION OF GRAVE. Bishop Otis Pierce

Library Reminiscences

I will always treasure the memory of the hours that Daddy and I spent in our library holding hands and listening to the Lawrence Welk Program. Now that my husband has gone, I know that I will never listen to that program again.

Memorial Services For
DEVIRL B. STEWART

BORN

April 27, 1897 - Milburn, Utah

1342. DIED

January 8, 1974 - Salt Lake City, Utah
Son of Francis Marion and Elanora Allred Stewart

SURVIVORS

Wife - Grace Nixon Stewart
Sons - Devirl Nixon Stewart - Provo, Utah
James William Stewart - San Jose, Calif.
Daughter - Mrs. Jack (Marilyn) Lazare-Boston, Massachusetts
Grandchildren
Sister - Mrs. Jetta Marquardson - Elsinore, Calif.

FUNERAL SERVICES

Saturday, January 12, 1974 - 12 Noon
University Ward LDS Chapel
160 University St., Salt Lake City, Utah

PALLBEARERS

James W. Stewart, Jr. grandson
David Tollstrup
Nick Stewart, grandson
Mark Nixon
David Stewart, grandson
Christopher Rich
Jim W. Nixon
Harold I. Bowman III

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Dr. Ralph Cornwall
Dean Houskeeper
Raymond Wanberg
Iris Houskeeper
Bishop Paul Neeley
Frank R. Stewart, grandson
Ross L. Chiverall
Stephen R. Stewart, grandson

INTERMENT

Salt Lake City Cemetery

Funeral Directors
LARKIN MORTUARY - Salt Lake City, Utah

Looking From the Past to the Future

One of the last evenings we spent in the library, Daddy said to me, "Mama, have some fun. Get out of the house. Go to a movie with one of the boys."

Just then I turned on the television. Daddy said, "You and I will go to Hawaii." He wouldn't say the word, but pointed to Hawaiian girls dancing.

I answered, "Yes Dear, we will go." He said, "Let's go tomorrow." I said, "May we wait until next week? That gives us time to get ready." He reluctantly agreed.

I will always remember the Sunday afternoon walks we had, from early autumn until the snow and ice made this pleasure too dangerous to continue.

On Christmas Eve of 1973, Daddy and I walked down to the ZCMI. The Christmas carolers were in the store. I left Daddy for a moment at the top of the few stairs by the outside door. I asked the men if they would come to the foot of the stairs and sing especially for my husband, and added that he was not very well. They were happy to do so. They sang several Christmas songs, concluding with "Silent Night". Daddy graciously thanked the carolers.

Each Christmas Eve, since the last one Daddy and I spent together; I have gone to the same place in the ZCMI and stood for a few minutes in quite meditation. Always it seems I feel my husband's presence with me.

There were two exceptions to this Christmas Eve reenactment. It was in 1977 when I spent Christmas with Marilyn and Jack in Boston, and the Christmas Eve, when I, of necessity, was confined to my bed with broken bones at Devirl's home in Provo.

[Virginia Weilenmann spent her summer of 1935 on Martha's Vineyard with Stewart family In the 1940s she married Aldon Anderson, who became a federal judge. In January of 1974, he spoke at the funeral of Grace's husband, Devirl B. Stewart

Grace Nixon Stewart
A "Daughter of Light" in Our Day
"I wanted something to come

Of My Bible program"
There is wistfulness
In her voice.
"I've loved all my years
Of teaching
But the Bible class
Is my choice"

Her's is a special beauty-
Even now
In advancing years,
She looks like a piece of Dresden,
To be placed under glass
Amid beautiful surroundings,
Fragile,
Delicate,
Small.

Her's is an amazing ability-
She is every inch
the professor,
The dramatist,
Striving to give her students
The vision of perfection,
In character,
In artistry.
Striving to inspire in them
The will
To pay the cost.
A woman of stature among
women.
Poised,
Tall.

Her's is the love of home
And family;
Warm,
Understanding,
Quick to glow
With maternal pride.

These richer tones,
 Woven through the professional
 fibers
 Are predominate
 In the fabric
 Of her life.

And when the strength
 Of him
 Who is her dear companion
 Ebbs
 And falters,
 She shelves in quiet order
 Her profession
 and is, first of all,
 A loving wife.

"What will become of my
 Bible program
 When I'm no longer a part?"
 Why, Dear Lady, you've brought
 the Bible to life
 In many a student's heart.
 Each of them have helped
 others,
 In numbers not a few.
 The Bible will be
 A reality
 To many because of you!

Virgina W. Anderson

"Dear Sister Stewart,

I want to tell you once again how much I have appreciated the opportunity of
 knowing you and taking a class from you. After taking a class from you and feeling
 of your wonderful spirit, I can see why my mother still speaks of you after 30 years.
 You're one person whom I shall never forget And I'll always know my life has been
 enriched by knowing you.

From the very beginning of the class I noticed how you took a special and genuine interest in everyone in the class. You were able to make everyone feel that they were important. You really cared about each of us and this was felt by all of us. You had the ability to make everyone in the class feel comfortable so that real learning could take place. You made us feel good about ourselves as we were, but you also showed us with your love and example how much happier we could be, if we strived to work harder and improve ourselves. [underlining DNS].

I shall always treasure the book you gave me--The Greatest Thing In The World. You truly exemplify what this book is all about--love. You taught me so much about loving others and accepting others just by your wonderful example. You also helped me strengthen my testimony by sharing yours. Your love for the gospel and for Jesus Christ was evident in all you did Your whole body just seems to radiate with the love for others and for the gospel. Your deep love for Christ was shown in the scriptural program you compiled. I'm so grateful I could participate in it. Because studying it and reading it was a very spiritual experience for me and from that my testimony grew.

I think that one of the greatest things you taught me was service to others. I'm so grateful I was able to be a group leader and serve others. With the knowledge I gained in your classes I am still able to serve those about me and I hope I always can, because that is what the gospel teaches. Sharing your wonderful talents and giving of yourself is truly a service, and I thank you for giving it to me.

You are one of the greatest examples of a Latter-day Saint woman that could be found anywhere. I admire and love you in so many ways. You're a very special person to me because you have given me so very much. I know I shall never forget you and your beautiful spirit.

Sincerely

Jan Anderson

[Probably Virginia Weilenmann Anderson's daughter]

[Although Virginia Weilenmann is mentioned several times I don't remember mother's mentioning in her writings another of her very good students, Marilyn Wood. DNS]

March 24, 1974

It was our turn to entertain the Sunday night club. I felt I couldn't do this with Daddy having left so recently. However, Ruth convinced me that I should. That this would please my husband. So I called the club members, and a few additional friends.

Our home was spotless and beautiful. Dr. M. Lynn Bennion gave the opening prayer. It was chiefly about my husband. How he had helped so many people. It was a memorable and deeply appreciated prayer.

He asked that I carry on my work with the youth and said, "You will won't you?" Lynn was one of my husband's closest friends.

I felt all during the evening that Daddy was with us in spirit. Certain guests commented on the same feeling. Edythe Robbins said she felt all during the evening, "Devirl's glowing spirit." Margaret Hewlett said, "Grace I felt your husband's spirit present, all during this beautiful evening. Ruby Robbins phoned the next morning and said, "Devirl was there with us last evening. He certainly was happy to have his friends in his elegant home."

The speaker for the evening was one of our granddaughter, Grace's favorite professors, Dr. Arthur Henry King. Our grandson Nick was master of ceremonies. He had prepared well for this responsibility and was very effective.

Jim to Stay at Mansion For Summer

That evening our grandson Jim said, "Nana, may I come and stay here this summer when school is out?" I answered, "Jim, Dear, you needn't even ask. Just pack your bags and say I'm coming home." We have always loved him so very much.

April 19, 1974

Our son, Bill, received his Master of Arts degree from the Brigham Young University. Congratulations Dear One. You have great persistence in obtaining worthy ideals.

August 1974

Early in August 1974 I sent to Marilyn and Jack more of our beautiful furniture. The following is part of the letter Marilyn sent in acknowledgement:

Dearest Mother,

Everything arrived with your wrapped legs--thanks so much really a work of art and surely protected furniture from moths! The piano looks gorgeous--no scratches, and tone quite in pitch even after trip.

Thank you so much for your usual generosity and thoughtfulness.
Much, much love, Marilyn"

Grace Jim David and Stephen Vacation in Hawaii

In late August I sent airplane tickets to David Stewart and Stephen Stewart. Jim was at home with me. He joined his cousin David and brother Stephen on a tour to Hawaii.

Jim and I had talked about this trip as a respite from work and a pleasurable vacation before school started in September. I made all arrangements through American Express. They sent each of the boys a detailed outline of their trip.

Earlier in the summer I had asked them if they would like to have such a trip, and they were enthusiastic in their acceptance. On their return home, Stephen and David sent me memorable letters of appreciation.

September 19, 1974

I received this invitation:

Governor and Mrs. Calvin L. Rampton
take great pleasure in announcing an
Appreciation Dinner
For Richard Condie
at seven thirty o'clock
The dinner will be No Host
Lafayette Ballroom, Hotel Utah

I took with me to the dinner, Grace and Jim. President Kimball and Camilla were seated at a table near us. I went to their table and spoke with them and asked if I could bring my grandchildren to meet them.

President Kimball said, "Let me come to your table to meet them." This he did. Jim and Grace stood and graciously acknowledged President Kimball's kindness.

Milton Weilenman, a former student, was master of ceremonies. He also came to our table and spoke to us.

On October 15, 1974 Zack Ohmond, a BYU student, President of Mask Club and an "A" student, came to Grace's home. [[where was this? Had she moved out of the mansion Father died January 4th, 1974]] today he said, "I just came Sister Stewart to tell you how very much we miss you at BYU. There is no one to take your place. No one with your graciousness, charm, style, sense of beauty. . . . I graduated this spring, it seemed inappropriate to say this while I was still a student but you were the only one at BYU in dramatic arts who taught me anything of beauty the higher values of life.

I am grateful and I love you for your life. The BYU has lost an institution of loveliness."

even though your class has been a great source of discouragement and sometimes total frustration for me. I know it was an answer to a prayer and a blessing to be in it--because of you. The person you are, the example you have given me has been so inspiring and really has helped me in more ways than you'll ever know.

Love,

Sandy Stewart

[[?]] [date?]

From the Craig Sorenson [the Salt Lake County Auditor's family.]

My boy, Cameron was talking the other day when I overheard (him) say, "Craig, Is that what Aunt Grace taught us?" What a great impact for the good you are having with those boys and with my family. Thank you, thank you for being so generous with your valuable time. My family and myself will never forget you and we are so much better off by having your acquaintance, teachings, friendship and love. I also heard my boys say how much they love their Aunt Grace, I too want you to know how much their dad loves his Aunt Grace also.

I was very fortunate to have married my dear Nita, she has brought such joy into my life. without Nita and my beautiful children I wouldn't be at all content and complete. Nita, also has expressed on many occasions how much she loves you and how close she feels toward you. She loves her grandmother dearly and when she is

near you she says she remembers her grandmother. Thank you again for bringing a joy into my wife's life.

In many years to come, you will be quoted and talked about in the Sorensen household. Again my dear Aunt Grace, thank you, thank you!

Before I forget, we would like to have you over and show you the video we have of you--and maybe the video of our boys first recital. So we will have you over for a Sunday meal and a video of yourself. We all love you very much and want you to know it. If there is anything we can do to repay you please let me know!

Love,

Craig Sorensen and Family"

[[?]] [date]

Dear Grace,

I'm so glad you sent me a card this year. I've missed you and have wanted to get in touch with you! I do hope that all is well with you and your family.

We've been poorer at BYU since you've been gone, Grace--the rich fund of love, affection, and concern you had for me and for your students is badly missed--many of your students have praised you to me this year. They've considered you one of their finest teachers! My Christmas was spent here in Utah and it was a happy one, despite being away from my parents.

Chuck produced my play, Shepherd of the Lord this year in the Arena, and it was successful, which made us all happy. The acting experience for the students was as rich as ours was in Uncle Vanya. Take care of yourself, dear, as shall I. And one day soon I may come calling on you in Salt Lake. I shall either phone or write in advance, of course.

Miss ya!

Love,

Beverly"

(a teacher at BYU) [[?]]

Thanks for touching my life and the lives of my children. scott said to me a month ago that he admired you and considered you superior in truth and sincerity to anyone he had or would ever know. He also said he felt cheated not to have had more time in your classes, and in your presence.

We truly love you,

Thora, Scott, and Family" [[?]]

December 4, 1974

In response to much urging from Bill and Francine I decided to accept their invitation to visit them in San Jose. When I had finished teaching late that afternoon I took checks I had received from students to the bank to have them cashed. I intended to buy an airplane ticket to San Jose. After I left the bank I did a little Christmas shopping. As I started for home the thought came to me that I should take a taxi. It was only eight o'clock, and Main Street was well lighted. So I decided to walk. My Father had once said to me, "Follow your first impression." Had I done this, the following would not have happened. As I approached the Kensington Apartments, a man, about nineteen years of age came to me and asked where the Remington Apartments were. I replied that they might be farther up the street, that there were none in this area. He went in three different entrances of the Kensington Apartments each time returning to me saying, I must find the Remington." I began to feel quite uneasy and suggested that he ask the custodian, and indicated where he could locate him. This he didn't do, but crossed the street to the McCune Mansion. I thought perhaps he had continued up Main Street. So I hurried to the corner of the apartment house and turned down second north. I had gone but a short distance when someone came unobserved behind me. He evidently struck me with an iron bar. I fell to the concrete sidewalk unconscious. Sometime later, a young couple in formal dress saw me on the sidewalk. They brought me to consciousness and asked what had happened. I noticed that the beautiful leather shoulder strap purse that Marilyn had sent to me from Paris was gone. It contained over four hundred and fifty dollars. My glasses and other valuables were also gone. The

young man who had asked me about the Remington Apartments had evidently hidden behind a pine tree beside the steps to the McCune Mansion. Then, when I started down the unlighted street of Second North he must have come up behind me and struck me with an iron bar.

The young woman raised my head and rested it in her lap. Her escort called the police. They took me to the emergency room of the Holy Cross Hospital. There they put my broken arm in a cast.

Our granddaughter, Grace, had been staying with me at my apartment. When she returned from work that evening, she was told what had happened to me by my home teacher's wife, Thelma Wanberg. The police had called the Wanbergs, and they had notified Richard and Loretta Nixon who took me to their home in Salt Lake City. They gave me their bedroom. Grace stayed with me, to care for my needs during the night. She reported to Loretta in the morning that I had been coughing up blood during the night. Loretta called an ambulance and took me to the LDS hospital. There the doctor said that the bone under my eye had been broken in three places, and that one of the main nerves of the left side of my face had been severed and other nerves damaged. They said that I might not be able to smile again or use the muscles of that side of my face.

Before I was taken into surgery, I asked to be administered to. Jim assisted. I was confident that all would go well, and it did.

Grace had a cot moved into my room, and stayed all night with me each night that I was in the hospital, to make certain that all of my needs were cared for.

My face was so badly bruised and swollen that I was not recognized by friends. Katie Nygren, who had styled my hair for twenty years, came to my room, looked at me, and said, "I must have the wrong room." She started to leave when the nurse assured her that it was I lying in the bed.

When I was released from the hospital, Devirl and Jean took me to their home where they gave me excellent care. I shall never forget how Jean each morning would greet me with a cheery "Good morning, how are you feeling." Then she would assist me with eating my breakfast until I was able to use my left hand more effectively. My right arm was in a stiff cast.

My dear friends Lucille Hallam and Nadine Ashby came often to visit me. They usually brought some special food that I enjoyed and shared with the family.

Professors from our department at the BYU called and wanted to visit me. I looked so unlike myself that I declined to see them, asking as graciously as I could that we just speak on the telephone. The telephone was brought to my room.

Devirl's entire family was so kind to me during the three and a half months I was in their home. My precious sister, Olive, and my niece Ruth, came to see me Christmas Day and brought me a beautiful large poinsetta. My dear brother Willie called regularly to check my medical needs. He always stayed and visited with me.

His visits were joyous times for me. Effie Dean and members of her family came to Provo to see if they could help in any way.

{ 76 for eleven days of 1975) (Mostly 76th year}

David and I had long talks. One day he said, "Nana, I know I can make enough money to put myself through college, but I don't know how I can get the money for my mission." I answered, "David, Dear, when you are ready for your mission I promise you the money will be provided."

Devirl would take me regularly in his motorhome, where I could lie down, to Salt Lake City to Dr. Watson who was working with severed nerves of my face. Devirl would again put me in the wheelchair and lift me into the motorhome, and we would return to Provo.

After three and a half months I was able to return to Salt Lake City to an apartment in the Eagle Gate complex, which a friend, Ida Clark had helped me obtain.

In late August of that year, I was able to accept Bill and Francine's invitation to visit them in their lovely home in San Jose. I so appreciated the special thoughtfulness and kindness of the entire family. It was a very enjoyable visit and vacation.

{ 77 for eleven days of 1976) (Mostly 77th year}

Our wonderful sister, Olive, passed away June, 20, 1976. Since I was a small child she had been my ideal. She was truly a great woman. Her nobility, courage, deep concern for others, trustworthiness, generosity, and hospitality is seen in all too few.

{July 6, 1976}

My friends Nadine Ashby and Lucille Hallam asked me to join them for a three day trip to Lake Powell. I had not realized the scenic beauty of the southern part of our state. We found the natural formations fascinating.

October 22, 1976

I invited Jim and Nick, with their dates, to the Homestead to dinner in celebration of Jim's 26th birthday. I had purchased a large birthday cake on which I placed twenty-six candles. Grace and Lon were also invited. I had asked Nick and Grace not to say anything to Jim about the dinner being given in his honor.

When the fruit cocktail had been served the waitress brought in the birthday cake with the lighted candles. We sang "Happy Birthday to you." Jim was pleased and surprised. His birthday wasn't until the following day.

After dinner we spent a pleasant evening sitting around the log fire and talking.

{ 78 for eleven days of 1977) (Mostly 78th year}

June 16, 1977

Our dear brother, Willie, was honored for distinguished service. The following article appeared in the newspaper:

PROVO PHYSICIAN HONORED FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

Dr. James W. Nixon, Provo physician, was honored Wednesday with a distinguished service certificate from the University of Pennsylvania for "service to the community and to mankind."

The award was presented by Jack Craghead, president of the Provo Chamber of Commerce. The chamber was asked to make the presentation when Dr. Nixon was unable to attend a 50-year reunion of his class of 1917, June 16, in Philadelphia, Penn.

Dr. Nixon has practiced his obstetrics and pediatrics specialty for some 30 years in the same building at 192 S. 100 E. in Provo.

Prior to the Utah Valley Hospital this building served as the only hospital outside of Salt Lake City. It was called the Aird Hospital in those days. "I hope I can live worthy of the honor" Dr. Nixon added.

Prior to his medical school days Dr. Nixon attended the University of Utah where he received his A.B. degree in 1914.

After receiving his Doctor of Medicine degree he interned at Dee Hospital in Ogden, and served two years in the medical corps during World War I. He then began a two-year practice in Hiawatha, in eastern Utah, practiced for 21 years in Castle Dale, Utah, and then moved to Provo.

July 10, 1977

Nadine Ashby and I left for a trip to Canada. Our destination was Banff. We enjoyed that beautiful city for two days. I was interested in the summer school there because our sons Devirl and Bill had each attended the school on scholarships.

We visited the famous Emerald Lake. From there, to Jasper Lake, a magnificent setting in the mountains. We wanted to stay all night and the next day. However, when we learned that they charged one hundred and eight dollars per person for a nights lodging, we quickly changed our plans and decided to get a room in the town of Jasper. There was none available. We drove on hoping to find a vacancy in the next city.

It was now eleven o'clock. We were only fifty miles from Banff where we knew we could find a room. The section we were driving through was heavily wooded on each side. We were driving east. Another car going west was almost struck by a huge moose. He missed their car and hit ours with the full force of his body. Our car was totaled. Nadine and I trapped within. The windshield was shattered. My left arm had at least sixty pieces of glass in it. The moose's front paw must have gone through the top of the car and struck my forehead. I had a swelling the size of a large egg on it. Nadine had been partially protected by the steering wheel. However, she had her glasses on and they were broken and pieces of glass were in her eyes. Her hands were also cut.

For a number of years I had wanted to see a real member of the Canadian mounted police. But not under these circumstances.} A ranger's station was not far from where the moose had struck our car. The people in the car that the moose had missed evidently had reported our situation to the mounted police. Two of them came to us, and with difficulty were able to get us out of the crushed car. We were both bleeding and badly shaken. They took us to the ranger's station and gave us what first aid help they could while waiting for an ambulance from Banff. The one in charge said, to an attendant, "Keep Mrs. Stewart talking, don't let her lose consciousness or she may never wake up." My blood pressure was alarmingly high.

When we arrived in Banff they took us to a Catholic hospital. There were no private rooms. They put us in a large room with three drug addicts. There were no curtains for privacy. There was only one doctor. The nurses did what they could for us. However, their training was evidently different from nurses in Salt Lake City hospitals. For instance the many pieces of glass in my arm they didn't take out, but said they would work themselves to the surface. This didn't happen. I asked the nurse to telephone the local Bishop. He administered to us. I then phoned Richard and Loretta and informed them of our situation. Loretta called Jean. Devirl was away on business. The third evening of our hospital stay Loretta and Jean arrived by plane. It was comforting to see them.

Nadine's car had been towed into Banff. The Bishop saw it and said it was a miracle that we had gotten out of it alive. He invited Loretta and Jean to stay at his home while in Banff. They also were given the use of one of his family's cars so that they could see this scenic area.

We were so grateful to the Bishop and his family for their great kindness to us. What a blessing it is to belong to our church, where such service is habitual.

We were able to leave the hospital on the morning of the fifth day, and took a plane for Salt Lake City. Jean took Nadine to Provo with her in her car. There her doctor and sister gave her special care. Loretta took me to her home in Salt Lake City. They took excellent care of me. I was still weak from loss of blood. So they brought my food to my room, and did all they could to make me comfortable.

The pieces of glass that had been left in my arm caused infection. Loretta took me to the hospital. And there they removed the glass, leaving about sixty small scars on my arm.

After a week at Loretta and Richard's I was able to return to my apartment and resume my teaching.

A cherished memory is the Sunday afternoon in late September of 1977 that Jim spent with me. We went to church then returned to my apartment where we had supper and talked about his missionary experiences. He had been home but a short time from Switzerland. Jim had such a deeply religious spirit which I am certain he will never lose.

We also spoke of Jim's ambitions, about his feelings for Pennee, and Nick of whom Jim said, "Nick is a totally dedicated missionary, a great missionary.

**{76 for eleven days of 1975) (Mostly 76th year}
{79 for eleven days of 1978) (Mostly 79th year}**

May 10, 1978

On Mother's Day, our precious son, Bill, sent me an exquisite basket of roses, with a note saying, "Because I love you. I wish other men had the example of motherhood that I have in you."

May 25, 1978

Another important event happened in our family. Diane Schneider and our Nick were married in the Salt Lake Temple. That evening a beautiful wedding reception was held in the garden of Nick's parents in Provo.

Both Nick and Diane had been on missions in Switzerland. They are both wonderful young people.

June 9, 1978

I had promised Daddy that we would go to Hawaii. Since he passed away before we could do this, I knew it would please him if I went with one of his children.

Bill stayed at home and watched over the teenagers while Francine was on a trip to Europe with her sisters. When Francine returned Bill accompanied me on a tour of Hawaii. It was a great happiness to me to spend this time with our dear son. He was always so thoughtful and entertaining. Bill was very popular with the people on the tour.

As is typical of our son Bill, he thought it would give me pleasure to review in memory the happy days in Hawaii. So he wrote the following detailed report.

**HAWAII ELEVEN DAY TOUR---MONDAY, AUG. 28 THROUGH
 THURSDAY, SEPT. 7, 1978**

Grace Nixon Stewart and her son James William Stewart. The entire trip was really great fun.

Monday, Aug. 28 Mother and I met at the Los Angeles International Airport. We boarded Western Airlines flight #567 at about 9:15 a.m. and were in the air soon after--headed for beautiful Hawaii. We land in the city of Hilo, on the large island of Hawaii (one of the four islands which we visited on this tour.) On this first night

we stay at the Naniloa Surf Hotel in the city of Hilo. The remainder of the day was spent relaxing, unpacking etc.

Tuesday, Aug. 29 We went on a bus tour of many interesting places on this island of Hawaii, such as Volcano National Park; saw sugar cane fields, country-side points of interest. Saw orchid hot houses, etc. John was our bus driver. Michael (Mike) L. Evertsten was our fine young LDS tour guide for the entire 11 day trip. He was assisted by different bus and automobile drivers in different cities. Today we also saw the beautiful Black Sands Beach. Tuesday night we stayed at the same hotel--Naniloa Surf Hotel in the city of Hilo on the large island of Hawaii.

Wednesday, Aug. 30 Today we drove to the city of Kona which is on this same island of Hawaii. In the morning Bill goes on the Captain Cook cruise down the coastline a few miles. He takes several pictures using the camera lent him for this trip by his son Jim. Mother stays at the hotel mostly. Tonight we attend a tasty Luau. It was held at the Kona Surf Hotel (which was just a short distance from the hotel we stayed at tonight.) An LDS Bishop was the main singer at this Luau. He was very good. Tonight we stayed at the Kona Lagoon Hotel in the city of Kailua-Kona on the large island of Hawaii. Throughout the entire tour Bill's separate hotel room was nearby that of Mother's room. All of the hotels were excellent.

Thursday, Aug. 31 This morning we went to the airport and flew to the city of Lahaina on the island of Maui. It was very windy as we got off of the plane here. We had an interesting few hours to wander about this quaint town--had lunch at the Banyan Inn and saw the huge Banyan tree in the city park, walked around viewing the many shops, etc. Bill purchased several postcards and took pictures of this area. About 4:15 p.m., we boarded the plane and left this island and flew to the island of Kauai. We had hotel rooms at the large and beautiful Kauai Surf Hotel, located at Kalapaki Beach. We stayed here from the evening of Aug. 31st through the early morning of Sunday, Sept. 3rd, leaving about noon. The city is Wailua.

Friday, Sept. 1 This morning we take a very interesting bus trip to areas of interest on this island of Kauai. We go into the mountain areas which, at certain places, have an average annual rainfall of about 425 inches per year. Wow. Everything here is lush, green and beautiful. We also go on a river trip, riding in a boat called "Smith's Boat"--a company operated by, naturally, a family named Smith. We are taken on a ride up the Wailua River to a fascinating place called the Fern Grotto. Either before or after this boat trip, on the bus ride, our driver points to at least two different and natural mountain formations--one which resembles a sleeping giant, and the other which looks like one side view of the head of the late President John

F. Kennedy. Bill recognized the giant, but did not catch the Kennedy view. Tonight we stay in the same hotel as Thursday night . . .Kauai Surf Hotel.

Saturday, Sept. 2 Today Bill and Mother stay around the hotel--kind of have a free period to rest, roam about this beautiful hotel which has many shops, etc. in it. This evening we have a tasty buffet dinner. Great. Tonight we stay in the same hotel as we did both Thursday and Friday nights. . . .Kauai Surf Hotel.

Sunday, Sept. 3 At about noon, or shortly thereafter, we leave this hotel, depart for the airport, and fly to the city of Honolulu on the island of Oahu. In reviewing notes of mine and others given me by Mike, it appears that we actually boarded the plane to fly to Honolulu about 3:00 p.m. and arrive in this city in the short period of approx. 26 minutes later. Our rooms are in the Outrigger East Hotel. Bill and Mother take a bus and hurry to attend Fast and Testimony meeting at the LDS ward a few miles away. We arrive soon after the service had started. Meeting time was 4:00 p.m. Tonight we stay at the above Outrigger East Hotel.

Monday, Sept. 4 This morning Bill and Mother took a truly fascinating boat trip of Pearl Harbor. It had a tape recorded narrative detailing the Dec. 7, 1941 attack, history of some dates before and after Dec. 7, 1941, etc. Really excellent. After the trip we had lunch, visited some stores in Honolulu in the 3rd largest shopping mall in the world. Mother bought some earrings and Bill bought some beautiful material for Francine to make a dress from. This evening we had a very special dinner at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu. Situated close to the ocean. Tonight we stayed at the same hotel as Sunday night. . . .Outrigger East Hotel.

Tuesday, Sept. 5 During the day Bill wandered about part of the city by himself, and Mother spent her time at various places that were of interest to her. At night we had dinner high up on the top of a building which had a revolving restaurant. It moved one full 360 degree circle once per hour . . .or in other words about one degree per minute. The dinner was excellent. . . just as was the one last night at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. Today was the 28th wedding anniversary of Bill and Francine. During the day Bill bought some gifts for the four children: Jim, Steve, Frank and Annette. Tonight we stayed in the same hotel as Sunday night and Monday night. . . the Outrigger East Hotel in Honolulu.

Wednesday, Sept. 6. Today we took a very special tour of some of this island of Oahu. Among the many points of interest were: rugged and currently uncrowded beaches and coastlines. School either had started or would soon, and at present, it was nice to see so few people about. Also, we visited Sea Life Park, the LDS

Mormon Temple, and the LDS Polynesian Cultural Center. At this last place, the BYU students of the Hawaii campus (mainly) presented a very stirring pageant of various native cultures. It was excellent. We then returned to our hotel in Honolulu after a full and varied day. Once again our hotel was the Outrigger East Hotel in Honolulu.

Thursday, Sept. 7. This morning we leave Honolulu. We board a Western Airlines plane and fly to Los Angeles. At this point Mother changes to another Western Airlines plane for her return trip from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City. Bill and Mother say goodbye here at the Los Angeles Airport. A little later, Bill catches a Pacific Southwest Airlines flight for the trip to San Jose.

It was a great and wonderful trip, Mother. I will always remember it. Thanks so very much to you, dearest, for being so very, very generous and giving me the entire trip as a gift completely paid for. God Bless you.

All my love, your son, Bill

August 2, 1978

My Dear Mrs. Stewart,

One of the most precious people in anyone's life is a wonderful teacher. In my life you are that person. You are the great teacher and friend who has had the most influence upon the development of my personality and my character. Because of my admiration for you, I have wanted to be like you. Some of my loveliest memories are of your beauty and talent.

You have such a marvelously expressive voice and I remember how diligently you worked to improve my voice. Interwoven with each lesson I learned so much about human beings with their many virtues and weaknesses.

During the years I studied drama with you learning was more than a knowledge of how to interpret literature, portray characters and cut and memorize. Always at your studio I felt the warmth of your sincere interest in me.

Dear, lovely Mrs. Stewart, I am truly grateful that my life happened to touch yours. If I hadn't found you at the University of Utah[?] I would have missed so much.

Affectionately and with my love always,

Rhea Winters Budge"

Dear Mrs. Stewart,

We have just completed another year in our speech course when we witnessed the reading recital last night. And now we want to express our appreciation and our love to you.

When we first started taking this course we told the girls how great the opportunity was and we promised them that if they would lend themselves wholeheartedly to you, and do everything you told them to, and would have perfect confidence in you, that they would one day be able to do very remarkable things. We feel that the girls have taken our advice. They have worked very hard. They have tried to the best of their ability to apply the principles you have taught them, and above all else they have loved you. Last night we felt that all of this is beginning to show through. We know that our girls still have a very long way to go, but we also feel that they have come very far.

We fell that our girls are quite special and we are sure that one of the main reasons is your limitless effort in trying to teach them these things. Sometimes when we love someone very much and appreciate them, it is impossible to tell them face to face because of the strong emotions that might overflow. And so please Mrs. Stewart, know how much you mean to all of us. And also know, and accept the thanks and appreciation we feel for all that you have done for us.

Sincerely,

Ralph, Ruth and all of the children

A Reference to Grace's Voice Coaching, and Statements

Dearest Mrs. Stewart,

I've never enjoyed anything more than your 'Youth Program' nor have I ever known a person with your fantastic abilites. I shall never forget the happiness I felt with your beautiful eyes twinkling at me as you said, "Deeper voice Dear." I shall never forget the lessons you taught me in happiness, love, understanding, and success as well as Bible and interpretation. I shall never forget our talks of the Cyclopes and fairies but most of all I'll never forget the shining face that said,

"Goodbye, my darling." Thank you for sharing a bit of your precious time with me, I needed that time.

I love you forever. As always,

Patti

Ezra and LaRue's Fiftieth Anniversary was on September 13, 1978. Their children gave them a beautiful reception. Family and friends came from many towns and cities of the state to honor them.

Ezra had been Bishop in Roosevelt, Utah and president of the stake in that area. Both he and LaRue had always been active in church work wherever they lived.

A delicious dinner was served to all the guests. After an hour and a half of tributes to this excellent husband and wife and family, the family asked me to speak about my beloved brother's life. This I was happy to do. When I had finished Ezra came and kissed me. So I assume he was pleased.

Dear Mrs. Stewart,

So often I have thought of the years I studied with you and of the wise counsel you gave to me from time to time. Many of the precious thoughts that support and direct me on occasions I received from you.

I was blessed with so many opportunities to study and learn as a child, but nothing has been of more value and help to me than your training.

Thank you for your wise and wonderful influence.

Affectionately,

Margery Sorensen Cannon

Christmas 1978

Dear Mrs. Stewart,

I will always be grateful to you for giving me an example to look up to, confidence in my own abilities, an arena in which I could shine, and your requirement for good work (which sometimes I didn't meet.) You will never know how many times in my life I asked "what would Mrs. Stewart think if she were here now." Those thoughts have often kept me from straying too far and they've often given me the tenacity for one more try.

I love you as dearly as I love my own parents, and my family loves you also. I hope that life is abundantly rich for you, because you have given such an abundant love and sacrifice to others.

Thank you again for your beautiful gracious spirit which will give me memories for years to come.

We all wish you a Merry Christmas.

**Brad, Pat, Natalie, Jenni, Nicole,
Lacey Ann, and Matthew Bradley" [Nygren]**

{80 for eleven days of 1979) (Mostly 80th year}

Funeral Monday For Doctor Nixon

Funeral services for Dr. James William Nixon II, 89, of Provo, who died at his home Thursday, Jan. 4, 1979, will be Tuesday at 1:30 p.m. in the Provo LDS Fourth Ward Chapel, 101 West 800 North under the direction of Bishop Paul Ludwig.

Dr. Nixon was born June 5, 1889 in Huntington, Emery County, a son of James William II and Effie Dean Woolley Nixon. He married Margaret Lea on Dec. 21, 1918 in New York City, and the marriage was solemnized two weeks later in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. She died Nov. 18, 1974.

Dr. Nixon received his early education in Emery County Schools and graduated from Brigham Young University and the University of Utah. He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School with a medical degree.

During World War I Dr. Nixon served as a first lieutenant in the Medical Section of an equitation unit. He then practiced medicine in Brigham City and Hiawatha, Carbon County, for two years. He then practiced in Castle Dale, Emery County from 1920 until 1938, when he moved his practice to Provo, where he retired from active practice in 1971 at the age of 82.

While residing in Castle Dale he served a term as mayor. Dr. Nixon was active in the LDS Church and was a high priest. He was one of the organizers of the Provo Seventy's Mission Book Store.

Survivors include one son and three daughters, Jim W. Nixon IV, Provo; Mrs. Oral (Grace) Johansen, Castle Dale; Mrs. Marjorie Dean Robinson, Long Beach, California; Mrs. Bruce (Phylis) Mendenhall, Mapleton; 12 grandchildren; 18 great grandchildren; two brothers and one sister, Ezra Nixon, Logan; Jessco Nixon, Arlington, Va., and Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart, Salt Lake City.

Friends may call at Berg Mortuary in Provo Monday from 6 to 8 p.m. and at the Fourth Ward Chapel Tuesday from 12:30 p.m. Interment will be at East Lawn Memorial Hills, Provo.

FUNERAL SERVICES FOR DR. J. W. NIXON

Held January 4, 1979, Provo, Utah

Invocation - Craig Johansen

“Father, we thank thee for the life this man has led; for the fatherly love, patience, and kindness that he has exemplified; for the personal concern that he has shown to each member of his family.

We children and family are thankful for the heritage that Grandpa has left with us, and we pray that we might be more aware of his gentle attributes and try to incorporate them into our own lives.”

TALK - O. EUGENE JOHANSEN

My dear brothers and sisters we have met here today to pay tribute to Dr. J.W. Nixon, and to pay respect to his family. Your presence here, these lovely floral offerings, the beautiful prayer that was given, and the magnificent tribute by his sister, Grace, express your love and devotion and appreciation for him and his family.

To the people of Emery County, Dr. Nixon was something special. He was a friend, a neighbor, and an advisor. But he was Dr. Nixon. His office was in Castle Dale. But his patients were in Castle Dale, Orangeville, Ferron, Clawson, Molen, Moore, Emery, Huntington, Lawrence, Cleveland, and Elmo, with hospital facilities in Price; a hospital which he helped found. On many days he visited every one of those towns, a distance of about 130 miles travel. He was a doctor who was on call 24 hours a day. When he

began his practice in the 1920's, there were no oiled roads in Emery County. There were more horses and wagons than there were automobiles.

A typical day would be something like this: He would begin the day around 7. The people in Castle Dale knew that if they saw him, they had to come early. After treating 5 or 10 patients in Castle Dale-he might lance a boil, pull a tooth, sew up an ax cut, set a broken limb-then he'd crank up his old Willys-Knight and head for those who couldn't come. This was a time when Doctors visited the sick; the sick didn't visit the Doctor. He made that his life.

Then he'd go to Orangeville, probably call on the Reids, the Sitteruds, the Davises, the Coxes, the Jewkes. Then he'd go to Clawson to the Riley's, the Prices, and the Jensen's. Then on over to Ferron to the Worthens, the Petersons, the Leslie's. Maybe he'd go to Molen that day, maybe he wouldn't. Then he would travel on to Moore and on to Emery. By this time it was dusk and he was 30 miles away from home. He'd start back through the same route.

If something had happened during the day, there was a lantern or a red flag hanging at the telephone office saying "We need help." On this particular day a family in Ferron called him saying they had an ulcerated tooth. When he got to Clawson--it wasn't so serious there, just a stomachache. Then he returned home. By this time it was 10:30 or 11 o'clock--tired but never hungry. Every family knew his favorite dish. Tomorrow he would visit the north end of the County--Huntington, Lawrence, Cleveland, Elmo. If it rained, the farmers pulled him out of the mud. If a child was late coming, he slept on a cot and waited. If tonsils needed taking out, an ironing board or kitchen table would do.

In the winter he carried hot bricks to keep his feet warm. His patients always had bricks in their ovens to exchange for his cold ones. He not only had to mend the afflicted, he had to teach cleanliness, quarantine, disinfect, scrub, boil. Mumps, measles, typhoid, smallpox, malnutrition, tick fever--all these things had to be treated, without the so-called modern miracle drugs. He was the specialist; he was the intensive care unit; he was the special nurse; he was the Doctor.

Volumes could be written of the many varied experiences. I'm going to relate one or two. Picture, if you will, a young man in a dentist's chair. The dentist lost the drill, a little dojigger that drills out the tooth went down the wrong throat. It got lodged way down deep in the lungs. The dentist was frantic. It just happened that the dentist's office was just half a block away from the Doctor's office. They rushed him over to the young Doctor Nixon, The dentist said, "I'm going to have to take him to Salt Lake. I'm going to have to do something." Dr. Nixon very seldom got in a hurry. He said, "Sit down and

relax." He found some kind of instrument and began probing down in the throat, down into whatever you call it clear down into the lungs. When he told me about this incident, he said, "Miraculously, I got hold of it and out it came."

Another incident: Picture, if you will, a young boy riding a horse, racing up the lane. The lanes weren't race tracks; they were filled with mud holes, chuck holes, Either the horse fell or the boy couldn't ride. But at any rate, he was knocked unconscious. When he came to, he had a shattered arm, a broken shoulder and was half a mile away from the road. He carried his arm, like this. And the first car he ran into was the old brown Willys-Knight. It just so happened the Dr. had his anesthetist, who was Gardner Jewkes, with him. They gathered up the boy and took him home, laid him out on a table, poured that awful ether down his throat, set the arm, and put him in a cast that carried it for six weeks. The arm healed and the shoulder healed.

One of the visitors last night made this comment. She's here today. She said, "When my husband died, Dr. Nixon gathered up the best milk cow in the county and brought it to me, and then let me pay for it by sewing." This was Dr. Nixon.

He associated himself at that particular time with the Democrat party, served as Mayor of Castle Dale. He served in church positions, his favorite being Sunday School Superintendent. He preferred being a seventy longer than anything else. He said, "They are the work horses, and that's where I want to be."

He left Emery County in 1938. He moved to Provo where his children could find better educational opportunities. But since that time he has been a very frequent visitor in Emery County. He has never missed an Easter, never missed Memorial Day, never missed Christmas. Emery County looks upon him as their own. He was kind, compassionate, gentle. He suffered when his patients suffered. It was this deep concern for others that endeared him to so many. He was an enthusiastic supporter of the community and of young people's activities. In his early youth he excelled in foot racing and lightweight boxing.

Our minds tell us that he is gone. But our hearts and emotions are still clinging to the fond memories; and we are reluctant to let go. The family will be forever thankful that he was able to live contented and die contented in his own home, in his own bed. He was ours, and we loved him beyond any telling of it. And we hear the whisper of death. Death is but the door through which one passes to life forevermore.

TALK--DR. J. RUSSEL SMITH

I want to thank the family for asking me to speak at their father's funeral. It's an honor to me to pay my respects to a long-time friend and fellow physician. I first became acquainted with Dr. Nixon in 1936, when I went to Price to practice. I was accepted on the Price City Hospital Medical Staff and in the Carbon County Medical Society.

Dr. Nixon had discipline and judgment; discipline to adjust his life to his long hours of work, night and day, and to always be available; judgment to know when to do the right thing at the right time. He was knowledgeable in the medicine of his day. He was a man of character and was respected by his fellow physicians. He was gracious to the sick and considerate of his associates. He was not only physician to the sick, he was a consoler, a counselor, and an advisor to the family who called him their doctor. He was a loving and devoted father and husband. His life was one of service. He served his patients for 52 years, until he retired in 1972.

TALK--ED FIRMAGE

My dear brothers and sisters. I fell in love with the man that we are here to honor this day just about 40 years ago. He is the man that Eugene, his son-in-law, told you about in a very moving way. He is the great great man, who Dr. Smith has told you about as a medical partner. My Mother and Father loved Dr. J.W. Nixon with all their hearts.

I consider this a very solemn honor, my brothers and sisters. Yesterday as I got off the plane after being away for several days, Mary met my flight and told me of the death of this great friend, Dr. Nixon. Kind of impulsively I said, "I would like to speak at his funeral." And I don't say that very often, because I am too afraid to speak very much. I like to listen, but not be the one standing before you. It was only because that I somehow felt that I could never adequately convey to him my full over-flowing love and gratitude, nor can I do so today. Perhaps someday, somewhere, when I am no longer hampered with mortal words he will understand the feeling of my heart.

Last night as Mary and I stood at the casket, we caressed with our eyes those hands of great healing power, and we were almost overwhelmed by the magnitude of the debt we owe this friend of ours. For 40 years he was our doctor. He made you feel that warm security. When we would call and he wasn't in his office, we would call his home. And we considered it an emergency, and dear Sister Nixon would always reassure us, "Now don't you worry, I'll find him," and she always did. And now she has found him again.

The memory of his unselfish service will never be erased. For three days and three nights, he came to the house every 4 hours to administer the new miracle drug called penicillin, when Ed had pneumonia and we almost lost him. For 24 hours a day for 3

days and 3 nights he came every 4 hours, without the least hint that he was doing us a favor. When Mary phoned him one day to say that Eddie had fallen and split his chin, he said "Since it is about time for me to leave the office and Ed doesn't seem to like my office too much, let's save him that worry and I'll come to him. Just put a blanket on the table, and I'll be there in a few minutes." The same unselfish service was given to the other children and to my mother and father. What a welcome relief would steal over us as we saw his Buick pull up. He would open the door--never knock. He would walk in and the minute he walked in, he would say, "Knock, Knock, anybody home?" I wonder if that is what he said as he crossed the threshold last Thursday.

Think of stepping on shore and finding it heaven, of taking hold of an outstretched hand and finding it God's hand. Of breathing a new and uniquely invigorating air, and finding it celestial air, of feeling exhilarated and finding it immortality. Of passing from storm and tempest to unbroken calm. Of waking up and finding it home. Yes, I believe that Dr. Nixon really anticipated his last great experience which came to him Thursday.

Oh, how we will miss him. He was one of the great men of this earth, one of the unsung heroes of the earth. His days were hills he climbed without complaint. Now emptiness is tall where he has stood. In the name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, Amen.

CLOSING REMARKS--BISHOP LUDWIG

I have been touched by the tributes that have been given concerning his compassionate service as a physician and as a friend, as a neighbor. He was one who sought not the plaudits of men, but he sought to serve God by serving his fellowmen. All of us who have known him as a friend and neighbor will treasure our association, and our memories allow us to still enjoy precious moments which have passed from the scene. The passing of Brother Nixon brings a closer bond in our relationship with eternity. For a part of us is there.

The record of Ezra's lifetime of service shows the quality of the life that was saved in the earliest recollected incident of my life. I have testified of this sparing of Ezra's life, many times during my own lifetime. He died about 3 weeks after, and in the same month, that his older brother "Willie." who assisted their father, the Huntington Ward Bishop, in administering to Ezra.

"Our beloved brother Ezra passed away on January 22, 1979."

The following are statements at his funeral services concerning his great life:

Ezra John Nixon, 74, of 1175 East 2100 North, died unexpectedly Monday in Logan Hospital. He was born April 8, 1904, in Huntington, Utah, to James William and Effie Dean Woolley Nixon. He married La Rue Olson Sept. 5, 1928, in the Salt Lake LDS Temple.

He attended elementary school in Huntington, and was a graduate of Brigham Young High School in Provo. He attended Brigham Young University for two years, and entered the University of Utah, receiving a bachelor's degree in business administration.

Mr. Nixon was employed by J.C. Penney for 25 years, serving as store manager in Del Norte and Ordway, Colorado and Roosevelt, Utah. While with Penney's, he was made a member of the "Twenty-High Club" for his achievements with the firm.

In 1959, he and his family moved to Logan where he became active in real estate, and later was manager of the real estate division of Utah Mortgage Loan Corporation.

Mr. Nixon and his son Jack purchased the assets of the real estate division of that corporation, and formed Utah Mortgage Realtors now known as Century 21 N & N Realtors of Logan. He had other ventures including farming, cattle, retail sales, restaurants, motels, and travel.

An active member of the LDS Church, he was a member of the North Logan 4th LDS Ward at the time of death, and was serving on the North Logan LDS Stake High Council. He had filled a church mission in the Eastern States; had been bishop of two Roosevelt wards, and President of Roosevelt Stake.

In civic functions, Mr. Nixon had been Lions Club president in Ordway, Colorado; and in Roosevelt and North Logan, Utah. He was a member of the Friars Club (returned missionaries group) while at University of Utah.

Survivors include his wife of North Logan; one son and two daughters. Ezra John (Jack) Nixon, Jr., Hyde Park; Mrs. Dale (Dorothy Dean) Openshaw, Salt Lake City, and Mrs. Douglas (Karen) Israelsen, Salt Lake City. A son, Franklin, preceded him in death.

Also surviving are 14 grandchildren; one great-grandchild; one brother and one sister, Jessco, Arlington, VA., and Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart, Salt Lake City.

Funeral services will be conducted Saturday at 1 p.m. in North Logan LDS 4th Ward Chapel with Bishop Dee Israelsen officiating. The viewing will be at the church Saturday one hour prior to services. Burial will be in the Hyde Park Cemetery.

After reading the obituary, the Bishop Dee B. Israelsen continued:

Another characteristic he had was that of fully supporting the bishopric. Whenever he shook my hand, he expressed his appreciation and love for me as his Bishop, and let me know that he was available at any time for anything we might need him for.

One of the most important things in his life was missionary work. He supported it whole heartedly. He was a very successful businessman and was blessed financially. He indicated that he could be much more effective as a missionary by contributing to the foreign missionary fund than by going out himself. Many young people have gone on missions who otherwise would not have been able to go had it not been for his unselfish support. He paid more tithing than the combined tithing of some wards.

One other characteristic, of the many he possessed, which we can follow, was his devotion to his sweet wife. He supported her fully in whatever calling she had in the church. Together they raised a righteous family who are carrying on the teachings given to them by their parents. I hope that each of us can follow the good example of Brother Nixon and others like him whom we are blessed to have with us.

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Bishop Dee B. Israelsen

December 25, 1979

Christmas Day I was to have been at Grace and Lon's for dinner at six o'clock. Devirl was ill at a motel in Provo. He had been invited to the dinner, but didn't want to expose the family to his cold and was too ill to leave his bed.

1702. Devirl called me about noon he was hoarse and coughing. It was difficult for him to speak. I couldn't let Devirl spend Christmas alone. I had to go to him. I called our precious Elaine and told her of Devirl's situation and that I needed to go to him. Elaine said, "I'll be glad to take you to Provo." She left her own family and we drove to Provo. I was so concerned about Devirl that I couldn't think

coherently. The name of his motel [motel 6] eluded me. I said to Elaine, "I just know that it had three numbers of the same numeral." Elaine knew of the location.

We took food to Devirl, roast beef, bread, apple juice and so forth. Elaine helped me bring in the food, asked Devirl what she could do for him. He thanked her for her kindness in bringing me to Provo, and said there was nothing more she could do. So Elaine drove back to her family. Always I shall be grateful to Elaine for her help this Christmas Day.

I had brought materials for a mustard plaster. I made one and put it on Devirl's chest. This he didn't appreciate very much as it seemed to burn his chest. However, it relieved the congestion in his lungs and he ceased to cough so much.

Devirl felt that I should get home before dark. Since I could do nothing more for him, I took the six o'clock bus to Salt Lake City. A friend, Barbara McBeth, was on the bus. This was fortunate. It was dark when we arrived in the city. We walked the two blocks to Temple Square, went in the Temple grounds to see the lighted trees and shrubs, and listen to the Christmas music. However, I could not get the thought of Devirl out of my mind, and the thought of how lonely he must feel this Christmas night.

We met Dr. Reiser, and his lovely wife, on the temple grounds. They asked me how my family was. I told him that Devirl was in Provo and that I had just come from seeing him. Dr. Reiser asked what I did to help him. I replied that I put a mustard plaster on his chest. Dr. Reiser replied, "Some of the old methods are better than the new."

{81 for eleven days of 1980) (Mostly 81st year}

June 7, 1980

Elaine and Ruth gave a family dinner for Devirl and Mary. It was beautifully carried out. Devirl's children were there and other members of the family.

Devirl and Mary were married June 14 in the Salt Lake Temple. I gave them a wedding breakfast at the Hotel Utah. Mary's mother and two sisters were there and special friends of Mary's. Devirl's children were present and other members of our family.

Later that evening Mary and Devirl were given a reception in a lovely rose garden of one of Mary's friends. It was a memorable occasion.

Devirl and Mary went to Hawaii on their honeymoon. The following is a postcard Devirl sent to me:

Dear Mother,

We have had three different groups or individuals sing honeymoon songs to us. The third was the driver of a van who owned a fabric store here in Kauai. This is another world.

Love, Devirl"

July 6, 1980

I went to Carmel by the Sea. It was delightfully cool. Carmel is a picturesque city. It has quaint little shops and beautiful gardens in front and behind their interesting homes.

I stayed at the Pine Crest Inn. Bill and Francine came to Carmel and stayed with me one Sunday. We took walks along the winding streets, and looked in shop windows. We had lunch at a

Norweigan cafe and dinner at the Cabana restaurant at Pine Crest Inn. The Cabana is noted for its delicious food and excellent service.

We had had such a happy day together. It was difficult to have them leave.

The following is part of a letter from Francine:

Dear Nana,

At long last I am getting around to writing you a letter of thanks for the many wonderful things you have done recently for our family. The day Bill and I spent with you in Carmel was such a special one for us. That is surely one of the beautiful spots of the world. I was especially impressed with the two restaurants where we dined for lunch and dinner. I can still savor the memory of that delicious food. And you know how much I enjoy going window shopping. The shops are so artistic and unusual. Another vivid memory was our walk down to the ocean past so many

breathtaking gardens. What a perfect day! I do hope we can all have that experience again together.

Love, Francine"

August 15, 1980

Devirl went on his first business trip to Idaho since he and Mary were married June 14. Late that evening I called Mary to see if all was well with her. She had been to visit some friends. Mary said, "I stayed away as long as possible. I hated to come home and not find Devirl here." Mary continued, "I couldn't keep the tears back. I had no idea I could be so happy. I thank Heavenly Father that I found Devirl. I love him more every day.

September 20, 1980

Our home was designated as a national historical landmark. Mr. Holburg[Ron spelling of last name?], the present owner had his name inscribed on the marker. The following is a letter asking that the marker be changed:

Mrs. Devirl B. Stewart
225 North State Street
Salt Lake City, Utah 84103

Dr. A. Kent Powell
Utah State Historical Society
West 200 South, Suite 1000
Salt Lake City, Utah 84107

Dear Dr. Powell:

In compliance with your request I am enclosing pictures of our home at 225 North State Street, Salt Lake City, at the time we purchased it and also after we had lived there twenty-five years. During this time we spent approximately one hundred thousand dollars in repairs and improvements. To list a few:

We put in a lawn sprinkling system, had trenches dug and brought in new soil so hedges and flowers would grow more luxuriantly.

We replaced, on State Street and Second North, the retaining wall where it was crumbling or broken. We placed on top of the concrete wall wrought iron fences, along which were planted hedges and flowers. We had custom designed wrought iron gates for front and side entrances installed. We removed all concrete from the rear of the house, brought in new soil and planted lawn and flowers. We installed a flagstone entrance at the rear and put in a flagstone wishing well with colored lights in the bottom so that the water would reflect the garden colors.

We replaced warped and broken wooden railings (front, side and rear of house) with wrought iron railings. All of the wrought iron was in harmony with the period in which the home was built. We replaced broken bricks in the structure and had the sandstone foundation treated to prevent, as far as possible, further erosion. We planted several large pine trees on the sides and in the rear of the home for beautification.

Inside the home, we changed the heating system from coal to gas and had the entire electrical wiring replaced. There were termites in the basement. This we had corrected. The kitchen had a coal burning stove, replaced the sink, much of which had eroded.

The kitchen could not be properly heated. So we made a smaller kitchen in the butler's pantry; replaced the drafty windows in the old and new kitchen. The original kitchen, we lined with knotty pine wood paneling; built a fireplace and installed wooden beams across the ceiling. An architect designed the room in harmony with the period in which the home was built.

There was a semi-bath downstairs. To reach it one had to go through the dining room, hall, and entrance room. We cut a door from the kitchen to the entrance room to make the semi-bath more accessible.

On the main part of the home, the oak paneling had been stained a mustard color. We stripped the oak and restored it to the original color. We also brought from my home in Provo the large bookcase you see in the library.

Our Provo home was built in approximately the same period as the home of which we are speaking. The upstairs fireplace by which my husband and I are sitting was brought from the Provo home as were the stained glass windows on the main floor. Please note that the decor and furnishings were, as much as possible, in key with the period in which the Salt Lake home was built.

Dr. Powell, you asked for the background of my husband and myself.

My husband was born in Milburn, San Pete County. He attended high school in Mount Pleasant. He was interested in sports. . .played basketball, baseball and football. During his senior year he was quarterback on the team. Each year he was president of his class. He was also chosen president of the high school and was valedictorian at graduation. He was awarded a full scholarship to the University of Utah.

His senior year at college, Mr. Stewart was editor of the University of Utah yearbook. At the university he majored in mathematics and was assistant to the professor in calculus. While at the university Mr. Stewart enlisted in the army and had the rank of Lieutenant when honorably discharged.

We were married May 28, 1924 and left immediately after for England where Mr. Stewart served on a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He was called as secretary, and then president, of the London Conference.

I attended the London University for two years and spent a summer term at Oxford. Later Mr. Stewart served thirteen years in the University Ward bishopric in Salt Lake City. He was bishop for eight years. He was president of the Ensign Stake Mutual.

Mr. Stewart was president of the Stewart Distributing Company. He was a man of great integrity and wisdom. His advice was often sought. Mr. Stewart was very generous to those in need. It has not been my experience to know a more unselfish, considerate, and just man. He was held in high esteem by all who knew him.

The Devirl B. Stewart family was nominated "Family of the Year" to represent Utah at the 1940 New York Fair. A copy of the nomination letter is included.

It is disappointing to our family, friends and to me that the present marker does not recognize Mr. Stewart. . . who changed the property from what it was into, as several distinguished citizens of our city have stated, a "Landmark of Beauty." We feel that the present owner has let the property deteriorate, and that it is not just that the marker give credit to one who is so undeserving.

We will happily pay for a new marker so that Mr. Stewart, who is so richly deserving, receives justice. This we are certain is your objective, Dr. Powell, as it is that of your committee.

Thank you very much for your kind consideration and graciousness in coming to my apartment to speak with me.

Most gratefully,

Mrs. Devirl B. Stewart

Sunday Oct. 14, 1980

I had such a perfect day with Devirl and Mary after church. We looked at a few apartments. Went to see the beautiful autumn leaves in the canyon. We laughed and had great fun. Finally, we drove to Little America for a late dinner. While there, Devirl said, "Mother, is there anywhere else you would like to go?" I repeat it was a perfect day that I keep in my memory.

From Katherine Karcher
October 27, 1980

My Dearest Mrs. Stewart,

You are so often in my thoughts. So I will just have to tell you so!

It was so wonderful to see you at our Open House for Rick and his lovely Kathy at our Kathie's home. I am so veyr grateful you were there. It just made the evening memorable and beautiful!

Thank you, Dear.

Katherine"

December 20, 1980

The day before my eightieth birthday, dear Ruth and Elaine had an open house for me at Elaine's home. They wanted to invite my friends, as well as our family. However, I said I would much prefer to have just our family. Relatives came from far and near. It was a wonderful evening and one I want always to remember.

December 21, 1980

Ruth and Elaine took me to dinner at the Hotel Utah Roof Garden. We had a delicious dinner. The three of us had an absolutely perfect evening. They gave me a Christmas corsage, a box of chocolates, and a large basket of fruit.

It is fortunate that we have been asked to keep journals, that the thoughtfulness and generosity of wonderful people like Ruth and Elaine can be recorded.

Prior to our dinner we had delivered, for Devirl, a dozen red roses to Grace and a box of chocolates for Lon, a crimson poinsetta for Grandma Chiverall and a pink poinsetta to Ross and his wife.

For my eightieth birthday, Marilyn sent exquisite gold and silver earrings.

December 21, 1980

I received this card from President Jimmy Carter and his wife:

Congratulations on your birthday! We hope that the happiness of this special day will last throughout the year and that each day you will celebrate the gift of abundant life."

{82 for eleven days of 1981} (Mostly 82nd year}

April 17, 1981

Jim graduated from law school. He had made a remarkable record. Loretta and I took the afternoon off. We visited buildings on the BYU campus. As we did so, we met friends who recalled joyous days when I was teaching at BYU.

We had dinner at the cafeteria and then went to the graduation exercises. We were able to get seats on the second row, and see clearly each young lawyer as he walked across the platform to receive his diploma.

Bill and Francine were in the audience as were Judge Aldon Anderson and Virginia. We were all proud of Jim as he walked so straight and confident across the platform. At the conclusion of the graduation exercise Eddie Kimball, son of President Kimball, spoke with me. He inquired about Marilyn and recalled their experiences at the University of Denver summer speech school. They had both won scholarships to the school. Eddie spoke so highly of Marilyn and her accomplishments.

After congratulating Jim, and enjoying time with his parents and brother Stephen, I went to Salt Lake City with Pennee's parents, Beverly and Val Wood. It had been an important and enjoyable day.

July 7, 1981

I left for Tahoe to get out of the Salt Lake heat. The second Sunday at Tahoe Bill, Francine and family came to visit me. They met me at church. After church we went to dinner at the Tahoe Lodge where I had reserved a private room for us.

I had asked that we be served broccoli soup. Then each member of the family ordered their own main course and dessert. Jamie and Nicholas carried on an enchanting conversation from their high chairs. It must have been angel language. The others of us didn't understand a word.

After dinner, Bill went to my room in the lodge to rest. Francine, Penne, Frank, Rena, Jim, Annette, and I went down to the lake and enjoyed the exhilarating air as we walked along the shore. Stephen kept up his running practice.

It was great to have my family with me, and I didn't want them to leave.

I had interesting experiences at Tahoe. People would ask me where I was from. When I said, "I'm from Salt Lake City" their next comment was usually, "That is where the Mormons live." I would respond, "Yes, and I am very proud to be a Mormon." This reply often gave me an opportunity to explain some gospel principles. It always gave me a feeling of genuine joy to feel that I had been able to do a little missionary work. Wherever I traveled I took every opportunity to explain the principles of our gospel.

Irma and Ralph were my guests for dinner one Sunday while in Tahoe. We had a delightful afternoon together. They are very excellent people.

My vacation was concluded in Reno, Nevada at the Casino Hotel. I saw the gambling, and heard tragic stories of how people had lost all the money they possessed, and, at times, ended their lives, as a result.

December 1981

Devirl, Mary, and I were invited to Richard and Loretta's for dinner. Lyle was there. We had a delightful afternoon and evening. What a blessing to have such generous and hospitable relatives.

{83 for eleven days of 1982) (Mostly 83rd year}

April 4, 1982

President Kimball was at conference after a long illness. The congregation sang, "We Thank Thee Oh God For A Prophet."

Elder Haight spoke after the congregation had finished singing. He said, "I have never witnessed such an outpouring of love. I thought my heart would break." He had a hard time controlling his emotions. Elder Haight asked us to record this experience in our journals.

Elder Mark E. Peterson said, "President Kimball's friendship was Christlike."

1808. We are grateful President Kimball is my mother's cousin. He has been a tremendous influence in our lives. Mother's father, President Kimball's uncle, was killed by the indians. It is reported that the indians circled around him in a war dance, released him, and, as he ran, they sent an arrow through his back. He dropped dead.

May 10, 1982

It was a very beautiful day for me. It was Mother's Day. Marilyn and Jack had telephoned and sent a memorable card. Bill and Francine telephoned and sent a lovely Mother's Day card, with a message of love. Devirl and Mary phoned a message of appreciation and love. Grace and her son, Thomas, brought me a box of chocolates, my favorite kind.

Barbara Sine Anderson telephoned from Idaho Falls, extending a Mother's Day greeting. Loretta brought me a plant, blooming with purple flowers. Two students, LaVonne and Selina Everrit, gave me a dozen long-stemmed roses. I received Mother's Day cards from Jean, Marilyn, and Mary Ellen. Ruth, Elaine, and Irma gave me an exquisite orchid. I received phone calls from Elizabeth Brickey, Faye Royer, Phillip Carroll and Lemuel Harsh.

November 14, 1982

I gave a talk in sacrament meeting in the Eighteenth Ward. All the time that I had, for about ten days, when I wasn't teaching was spent on writing and memorizing my talk. I had worked diligently and prayed fervently for Heavenly Father's help, and I received this help. People called on the telephone after church stating their appreciation of the message. Bishop Harlon Clark said, "I didn't know you were such an orator."

I was the first speaker at the sacrament meeting, and was followed by Winifred Manwaring. It was amusing how she began her talk. She said, "This is the second time I have followed Grace Nixon Stewart in speaking, and I don't like it. She is a professor of speech and literature." Sister Manwaring gave a good talk.

December 21, 1982

Ruth and Wilford gave me a birthday dinner. Devirl and Mary, and Elaine and Vard were invited. In addition to a favorable dinner, they gave me some lovely birthday gifts.

Christmas Day, 1982

I was with Devirl and Mary in their home in Bountiful. The Christmas tree was sparkling with ornaments and Christmas lights. Their home was beautifully decorated. There was a fire in the fireplace. It was a perfect day.

{84 for eleven days of 1983} (Mostly 84th year)

July 2, 1983

Our beloved brother Jessco passed away. His memorial funeral services were held in Provo on July 7. Mildred asked me to speak at Jessco's funeral. This was most difficult. However, I could not refuse a request of my brother's wife.

1827. Jessco was a brilliant man. He was an "A" student, and received much scholastic recognition. However, rather than enumerate his achievements here, perhaps it would be well to include my talk at his funeral.

Grace Nixon Stewart's Funeral Address For Jessco Cowley Nixon. Thursday 7, 1983

It is a privilege to speak at the services of our beloved brother, Jessco. If only it were possible for me to give adequately the feelings in my heart for this noble man.

Being a number of years their senior, it was my responsibility to look after Ezra and Jessco. Our beautiful sister, Olive, who took care of our home, saw that I had sufficient milk in Jessco's bottle, and other needs, before we left for the store, to report to mother.

The wicker baby carriage in which Jessco rode, Ezra walking beside it, and as always trying to help, and I pushing the buggy was a familiar picture to the Huntington townsfolk.

4. At times, mother would allow us to visit friends. Always, we were given a time limit. Then returned for mother to again check on Jessco's needs. At an early age, Jessco had a rare appreciation of beauty. When he was in the second grade, our efficient sister, Nina, was his teacher. Of this, he was so proud. Nina promoted him to the "high" third grade.

However, in the autumn, he went into the low third grade. Nina asked why he chose to do this. He replied, "Because the teacher is more beautiful." Nina took care of his being placed in his proper class. This appreciation of beauty abided with him through all his years. Our precious brother, St. Clair, was especially protective of his two younger brothers.

At Provo High School, Jessco met the girl of his dreams, Mildred Jones. She was the only romantic love of his life. Jessco had a brilliant mind, and a thirst for scholastic achievement. He completed four years of high school in three years, with "A" grades. He attended the University of Utah until he was called on a mission to England.

As I ponder Jessco's life, Tom Whitecloud's poem, "A Prayer", comes to mind. It delineates more poignantly than could I, Jessco's attitudes, desires, and ideals:

Oh, Father who gives life to all the world.
 Hear Me! I am one of Thy children.
 I need Thy strength and wisdom.
 Let me walk in beauty, and make my eyes
 Ever behold the red and purple sunset.
 Make my hands respect the things Thou has made,
 My ears sharp to hear Thy voice.
 Make me wise so that I will know what Thou
 Hast taught my people.
 I seek strength, Father, to be able to fight my
 greatest enemy-myself.
 May I ever be ready to come to Thee with clean
 Hands and straight eyes,
 So that when life fades, as the fading sunset,
 My spirit may come to Thee without shame.

At the conclusion of Jessco's mission, Mildred met his ship as it docked in the harbor. They were married in New York City. On their arrival home, they were sealed for all eternity in the Salt Lake Temple.

Jessco, again attended the University of Utah, for another year. He had clearly defined objectives; and, with the help of his devoted wife, achieved them. He decided to continue his education at George Washington University in Washington D.C. There, he received his B.S. degree in accounting, and graduated with honors. He was a member of the National Honor Society, Alpha Kappa Psi. He received his masters degree in accounting and, again, received highest honors.

Later, he obtained his Doctorate of Jurisprudence. At this time, he was awarded the highest recognition, Magna Cum Laude. Subsequently, he served in several important governmental positions with distinction.

Jessco and Mildred lived in their beautiful home in Arlington, Virginia, for thirty years. Several in this audience have been recipients of their gracious hospitality.

Jessco had a deep love for his parents, brothers, and sisters, as did we all for each other. Jessco's love for each of our families was thoughtfully demonstrated at the approach of our brother, Willie's eightieth birthday. Jessco said, "Something important should be done in recognition of Willie's outstanding achievements." So, he and Mildred arranged all, notified the brothers and sisters, relatives, and close friends of the date and place. And we were all there. It was an event ever to be cherished in memory.

Jessco never permitted himself to become discouraged. This took courage, but courage he had. He recognized that discouragement diminishes one's resolve and leaves one vulnerable to satan's cunning devices. He agreed with William James, the noted Harvard psychologist, who said, in essence, "the mind is like a sponge. It absorbs what it holds. If we hold in our minds, and hearts, great ideas of faith and enthusiasm, our entire personalities are changed accordingly. If we hold negative thoughts, we develop negative minds. If we think depraved thoughts, we develop depraved minds. If we think thoughts of discouragement, we develop easily discouraged minds. However, if we think lofty thoughts, we develop inspiring minds; hence, we see that the thoughts we permit in our minds are welded from chains of habit." Jessco seemed to possess mental clippers that instantly eliminated negative thoughts.

Jessco was honest. He had integrity. We could always depend on his doing what he said he would do. He was very generous. He delighted in helping others, but never wanted his helpfulness known. He followed our Lord's admonition, "Give in secret."

Suzanne, her father's second love, continued in his tradition. In high school, she received no grade lower than "A". She was Valedictorian at her graduation. I recall seeing a newspaper picture with President Nixon's arm around Suzanne. The caption read, "Suzanne is one of the brighter Nixons."

Ted and Suzanne graduated from Brigham Young University. Ted majored in Engineering and Suzanne in Foods and Nutrition. They both received the coveted Phi Kappa Phi honor.

Jessco was always deeply religious. He held several positions of heavy responsibility in the church. His great desire for his posterity was that they keep our Heavenly Father's commandments, be faithful, active members of our church, and maintain the honorable name he had given them.

Ted, Suzanne, and their children have brought Mildred and Jessco boundless happiness; the joy of watching their developmental process as they prepare for their chosen professions. Their constant consideration and thoughtfulness have enhanced the richness of their lives. How grateful we are that families are eternal.

Jessco had so many notable qualities. We have enumerated but a few. We will miss his gentle smile, his soft chuckle, his love and concern for us. We will never forget him. His life will be our inspiration. His last brief moments before he passed from this life were in the arms of his high school sweetheart, with whom it was as easy to keep in love as to fall in love. We are grateful that death so softly succeeded life in him. He did but dream of Heaven and he was there. He has now joined others who loved and love him.

You will now not walk alone, Mildred, dear. You will feel his presence in the silken dusk, as you hear old songs you both loved, as you walk on moonlight evenings and recall your years together.

In closing, may I recall thoughts of the Great Exemplar. Two thousand years ago there lived, and died, a man who saw the unseen, who looked at us and saw us clearly, all that we are, and all that we could be, and cared enough to die on a lonely hill that we might some day understand. He lived a simple life, said the

things He really thought, and nothing that He did not mean. He did not cover Himself with words and worldly ways, but drew from the depths of Him, and was not ashamed to show all that He was.

That we, and our families, may be worthy of true happiness, grateful for the beauty of our world, and live as our Lord and Savior would have us live, is my prayer, in the sacred name of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, Amen.

July 11, 1983

I went to LaJolla. I had a room from which could be seen the Pacific Ocean. Daily, I walked by the ocean. The cool, fresh air was invigorating. Here I enjoyed rereading "Jesus the Christ." Mother and Father had enjoyed San Diego. I wanted to see the city where they, at times, went for weekend vacations. San Diego was a thirty-five minute ride from LaJolla.

There were notable places to visit, such as Sea World, and San Diego Zoo. Both places I found fascinating.

December 17, 1983

Devirl and Mary had Nick, Diane, Nicholas, Mary, Ben, Brett, and me to supper. We had an enjoyable evening together.

Annette and Brett took me to the Robbins family party. It was held in the living and dining room of the Sill Family Home Center. There was a huge log fire and two decorated Christmas trees. Jim, Jamie, Jason, and I sat on the sofa in front of the fire until a delectable dinner was ready.

After dinner, we had the traditional Christmas pageant. Edythe sat beside Jim and me while we watched Jamie as an angel, who's halo would not stay in place, but insisted on tipping over his left eye. Jason was a most reluctant lamb. It was an evening to be treasured in memory.

December 21, 1983

On my birthday, Grace and Thomas took me to the Hotel Utah for dinner. Effie Dean brought me a lovely pink Azalia plant.

December 22, 1983

I was given a delicious turkey dinner and birthday party at Vard and Elaine's. All of their children were there. Each gave me presents, which I greatly appreciated. Elaine sent a basket of fruit and a roast home with me. Previously, Vard and Elaine

had taken me to their company party, which was exciting and surely gave all present the Christmas spirit.

Students gave me Christmas presents which I appreciated. LaVonne gave me a pink angoria sweater. Faye Royer brought a mincemeat pie. Elizabeth Brickey gave me gloves. There were also gifts from other students.

Christmas Day 1983

I was with Devirl and Mary. They had a turkey dinner and all the additional food to satisfy the most fastidious of appetites. Their home was beautifully decorated for Christmas, as was their tree. The Christmas holidays at Devirl and Mary's are treasured memories.

May 13, 1984

On Mother's Day, Devirl and Mary took me to brunch at Little America. Marilyn sent an exquisite silk scarf to go with the spring coat she had sent to me. Bill and Francine telephoned. They had sent a Mother's Day card with a note that I want always to remember. I am so blessed to have three wonderful children, and their partners.

Ruth and Wilford brought me a gorgeous purple orchid. They are so especially generous and thoughtful.

June 3, 1984

Devirl, Mary, and I went to Henifer and Coalville, Utah. We went to the Coalville church. We were trying to locate a town that would be cooler than Salt Lake City. Coalville answered that need, but had no satisfactory lodging accomodations, except expensive motels outside of town.

We were getting hungry so we drove to Brigham City, and inquired if Maddocks were open on Sunday. They weren't, so we had a very good supper at the Golden Corral.

BYU Selects Grace For Special Tape Archives

The BYU telephoned me, saying that they had chosen five outstanding alumni, and wanted their lives taped and placed in their archives. Those selected were Judge Sherman Christensen, Carolyn Eyring Minor, Grace Nixon Stewart, and two other people whom I didn't know. I appreciated this recognition from my beloved BYU. I was interviewed by Carolyn Eyring Minor.

July 8, 1984

Devirl, Mary and I, went to the Homestead for dinner. There was a terrific rain storm. We found it exciting. We returned home by way of Provo Canyon, and recalled Devirl's childhood insistance to see another waterfall. We had a perfect day.

July 13, 1984

A student, Phillip Carrol, and I , left for West Yellowstone, where the summers are cool. We stopped at Idaho Falls to visit Barbara Sine Anderson. She has a beautiful home. Phillip was the architect for the home. Phillip had purchased an equisite hanging lamp and given it to Barbara. She said it was more important to her than anything in her home.

The lamp had been made from the stained glass windows in our Provo home. It had been given to Marilyn in my will. As Marilyn and Jack had no need of it in their home in Waban, Marilyn said Phillip could have the lamp for thirteen hundred dollars. This he paid, and I sent the money to Marilyn.

At West Yellowstone, I stayed at Westwood Lodge. Eileen and her husband, Atonis, owned the lodge. They were very kind and helpful to me.

Barbara and Dr. Anderson had a large cabin in the hills of West Yellowstone. They saw me at church and asked me to go to dinner with them and Barbara's son Wesley. We had an especially good dinner at a German restaurant called Alice's. Afterward we went to the Anderson cabin for watermelon. Their cabin had large windows overlooking Hebgen Lake.

Dr. Anderson then took us for a drive through Yellowstone Park. The rain was continuous, and made the trees and shrubs glisten and sparkle. We walked down hundreds of steps to the bottom of Yellowstone Grand Canyon and had an excellent view of this magnificent canyon and the Yellowstone Falls. They have a drop of three hundred and seven feet.

When we left the Park, Dr. Anderson asked me to return to their cabin and have a steak supper and fresh raspberries. I was tempted to accept. However, I declined, because it was then nine o'clock.

August 15, 1984

It was another memorable day with Devirl and Mary. We went for a long drive, and then returned to their home for a light supper. That evening they gave me a toaster oven.

I had mentioned that I would like to have some fresh peaches, but didn't want to buy them at the market because it was Sunday. Devirl went downstairs, telephoned a neighbor, and came back with a basket of peaches. They also gave me tomatoes from their garden, to bring home.

November 25, 1984

Thanksgiving Day I was invited to Elaine's to dinner. Vard came for me. They had invited Devirl and Mary to dinner, but they had other plans. Later that afternoon, Devirl came and took me to his home for Thanksgiving evening.

December 20, 1984

I had a delightful evening with Elaine and Vard. They took me to their company party. They also gave me a beautiful poinsetta and a three-pound box of chocolates.

December 22, 1984

It was surely a day to remember. Ruth and Wilford gave me a birthday dinner, Devirl and Mary were there. Their home looked so festive with the decorated Christmas tree, logs in the fireplace. Ruth sent a roast and a large basket of fruit home with me.

On Christmas Eve, Jean Ingrum and I went to town to see the Christmas decorations at the various stores. We even sat on Santa's knee. Some teenage boys took our pictures and gave us a copy.

On Christmas Day I was with Devirl and Mary. We had such an enjoyable time that I wanted the day never to cease.

December 27, 1984

I was invited to Bud and Jane Robbin's home for the Robbin's family party. As usual they served a savory dinner. We had again the Nativity given by the grandchildren. They were all so in tune with the spirit of the Nativity. It was good to see Francine and Edythe looking so well. We all missed Bill.

December 29, 1984

Jim and Pennee gave me a very special birthday dinner at their home. The food was excellent, and they sent some home with me. Jim gave me a "Number One Nana" mug. On New Year's Eve I wrote in my journal. New Year's Day, I did the same.

{86 for eleven days of 1985} (Mostly 86th year)

July 20, 1985

Phillip again took me to West Yellowstone, a typical western tourist town. Again I stayed at Westwood Lodge. Eileen had reserved the same cabin for me, number four. Most of my time was spent writing in my journal.

The third Sunday after church, I took Grace, Lon and the children to dinner. Little Emily was so good, and so beautiful. We ate at the Coach House Inn. They have the best food in West Yellowstone. It was such an enjoyable afternoon and evening.

On each opportunity I spoke to Eileen of the teachings of the church. She was very responsive. Antonis, Eileen's husband, was a Communist. Eileen belonged to the Catholic church. On one evening I took them to dinner at a special place out of town, Hebgen Lodge. Again I had an opportunity to explain additional principles of our church. They were both interested and asked questions.

It was a great joy to me when Eileen sent me a letter recently saying that she and her nine-year-old son, Christopher were baptized and were now members of the church. I hope that I had some part in her conversion.

November 28, 1985 Grace To Be Honored

The General Board of the Mutual held their annual dinner and program, to which they sent me an invitation. I called and reported that it would not be possible for me to attend because of my teaching. But they then called and asked me to please come, since they wanted to especially honor me because of my achievements. And so I made arrangements with my students.

The General Board sent a car for me, gave me a beautiful corsage, and had me sit at a special table with Barbara B. Smith, President of the Relief Society, Camilla Eyring Kimball, and Emily Bennett, who also were being honored. It was a wonderful evening; one of the very happiest of recent years. I want to remember daily the joy of this experience.

The following is part of what was said of me:

Grace Nixon Stewart served on the General Board of the Mutual for 10 years from 1936-1946. She served with two presidents, Sister Fox and Sister Cannon.

Talented Grace Stewart was in New York City pursuing a Masters Degree at Columbia when the letter came from Sister Fox to serve on the board. She became chairman of the Speech Committee and authored lessons for that department. Still very active, Grace Stewart teaches private students in voice, all forms of speech, and interpretation of literature, along with the Bible and Book of Mormon. She has given life-long service and inspiration to youth.

I had had several members of the Mutual Board's children as my students. They were appreciative of what they felt I had done for them.

December 9, 1985

Sunday evening was the sixtieth wedding anniversary of Lucille and Lynn Richards. They were being honored at the home of their son Stephen and his wife Annette.

It was pleasant to see friends and students of years past. Leola Green Merrill, Louise Covey, Ellen Neilson Barnes and her sister Adalaid McCallister and Cheryl McKay. The last three kissed me again and again. Ellen Neilson had been a good friend when we were students in Boston, and she was one of my bridesmaids.

{87 for eleven days of 1986} (Mostly 87th year}

February 27, 1986

Dear Mrs. Stewart,

Thank you for lending us those sheets of poems with your comments. I have copied them for our use and now I am returning to you with much appreciation.

I regret to indicate at this time that Scot and other members of my family are involved in so many areas of studies and activities that taking this special course with you seems to be a pressure to them instead of a positive and joyous experience. It was my anxious desire for their betterment that introduced them to you. My family and I have learned a great deal from you even though it was a very short time, and we will feel the impact for many years to come. I hope that someday they would like to call you to resume lessons.

I hope our taking specific time of your schedule has not inconvenienced you. You have taught me personally by example and lessons the proper breathing, stance, vocal projection, motivation of others through proper speaking, the importance and value of memorization of scriptures, poetry, and other profound sayings. I will strive to use these principles in remembrance of a great teacher, Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart. You have inspired us to always think, act, and talk positively and positive things. You have taught us to love and hold high esteem of others. It was like being in heaven if you permit me to say.

May the Lord's choicest blessings and love abide with you always and may you continue to inspire those who seek your knowledge and wisdom.

Respectfully yours,

Mrs. Junko Shimizu"

July 11to 19, 1986

I was with Marilyn and Jack in their beautiful home in Essex, Conneticut. They did everything possible to make me comfortable and happy. My bedroom and bath were on the main floor.

Marilyn took the entire week from her work in Boston so that she could have the time with me. Jack and Marilyn took me to such interesting places for dinner, and we had delicious food at their home.

Their swimming pool was tempting. However, while Marilyn and Jack enjoyed swimming, I took long walks through shady lanes. They took me for memorable drives through their fascinating state. Its pine trees, dense vegetation, and interesting homes were a source of untiring interest. Their home was only half a block from the Conneticut River. Many boats were anchored there. Others were sailing up or down the river.

The last evening of this perfect vacation, Jack and Marilyn took me to dinner at the Check Board restaurant, situated deep among the pine trees. We crossed a wooden bridge to reach the front door. The water formed several small waterfalls, the sound of which added to the romantic atmosphere.

After dinner we went to the noted Goodspeed Theater. The Lazares were listed with their patrons. The play was "Fannie". The acting was excellent. It seemed so

good to see a truly professional play again. It was so delightful that, at three a.m., I was still going over in my mind scene by scene of the play.

The following afternoon our dear Jack took Marilyn and me to the airport. I think, and hope, that I shall never forget the glorious picture of our darling, beautiful Marilyn in her purple dress and shining blond hair, tears in her eyes as they were in mine, waving goodbye to me until I disappeared down the ramp to the airplane. As I threw a last kiss to her, I asked the man pushing my wheelchair, "Is my daughter still there?" He answered, "Yes." And I wondered, "Will I ever see her again in this life?"

Devirl and Mary met me at the airport the evening of July 19. They took me to my apartment and helped me unpack. They were so happy to know about Marilyn and Jack and my "seventh heaven" vacation which had even included a ride on a train and sailing on a large ship.

The next day was Sunday. In Sunday School the teacher asked the class how would you explain the term Seventh Heaven? I didn't answer, but I knew, because I had just had such an experience in Essex, Connecticut.

July 21, 1986

Monday morning I resumed my teaching schedule, and continued until the evening of August 11. After the last evening student had left, I continued working until very late preparing for the next day. I was very tired but went into the kitchen to take care of needs there. Suddenly, I became dizzy and fell to the floor unconscious. I have no recollection of how long I lay there or how I managed to get into my bed. The pain was so intense that apparently I was not conscious part of the time.

Our dear Loretta just happened to come the following day. She said that a neighbor was with me. But of this, I had no recollection. I couldn't even speak coherently.

Loretta called Dr. Reiser. But he was not in, so she made an appointment with Dr. Smoot, an orthopedic physician. Loretta called Nick and he carried me to her car. The X-rays showed that I had broken my back, so Dr. Smoot ordered a metal brace for me. This I have been wearing for nearly five months.

Loretta took me to her home where she and Richard did all they could for me. This continued for eleven days. I am so deeply grateful for their loving care.

Devirl came for me and took me to his home. It isn't possible for me to enumerate here how truly wonderful Devirl and Mary were to me day and night. Devirl had an intercom installed in his home so that he could hear me at any moment, and attend to my needs. This ceaseless attention, day and night, continued for five and a half weeks. Then I felt so well that I asked Devirl to bring me home. So much of his time had been consumed in caring for me that I was eager to relieve him of my care.

He felt that I should not leave. But I wanted to restart my teaching. Thursday, the morning after my arrival at my apartment, I started to dress for my first student. Suddenly, the pain in my back returned with such severity that I called Devirl; and he again took me to Dr. Smoot. The doctor said that I was to continue to wear this steel brace for another six weeks. At the end of that time, he said that the brace and I were to continue together for an additional four weeks. We will see what the future brings.

So often during these past months, Marilyn, Bill, Francine, our grandchildren, and other relatives have phoned and visited me. These visits gave me much happiness.

Before and since I have returned home, the Relief Society and many friends have shown great kindness and help. Devirl arranged for me to have a nurse's aid come three times a week. This has been a valuable assistance. The name of my nurse's aid is Rose Mary Palmer. She is a most helpful lady and I appreciate her very much.

November 27, 1986

Thanksgiving Day, Devirl and Mary had invited me to their home; however, my steel brace and I were inseparable. So I accepted Barbara Sine Anderson's invitation. She brought an abundant dinner to my apartment, and we enjoyed our Thanksgiving together. She stayed with me until nine-thirty that evening. I wrote in my journal, and Barbara studied. Barbara has been an excellent student, and dearly-loved friend for many years. She started to study with me when she was five-years-old. Her four children have also studied with me since they were very young.

{88 for eleven days of 1987) (Mostly 88th year}

{89 for eleven days of 1988) (Mostly 89th year}

{90 for eleven days of 1989) (Mostly 90th year}

{91 for eleven days of 1990) (Mostly 91st year}

{92 for eleven days of 1991) (Mostly 92nd year}

KEY EVENTS : MAY 1 1952 Dedication of chapel in Huntington J. Rueben Clark and Henry D. Moyle there. Mother called upon to speak.describes town and old homestead . Ed Geary, etc.

Monday, September 19, 1960 finally came. I was to attend the faculty meeting of the Fine Arts Department at nine a.m. I can vividly recall the thrill and happiness of that occasion.[reread]

Katherine Kartcher's Correspondence (years?):

Dearest Mrs. Stewart,

How wonderful to know I can still "count" on you in an emergency. And knowing what this manuscript means to you, I'm still more grateful that you trust it with me.

How I'd love to keep it and use it when I do the entire program for music club. But this worrisome meeting on the 19th is conducted by a leader, whose topic is "Art and Music" and I am only one of many to carry out her theme. There are so many lovely musicians in the group. When I talked to Mother, I could only think of something like "Tillie at the Concert" or some such trite number. And if I had time, as I told dearest, I would write something about "characters" visiting an art gallery or opera or something. Since none of the musicians are playing Liszt, I have been asked to save him for a longer opportunity. Thank you again so very much for coming to my rescue.

Lovingly,

Katherine

Dear Mrs. Stewart,

The picture of you and Kristi turned out well. So I'll have it copied, and send it to you. My Mrs Stewart is still the most beautiful and gifted and loved lady I know!! How very blessed I feel, taht you ahve played such a large part in my life. I shall always love you!

Jan will be home from his Mission in just 44 days. Imagine!! So life continues to be exciting and busy!

Did I tell you that I drove East with Ed in August! It was a business trip. But we did spend 3 days on Martha's Vineyard. So many memories! Thank you for all of them!

I love you so! Katherine"

Probably before 1950

Katherine enjoys opportunity of seeing most of the members of Grace's family

Dearest Mrs. Stewart,

I want you to know that it meant so much to have you here, and to know your thoughts were with us. It was as tho you held my hand thru that long day. And it was so good to see Bishop Stewart, Marilyn, and Billy again. It was kind of you all to come.

Mother's writing, too, to thank you for the beautiful book. but I had to let you know that I'm grateful to you for so many things--over such a long period of time. And I so regret that there has been so little opportunity for us to be together more. But I do hope to see you again before I leave.

My love to you, Katherine

[illegible]

The following is a brief history of the University Ward

According to the University Ward records, these were from November 13th, 1933 to May 26, 1946. He was that ward's Bishop for about eight years, from November 13, 1938 to May 26, 1946. Apparently, for some time this was the only university ward in the Church.

As mentioned earlier, in the late spring of 1928, we moved into the ward by buying a home at Eleven South Wolcott, two blocks from the University of Utah. We were able to raise \$1,000 for the down payment, and we mortgaged the home for the remaining \$10,000.

To locate the building as well as the area which the University Ward covered, I quote from synopsis of the ward's history:

"When one thinks of a University ward the usual thought is of a student ward or a singles ward. In most cases this would [now] be correct.

This ward is one of the exceptions to that rule, however. It is a resident ward and also is the oldest ward in the Church bearing that name [University Ward].

The ward was created September 14, 1924, by Elder Rudger Clawson of the Council of the Twelve plus the Ensign Stake presidency. The eastern parts of the Eleventh and Twenty-Seventh wards formed the University Ward, so named because of its proximity to the University of Utah.

The Ward area included the part of the Eleventh Ward north of Third South, east of Elizabeth, south of Second South, east of Twelfth East and south of South Temple. From the Twenty-Seventh Ward came the area east of Virginia Street, north of Fourth Avenue and east of T Street.

[Today much of that area is in the Twenty-Seventh East, Arlington Hills, and Federal Heights Wards of the Salt Lake Emigration Stake.]

The University Ward is notable because it has been the home ward for many church, business and educational leaders.... The area is known for its old, large homes, many with apartments or basements for rent, and several large apartment buildings. The ward also covered most of The University of Utah campus as well as Fort Douglas.

Until it was divided in 1950, the University Ward included "Federal Heights, which was selected years before as a choice residential part of Salt Lake City, and certain rules and regulations were adopted as to what kind of buildings might be erected in the subdivision, a certain amount being agreed upon as the lowest limit of the cost of erecting residences.

Deviating from the general checkerboard system of laying out streets into square blocks, the Federal Heights division was surveyed in such a way that it afforded graceful curves and corners suited to the tastes of the more well-to-do people who built on the lots."

To put some perspective into these University Ward years in which Daddy shared so significantly in its leadership, the first four bishoprics were as follows [*first counselor]:

Bishop Frank Pingree, *Albert Toronto, and Orval W. Adams 14 September 1924 - 14 May 1933. Bishop Pingree, our neighbor across the street on Wolcott, died 9 March 1933.

Bishop Arthur T. Burton, *A LeRoy Taylor, Devirl B. Stewart 14 May 1933-23 January 1938.

Bishop Le Grand Richards, *Devirl B. Stewart, John L. Firmage 23 January, 1938-13 November, 1938.

Bishop Devirl B. Stewart, *John L. Firmage, Roscoe E. Hammond 13 November 1938-26 May, 1946

Bishop Pingree was Superintendent of the L. D. S. Hospital.

Brother Toronto had a responsibility for the tabernacle organ, and tuned other instruments as part of his professional work. One of his sons, La Mont, was later Utah's Secretary of State. Another, Wally, was President of the Czechoslovakian Mission. Some other members of that family gained good educations and distinction.

Brother Orval Adams became head of the Church's banking system. Also, he was auditor for the church. Several of his boys studied speech with me and became outstanding readers.

When Brother Adams became president of the American Banker's Association, he asked me to assist him with the presentation of the speech which he gave to that group. Probably Adam S. Bennion had helped him with the speech's content.

Brother Arthur Taylor Burton had a local trucking company and married a descendent of Brigham Young. He had some very good looking sons and daughters, although various tragedies encountered some of them. He was a wonderful warm person.

A. LeRoy Taylor married, I believe, a daughter of President Joseph F. Smith. His family of very attractive sons and daughter included A. LeRoy Jr., who after a successful mission to Australia, contracted poliomyelitis and died. Brother Taylor later became Dean of the University of Utah's School of Engineering.

Brother John L. Firmage was, during the 30s, one of the church's few millionaires. He married Edna Chipman of American Fork, Utah. He was a very zealous and often humble person who brought much enthusiasm to those to whom he spoke.

Brother Ross Hammond was often referred to as the brains of the Utah State Tax Commission. Sister Hammond also had an outstanding intellect, and was very familiar with the types of literary studies which the Relief Society might have considered desirable for cultural refinement.

As indicated earlier, before Devirl became Bishop, he was asked by Elder Le Grand Richards to be his first counselor. Toward the end of that bishopric, Brother Richards served as both Bishop of the ward and Presiding Bishop of the Church, which meant added responsibilities for Devirl during that period.

Devirl was Bishop for nearly the last eight of his bishopric years. People still remark about what an excellent Bishop he was. Later he was Superintendent of the Stake Sunday School Board. Daddy gave complete devotion to his church activities.

Devirl's degree from the University of Utah was in mathematics. He was editor of the "U"'s yearbook, and a charter member of a "U" fraternity. He seemed to be able to accommodate various types of groups within the ward and act appropriately.

As an organizer and administrator he seemed to be especially considerate with an ability to say the appropriate thing, without being bland. He was a self starter with the initiative and imagination to get many things which some would have considered impossible or inconvenient done.

When Devirl was released, Lynn S. Richards, who had been the male narrator in the 1930 Centennial Pageant when I was the female narrator, was ordained and set apart as the ward's new Bishop. Lynn is a son of Steven L. Richards. He chose as his first counselor Richard L. Bird Jr. Richard had done a very significant work with the scouts in our ward while Devirl was bishop. Lynn's second counselor was La Mont Richards, a son of Le Grand Richards.

Nixon, Jessco Cowley (brother of GNS) born March 21, 1908 in Huntington Utah. He married Mildred Jones July 29, 1929; he died July 2, 1983.

Beloved brother Jessco passed away. His memorial funeral services were held in Provo on July 7, 1983. Mildred asked me to speak at Jessco's funeral. This was most difficult. However, I could not refuse a request of my brother's wife.

