

HAROLD'S MEMORIES
(Dictated September 2, 1972)

I was born at Kanab, Utah on August 20, 1895. We moved to Provo when I was about a year old. Father left for his mission in Germany. He was gone nearly three years. Mother had five boys--about three months after Father left, Deveroux was born--so she had six boys to take care of while Father was on his mission. We lived in a house just adjacent to President George H. Brimhall's home. There was a board fence between. His daughter Afton was about my age. One of the things I remember while living in Provo was being told that if we would bathe our head in rain water--we always had a barrel at the corner of the house so when it rained it would fill--that my hair would go dark. I was quite blonde. They also told me that if I ate the crusts of bread, that my hair would be curly...so I learned to eat crusts when I was just a boy and I have liked them all my life.

This Afton Brimhall and I decided that we would black up like Negroes. We blacked our faces. We played down around the barn where mother had a horse and buggy until they finally discovered us. Then, I crawled under the bed so they wouldn't scour my face, but I certainly got a good scrubbing for having blacked it up.

I always remembered when the whistle blew at noontime. I would go out to the gate and look for Aunt Lottie. She worked in the woolen mills and I would watch her come home. Aunt Lottie lived with us much of the time. She lived with us at Kanab when she was a young girl, then at Provo. She moved to Mexico with us and lived with us there for a long while. After we moved out of Mexico, she came back and lived with us while we were on the ranch at Shalem in New Mexico.

I will never forget the millrace which ran past our home. I will never forget that they were threshing over at Borden's just across the street from us, and the engineer had a red bandana handkerchief around

his neck. They ran the thresher with a steam engine which had a governor on it with two balls which whirled around. These were really fascinating. They had just put me in long pants that day. I was pretty proud of it. When I got over to the thresher, the engineer asked me my name and I told him it was Harold Israel Pants.

I remember the railroad track that went to Heber. The flour mill was located on one side of the track. I also remember going up where the Brigham Young University campus is now--they called it Temple Hill. It was quite fascinating for us to go up on Temple Hill. I will never forget looking down from that hill at the farms where the farmers had plowed. The rows would be straight, pretty and green. That picture has stayed with me all my life.

When Father came home from his mission, he brought a German immigrant with him. She cooked Macaroni and Cheese, which was supposed to be a very delicious dish. None of us liked it, but the rules of the house were to eat it. After this treatment of Macaroni and Cheese, it was a long time before they could get the Bowmans to eat Macaroni and Cheese again. Later, when it was cooked as it should be cooked, we became very fond of it.

Father was establishing the "love" in the family. He would have the one that went to bed first go around the whole circle and kiss everyone goodnight. Being young, that didn't bother me, but some of the older boys would sit there a long while before they would finally decide to go to bed, in order not to have to kiss the whole bunch.

I remember that once mother wasn't feeling well. Father picked her up and carried her into the house. Also, we were going to take a photograph of the family before we left for Mexico. This turned out to be quite a photograph. I have remembered it all my life. My brother Deveroux, who was two years younger, ran across a mud puddle to see if he could go through without getting wet. When he set his foot down, his slipper stayed in the

I can never remember a time in my life when my mother wasn't always kind, loving, and a real mother to her family. She devoted her whole life to her church and to her family. She was a very good cook. She was a real provider. When my father went on his mission, he sold his business in Kanab and put the money in the bank. He told mother to live on the interest and the principal. She would send him money each month to sustain him in the mission...and she was to live and take care of the family. When Father returned from Germany, Mother had never used a cent of the principal. She had taken care of things all on the interest and even sent him money to help immigrate three or four people from Germany at the time he came home. That is a sample of the way my mother helped Father to provide for his family and to accumulate and to be able to go into business and be the success he was in life.

I don't remember much about our trip to Mexico, except when we got to El Paso. We stayed in a hotel right next to the railroad tracks. It was in the month of July and it was hot. We had the windows wide open. We couldn't go to sleep so we just sat in the windows and watched the trains go by. The barriers which went up and down when the trains went across the street crossing were fascinating. The bell would ring every time they would start to bring it down or to bring it up and this was very fascinating to me.

In the park, just across the tracks, there were some alligators. I never tired of watching them to see if they would move. Sometimes they would go for hours without ever moving--just lay there in the hot sun. However, it was quite a sight when they fed the alligators--there was real activity.

When we arrived in Mexico, we went to stay with Uncle Ed Eyring. He had a big American Jack that he used for breeding purposes. He was almost

the size of a mule. That was very impressive because the bullocks of Mexico were rather small in comparison.

On my fifth birthday, which came about a month after we arrived in Mexico, Miles P. Romney gave me a Mexican nickle for my birthday. Uncle Ed lived right close to the Casas Grande River. There was quite a sandy beach where we liked to play. We were barelegged and when the wind would blow, it would blow those little grains of sand and just sting our legs. It would almost make you cry--it was really quite severe. They had a swinging bridge across the river, just a footbridge. That was also close to where Uncle Ed lived--it was quite a thrill to be able to walk back and forth across the bridge and watch it swing and be over the water.

We moved into a house just across the street from Uncle Ed's. We all had sickness of one kind or another. I had a little touch of Malaria, just enough to make me a little cross but not sick. DeMar had Typhoid Fever and was very ill. When he was recovering, we had to wheel him around in a baby buggy until he could learn to walk again.

We didn't stay in Juarez very long before we moved to Colonia Dublan. I remember Uncle Henry Eyring who was a brother to grandmother Bertha Eyring Bowman. He had a store there in Colonia Juarez. He lived across the street on the corner from the church. He had two wives and Aunt Dezzie lived up on the corner of the same block. I remember Uncle Henry Eyring was blind. He used to sit out on the back porch hour after hour. When we would go to Colonia Juarez we would go sit on his knee. He would try to tickle you while you sat there. I got so that it was impossible to tickle me in any way, shape or form, whether you used a feather in my nose or in my ear or whatever happens--because of this training, I am able to resist it.

I remember very plainly when Uncle Henry died there were two lines of men from his home over to the church. They had a carpet part of the

way. The palibearers carried Uncle Henry right from his home through these two lines of men into the church.

When we moved to Dublan, we bought a farm on the very edge of town. My first experience with Mexican food was with some of the Mexicans that my father leased the ground to. They raised corn. While they would be hoeing, they would dig a little hole in the ground, make a bed of coals, then put the pot of beans into the hole and cover it up. The beans would cook while they worked. When it came time to eat, they invited me to eat with them. We would take a tortilla and dip into the beans and bite it off. I have never tasted anything that was so delicious. Beans have never tasted better than they did at that time.

We used to go down and herd cows in the field. We would take the old bones from the carcass of an animal that had died. We would call some cows--some bulls. We would make fences and corrals. We would have a great time. It kept us busy all day watching the cows and having fun. There was some kind of little bug that would make a hole in the sand. The hole would be quite large at the top and go right down to a pinpoint. We used to dig under very carefully so we could catch this little bug. I remember the land turtles and the water turtles that were in the river. We would bore little holes in the back of their shell and hook them together in the bathtub and make teams out of them.

We used to go swimming in the river. By the time I was seven years old, it was very common to be able to go swimming in the river. One day while we were swimming, a man by the name of Walker was over on the other side of the river. He beckoned us to come. When we went, he had a muskmellon with him from his farm that was a short way from the bank. We all ate the muskmellon and it seemed to me it was about the most delicious thing I had ever eaten. When we used to go swimming--if it had been raining--we knew that a flood would come...so we would put a stick in the bank

so we would know when the water got up that high--there was a small thicket between us and the bank. When the water got high, it would leave the main channel and cover this thicket...so when the water got up to the stick, we would grab our clothes, not stop to dress, and get out on the main bank so that we would not be caught in the flood. It impressed me so much to be able to swim when the driftwood would go by. That reminds me of the traffic today. When I am driving a car down through a stream of traffic, it gives me the same sensation I had when I was in that river swimming.

One night I went after the cows. It was after dark as I brought them home. We turned the corner and the horse scrubbed the fence and the barbed wire cut a big gash in my foot. I stayed with the cows until we got them to the barn, then I got off the horse and hopped into the house. Of course I had some tears and they took care of me.

Some of the interesting things in my life were the dogs which we owned. We had one dog called "Tip." We had a bulldog we called "Pront." Old Pronto was really a wonderful dog. The mountain lions used to come into our place sometimes. One night, one that was mad came. Henry, my oldest brother, and Jerome Merrill went out to see what it was. They had the lantern and this lion came straight for them. Old Pront grabbed him and turned him away. Later, because of the contact he had with this lion, Pronto became rabid. When they became suspicious of him, they put him under the grainery and nailed a board to keep him from getting out. Before they did this, Jerome Merrill was going to test the dog. Jerome put some water down. When the dog saw the water, he took a lunge at Jerome who was able to fall over backwards away from the dog, as the dog was chained. It was then that the dog went under the grainery and Jerome nailed the board there as it was getting dark, so he could take care of him the next morning. We were in the house and Jerome decided he would go out. He said, "Well, just for fun I think I will look out the door and see if old Pront is there." When he

looked out the door, Tip, the little female dog was under his feet. He kept trying to catch her but she got away and ran off. So Jerome got the lantern and shotgun and went out and called Pront...when he came, Jerome shot him with both barrels and killed him. That was really a sad occasion because he was such a wonderful dog and we all loved him so much.

One night Henry and Thell had an argument and Thell picked up a bone and hit Henry in the head and knocked him out for a minute. After Henry came to and mother saw that he was going to be all right, she told us that she was going to leave us. She had six boys follow her out of the gate. She turned and went toward the end of town where there was nothing but Mesquite bushes. We followed her for about a block crying, coaxing, begging and promising. Finally, she turned around and came back, but she wouldn't go in the house for quite a while--just sat out on the porch. Believe you me, we were pretty good boys for a while.

We had a windmill which pumped the water. One day the controls from the ground wire broke. This control was so that if it got too windy, you could shut it off and it wouldn't destroy the windmill. This wire broke. I can see that wheel turning now. OOOh it was just a humming! Thell began to climb up the tower. Mother kept screaming at him to come back, but he kept going and got up on the platform. He got hold of the fan which turned the air into the windmill and he turned it around and shut it off. As he turned it around, it really whirled around quite fast and he had to follow the thing around, but when it stopped he tied it with a rope and came on down.

We had a reservoir made of concrete and rocks which held quite a quantity of water. I would judge it was about 3-1/2 feet deep. The windmill would fill that reservoir. Then we could open the valve and water the garden. On those hot summer days, we would have boys from all over town come to go swimming. We surely would have a great time. When I was eight

years old, Father baptized me in this reservoir. When he left to go to meeting, he told me not to go in swimming that day. The temptation was too great--I somehow got in there and was swimming and cooling off. So when he came home, he wouldn't confirm me that day as punishment for having disobeyed.

We had to walk about a mile to school. When Father built a new home and sold the ranch, we lived just across the street from the schoolhouse. This new home was a three-story building somewhat on the order of the home which he had built in Kanab, only much larger. We lived there until we had to leave Mexico. We had a full half block for garden and we had about every variety of fruit tree. I have never tasted better fruit than we had from this orchard--plums, pears, different varieties of peaches, and apricots. Then, since Mother was from St. George, she was very fond of grapes --we had a real vineyard. I can see Mother now going out and breaking or trimming those plants as the season went on so that they didn't go all to bush and would produce grapes. We had a most delicious variety of grapes --seedless, muscats, and just about any variety you can think of. We had our own strawberry patch. Mother even raised sage. We watered this not only with the water turn we got from the ditch, but to have sufficient water to really make it grow, we had a horse powered pump which pumped from our well. This well would put out about a three inch stream of water all day long and never lower the level at all.

Right next to the well, where the universal joint hooked onto the pump, my brother Bernardo was still in dresses and was standing nearby. One of these bolts caught his dress and dragged him until the torn dress wrapped right around his neck and pulled him in. When mother looked out the door, all she could see was his bare legs sticking in the air. One of the neighbors came running. They were able to cut him loose and take him into the house where they put him in water to help revive him. One of the boys ran

to the store to get Father. They administered to him. As I remember it now, four fingers of a man's hand could fit under that rod where he had been pulled under. He survived. For a long time he could bend his hand back from having had it bent while he was under the machine.

Before we left Provo, one of the things I left out--on the 4th of July my older brothers would make what they would call "bombs." They would put powder in a can, then fill the can with mud and tamp it. They would put in a cap and fuse. They would throw it in the air after lighting the fuse. Boy! when that thing would go off it would just go up there three or four hundred feet and certainly make a noise.

Well, we used to play "Robber's Roost," because the boys hunted and they would make their own ammunition. They would take the shotgun shells and reload them. They would put the powder and the lead in and seal it, putting a new cap in. We used to play Robber's Roost with this powder. We would make a string of it, then touch a match to it. It would just go along, Poof!...and that was the way we would blast the robbers out of their roost. I was telling Deveroux about it one day. We decided we would make a "bomb." We got a vaseline bottle and filled it about half full of black powder. Then we would strike a match and drop it and run. Well, by the time the match would get to the powder, it would be out so it didn't set off. I said, "This time I will put it in there, then we will run." When I put the match in, we didn't run--but the powder went off. It blew that bottle until they never could find a single piece of it. It took the skin off my face, all my eyebrows, and singed my hair. I told Deveroux to run and get me some cream. He ran in the house and went past Mother and said, "Mother, take Harold some cream." He rushed down to the cream jar because he was looking over my shoulder and he just got singed a little. When I came in, the tears were running down my cheek, I wasn't crying but the water was just coming. Mother made me stop and open my eyes to be sure I

wasn't blind before she could do anything for me. I had to wear a mask covered with carbolated vaseline for nearly two months to give the skin a chance to come back on.

We had a Chinaman by the name of Fong working for us in Mexico. When Mother would go to Relief Society sometimes before the boys would get home from school, she would say, "Fong, see that the boys study when they come home." We'd go home and find out that Mother was gone and go out on the lawn. Our lawn must have been about 100 feet long. At one end of it, we had a beautiful fountain built up out of rocks and it had plants growing on the side of it. We would get out there playing and old Fong would come and herd us in and tell us to go study. Of course, as soon as he would go into the other room we would go back out...so he stayed with us until he saw that we studied.

When we used to take the carpets up in the Spring of the year for spring house cleaning, we would take them right out on the clothesline and beat them. Then, in order to make the carpet bright and clear, we would drag it along this lawn as fast as we could go--one on each corner. Then we would turn it over and run back the other way. By the time we got through, the rugs would certainly be bright. Then they would put new straw on the floor and nail it back down again.

As I said before, my mother was a wonderful cook. She had to bake bread every day--big loaves. At that time, we would always have eight, ten or twelve at dinner. Every night and morning we had our family prayers. There was no skipping; we were all there. Mother would put the milk we brought in from the five or six cows that we milked in pans in the basement where the two windows would blow fresh air through and keep the wet cloths cool around the milk. It used to get real thick cream on it. I used to take a spoon and slip it under the edge and get out into the middle and pull it back. Boy, that cream was delicious. When it would start to sag, I would go to

another pan. Mother told me later when I told her about it that she used to wonder what made that cream sag like that.

Mother would always put up fruit. We had a basement, not totally in the ground, but it was on the back of the house. It was quite a large room. It would hold about 400 quarts of fruit. Mother used to keep those shelves full of fruit which she had canned. She dried raisins, peaches, and different fruits that were good. We would put them up on the roof of the house and let the sun cure them.

We would churn our own butter. Any that was left from the last churning she would "try out" to use in cooking. She would put the butter on the stove and let it melt. The buttermilk and salt would settle to the bottom and brown--then she would pour off the pure butterfat into a crock. This never spoiled. Some of the time we had a dash churn, then they got a modern churn which was a barrel affair and we would turn it by a handle. Boy! when that would finally start to splash with butter it was sweet music to the one who was turning it. This is where I learned to really love buttermilk. We used to take the clabber of a pan of milk which had soured, put sugar and cinnamon on it and that was delicious, too.

Mother was a great provider, with our clothes, with our food, everything which we had. It was hard to get help, even in those days. So all of us boys were trained and taught to keep house. I remember many times when Mother would sew, I would lie down on the floor and treadle the machine for her to save her strength, because she would have to do that for hours at a time sometimes in order to keep the mending and the new clothes ready.

I would like to impress here, that if ever an angel lived on earth, it was my mother. I used to come in in the summertime, barefooted--doors would be open because it was hot--and would not make a sound and come into what we called the sitting room and find Mother kneeling and praying. I would listen to her and I would look to see if the Lord was there, it sounded so real.

we have had some discussion in Pilesthood meeting lately about whether a young child can know if the Gospel is true. Now, I have quite a memory. I was still four years old when we left Provo--I remember many things there, but I can never remember a time in my life when I didn't know the Gospel of Jesus Christ was true. It was not just belief, I knew it. There has never been any question in my mind from that day to this. I attribute this to, of course, my good father, and then my angel mother who taught us and never lost an opportunity to impress upon us the importance of living a good life and the importance of the Gospel. I have heard her say many times that she never worried about us making a living or financially. All she prayed for was that we would get a good education and remain true Latter-day Saints.

Now, when she was a little girl, she lived down in St. George. They used to go out in the field and work doing different things. When her father died, she loved him so much that she would cry much of the time when she was working. She was crying out in the field one day in the hot sun and her father came to her. He said, "Mary, I don't want you to cry anymore. I am fine. Everything is wonderful. When you cry and feel so badly, it interrupts my work. You always remain a true Latter-day Saint." Surely my mother never shed another tear for her father, and she lived all her life a true Latter-day Saint right up to her last breath. Having this picture in my mind of this noble mother, having the love, the influence, and the kindness and the care has been such an influence in my life that eternity can't be long enough to thank my mother for what she did for me and the rest of the family.

When I left to go into World War I, when she put her arms around me, she put her mouth up close to my right ear and she said, "Son, come home clean...come home clean." When you go into the army, you are subject to all kinds of temptations. When you serve in France, it is multiplied many times. Never was there a situation where there was a temptation that my mother's voice was not always in my ear saying, "Son, come home clean, come home clean."

My, what a thrill it was to be able to put her in my arms when I came back and say, "Mother, I came home clean."

Before going to France, I was stationed at Camp Merit, New York. I had told Deveroux when I left to go to France, I would send my watch home. Well, I decided about ten days before we left that I'd better get it done while I had the chance, so I sent it home. Of course, they all figured I was on the boat and they all felt bad--but I hadn't even left yet. Then, when I returned home, I got to Virginia and wired Father collect to tell him I had arrived back in the United States. It went to Lund, Utah--then they had to phone it to Kanab. They called Father and asked him if he would accept the charges. He said, "Who is it from?" They told him. "Where is it from?" They told him. He said, "No, I won't accept the charges. Mother was really provoked when she found that out. Father said, "What more could you know? We know he is home--we know he is all right--why pay for it?"

On April Fool's day we were all going on a vacation---not a "givin' but a takin'." I rushed home and got my dinner so that I would have time to get away before school took up, but mother saw me just as I was crawling under the fence and made me come back. When I got over to school before we left, one of the girls wrote on the board:

"Oh Lord of love, look from above,
Upon us poor little scholars.
They've hired a fool, to teach our school,
And paid him fifty dollars."

When that teacher saw that, Boy! his eyes just spit fire. He said, "Before he would be laughed at by us little scrubs, he would knock our teeth down our throats. Well, all the rest of them that ran away had to ask forgiveness, and they didn't blame me because they saw my mother stop me--so I didn't have the fun of vacation, but I didn't have the sorrow of having to ask forgiveness.

One other experience in my life in Mexico. We went to school and Har-

ison must was the teacher. He didn't have very good discipline. He was in a play and was the Marques in the play. So we made up a little rhyme about him, we said:

Way down south where Marques got born
There pigweeds grewed and Marques hoed corn
The sun got hot and Marques got lazy
His dad gave him a licking and Marques went crazy.

Well, they kept us in all recess and when I got out in the line, I sang it out. Moroni Smith was in front of me. The teacher came down and got him by the collar and took him in and shook him, and when we marched in, he told the class what had happened. He told Moroni to take his books and go home. As soon as Moroni got out the door I said, "It wasn't Moroni." I didn't think he was bright enough to catch me. He stood there and scratched his head for a while and said, "I don't think I was mistaken in Moroni's voice, but whoever it was, take their books and go home." Of course, I had to take my books and go home. The teacher went right up after school to try to apologize to Moroni, but Moroni's mother had told him...if he got cold to come home and put his shoes on...and Moroni wasn't there. Monday morning he apologized to Moroni in front of the class, but I sat there studying and he never said a word to me.

DeMar and Bob Done, we called him Bob--his name was Robert or Robinson--had been chewing gum in class. So the teacher sent them to the principal who was L. Paul Cardon. When they got to the door, they couldn't agree who would knock on the door. One would say, "I'll knock on the door and you tell him."...then the other would say, "No, I'll knock on it and you tell him." But just then they saw Bob's father coming and Bob said, "You knock and I'll tell him." So Cardon took them in and sat a couple of chairs up at the head of the class. This was about two o'clock in the afternoon and he had them chew gum. Anytime they would let up a little he would say, "Come on, chew! Speed that up!" He kept them there until about 4:30.

He said that certainly broke him of ever chewing gum in school.

Mother had taught us, especially DeMar, not to fight. He came home one day and his new clothes were all muddied up and he was in pretty bad shape. Mother wanted to know what happened. DeMar told her, "You said not to fight, so that is what this fellow did to me." Mother said, "You go right back and whip that fellow...if you don't, I'll whip you." He went right back. This fellow was a lot bigger than DeMar; Claude went along and thought if he had to he would help him out. DeMar walked up to him and said, "My mother told me to lick you."...and he really tore into him. Claude said that DeMar really took care of that fellow and didn't need any help.

One other time, Claude and DeMar got in a fight with a big man, he must have been six foot two. He was bigger almost than the two of them, but they surely beat him up. When they got to school, they said that Claude and Bert Foster would have to ask forgiveness, but that DeMar was too young. So they told Bert to get up and ask forgiveness first. He shed some tears, boo! hooed! and had quite a struggle to ask that forgiveness. When he sat down, the teacher said, "Now Claude, it is your turn." Claude got up and said, "Brother Cardon has requested me to ask forgiveness."...and sat down. The teacher said, "That isn't asking forgiveness." Claude said, "Oh, yes it is."

Claude always went barefooted to school, even in the winter, so he would be here, there and everywhere. One day the teacher was Mary Mortensen and she was going to sit him down so hard that he would stay. She kind of lifted him up and when she came down, instead of resisting, he just went limp in his seat. She lost her balance and sprawled all over, but most of all lost her dignity. She sent him down to Brother Cardon, who was the principal. While Claude was sitting in the room, Brother Cardon asked the

history class a question which no one could answer. Brother Cardon heard Claude whisper the answer, so he told Claude to get up and tell the class the answer. He did, so then Claude was told to participate in the class. Claude answered questions right along with the rest of them. When they got through with the history lesson, Brother Cardon said, "Well, Claude, come back again tomorrow." So every day about that time, he would do something and he would be sent back down to Brother Cardon and he got quite a joy out of that experience.

After we moved to Dublan, Mother had one stillborn son. He was a beautiful baby. She said later, after she talked to my wife Nina--who was a registered nurse, that if it had been in this day and age and the baby had proper care, it could have been saved. After this boy was born, Bernardo was born, making seven living boys all together. When sister Mary-bertha, whom we called Maybeth, was born the whole town celebrated. Bowman's had a girl and it was really a joyful time. I've had a lot of people say, "I'll bet you surely spoiled her." I always say, "No, she had too many bosses to be spoiled."

All of the boys helped with housework. Mother had a big home and it was impossible for her to take care of it alone. Much of the time, all the boys filled in. Even when we had a hired girl, we had to help wash dishes. When we liked the girls, we were very willing helpers. We had one girl that we just didn't like. When her boyfriend would come, we would wash dishes and every time we would pass him, he would pinch us. So as soon as we would get through with a meal we would rush out and climb up the water tank and get on the side opposite from the house. When they would get to the dishes, they would come and call us and we would just sit there and never answer. That way, we would get out of helping this girl do the dishes.

Mother said that she would rather have DeMar help her than any girl she had ever had to work for her. He was very particular. I think finally

they ever paid him instead of a girl to do the housework. If Claude would see Mother sweeping the floor or something, he would go take the broom from her and say, "Now Mother, you go sit down and rest." Then he would go hunt for DeMar and have him sweep the floor.

When I was about nine years old, we had pigeons. Claude traded me his half of the pigeons if I would milk the cows. So I started to milk cows when I was about nine years old and believe me, I earned the pigeons before I got past the cow milking stage.

Hugh Hurst drove team for the store. Of course, the horses were all kept in the barn at our home. He would come there in the morning to get his team and hook them up to go. If he ever got cross with his horses or angry with them, all he would do was call them a "Potlickker." So we would say, "Good morning, Potlickker." My mother used to talk to him and encouraged him to get an education. Finally, he decided to go to school. As long as he lived, he gave my mother credit for his education. He rose high in his field of work. Hugh quit work along in the first part of the summer when I was still fourteen years old. Father kept me out of school a year to drive the team for the store. He had been paying Hugh \$90 per month-- he paid me \$45. The only thing I didn't do that Hugh had done was to shoe the horses. He told me I could have the blacksmith shoe the horses. So, while he was doing the work, I would coax the blacksmith to let me "strike" --that is, when the blacksmith would pull the hot iron out of the fire, you would hit it with a sixteen-pound sledge hammer and shape it. Once in a while, I would give a glancing blow and sting the blacksmith's hands. Then I would have to drop the hammer and run. Then, I would come back and coax him to let me try again. This experience was very good for me because when I got down in the mission, we were putting a new addition on the chapel. I went over one day and there were big cement steps there that had to be broken up. There were about four of the members, Spanish-American, there with

a big hammer and they would take turns pounding, and they just weren't making any impression. So I said, "Loan the hammer to me." They gave me the hammer and I took hold of it like I used to strike for this blacksmith, gave it a full swing around my head and in about five minutes, I had it all broken to pieces.

This year that I stayed out of school to drive team for Father at the store was one of the best years of my life so far as experience and gaining knowledge is concerned. The privilege of working with Dad and learning how to handle big machinery and move it and to get out of tough situations has been a blessing to me all my life. He advertised that they sold anything from a sewing needle to a sawmill. They handled pumps and big engines and things of that sort. I had a great experience.

One day we unloaded a load of corn. It was over six hundred sacks of corn and they weighed one hundred pounds a piece. There were three other men. We would go over to the car and load these onto the dray, then we would pull around about a block and into the store yard and unload them into the warehouse. I took my sack with the men all day long. That night there was a dance. I had a date with a girl. I took her to the dance and after I had danced with her once, I decided I would go back in one of the classrooms and lay down on a bench and get a little rest, then come back and finish out the dance. I went back and pulled two benches together and went to sleep. When I awakened, it was four o'clock in the morning. Well, I found my hat--and discovered that one of my friends had taken my date home. I chuckled and went on home. I was going up the back stairs and the stairs creaked and Mother called, "Harold." Just then, DeMar and Claude came in the front door. They were old enough that they could come in at that time without having to cover up. So mother thought it was them. They got upstairs about the same time as I did. When I told them the story, they got a real kick out of it. I surely was ribbed the next day when I went to the store.

My life was a full life as a boy. I have nothing but fond memories of my youth up until the time we left Mexico. When I think of Mexico or home, I always think of Colonia Dublan.

I was always strong and husky. When there was an opportunity, I was on an athletic team of some kind. We had a basketball team in Mexico when I went to the Juarez Stake Academy. The group of us were all freshmen, but we really had a basketball team. We challenged the faculty to a game. The faculty answered that we would have to build up a reputation first. This was in the assembly. Then the faculty played a team and got beat. We played that team and just tromped them. We challenged the faculty again in devotional. They told us to remain and they would talk to us afterwards. When everyone had left, just the team boys remained and the spokesman for the faculty said, "It is beneath the dignity of the faculty to play the scrubs."

One Sunday afternoon, a group of us boys got in the back room which was used for school and also for Sunday School and we played cards with regular playing cards. We thought we were pretty big. The daughter of the caretaker came in and we didn't pay any attention to her and went on playing. One of the boys walked home with her. She turned us all in except the boy who walked home with her. The boys all got notice to be at the Bishop's office, but they forgot to tell me. I knew they were meeting, so after supper I said to Mother, "I believe I will go for a ride on the horse." I got on my horse and rode back and forth in front of that tithing office. I could see them in there. About ten o'clock I decided they must be about through and that they wouldn't have any need for me that late at night, so I went home. Mother was quite excited. She said the Bishop had been calling me all evening. She wanted to know what in the world I had done. The Bishop wanted me to come right over to the tithing office. When I got over there, they hadn't done a thing, they had just sat there all

evening long waiting to get a full quorum. The Bishop talked to us and told us what a waste of time playing cards was. He used the example of when you were freighting, if you sat in that seat all bent over, it was hard on your stomach. He tied that into playing cards. The second counselor was a brother to the caretaker. He thought that we ought to have to ask forgiveness. The Bishop said, "No, these are good boys, they don't need to ask forgiveness." The counselor said that they at least ought to have to ask forgiveness from the caretaker. Bishop Thurber said, "No, these are good boys." Gaskel Romney sided in with the Bishop. I have always been thankful that the Bishop had that good of understanding of boys, because if they had made me ask forgiveness, I think I would have been a card player.

They talk about the generation gap. I don't believe there is a generation gap. I think when there is a generation gap, it is because the older person can't realize what they did when they were the age of the one that they are accusing of making a generation gap. I know that we lived as boys live now and as they did before. We got into mischief--and we did good things. When we as deacons had to go together and gather fast offerings, one would furnish a horse and the other would furnish the wagon. Then we would go all day long going from house to house gathering fast offerings such as flour, eggs, potatoes, maybe molasses or anything which they had to turn in as a fast offering. I remember whenever we went to Mother's home she always gave us a dollar. We always liked to go there because it was certainly a lot less work. Now the deacons think it is quite an effort to just go to the homes with their pouch, which probably takes a half hour to an hour to do this. We would spend the whole day at it.

I went to the El Paso High School. When we came out of Mexico, the first football game I saw was on Thanksgiving Day. The next football game I saw, I was playing in it for the El Paso High School. I will never forget

the first time that I tackled someone. He was a big fellow and I could see the grin on his face as I went in to tackle him. He kind of stiff armed me and not being used to tackling, I just grabbed onto him and I took him to the ground all right, but I never realized that I had so many bones in my body. It seemed to me like I punished every one of them. Time went on and football has been a great blessing to me. It not only gave me schooling, it gave me a chance to travel all over the Southwest, play football in different towns, also basketball, and track--I even went to Tucson, Arizona to be on the track team. Then, when I was overseas, I got to travel all over France playing football--I even had the opportunity to play football in Paris.

John Prows was a partner with Father in a twenty-acre field. He is the one who introduced me to Brigham Tea. He said that Brigham Young told the Saints that this was good for them--so they called it Brigham Tea. John brewed some and I have been drinking Brigham Tea ever since.

After leaving El Paso, Father bought a ranch down near Isleta. There we had about fifty acres of pears and we also raised cantalope. That is where I learned to enjoy cantalope and know how to pick a good one and know beforehand whether it would be good when it was cut. We had a crop of pears just about ready to pick and the hail came and picked them for us. All we could do was make the pears into jam. On this ranch, I would say that Mother really slaved. She put up the fruit. We would have men to grade the cantalopes, men to trim the orchards--they all stayed and boarded with us there at the ranch. Mother cooked and there was never a time she was anyplace where there was fruit that she didn't bottle fruit and prepare for the time of need.

Then, Father bought a ranch of 1100 acres up in New Mexico near Dona Ana. There were many acres of alfalfa, but part of the land had never been plowed. A Spiritualist had owned this ranch before we moved there. He had

Operated a 40-room orphanage. He had a special building quite a long ways from the other buildings where he received revelations or made contacts with the spirits. Father said that he read the Spiritualist book and that he was pretty straight on a lot of things. We lived there for 2 or 3 years.

We had a Bowman Brothers basketball team. We went down to the state college one night to play and beat them 30 to 10. Later on, the state college gave me a scholarship to go to that school to play basketball and football.

We raised hogs on the ranch. We had at least a thousand head. When we had to dip these, that was quite a process. They used to tell me when I was a boy that I was too slow to spot pigs, but when we got these pigs and would go out to catch one, three or four of us would line up and a pig would come by--we would each take a dive at him. After a while, when we would finally catch one of them by the hind leg, both the pig and the one who caught him would roll and roll. It was a great experience. We built regular shelters for the pigs to have their young and we had them pastured so that we would move them from one place to another. We had one pig we called Heirstoff. He was a big Duroc-Jersey. We lived in this big home, which the Spiritualist had used for his home and it had a kitchen, dining room, and one room which had many small bathtubs where the orphans were bathed. The dining room was big enough for a basketball court and we could also play handball. At night, Mother would put her butter or cream way up high in a tree for it to cool. Each time we would think, now it is high enough that it will be safe...but, Old Heirstoff would come along and somehow or other he would root it off and eat it. I will never forget one day seeing Mother with a broom chasing this big boar. He was going it as hard as he could go and squealing. She was really provoked at him.

We had over 500 acres of alfalfa. We would start cutting hay. By the time we would get through with all of it, the first would be ready to

be cut again. I hauled hay all summer long, excepting during the rainy weather. Sometimes we would have to bail on Sunday. DeMar and I would pitch the hay up on the bailer table and we would handle between 35 and 40 tons of hay in one day. During the week, we would use three Mexicans putting the hay on the bailer table, but since the Mexicans would not work on Sunday, Demar and I would have to do it all on Sunday. At night when we came in, we would be soaked with perspiration. We pastured the dry cows from the El Paso Dairy. When the cows came in fresh with calf, we would milk them for the first few weeks. Every night we would have to milk about thirty cows, so we would put in a real farmer's day.

Here, as in Mexico, Mother did the cooking, she put up fruit, she did everything she could to cut expenses and make the home comfortable. She was an untiring worker. One time when the hay was about ready to cut, we had a hailstorm which stripped all the leaves off. We had to cut the hay and throw it away. We talked it over with Dad and decided that we could go to town and get jobs and make a better living than we were doing out on the ranch. We disposed of what we could such as hay, pigs, etc. Father, Mother, Henry and Thell and families all moved to Kanab, Utah. I stayed at Las Cruces and went to school that year and played football and basketball. Then I went to Kanab the next year.

While we were in El Paso, we belonged to a basketball team which played for the Y.M.C.A. There were the three brothers--Claude, DeMar, and myself, and Bob Done, who was a brother-in-law and one other on the team. We won the championship in 1913 with 1000%. Later, Deveroux got old enough to play. Deveroux and Demar would play Forward, Bob Done and I would play Guard, and Claude would play Center. We never lost a game, not even a practice game. After the city league was over, they got all the teams together and picked the best team from all the rest of the city. We had quite a matched game, but we beat the picked team also.

But there came a time when the revolution was on and they were having so much trouble. The Mexicans had looted our railroad camp and Father went up to try to get some redress on it. Inés Salazar was the General there and he was angry. He told Father, "You go to Colonia Juarez and get Junius Romney, who was president of the Stake, and you bring him here." Well, Father went and got Junius Romney and they went to see Salazar. There is a story on this when they went to see Salazar. He was very demanding. León Ponce was sort of an arbitrator. He took Salazar into the other room and Father said to President Romney, "Don't you think you are being a little hard?" President Romney said, "If this is the last breath I ever take, I am going to tell this man what I think of him. President Romney didn't think Father was supporting him very well, and he said this thing meant more to him now than any time in his life. Then Father said, "President Romney, I want you to realize that you are president of the Stake and anything that you do, I am one hundred percent back of you." The result was that President Romney agreed to try to get the people to turn their guns in. The Mexicans sent out fifty cavalry men to follow Father and President Romney to Colonia Dublan to see that it was done. They allowed the brethren to go into the Bishop's home and there hold a kind of a meeting. It was decided to give them the small guns and guns that they didn't have much use for...then to hide the others so that if they searched, we would be disarmed. We had a 25-25 and a 30-30 and we turned in a little 25-20 which is very small. Then, we took these guns and a lot of ammunition and made a little hole in the chickencoop and buried them in there and covered them up. As soon as this was done, they sent Father to El Paso to make arrangements for the women to be shipped out of the colonies to El Paso. They had to have some arrangements made so they could take care of them when they got there as there was quite a group--more than a thousand people--to go there all at once. This was quite a load.

he got to El Paso the Mexicans had cut the telephone and telegraph wires. I was in El Paso at the time, so Father sent me back to tell Mother to come. Mother was on the train going out as I went in. We crossed as she took the last train out and I took the last train in...so I had the privilege of being there when they came to the closing scene and also to make the trip overland from Mexico to the United States. The day before we left Dublan was a very strenuous day. We didn't eat supper that night. The Mexicans came to the corral. They were looking for saddle horses. They put a rope on a buckskin horse we had and Claude took the rope off. The Mexican lowered his gun on Claude and cocked it. Claude said, "If you didn't have that gun, I would clean you." But they took the horse. We had our saddle horses in the chicken coop. We put them there in the daytime and let them out at night. The Mexicans came back in about fifteen or twenty minutes and went right to the chicken coop. They got the saddle horses and took me with them. They loaded me into their buckboard.

Just as we were leaving the edge of town, some of the other boys saw them taking me. They went over to the store and Claude got the General who was looting the store to issue an order to turn me loose. When they caught up with us and gave their man the order, I crawled from the Mexican's buckboard into ours. I have never forgotten the thrill, the feeling that came over me when I was rescued. Another ten minutes and I would have been out in the mesquite bushes where they couldn't have found me.

The Mexicans looted from the store that day over \$30,000 worth of merchandise. To give you an idea of the quantity we carried in stock, they took over 200 pairs of blankets, 200 dozen pairs of socks...that was just a couple of items. They had a freight train of boxcars backed right up to the store and they just loaded in what they wanted.

That night when we went home we were so worked up that we didn't

and woke Deveroux and me and said we were to report to the Stake President's home immediately. I didn't wait to dress, but just dressed as we went downstairs. About a half block from the house, we met some other men coming back. They said that we were to go and get our guns, our best horses, and meet at the tithing office at the first possible moment. So we did that. Then, Claude went over to the store, unlocked it and told the men to help themselves. I got me a pair of bib overalls.

I'll never forget the sight...it was just the first streak of dawn as these men, about 150 to 200 of them on horses, were crossing that river in single file. It is something which will stay in my mind as long as I live. Then we proceeded to head for the hill country. We went quite rapidly on trot and gallup, really making tracks, because the Mexicans had threatened to attack the town that morning at sunup. After we had been going for a while, we climbed up on a mesa and discovered the Mexicans were following us. One of their shots glanced from the ground and hit Willie Smith on the leg. Bishop Thurber pointed to five men who had high-powered rifles and told them to go back and stop that. When they arrived at the edge of the mesa where both parties could see each other, the Mexicans shot first-- but they didn't quite reach to where the boys were located. When our boys shot, they had the downhill go on the Mexicans and were able to kill a couple of them. The others didn't follow us anymore.

I will never forget the trip as we headed for the stairs country. I had no idea of where the destination was. We were in such rugged country that the only provisions we had taken along was a buckboard loaded with flour. When we would come to a cliff they couldn't negotiate, the men would put lasso ropes on the buckboard and let it down over the cliff. Then they would take the horses around, hook them on and go on. We finally reached what they called the stairs country and we had to follow a wash.

Every little ways there would be some stumps that we had to pull up. When we finally got into the canyon, it was a box canyon with just the one outlet. It was a beautiful place. The men had killed a beef just before we got there. Some of the men made a fire to prepare to cook this beef. We made cakes from flour and cooked them on the hot coals and cooked the beef on a stick or a fork. Come evening, it was time to go and stand guard duty. They said my brother Deveroux was too small, but I was given a shift. I watched until about 11:30 p.m. When they relieved me, it took until 1:00 a.m. to get back to camp. The country was so rugged you didn't dare to walk at night, you just sat down and kind of pushed yourself along.

We stayed in the camp for about a week. While we were there, they held the High Council meeting to determine whether we should go to the United States or try to return home. With one exception, everyone voted to go to the United States.

Sometime along about eight or nine o'clock that night, we started to march and we traveled most of the night. Up to this time we had our Collie dog which was named Tag, but during the night we lost him. We traveled-- I don't know where we went--but the next morning we came into a beautiful valley called the Tapacitas. There was a beautiful stream of water running through the valley about six feet wide. We stayed in this valley for about ten days. We were able to wash our clothes and hang them out on limbs to dry. We had athletic events. I remember that Claude wrestled Joe Sellers. Claude had to down Joe three times before he was convinced that Claude was the best man.

After we left the Tapacitas, we would travel by day. At night we would find a good location for a camp. One day we picked up nine to fifteen men who said they were federalists. President Romney suspected them of being rebels, so we kept them in camp and took their guns and things away from them and guarded them at night. When our men got within about 25 miles of

the border, we turned these men loose with their horses and ammunition and everything.

We went through a place just covered with sacaton bushes. These sacatons were nearly as tall as a horse. It was here that the Apache Indians had laid in wait for a bunch of federal troops and had really slaughtered them. It wasn't many days after that incident that we passed through this country.

As we approached the American border, the troops there had been stationed at Dog Springs because there had been a lot of robberies by the Mexicans who would cross over and get on these ranches and take horses and cattle. The troops had been told to stop the Mexicans. They could see us coming for a long ways because of the dust. Of course, we had been traveling in that dust all day, so we were a pretty looking bunch. The Captain had his troops hidden behind a rock wall so that when we got close enough, they could really mow us down. Just before the Captain gave the order to shoot, one man hollered out, "Don't shoot!...Those are Americans. I know one of those men--his name is Ammon Tenney." So we came that close to a real tragedy.

It was wonderful to get back in the good old U. S. A. This Dog Springs was a beautiful spring of water...so we were able to clean up. After resting there, we went on and camped the second night at Los Alamos. That night the men arranged a badger fight. Jerome Pratt was the one who promoted it. They got Park Romney to hold the badger...he was supposed to be under a tub with a big rope on him. The fight was to be between the badger and the dog. They got all the men around and all worked up for the excitement. They had a small rope on the tub--when everything was ready, someone pulled the tub off and Park Romney gave the badger a big pull. It turned out to be nothing but a chamber. Was that man ever embarrassed and angry? Park Romney was a very even dispositioned man, but if he could have caught Jerome Pratt, I

When we left Dublan and decided on the mounts which we were to use, I had been driving the big sorrel team which weighed about 1500 pounds-- one was a pacer and was quite comfortable to ride. The other was more on the raw-bone side. Bob Done said, "Well, if you will ride old Dan, which was the raw-bone one, I will ride the other one." Thus, we got them to the states. Father was able to sell them for \$275. I rode that entire journey of over 300 miles bareback. I carried this pair of bib overalls which I took out of the store with me. When we got within about two days of the border, one of the boys' overalls had worn out until he was a disgrace, so I gave him my overalls so he would have something good to wear.

We camped one night in a place that looked like a lake bottom. The men all made their beds out down in this lake bottom. However, Deveroux and I decided to go inside of an old house which was there and made our bed down in the corner. During the night it rained until there was about a foot of water all over that lake bottom. All of the other men had to gather their things and get into this house. Deveroux and I slept through the night and never even knew that it rained until we awakened the next morning.

When we arrived at the border in Hachita, New Mexico, we had been there only a few minutes when we ran into some men who looked like families to us. One of them was the General who was in charge of the train and men who looted our store just before we left. When he saw us, he pulled his hat down over his eyes. Claude called the U. S. Troopers and when they came, Claude told the troopers that this man had a hat on that he took from our store. He also gave them the cost mark and the price. When they took off the hat and looked at it, the marks were just as Claude had told them. So the troopers took the Mexicans prisoners and tried them for violating the neutrality laws of the United States.

We took the train to El Paso, Texas. When we arrived there, Henry

and his family, Claude and his family, and then the rest of us all lived in one house. We slept on the floor and out on the porch. This was all we could afford at that time. When we went to town to work, it cost a nickle each way. If we went back again, we walked.

Father got me a job with Albert Mathias Company and I earned \$12 per week. I used to take a cold lunch. At noon when the rest would go to have their meals, I would go back into the room where the empty boxes were kept and sit there and enjoy my meal.

I remember an incident that happened in Colonia Dublan that I will relate here. Mother and grandmother made preserves of clingstone peaches and then put them in about a 3 gallon crock jar. There was not too much juice, but it was a very juicy, very tasty, well spiced preserve. Thell used to get a peach and eat it--then put the stone back into the jar. Grandmother Gubler caught him and he ran and got under the bed. She got a broom and he says she surely brought him out from under that bed.

Grandmother Gubler went to Mexico with us when we went to Mexico. While we were living in Juarez, she stepped off the porch one night after dark, kind of having lost her way. She didn't live long after that. I remember very well seeing the cortege go up the old hill where the cemetery for Colonia Juarez was. I remember her burial there.

As I prepared to go into the Army, I had already told the folks at Kanab good-bye, so I couldn't see any need to go back home and have more tears shed. I was drafted from Kanab, but I made arrangements to go with the Salt Lake group until I could get with the group from Kanab. My girlfriend, Nina Nixon, and Moroni Smith took me down when I got on the train. I had put only one dollar into my left pocket so I wouldn't spend it, and I had spent all the rest of the money I had. I had timed it out so that the day I left I would be broke with the exception of this one dollar. When the train pulled out, I was in the second car from the front. There were sixteen coaches on this train. I started back through the cars to find Thell. I thought he would get on the train down at Marysvale. When I got clear to the end, there was no Thell. I couldn't believe my eyes, so I walked it again. I went back up to my own car, and believe you me, I felt like I was quite alone in the world. I didn't know a soul on that whole train.

When we arrived in Ogden, I got off the train and watched them tell their soldiers good-bye. I stood there alone, not knowing a soul. I got back on the train and had a magazine and was reading it. All at once, somebody slapped my on the shoulder. I looked up and there stood Thell. They had taken the D. & R.G. into Ogden and at Ogden had gotten on our train. Thell said, "Come on, we will go back to our car." The Salt Lake man said, "No, he is assigned to me." We had a little discussion. I said, "Well, I'll go back and sleep with my brother tonight, then we can talk this over in the morning." During the night, they cut the train in two. My suitcase was on the front section and we were on the back. They wired ahead and had them put the suitcase off and we never saw the Salt Lake outfit again. So that is how near I came to being separated from Thell.

We went to Camp Lewis, Washington and one of the first things we did was to get our Typhoid shots. One day just after the typhoid shot, they

came and wanted me to play football. I went out and played football, but the shot seemed to tie up my muscles. I never had so many charley horses in all my life, clear up and down the legs from the calves up into the big part of the leg. I couldn't stoop over until they would grab me, so I would just bend my back and not bend my knees. I finished the game--and after the game, I went into the shower. I guess I sat there for an hour and soaked and rubbed. The next morning, I could hardly put one foot in front of the other. So Thell went to the commanding officer and got me excused so I wouldn't have to go out and drill. It might be interesting to know that I was in the army nearly two years and I only drilled two days and one-half. Thell told me when we went in the army as we reached Camp Lewis that we were kidded a great deal. They would ask us where we were from. They made all kinds of fun of us. We were only there from one Sunday to the next Sunday. Then, when we went to board the train to head for the front and go to New York to be able to ship out, the band led us and we were really the heros of the day. While traveling on the train, during the night when the train would stop at a town, many people would put pies and things on for the soldiers. One of the pies put on the train was given by people with the name of Bowman--so I corresponded with them for quite a while.

We went from Camp Lewis to Camp Mills on Long Island. For about a week, we just sat around and it was very monotonous. They called us out on detail one day. It seemed so good to get to work, that we asked to be put on permanently. I forgot to say that when we arrived at Camp Mills, the advice we got when we went into the squad tent was...in order to be a good soldier, we were not to know anything and we were to get by with everything we could and never do anything which we didn't have to do. My brother Thell said that didn't work in civilian life and he didn't think it did in the Army. So, as I said before, when we were called out on detail, it

Therefore, every morning they would come to our tent and call our names and we'd go and haul supplies all day--as we were in a supply company--to the rest of the regiment. We were pretty husky and were the only ones who could pick up a quarter of beef and carry it out on the truck by ourselves. The others would have to have two or three men around. So we soon found favor with those in charge of distributing the food. They told us anytime we wanted to go to New York to just let them know and they would give us a pass.

We were in Camp Mills for a short time, then moved to Camp Merritt, where we were to prepare to go overseas. There was nothing to do there, so they would have the barracks bags and a lot of the equipment of the company in a house. They would have us move it outside in the morning, then after a while they would have us move it a little farther and a little farther until by night, we had moved it back into the building. That was our means of keeping occupied.

When it came time to embark, we were marked out in the dark; we couldn't see the boat very well because of the lay of the land. We just walked up the gangplank and were on the ship before we got to really survey what we were getting onto. This ship's name was the Leviathan, which had been Der Fatherland, a German boat, and since it was in the harbor when the war broke out, the government confiscated it. We made the maiden voyage on it. There were about ten thousand troops, about two thousand ship crew, about fifteen hundred Red Cross nurses. So it was quite an ordeal to go back and forth for our meals. They served only twice a day. We would line up. It would take from 45 minutes to an hour to go from our quarters to where we were fed. After a meal, it was like trying to find our way back home in a big city. Every time we would start to go someplace, some MP would say, you can't go there, soldier. We discovered that if we just got together and

decided to go someplace, we just went and didn't pay any attention to the MP--just went like we knew where we were going--we could go just about anyplace we wanted to. That way, we cut short the trip back to our quarters by quite a bit. We were quartered over the propellor of the ship, so we had a loud hum night and day to listen to. One night they stopped to wait for the convoy to catch up with us to take us on into England, the ship went by itself following a zig-zag course. When they shut off the propeller, boy, we all tumbled out of our bunks to see what had gone wrong.

During that trip, Thell was seasick right from the first day. I used to carry food back to him, such as apples, bananas and things like that which he wanted. On Christmas Day they were going to give us a special, so I insisted that Thell go to the meal with me. I told him he would surely want to eat this Christmas dinner. When we got to the mess hall, I told him not to worry, just to fill his plate right up and any he couldn't eat I could take care of. So he took only two or three mouthfulls and he couldn't take any more, so I had a double portion that Christmas day.

On the way over, they had gun practice and when they shot some of our big guns, some of the boys standing rather close to the guns would be knocked to the deck from the concussion. It was quite an experience to be out in the middle of the ocean and realize that the Germans had vowed that they would sink this ship with their submarines. It kept us a little on edge all the time. One afternoon it was raining, just a dismal rain--but we had a quartet who sang beautifully. They sang some of the old songs...one that I'll never forget was "There's a Long, Long, Trail a Winding."

When we landed in Liverpool, the Englishmen came on to help unload the boat. One of our soldiers said to this Englishman, "What little village is this?" The Englishman said, "VILLAGE!" he was really shocked. He thought the blooming, bloody Americans were really quite the thing. When we landed, they told us they were going to take us out to Lancaster Plains.

we traveled until about 11:30 p.m. They had been without food almost for the week we had been on the ocean. So I carried his pack and my pack and he carried the guns. They marched us five miles to the barracks. Instead of being plains,...it was small rolling hills. You would walk up one hill and down another. We got into camp about 3 o'clock in the morning and it would freeze water in the canteens inside our quarters. We discovered for bunks they had two-inch planks without any mattress. So we just laid our thin blanket down for a mattress and kept our clothes on...only taking our shoes off, in order to keep warm enough to sleep. The next morning, when we awoke, they took us over to breakfast. It was the first time in my life I had ever seen bread sliced with a slicer, so that every slice was just the same thickness. They gave us a piece of horsemeat, one piece of bread, and then they had a drink a lot like Postum from brown grain. We thought that was just an appetizer to hold us over until noon because it was about nine o'clock. But when we went to dinner at noon, the only difference was that they gave us a piece of cheese instead of the horsemeat. They called it Camp Cheese. We were there for several days. They wanted our company to go in and help unload some things, but our Lieutenant said, "Not on your life!" "They can't go unless you feed them."

We finally arrived at South Hampton where we were to embark for France, it was the first time we came in contact with the Scottish soldiers who wore kilts. Boy, their legs would be red, it was really cold. They didn't seem to pay any attention to it. We loaded on a cattle boat at five p.m. to go across to France. However, the boat was kept anchored all night and all the next day without making a move. We all laid down on the floor, using our life preservers for pillows. When I awoke, the old boat was really rocking. It seemed like we would stand on our heads one minute and on our feet the next. I looked over at Thell. We were below water level so we could have our lights on. The sweat was just pouring off from him and in a few minutes

along arrived at the same five gallon can. One would take a turn vomiting, then he would hold back while the other one did. Out of sixteen men in that room, Sergeant Hamilton and I were the only ones who didn't get sick. He said, "Come on Bowman, let us have something to eat." So we got thehardtack and a little canned woolly and had a meal. Thell had told me when we crossed on the Leviathan and I didn't get sick, "Just you wait until you cross the English Channel and you will join the rest of us." However, I was not sick for a minute.

When we arrived at Le Havre, France, we unloaded the ship. When we were putting the provisions inside of a warehouse, the Lieutenant in charge of us said, "Boys, I'll be back in thirty minutes." "Don't leave any broken cases around." We broke the cases and filled our pockets and bags with canned fruit and other canned foods for barracks rations. We had had hardly anything to eat for nearly two weeks.

When we were at Le Havre we slept in a tent. There were thirteen of us in one tent. We just slept with our feet around the post, so that it held the tent up in the middle and the rest was just one continuous bed clear around the tent. Finally, we embarked on the train to go to "Sunny France." We traveled for fifty-five hours. It would freeze water in your canteen anytime during the day or night. While they were loading the barracks bags, they put Thell, a man named Dice, and I in this one boxcar to arrange barracks bags so the car could be filled up. We hit onto the idea of leaving the end quite vacant by pyramiding the bags, so that when they looked into the door, it looked like it was full. Then, when they got ready to pull the train out of the station, we leveled the barracks bags out and this left about two or three feet from the top of the car. This made a very comfortable bed for us. We didn't suffer with the cold like some of the others did. Our Lieutenant Johnson came along, looked in and saw what we had and

to his quarters and he could come and take this." He said, "Just move over, I am coming in." He found the Colonel's bedroll and we rolled that out and we had quite a comfortable ride. Every once in a while the train would stop at a station. There they would have this hot drink for us with hard-tack and corn woolly and that was our means of food as we traveled this distance.

When we arrived in La Cartine, which was up in the mountains, there was about two feet of snow. We all had our hobnailed shoes on; as we walked down the street to go to the barracks they had prepared for us, one would skid--and just like bowling, he would take down a whole row. It was certainly a treacherous and hazardous march we made to get to our barracks. When we arrived at the barracks, it was the old Napoleon barracks. The ceiling was at least twenty feet high. They had two-inch planks for bunks. Over in the corner they had a bunch of mattresses, straw mattresses. They told us we could help ourselves. Just as we started to go for the mattresses, we saw one of the boys who was already there rouse out of his sleep, pull his undershirt off and get his flashlight and find the cooties and kill them. So, we just left the straw mattresses alone and spread our blankets down on the plank and went to sleep. Thell and I had accumulated one extra blanket. We used to discuss how this blanket should be used. He thought it should be over us, and I thought it should be under us, but we would reach a compromise without any trouble. We would never undress. We would just take our shoes off and crawl into bed under the blankets with our clothes on.

I can't refrain from telling you about the latrines which they had for the men to go to the restroom. It was like stepping on two shoeshine stands. They had just a place for the foot, then you hung there suspended in the air, taking a chance as to whether you would go over backwards or not. There was no toilet paper or anything there. That was the thing we had to put up with.

when we would wake up in the morning, everyone would be smoking. The windows would be closed and you could just cut the air with a cheese knife. It caused me to cough quite a bit. While we were there in this camp, the men started to run out of tobacco--it was worth a man's life almost to pull out a cigarette. When a fellow would smoke, he would go hide someplace and just take a few puffs on it, then he would put it out and put it back in his pocket so he could have another one after a little while. That certainly demonstrated to me what it meant to be bound to a habit which could cause you that much trouble, besides all the other harmful things it did to you. I had several of the boys tell me they had never smoked until they came into the service. I said, "Well, if anything would keep me from smoking, it would be that, I wouldn't want to have to do something just because everyone else was doing it."

Finally, we left the mountains and went down to St. Ignon. When we first hit the American camp, they fed us. There were beans in big cans all cooked and---Boy! All the food you wanted to eat. You should have heard the men throw their hats in the air and cheer. At St. Ignon we unloaded the train, then some of the sergeants had gone ahead and they allowed us to get into billets. They had rented a whole home and about six of us were to occupy this place. I'll never forget that night. When I got into that bed, it had a feather mattress. I have never seen anything like it before or since. We just sunk down into that feather bed. It was ten o'clock the next morning before we awakened. We didn't hear revelry or anything. This soon ended. It seems like there's always some fool soldier who has to do something that would put restrictions on us, so pretty soon we had to leave this house and go into what they called billets which the army controlled. We were upstairs on the second floor. We would go down an alley which was so narrow that only a cart could go through one way. I don't believe the sun ever got down there except for a short time during the middle of the

even in the summertime. What they used for latrines there were the big GI cans with the lid on it. There was sort of a burlap for a screen, but while you sat there, you could look over it. You were really just out in the open, but no one seemed to pay any mind to you. We were at St. Ignon for quite a while as this was where they trained quite a lot of the soldiers to go to the front. We were in the supply company, so we didn't have to go out and drill. The only time we did any drilling was when we first got there. When we got on the boat in Holbrook in New York--because Thell and I had been so willing to work--the Captain would tell us to just make ourselves scarce and the rest of the boys had to scrub the deck, do latrine duty, and KP duty. I never did a day of KP duty in the two years I was in the army. Well, that same thing prevailed over in France. When they would line us up to take us out to drill, the old Captain would call our names--four of us who worked on the supplies--and tell us to fall out. When the others would march away, he would say, "Now, keep yourselves scarce." So we could stay in the barracks and didn't have to go out in the snow and drill and be jostled around like the others had to be.

It was while we were at St. Ignon that Thell and I were called to headquarters one day. We had put on our service records that we spoke Spanish. We were interviewed by a man who asked us in Spanish, "Do you speak Spanish?" We said, "No, Senor." He said, "You can't fool me, boys. I have been interviewing for two days here and you are the first boys who have come along who have the accent." We said, "We don't want to be transferred; we are very happy where we are." He said, "Well, all I can do is to tell what I have found."

Later when it looked like we were going to be transferred, our Captain went to the General. The General asked him what he would have. He said, "Sir! My company has already been badly split up. What few men I have left

are very efficient. I would like the privilege of keeping them." The General said, "Captain, don't you realize that when General Headquarters has need of a man, they should have him?" The Captain said, "Yes, Sir!" These men are just extra good and for the good of the Service we need to keep them." The General said, "Captain!" "Yes, Sir!" said the Captain, clicking his heels together and saluting. "From now on, you will forget you have even got a company. When General Headquarters wishes to have a man, they will take him," said the General.

When the Captain came back to camp, he was very saddened by the experience...but he told Thell and me to go to the supply house and get ourselves the best shoes, uniform, and anything else we could find. "You might not get another chance at an outfit like this"...so we really supplied ourselves.

Then, as we took the train to go to St. Lazier, France, we traveled in second class. We were only supposed to be in third class. We talked to a French officer and he told us that they might try to put us off into third class, but they can't make you do it. "You just sit tight and they can't do anything about it." So we had gone to bed in the second class. There were cushion seats and you could lay your full length. We each had a seat in a compartment with a door opening to the outside. We got to Nantes, France at about three o'clock in the morning. A man came in and told us in French "A Ley!" which means "Get out!" We would just say, "Go to Hell." He would say, "A Ley!" He made quite a demonstration of it...then he would come back in a few minutes and he would show us how to get out. All we would say is, "Go to Hell." He got quite a crowd around. Finally, he told us we would have to pay. So it cost us about 25¢ a piece to stay in that nice compartment for the rest of the trip into St. Lazier.

When we arrived in St. Lazier, France, we went out to Base No. 1 and we were to report to the Seventeenth Engineers. We had our infantry uniforms on. We met the Major there on the street and saluted to ask him where we

boys from the infantry. We were assigned to a labor company where they brought Spaniards over from Spain to work. They would contract with the Spaniards to do the labor of building barracks, roads, etc. so the soldiers could go on to the front. They only had forty men there, but they had a Mexican who was a Sergeant and was over them. He was sleeping with them. They were just having more trouble than they knew what to do with. I told Thell..."You handle them in the barracks and I'll take them out and work them." Thell had trouble with one fellow the first night. When they gave him his food, the Spaniard threw it on the ground. Thell grabbed him by the nap of the neck and shook him and said, "The next time you do that, boy, I'll really give you one."

Captain Adams was our commanding officer. We told him he would have to get rid of that soldier who was a Mexican and get him away from the Spaniards because when he was with the Spaniards it destroyed the discipline which we needed to handle those men. So Captain Adams took care of that. I'll never forget...some of the men would have complaints and they would go to the Captain. He in turn would call for me to come and be the interpreter. I didn't realize it then--I was young, just 21 years of age--when the Spaniards would ask a question or tell him something, he would tell me, "Now tell them this." He wouldn't wait for me to tell him what they had said. He would just say..."Tell them this." I would tell them. Then the Spaniard would come back and he would say, "Tell them this." I didn't realize it then, but I thought afterward that probably the only reason he used me,...because he had been a man who had served in Panama and different places...was to help me build my ego thinking I was an interpreter. He was certainly a fine man.

Later, I was moved out to Camp Mootwar and Thell was sent up to Onjay, France. He had charge of a mixture there, French, Spanish, and several

different nationalities. I had about 300 men. There were four of us to run this company. Ordinarily, over in Camp 1 where they had similar companies and did the same type of work, they had a Captain, a Lieutenant, and twenty-five enlisted men to handle a company of about 250. We had between 250 and 300. I was a sergeant and another one of the boys was a corporal. We worked them and fed them and did the whole works, because we understood the Spanish people. We would pay them twice a month. We had a payroll in the neighborhood of \$8,000 every two weeks. We would make up the payroll the night before. I lived in the tent and that is where we had the office. We would make it so they could come in through the back of the tent and go out through the front door. As they passed by, we would have them sign their name--when they knew how to do so--the rest of the time we would put their fingers on the pencil, then we would make the mark for them. Then we could certify that this was their mark. That was the way they would sign the payroll. It would take us about an hour and a half to sign the payroll at night. The next day, I would go into town to get the money. At first, I had to get the Captain to sign for me, then they would give me the money. Then the disbursing officer said, "If he can do that for you, then we can too." So he would let me sign for the money and give it to me direct. When we went to pay them, we would have them line up the same way--as they came by we had the money counted out. We would give it to them and not let them stop to talk to us. We would pay them in about an hour and a half. Then, if they had any complaints, they would come and knock on the door and we would tell them to come in. They would beg our pardon, and explain that they didn't think their money was right. Well, the way we punished them when they did things contrary to the regulations, we would put them in the guard house. When they were in the guard house, they had to pay for their meals and wouldn't be paid for their work. This way we soon made good Spaniards out of them.

Over at Camp 1 where they handled the same kind of company, it would take them one day to sign the payroll and one day to pay them. We did it in an hour and a half after their meal--and it was the same when we paid them. We had the reputation of having the best working crew that there was in that part of the area. The way we worked them...one of the boys would go out in charge of the whole company, then we appointed a foreman among their own ranks. These foremen would see that they worked harder than anyone else could get them to work because they understood their people. This way, we were able to really render a good service.

We graded warehouses. They made these big storage warehouses which would be over seven hundred feet long. These were up on stilts, so to speak, then they would haul gravel and dirt in to fill up the space so that the tide wouldn't reach the merchandise which was stored in the warehouses.

When we would first get a company or new group over from Spain, there would always be a troublemaker in the bunch. We had one older man who had been a schoolteacher--a very fine gentleman. The men called him "Sordo"--that means deaf. I used him as a foreman. He just stayed around the barracks and fussed here and there and did things for us, but pretty soon he would come and say, "So-and so is the one who is making trouble for you." Immediately I would bring this fellow in and I would phone to St. Lazier. The Lieutenant would come out with his car to get him and take him back and banish him back to Spain. This deprived them of the ability to get this extra money which to them was really good money. So that had a very stabilizing influence on the men who remained.

One day when this happened, it was just before the men went out to work. Some of them sat around and told him not to go with me. However, I took him by the nap of the neck and marched him right down through the whole bunch and took him into his bunk in the quarters and put him on the bed and told him to stay there. The other men told me they would not go to work.

I said, "Now, I went in and told the cook to stop cooking dinner. They milled around for about thirty minutes and decided that they would go to work. So then I went in and told the cook to prepare the dinner. I was in the kitchen for just a minute--when I came back, this fellow had left. When I looked down the road, I could see him down there about a half mile. I took a little jog until I finally caught him. When I caught him, I had already called the Lieutenant. I shook him and turned him around and was marching him back to camp when the Lieutenant came along. He stopped and took me to the other side of the car where this man couldn't see and he gave me a .45 automatic. He said, "Now, don't do anything you will be sorry for, but don't let those fellows run over you." So from then on, I carried this .45 automatic in my pocket all the time.

Some of the older men would complain that they hadn't been able to get their sleep at night and were tired because the younger fellows would fool around and make noises to keep them awake. In order to handle that, two of us would go to the barracks. We would open the door and step in and close the door. We would keep in step and when I would get to about where I thought the trouble was, I would stop and the other boy would walk on out and slam the door. Then, by being very still for a few minutes, the men would start making these noises and I could work my way over to the ring leader. When I found the one who was really causing the trouble, I would just reach in and stand him out on the floor, have him pick up his clothes, wouldn't let him stop to dress and would take him over to the guard house. So we soon handled that.

One other experience I had...We had the office in my tent. We had decided to change things around. We had the tent walled up and had a nice floor in it, a little heater for wintertime so that it was nice and warm. We were just cleaning it out. A Lieutenant came in unannounced--didn't say who he was or anything. He said, "What have we got here, a playhouse?" I

whipped and said, "No Sir!" Then he asked for Lieutenant Foley. I told him, "He isn't here, sir!" Then he wanted me to get the monthly roster. I got the monthly roster for him. When he went to read it, a boy who was with us wasn't on the roster. "Why isn't this man on the roster?" he asked. I said, "Because, this is last month's roster and he came since that was made out." He said, "I didn't ask you for last month's roster, I asked you for this month's roster." I said, "We haven't one, Sir!" He said, "Then make one!" So I put the form in the typewriter and was writing it. When I got down to my name, I noticed that I had put my serial number up beside the Lieutenant. I kind of said under my breath, "The Son of a B-ing luck." And he said, "Where is your secretary?" I said, "He isn't here, Sir!" He said, "Well, never mind then." I said, "Very well, Sir!"

Then he wanted to see the orders which this boy came on. We had made a file by having two nails on a board. We would put the papers on that and have an elastic band in front of them to hold them on. When I took the elastic band off, they all went on the floor. Again, I said under my breath, "The Son of a B-ing luck." He said, "Whom are you addressing those remarks to?...the file, or are you just generally out of sorts?" I said, "At the file, Sir!" He told me that he would be back in the morning when Lieutenant Foley was there. Then he left. He hadn't been gone ten minutes until here came Lieutenant Foley. These two men had come overseas together and Lieutenant Foley had thrown him down the stairs.

When they brought Lieutenant Foley to our company, the commanding officer had told him that he was coming to learn how to run a company and not to interfere with us at all. The same commanding officer told us, "He is your commanding officer, but he is just here to learn. You go on and do as you have been doing regularly." Well, I told the Lieutenant what I thought of this fellow and it wasn't very polite either. The Lieutenant had moved from the officers' quarters down to our building which had an extra room in.

he had fixed a bunk in there because he would get by escape that way. He also lived better with us than he did in the officers' quarters. So I told him when he went to bed, "Now, you are going to have to get up in the morning because that fellow is going to be back here." He said, "Well, when you get up, wake me." When I got up, I went over and awakened him and told him to get out of bed. He didn't do it. He went back to sleep.

Along about 9:00 or 9:30 a.m., in walked this Lieutenant McGuishon again. He didn't knock or anything...he just asked, "Where is Lieutenant Foley?" I said, "He isn't here, Sir. I will go get him." He didn't act like a man and stay there and let me go get him. I went out and he followed me out. I went into this building. Of course, Lieutenant Foley was really frightened to think he would be in bed at that time of morning. So he told me to go out and tell Lieutenant McGushion that Foley wasn't here, but I would go out and find him. Then he would slip out the back door and come down the company street. Okay, that was an order. So when I got back, Lieutenant McGushion didn't wait for me to report...he just said, "Is Lieutenant Foley there?" I said, "No, Sir!" But I will go find him sir." When I started off walking very deliberately, he took an oath and said, "You move don't you?" I turned and said, "Yes, Sir!" He took another oath and said, "You move or I will put you where you will." I don't think I ever walked away more deliberately in my life. When I got to the barracks, I went in. I had a new mess sergeant and he wanted to know if I wanted to borrow his hat. I went out the back door and went up the road a ways to where I could watch, but where the Lieutenant couldn't see me. While I was sitting there, Major Adams came along. He could see I was out of sorts and he asked, "What is the matter with you, Sergeant Bowman?" "Oh" I said, "There is a shave tail down there trying to make trouble for me." He said, "Well, if you have any trouble, let me know and we will take care of it."

They were looking around for me and trying to find me. This new mess

this new mess sergeant went over and said, "Who are you looking for?" The Lieutenant said, "Sergeant Bowman." The mess sergeant said, "Why, he went up to Quartermaster's to draw rations." The one fellow with Lieutenant McGushion stuttered and said, "He didn't either, he was just here. Go and find him." So the mess sergeant came up and we both sat down and watched them until they left. Lt. McGushion told our Lieutenant to put me under arrest and prefer charges. Our Lieutenant said, "No, he wouldn't prefer charges." Lt. McGushion said, "You put him under arrest and I'll prefer the charges." When we got down there, the Lieutenant didn't tell me that I was under arrest. He said, "I am going into headquarters and talk to the Major there and see what we can do about this." When he left he said, "You had better stick around so if I want you on the phone, you will be where we can talk to you." So I was practicing for football and when it came time to go out for football practice, I told them to say I was under arrest. Captain Hart (who was the coach--a former Princeton man, All American, and he played three years with a broken neck--he was quite a man) turned to this Major and said to him, "I thought Bowman was one of these good boys. You look into this and see what the trouble is."

It was sometime after this that one day an orderly came down and said that they wanted me up at headquarters. I went up there. The Regimental Sergeant said, "What in the world have you been doing?" I said, "Why?" He said, "I am not supposed to show you this." He got out the charges this man had made against me and he had really thrown the book. So I told him exactly what happened. He said, "I'll take care of him." He wrote on the book..."If you don't know how to prefer charges, get someone who does." He took it into the Colonel. The Colonel OK'd it and they sent it back to him. (Lieutenant McGushion)

It was sometime after that when the action came. One day a second lieutenant came and knocked on the door and asked to come in. I hollered

and told him to come in. He didn't come, so I went to the door and then apologized and he came in and asked for Lieutenant Foley. I told him, "He isn't here, Sir!" He said that it really wasn't Lt. Foley he wanted--he wanted to see Sergeant Bowman. I said, "I am Sergeant Bowman, Sir." He warned me that anything I might say might be used against me. Then he asked me about this incident. We were there in the tent where it happened and I showed him just what happened. I put on all the handles I had used and told him the story from start to finish. He wanted to know if he could talk to this man. He went in and called him on the telephone. It was rather amusing to hear him talk to him. He said, "Did you show the Sergeant your credentials?" Lt. McGushion said (over the phone), "Oh, he knew who I was." "But the Sergeant said he didn't know who you were." He said, "Don't you think you would feel a little strange to have someone come into your quarters and start ordering you around without any reason at all?" After listening to what he had to say, he talked to the man who stuttered. Then he told this Lieutenant McGushion, "I can't sustain your charges. I will recommend that they be dismissed." He then turned to me and said, "You know Sergeant, you are a big man. I am going to give you a little unofficial advice. You are a big man and when you stand with your legs apart, you kind of give out the impression that you are taking charge. You know, we have two kinds of men in this army as officers. We have men and we have just officers. They are the kind who want you to bow down to them. I advise you to do it. I don't do it, that is why I am still a Second Lieutenant." That ended that incident only this Lieutenant McGushion said that he would get me.

I went to Major Chalmers who had been away for some time and told him. He sent a letter to headquarters and recommended that I be transferred and said that Lt. McGushion had made this statement..."I will get Bowman." They called McGushion into headquarters and after that when I passed him,

It was quite an experience handling these men. Both Thell and I were sergeants, but this Major Chalmers would come along and pick us up in his car and take us into the officers meeting. There we were given the same privileges the officers had and that used to sort of burn the officers up to think the two of us could come in like that. When it came time for Major Chalmers to be transferred, he came there to Camp Wamp War and he talked to me. He said that he was going to be transferred. I told him how sorry I was to think that that was going to happen. He said, "You know Bowman, it has been a real pleasure to work with you." He said how efficiently things had been done,..."but I am going to give you a little advice. The man who is taking my place is a little more on the military side and you had better use the handles when you talk to him." Well, you are always supposed to say "Sir," but when I would talk to Major Chalmers when he and I were along, I just talked to him man to man. Of course, if we were around other people, then I would always address him as I should in the military. That is the way I did with all the officers with whom I worked.

One day one of the Health Officers came to our barracks. He took me and went through the men's barracks. Of course, their beds weren't folded like the soldiers' were. He found a lot of complaints. When he got to the kitchen, he found a little dirt under the cook's fingernails. He chastised me for that and said, "You know Sergeant Bowman, if you can't handle these men, I'll see Lt. Churchill, and if he can't handle them, we will get someone who can." I said, "Very well, Sir!" Immediately I went and found Lieutenant Churchill and took him through the barracks. He said, "They are good enough." I said, "I thought we had these men here to work, not on dress parade." He said, "That is right." When we got into the kitchen, I showed him everything. I said, "Lt. Heller was just here a few minutes ago...he said that if Sergeant Bowman couldn't handle these men, he would see Lt.

Churchill and if Lt. Churchill couldn't handle them, he would get someone who could." He said, "Did that Son of a B. say that?" I said, "Yes, Sir!" Away he went to headquarters. We never were bothered any more with that man.

One day a commanding officer--the officer of the day who had charge of policing the grounds and other such details--came in and there had been a load of trash put on our company's streets. He came in and they called me on it. I told him, "Sir, that was your people who put it there." He said, "If you are not awake enough to keep them from doing something like that, you see that it is moved." I said, "Very well, Sir." Immediately I went to Lt. Churchill and asked him about it and showed him what had happened. He went to headquarters. We never moved the trash. So, you see there are many incidents which happen when you have an experience like that, handling men, and coming up against the different officers and things of that sort. I could probably spend a day telling you about different things which went on.

We were furnished bicycles and when evening would come, we would ride out in the country. We had one family we would always go and see. They had a couple of nice girls. The old folks took care of the headgate. When the tide would come in, then would open up this gate and the water would go up the canal and flood the salt flats. As the tide went out, they would close the gate, just leaving a little crack so it would hold that water up there as long as possible. Eventually, it would go out. This man would put his net down where the water would come through the crack and catch shrimp and once in a while, he would get an eel. That is the way they made their extra living. We really had good times with them. We would take out loaves of bread, tobacco, and things like that which they hadn't seen for about four years. We were always really welcomed when we went there.

I will never forget one night I had the man put his hands around my neck. He was at the table and he was going to bend my neck and make me bow. So when he had his hands well a hold of me, I just pulled him clear

the hand and was running around the room--she called her husband to help and he would say, "Oh! Me damn no! Oh! Me damn No!" We just had a good time with them. We were good to them. We sometimes would take them a can of coal oil, or a loaf of bread, or some of the things they were so short rationed on--they really treated us like we were their own sons.

I had one store which I always liked to go to because of the lady who ran the store--I would buy swiss cheese or something like that from her just to hear her talk. She spoke slowly and it was just like listening to music. Because I spoke Spanish, French came rather easy...it wasn't too long before Thell and I could carry on conversations in French. Another experience I had was when I went out to train for football. After the Armistice was signed, they moved us out into a Resort Hotel. It was by the seashore and it was used by the rich people who would come and stay during the season that the area was popular. They trained us there for football. They also had boxers and wrestlers. They had a regular training schedule. If you wanted breakfast, you had to be up by 7:30. If you were not up, you had to go without. About 11:30 they would walk you through signals for a half hour. Then we would go and have a luscious dinner. About two o'clock we would go out and practice on the field. We would practice there for about two or three hours. Our coach was Captain Hart--the one I spoke of who had his neck broken. He played three years college ball after this happened. I thought I was a pretty husky man, but he would have the whole team get braced--I would get all set--and he could just come along and give us a little shove and we would just go backwards. When he would teach us how to run interference, we would run and leave the ground and hit him with our body on his legs, which would drive an ordinary man onto the ground. He would just toss us to one side and take the next one. He would do that for a half hour without a let up. He was certainly a big man. When

we played football in Paris, we were in the dressing room and there was a Colonel standing there. Coach Hart said, "Colonel, go out and see if the other team is on the field." Rank didn't mean anything to him either. He went in as a soldier, when I knew him he was a Captain, and he later became a Major. He was in Paris one night where they had a strong man team. This strong man laid on the floor and you could take hold of the bar with him. He had a net back of him and he would just throw you over his head into that net. Captain Hart watched him for a while, then he went up and took hold of that bar. The old Frenchman pulled, but Captain Hart didn't move. They made quite a bet for the next night. Hart apparently had practiced some. When Hart came back the next night, he said, "Now if you want a net, you had better put it off the stage, as I am going to throw you clear over there." He did just that very thing. I will never forget him--the influence he had. After I had been scheduled to go home and hadn't gotten any action, I called him on the phone and Boy! he surely saw that things moved after that. On our football team we had Eddie Mahan, who was an All American; we had Red Hastings of Pittsburg, who was All American; we had Williams, who was All American; and there was one other from Oregon--I don't remember his name for the moment. We had a great football team. We got to travel all over France.

On the return home journey, we came home on a freighter. This was quite a contrast to the Leviathon which we went over on. We were seventeen days crossing the ocean. One day when we were out on the hatch--Red Hastings, who was a very likeable man, and I were talking. I got down on all fours and I told him to get on my back and I would buck him off. He wanted to know what that was. So I had him get on and I told him to hold on because I was surely going to pile him up. He said he was ready. I bucked him off. He tried it again--about four or five times--and each time I would buck him off. So then he wanted to try bucking me. When I sat on him, he couldn't

chance to go to Pittsburg to school on a scholarship if I would go and play football. I had a girl waiting and I was more interested in that than I was in playing football for Pittsburg.

We had rough seas. When we landed at Norfolk, Virginia; it was really something to get home and get back into the United States. Then we could wake up in the morning and the old Top Sergeant would blow his whistle and tell us, "Outside men...outside men or go back to bed." When we went to breakfast, it was the first time I had ever tasted Corn Flakes. Boy, they were good with good old cream and sugar. They were just extra good to us and would let us have most anything we wanted--because they wanted us to reenlist. But it would have taken more than food to have enticed me to stay in the Army.

We were shipped across the country to Cheyenne, Wyoming where we were discharged. All the way home, they started a checker game. I played a boy from Salt Lake City and in our car it was between us two as to who was champion of that car. Then I played the champion of the next car and so on. There were sixteen cars and finally I played for the championship of the train. After the second win, they would bring in the peanuts and treat our car as part of the prize money for winning. Then, when I won the championship of the train, they gave me a baseball mitt and quite an elaborate treat for the car. I had to go up to the other end of the train to play. When I came back in our car, I certainly got a rousing cheer! This boy from Salt Lake City, who had played checkers with the firemen--I think he had been a fireman--he said, "I told them that you would win it." Well, that was one of the incidents.

Over in France, I used to go around the YMCA and watch the different ones play checkers--when this one man had beaten about everybody, I would slide in and first thing you know, I would have him beat. I did this one

a draw the first game--then he beat me a couple of games. He was a man of about forty-five. He then said, "Well kid, you don't need to feel bad." Then he told me the different checker tournaments he had played in. I said, "I knew you had me beat when I sat down, but that is the way you get experience...to play with someone who is better than you are, so that you better your game a little." Well, I carried this checker board all over France with me. I would put it in the back of my pack. I kept the checkers in a white sock. After I was married, I went home one night just as I saw my wife, Nina, throw the checker board into the fire. I dove and tried to save it, but didn't make it. I still have the checkers in the white sock. That sock has never been washed since the first day I started to carry the checkers in it. I have all the dirt of France, New York, and anyplace else where I have been. I have always had a real liking for and interest in playing checkers.

One other experience I would like to tell you about...I had a boy transferred in who had been up to the front and came back to us. He said that he was in A company. They had had a death in the company. There wasn't any chaplain present or that they could get hold of. The Captain lined them all up. "Any Mormons in the company step forward one pace." Two of the boys stepped forward one pace. The Captain pointed his finger at one of them and said, "You come and take charge of this funeral." Now, that was back in 1918...the Mormons had a kind of reputation by then.

One other experience in France...We went out one day into the country. We came onto a place where they had depicted the crucifixion of the Savior. They started out with His trial before Pilot. This was all done in statutory--all white. They showed the trial and the people around and the thorns on Christ's head. Then they showed him at the well. There were several along the trail, then showing Him carrying His cross, when he fell to the

little hill by hauling things there to do it with. Up on the hill was where they had the crucifixion. They had one statue where he was on the ground when his hands had torn through--then they put Him back up again between the two thieves. This was all in beautiful statuary and most impressive. It was one time that I learned that you don't enjoy things by yourself. I would turn to tell someone or make a comment about it and realize that I was there alone without anyone who really cared. It certainly made a deep impression upon me.

Before I was drafted, I approached Father and told him I thought it would be a good idea for me to go to an Automobile Mechanics school and learn to be a mechanic. I thought it might be of use to me when I went into the service. Father agreed and I went to Kansas City to the Sweeney Automobile School. I had just graduated from that school when I received my call to go into the service. Well, when I arrived back in Salt Lake City, I didn't go home because it had only been six weeks since I had told them good-bye. I knew the tears that would be shed, so I just stayed in Salt Lake City and left from there.

By the time we arrived back from France, all the celebrating had been done by the first soldiers who returned. It was May 19, 1919 when I was discharged. When I went to Kanab, it didn't cause much stir, but soon after getting home, I worked during the summer in the store, then that winter Deveroux and I went to the B.Y.U. to school. There is where I met Nina. We were boarding with Olive Hickman, who was Nina's sister. She came to Provo and Salt Lake for the Christmas holidays. She was teaching out at Huntington in Emery County. She came in on the train with a boyfriend. He went on to Salt Lake. She got off at Provo and another boyfriend met her. Then, in a couple of days, she went back up to Salt Lake to be with the other fellow. She said afterwards that I was so unconcerned about her that

she said to herself that she would show me. So she showed me...and I would
up marrying the best girl that I could have found in all the world. This
happened when I went into the Army, because when I came back from the Sweeney
Automobile School, I put \$1 in my left pocket and I spent all the rest when-
ever I could take Nina out. It was Nina and my friend Moroni Smith who took
me down to the train to see me off to the Army.

We had our affairs ready to go to the B.Y.U.--this was in the fall of
1916. We had a family home evening. When we finished with the home evening,
Father gave Deveroux and me a Father's Blessing. Then, after that was over,
we were sitting there talking and he said, "Now boys, you are going to school
in the morning. You know what is right. You know what is wrong. You know
mine and Mother's desires in the matter. So it is up to you." He could
have talked for a week and not said anything which would have impressed me
like that did. Whenever any situation came up, we always realized it was
up to us to do the right thing.

They were about to put a pool hall into Kanab. Father opposed this.
He thought it would be a bad thing for the town of Kanab. Father was very
liberal. He said that if it hadn't been contrary to the rules of the Church,
he would have had a pool table in his own home. So it wasn't that he ob-
jected to the game, but it was the influence and the environment which it
brought into the town. When he saw that it was going to happen anyway, he
said to Deveroux and me, "Now boys, it would be a personal favor to me if
you never patronize that pool hall." I assure you that I never went inside
of that pool hall. I am sure if I went in today, I would feel like a traitor
because Father put it up to us that we would do him a favor if we would not
patronize that place.

While I was at the State College in New Mexico, Claude came up one
night to see me and they got to playing "hot hand". Finally, when it was
all over with, it was just Claude and I against each other. Neither one of

playing it again. They had quite a crowd around there. I would get down and they would give me a big spat and I would have to guess who did it. When I would guess the correct one, then they would have to get down. That way I would eliminate the one I guessed and he would never try sparring me again. There was one fellow who had been sort of sneaky about it and got away with it for quite a while. I finally caught him. When he got down, boy, I just lifted him off from the floor. The next day in the school paper it said, "Bowman stood the entire school in the hot contest of hot hand. He eliminated all opposition."

Because of the geography of the country and because of being away in France, when I returned home, Nina was in training at the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City. There was very little opportunity to court. One night while I was in Salt Lake, she had two friends and the three couples of us went out together. The other two girls told these two friends that they couldn't see them Monday night because they couldn't go out. Then when I arrived at the hospital nursing home, I discovered them with two other fellows. I said to Nina, "I wouldn't walk across the street to see if a girl was doing that to me, but if I ever found out, she would never have a second chance." She thought that was a little severe and I told her that was the way it was. If I couldn't trust a girl beforehand, I surely wouldn't know how to trust her afterwards. That has been by philosophy in life.

The night before we were married we took a suite in the Hotel Utah... Nina and her mother in one room and her father and I in the other with a connecting bath. The next morning, we were at the temple at seven o'clock. It was certainly a wonderful occasion...one which I will never forget... especially when I was permitted to take Nina through the veil. If I ever felt the spirit of the Lord, it was then. I thrilled from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. Then when we went into the Celestial room

We knelt at that beautiful altar and there were sealed for time and all eternity. We came out from there and stood on the stair landing where the Saviour had talked to President Snow. There I took her in my arms for the first time as my wife and sweetheart. Then we proceeded to Provo and held a reception that evening. It was about 2:30 in the morning before we finished with the reception. Then, when we went in to go to bed, I took her in my arms, kissed her goodnight and we crawled into bed and went to sleep. When I awakened the next morning, an angel was kissing my eyes...a most marvelous experience.

Then...the thirty-eight and one-half years that we lived together. I think I could go over all of our married life. I know when Nina passed away, that I could sit down and almost tell you what we did every day that we were married. She was a wonderful woman, willing to do anything.

When we first went to Kanab, we rented an apartment in the old Woolley home. My memories are so fond, so filled with such wonderful experiences. Then, we moved down to the lower end of town where Father had a home. Mother had taken the children up to school and was staying in Provo. Father lived with us. Nina made soap...she just fit into the country community like she had been there all her life. People loved her. She was a registered nurse and was called many, many times to help the doctor. One time while they were operating on a girl for appendicitis, the table collapsed. The doctor stood there helpless, another lady who was helping was wringing her hands, but Nina picked this girl up by her heels and straightened things out and then put her back. They said that that was the thing which saved her life.

When the doctor would do an operation, and it came time to sew up the wound, he would always have Nina do it for him. He was quite old when she first went to Kanab. Then, on one occasion the doctor had told a man to

try and deliver her baby. The man failed to do it. It had been raining for about two weeks and the country was just a mire. You couldn't go with a car. The man came in for the doctor. The doctor wouldn't go, but said, "Maybe you can get Nina Bowman to go." The man came and got Nina and she went in the buggy with him. They went out about ten miles from town to this little ranch house. She had to heat the water on top of the stove. She delivered the baby and everything turned out fine.

I could tell you many incidents where she was able to help and save the lives and bring comfort into people's homes. When we were at Jacob Lake, there were some bad wrecks in the area. We had one wreck where there were eight people in the car, seven of them were killed and a little boy about two and one-half years old was the only one saved. He had been almost scalped--by the time the doctor got there from Kanab, Nina had washed his head and cleaned all the rocks and dirt out of his nose and had him all ready--then she did the sewing up. We had one boy who was just returning home from a mission. He was driving a new car out. He had pushed himself too much and went to sleep. He hit a big pine tree. The tree must have been at least eighteen inches in diameter. It just broke that tree right off. It broke both of his legs. When we got down there, there was another couple there who drove away as soon as we got there. They had put the boy out of the car onto a seat, but they had also taken his money so he was penniless when we got there. We loaded him into my car to take him into Kanab. I discovered a Doctrine and Covenants and a Book of Mormon in the wreckage and he had a great need for us to build his faith. I told him I was a Mormon, too. We took him into Kanab. Nina helped the doctor set his legs. On the way in, she knelt on the seat and leaned over the back to steady him and take care of him all the way into Kanab.

There were many incidents where she was able to help people. She was

always willing. If we heard about a wreck, why we would grab the teamster full of hot water and take a bottle of alcohol and I would load her into the car and we would head for the wreck. One boy was riding a motorcycle and hit a cow. The horn of the cow went right through the cheek of the boy. By the time the doctor got there, she had him all cleaned up...if she hadn't been there it would have been quite a different story because the doctor had to come thirty-eight miles.

In the early days of Jacob Lake, the roads were graveled. People who came from the cities were not used to graveled roads. It was very easy for them to have a wreck.

We started Jacob Lake in 1923. We built a two-room cabin, called it a lodge, and Nina moved out there and just used quilts for doors. She took care of it and her brother Ezra Nixon ran the service station. If we could sell a barrel of gas in one day, why we thought we had had good business. One night she had asked me to come out. I think, as I remember, Thell and Grace came out with me. When I got to Jacob Lake, I could see quite a lot of people back in the woods. There seemed to be an unusual number. I questioned her about why all the people were there. She said, "let's go see." So we walked over there and when we got there it was a surprise party for me on my birthday. There was only one other time before that that I remember having a birthday party in my life. Mother had all these boys to take care of and wasn't able to put on too big a celebration, but I did have a birthday party once in Colonia Dublan and one of the girls gave me a pocket knife. I kept that knife for many years.

Jacob Lake was quite an experiment at first. There were only a few cars that went to Grand Canyon. I was just a one-track road, gravel, just the natural road with no filling or grading or anything like that. When they dedicated the bridge down at Marble Canyon in 1928, people came from all over the country to it. We sold one thousand gallons of gas that day

then have to pump it up again. One man stood there and pumped, the other would run it into the cars, then another would collect. That way we were able to do that volume of business in that one day.

It wasn't too long after that that the road was moved and we moved over to the location where the lodge is located today. We started out with a service station and just a room about sixteen by forty feet long, with a bedroom on the back of it. That is where Nina and I lived and that is where we first ran the store or lodge. From that, it has grown to be quite a business. She was a real help. We had had the same experiences. I started clerking in the store when I was twelve years old...it seems like I have been selling ever since. As a little girl, Nina's father had a store and she used to go down to the store and work and sell...so we really made a good team.

Both Effie Dean and Harold Jr. grew up there. I have movies of them when they were just small children riding a tricycle around. Now they are married and their children have grown up. Matthew, being the youngest, is now fifteen years old and is approaching the six-foot level. Their children have all spent their summers there working also. So in a few words, there have been experiences which have been invaluable...experiences which could not have been realized elsewhere.

We hauled water at first, some of the time from Kanab, thirty-eight miles. We would have to dish this out to people--it was quite a chore. Then came the time when we got the State interested in doing something for us during NRA Days. We got a pipeline in and a pump and finally got a storage tank, getting us water so we could have flush toilets. However, water has always been a struggle there. It has taken real effort to develop.

Now, in order to get the cesspools which we needed to use for the waste from the camp, we had to blast them out and we used what we called

a slip scraper. That is about two and a half feet wide and is usually pulled with a team of horses. In this case, we had a tractor on it and it was hooked by a chain to the tractor. Then as the tractor would back up, I would take hold of the handles of the scraper and go down almost a vertical wall until we got the cesspools at least ten feet deep. We would load that scraper, hold onto the handles and walk up the wall with it and then take it out and dump it. Anyone who hasn't had experience with the kind of soil we had there wouldn't realize the work which it took to build the pipelines and dig the trenches. Every bit of it was almost like going through concrete. If it was clay, the clay would even stick to your shovel --or if it was dry, it was like rubber and the pick would bounce back and almost hit you in the head.

We dug a big basement--we just had to wear it out. We would get in and plow it with an old railroad plow--then after we had taken one scraper full out we would have to pick to loosen it up so we could take more. That is the type of country which Jacob Lake is in. There isn't any place where tires will wear out as rapidly as in the Kiabab. The stones were sharp limestone. Of course, since they have paved roads now, that is different. In the old days it was a hazard traveling on the Kiabab. I had the experience of going to Grand Canyon and back in 1917. Dr. Norris said if Deveroux and I would drive him out to V T Park where his wife was, we could take his car and go on down to Grand Canyon. We had heard about the legends which went on there. We came around one corner quite fast. There was a pole gate across the road, made of Aspen trees; we just went through that like it was paper. It didn't do any damage to the car. When we got up on Bright Angel Point, we had been told about a crevice there where Hod Brown had laid down and let the ladies walk over him to get out on the point. When we got out on the point, we wondered where the crevice was. We had just stepped over it and gone out on the point without really seeing it. So it wasn't

as dangerous as we had anticipated.

Over the years, we have met people from all over the world. We have a guest book with names of people from almost every country. We have had the privilege of having both President McKay, our Prophet, and our Prophet Joseph Fielding Smith and many of the Quorum of the Twelve stay with us at Jacob Lake. It was quite a privilege to have President Smith come to Jacob Lake with his wife Jessie. They would stay for a week or ten days. When they would leave, the help would all be in tears...they had enjoyed them so much. The girls would take turns in the dining room waiting on them.

It is impossible to put into this record the many things which have gone forth. To me in my memory, these things are so impressed that I think I could recall details and tell you about things which happened in the different categories which we got into. For instance, the things which we had to do with the Forest Service...people who came along would say, "My! You have a gold mine here." I would say, "Yes, but there are surely a lot of rocks in it. It surely takes a lot of work to get those rocks out." That is the way life goes. To someone on the outside, it looks smooth and even-- but to the one who is doing it, it is a challenge every day of the world.

I have been thankful that I have been blessed with health and strength so that day after day I could put in eighteen to nineteen hours a day. I could do it through the entire season without any fatigue or any bad results.

One night I closed the mail sack at 3:00 a.m. just as the bus came by to pick it up. Then at 5:00 a.m. I was back in the dining room and the kitchen, lighting the fires so the stove would be ready when it was time to serve breakfast.

The building of the place, starting from scratch, has been a great experience...surely one which has been a great benefit to me and to the family. It has allowed us to grow and understand things which otherwise we might never have known. It is wonderful now to see the grandchildren work into it.

they are all very capable. I don't know how many of them will stay, because some of them have different ideas of what they want to do. Kent, I understand, wants to become an architect. Some want to go into the business, but that is left entirely up to them to do the thing which they want to do.

Now, Harold Jr. lost his life in a plane accident. He was very efficient...a wonderful son! He was always considerate. He would always listen. I could talk to him--and when he was in trouble, he could come to me. We ironed out things--there was never any generation gap. Effie Dean has been a most wonderful daughter. I have never had to worry about her...when she said that she would do something or she was going someplace, you could depend on it. I will tell you about when she went to Martha Vineyard School one summer to study speech. I authorized her signature at the bank. She was gone for three months back there and in the three months, she only wrote \$50.00 worth of checks. She has always been a very considerate daughter and has really meant so much in my life.

Harold married Afton Kunz. They had four children. Their son, Harold I. Bowman III was born and two years later they had twin boys, Kim and Kent. Then on their birthday the following year, Genevieve was born. When Harold was about 34 years of age, he had an accident in the plane and we have been without his company and influence...but his family has grown up to be a wonderful family. The boys are good athletes, good students, and Genevieve is growing into a wonderful young lady.

This is true of the Rich family also. John and Effie Dean have been stalwarts. John has certainly been a great addition into our family. Each one of their children are exceptionally bright. They have had many experiences together. There are six of them and they are certainly an exemplary family.

Before we moved to Salt Lake City, I might state that I was on the Town Board of Kanab for two terms. I was one of the Board which put the

present water by other lines. Kanab now received \$15 per year for our services. We tramped all over the hills to find water to put into Kanab so that we would have sufficient water. When I first moved there, they had thirteen gallons per minute going in for the whole town. We would have water in the morning, then it would be shut off for most of the rest of the day, then it would be on in the evening again. They prohibited you from watering stock with town water. You had to go to the ditch or someplace like that. After we put the water in, we had about ninety gallons per minute. We put in a big cistern and it gave Kanab a good water system. Tramping over the hills hunting this water is an experience I won't forget. It was sandy, and by the time the day was over, we were completely worn down.

Also, while I was on the Town Board, we put in a lighting plant for the town with diesel engines from Fairbanks, Morris & Company. We hauled in a ten ton engine with a two and one-half ton truck. It was quite a record in history.

After leaving Kanab...when we moved to Salt Lake City, we first rented a home, then we had a chance to buy a home at 1438 Gilmer Drive. We bought this home. While we were there, I excavated the full basement--so that we had a full basement instead of just a partial basement for the garage. We put in an apartment down there, took walls out upstairs and made it modern. We added on one extra room.

Sometime after this, we built our home over at 1343 Normandie Circle. We did this in 1939 and have lived here ever since. We have a nice home. It has stood the wear of these years--it is very well built. Doxey and Layton built it. Layton did the supervision of the construction--after all of these years--many of the switches which were put in for the electricity are still in use. We were able to use the carpet on the floor from 1939 until 1972...so you see, it was built of good materials and to this day it is in fine repair and still a beautiful home.

In 1955 we were quite surprised to receive a phone call from Salt Lake City telling us to make a reservation for President McKay and his son. When President McKay arrived, we took him to his cabin...then when he wanted to pay, I had quite a time convincing him that if he had come to our home he would come in and stay with us without any thought of paying. Just because this happened to be our way of making a living, it was still our home and he should accept this same hospitality. He finally agreed, but he insisted that he pay for Llewellyn.

After he had had his dinner, I was standing there by the cash register and he took me by the arm and walked over to the lobby. On the way over I said, "Well, I see you have called my brother to be a mission president." He said, "That is right." I said, "Well, he will make you a good one." Then when we went over and sat down, he said, "Do you know why I am here?" I said, "I haven't any idea." He said, "The brethren sent me down to interview you." I said, "What have I done?" Then he told me that he wanted me to preside over the Spanish-American Mission. This was a surprise, something which was hard for me to believe. I said, "President McKay, I have been taught all my life that if I was ever called to do something, I would accept. Then, anything which I lack--realizing that I am not qualified--the Lord would supplement that for me." He said, "That is right."

My wife wasn't there at the time. Later, we went into his office in Salt Lake City to be interviewed. He said that he wanted to talk to her. He said, "Sister Bowman, how would you like to go down on a mission for fifteen years?" She said, "President McKay, you don't keep them that long." "Oh!" he said, "But we have."

I was president of the National Forest Recreational Association at that time. I explained this to President McKay and told him that I was the only Mormon in the group. I believed I could have quite a good influence there. The convention was to be three months later, and he said that I

we had an appointment at nine o'clock to meet President McKay in the Church Office Building. We were there fifteen minutes to nine. We sat there waiting. At nine o'clock the doors opened and we walked into a big room and almost instantaneously, President McKay came from one direction and President Clark and President Richards came from another. They assembled there and the first thing President McKay said was, "Sister Bowman, are you ready to go for fifteen years?" She said, "President McKay, you don't keep them that long." He said, "Oh! But we have. Not quite fifteen, just ten plus." We all laughed. He had been all over the world since he had seen us three months before, but yet he was that keen that the first thing he did was to recount our previous conversation.

President McKay was the one who set me apart, he was the mouth. President Richards was the mouth for my wife, Nina. President Clark was in the circle. When we set my wife apart as a missionary, I was permitted to stand in the circle with President McKay, President Richards, and President Clark. I have always felt that was a rare, rare privilege. It was something that I had never anticipated could happen in my lifetime.

We left for the mission. When we arrived at El Paso, Texas, President Loren Jones was the president whom we were taking the place of. They had a mission home there in El Paso. However, we were going to move the mission home to San Antonio. We had made a trip down there and had picked out a home which the Church bought. It was a big three-story building of the Colonial type and reminded me of the Old South. We took over the mission from President Jones in El Paso. Then, right after the first of January, we moved to San Antonio. My wife went down ahead of time to get things ready. When she left El Paso, she had the car loaded until you couldn't have put a newspaper between the load and the roof. She just had a place for her to get in and sit down...she drove over six hundred miles to San

things. There were a couple of missionaries and the district president that came and stayed in the home with her and they had to make their beds on the floor. They were almost without water to start with, but by the time I got there, things were pretty well in hand. Then we spent five years in the Spanish-American Mission together. Her office was just a little ways from mine. Whenever we went to town or on a trip, we were always together. For five years, we were together night and day. If there is ever an experience which gives you a little Heaven on Earth, it was those five years which we spent together in the mission field.

Many experiences which took place there would take a lot of time to tell. Never in my life have I had the privilege of performing a greater service than during that time. It was a night and day proposition. We got up at 5:50 a.m. every day regardless of what time we went to bed. During the time we were there, we had over four hundred missionaries serve under us. We finished the basement in this big home and made a stock room--we had to have a place to store the garments. We carried the garments there for all the wards in San Antonio and we would ship them all over the mission to our members. There were garments, books, supplies and other things that they required to carry on the work...so we had quite a little department, just to take care of that.

To interview each missionary as he came in was a unique experience. In San Antonio they called this train the "Kitty". When you went to the depot, the walls were all tiled--a beautiful place. It had been built years before. This train backed into the station and its tracks ended right at the station. Then, when it would pull out, it would go out engine first. We would go down there to meet our missionaries and load them into the car with their trunks and suitcases. This was always in the evening since the train would be anywhere from one to five or six hours late...so you had to

When we would bring the missionaries into the Home and be able to meet with them and have testimony meetings and make their assignments, it was always a challenging experience. Over the years we have enjoyed the association which has come from these missionaries. It is just like your own children, when you are able to meet one of these fine missionaries. The big majority of them, with very few exceptions, have turned out to be marvelous citizens and real church members.

While in the mission, we built twelve chapels and bought something like nineteen lots for the future growth of the mission. When we arrived in the mission there were 2,305 members--when we left there were 4,780. So we more than doubled the membership in five years. We would have done much better than that, but right at the beginning of the last year they made a new West Spanish-American Mission. They took twenty-four of our best missionaries down to start that mission going. Not that we didn't have good missionaries left, but when you take twenty-four out of your heart and the others feel that probably the best ones were picked, it takes quite an effort to bring that morale back up to where they are producing like they were before. I'll never live long enough to be grateful enough for the privilege of working with the Lamanite people. They are a wonderful, wonderful people. They are full of love. They are warm and it is just a joy and a big satisfaction to work with them.

We traveled over 250,000 miles covering the mission during the five years. It took 37,000 miles just to tour the mission when one of the General Authorities would come down to tour it. We would do this in fourteen days, holding conferences every day in the different parts of the mission. We had the privilege of touring the mission with Elder Clifford E. Young, John Longdon, Marion D. Hanks, Elder and Sister El Ray Christiansen and Elder and Sister Mark E. Peterson. Each one of these tours in itself was

derful, noble people, it does something to your life and I don't know of anything else which could do this for you.

Then each Spring we were permitted to come in to General Conference. We would hold a Mission Presidents' meeting in the Temple--starting at 8:00 in the morning, with the Mission Presidents bearing their testimonies until five or six o'clock at night. They would stop only a few minutes at noon while they would serve us a meal there in the Temple Cafeteria. I had this privilege for five years. It certainly was a marvelous privilege.

After returning home, I received a letter from President McKay to dismiss one of the Conference meetings. This was a great privilege. Just after we had come back from conference in April, one morning as we were getting dressed, Sister Bowman said to me, "I am a little worried about this." I went over and she showed me a depression in her breast which I could put my thumb in. Immediately I called the doctor...we went at 10:00 to an appointment and this doctor thought there was a malignancy. Well, she wanted to stay there and have it taken care of. I called Effie Dean in Salt Lake and she called Dr. Cowan and Dr. Cowan said, "You tell her to come in here and let us see it and see what we think about it." So she returned back to Salt Lake. It was on May 15. I was holding conference down at McAllen, Texas. I knew she was going to be operated on that morning. I left the conference and called her about 7:00 in the morning to that she wouldn't be under the influence of drugs and I could talk to her.

When I called her on the phone, they told me that Elder Hinckley wanted to talk to me, and they asked who I would talk to first. I said, "I will talk to my wife first." After talking to her, then I called back and talked to Elder Hinckley. He told me that my brother Claude was killed in Mexico the night before. He was president of the Mexican Mission. Well, I went back to the conference and held the conference. Then, when I got through

and called Salt Lake, but Sister Bowman was still in intensive care. It wasn't until later that I got to talk to my daughter.

Nina returned in June after this severe operation. It was again in August when she started to notice or thought she was putting on weight. She thought that it was causing gas. There was just a regular band around her stomach. I tried to get her to go back and have it checked. She said, "No, we are going to have conference around the first of September at Albuquerque and I need to be there for that." So after we got through with the conference I said, "Now!" She said, "No! We are going to have a Mission Conference in San Antonio about the 15th."

At night when we would get through it would be about 12:00 or 1:00 before Nina could get to sleep. The next morning I would get up and go and hold meetings with the missionaries and come back about twelve. She would be dressed and ready to go and we would travel another three or four hundred miles to hold another conference. We toured all of New Mexico and part of Texas. We arrived back in San Antonio and held the missionary conference there. Then I said, "Now!" She said, "No, we are going to make a Relief Society District President. It is the first time that this has happened in this mission and I want to be there to do that." So we went to Corpus Christi and made this organization. We got back to San Antonio about 2:00 a.m. and she said, "Well, if you can get me reservations on the plane in the morning, I will go."

She was going to pack everything that night. She tried and tried, but finally had to give up and go to bed. The next morning she flew back to Salt Lake City. The doctors drained a quart of fluid. The fluid didn't test positive, it was negative. However, they felt sure that the cancer was causing this trouble. Another doctor was willing to operate to see, so they would be sure, and it wasn't just a guess. On my way in to Mesa,

Temple, I received a call from President Richards--while I was in Las Cruces, New Mexico. There he told me of my release which would take place when they sent somebody down to relieve me. I went a day ahead into Mesa. Then I made arrangements for the conference and flew into Salt Lake City. I was there when they operated.

When they came back and told my daughter and I that she was full of cancer, we knelt down on our knees and we prayed to our Father in Heaven. We told Him we knew that He could heal her if it was His will and how badly we needed her..."but if it is not Thy will Father, don't let her suffer." The doctors said that she could have gone as long as two years, but in four months, Father called her home.

I had to leave the next morning after the operation was over for Mesa on the plane. I went down and held the conference. There the people were notified of my release. When I stood up to talk to those people, I never had such a hard task in my life. I knew how much my sweetheart wanted to be to that conference. Then, as I talked to those wonderful people, to see the tears streaming down their cheeks, it was almost more than I could face. How thankful I am for the privilege of having been called to serve as a missionary among that great people. How thankful I am to the Church for the opportunities which have been mine.

While I was still in the Mission finishing things up and waiting for my replacement, the nurses would try to get Nina to send for me. When I would call her every night, she would say, "Now, don't you hurry. You be sure that you leave everything in tip top shape." I always assured her that I would. Then, she would have a bad spell. The nurses would beg her to call me, but when I would call her every night she would say, "Don't you hurry!"

Finally, when President Brown came to relieve me, I spent all day Tues-

and showing him the records made of even the places we stayed, and where we held conferences. I had to give an account of each one of the missionaries. I appraised their value...along with the District Presidents and Relief Society Presidents. I gave all this to him and said, "Now, this might be of help to you. If it isn't, just throw it in the wastebasket, but I thought maybe it might be of some value." The next morning I called him into my office. I was sitting there in my chair. I said, "Well, let us trade chairs." He moved over into my chair and I moved over into where he was sitting. I said, "Now, you are the Mission President. I will be packing and getting ready to go. Anything I can do to help, I will just be happy to do it."

Sister Louise Turley, my first counselor's wife, (Henry Eyring Turley) came over to finish the packing that my sweetheart was not able to do. She packed everything with the love and care that Nina would have done, if she had been there. My brother-in-law, Ezra Nixon came down with a truck and trailer and we got it all loaded. When Ezra was ready to pull out, President Brown said, "I've seen the first miracle in the mission. I never had an idea that you could get all that in those two vehicles." I called Nina the night before and I said, "I won't call you tomorrow night, because I am coming home." She said, "Are you sure you have done everything you can?" I said, "Yes, sweetheart, if I stayed here for two months, I couldn't do more than I have done now." She said, "Then hurry home."

When I arrived in Salt Lake about 7:00 in the morning, I called her on the phone and she wanted to know where I was. I told her I was home. She said, "Hurry. Hurry and come!" She was still in the hospital.

A few days afterwards, I was able to bring her home. We had a trained nurse for two shifts, then Effie Dean and Afton. This way we took care of her twenty-four hours a day. She had to go back to the hospital, however,

our brothers, the General Authorities, Elder John Longdon arrived home on Christmas Eve. It was snowing...when the doorbell rang, I went to the door. There stood John Longdon. He said, "I wanted to come and see how Sister Bowman was before I go home."

Lorraine Bowman, my niece, brought her Madrigal Singers here on Christmas Eve. They sang for an hour. She said, "Uncle Harold, Aunt Nina couldn't come to hear us, but we have come to her." They sang for an hour and I don't believe there was a dry eye in the house. It was marvelous.

We were to make our report to the Ward on the eleventh of January. Nina became very sick, vomiting. It was just terrible. She said, "Well, it doesn't look like I will be able to go." I said, "Yes, sweetheart, you are going if I have to pick you up and carry you over there." The morning of the "Welcome Home" she stopped vomiting and just seemed to be all right. We walked into the ward chapel on the arms of Effie Dean and John. Effie Dean had to give her talk, but she was there. Our choir benches were filled with returned missionaries, who under the direction of Lorraine, furnished the singing for this meeting. Their last song was "God Be With You 'Till We Meet Again" sung in Spanish.

Sister John Boyden said, "I hurried into the chapel to get me a seat. When I sat down and looked around and saw all those missionaries, I just couldn't keep the tears back." It was a marvelous evening. The Spirit of the Lord was with us. Then we all returned to our home and about eighty of these missionaries all came over to the house. We were just packed. My! what a marvelous evening we had together. When they left at about 11:00, my sweetheart was sitting in the chair. She said, "Daddy, I'm not tired. I am not really tired, but I feel a little weary, but not tired." I took her in and put her to bed.

In a few days, the vomiting started over again and Nina had to go back

to the hospital. She had to be fed intravenously. She had to have a stomach pump down her nose all the time. She was having a terrible time. It looked like maybe the cancer had gotten into her bowels, because she had a stoppage. She said, "Daddy, go call Ruby." (That is Ruby Robins of our Sunday night group.) "Ask her to hold a prayer circle for me." So Ruby got them all together. They held a prayer circle...and during the night, things started to function. By the next morning, they had taken all the needles out of her arms--she didn't have to be fed intravenously. The next day, I was able to take her home. We got out in the car and headed for home and she said, "My! This seems wonderful to think I am going home again."

We lived next door to Effie Dean, John and their family. It was only about ten minutes away to where Harold and Afton and their family lived. As the days wore on, we had the nurses for her...one came in the morning and stayed until her shift was up, and the other came at 2:00 in the afternoon. The other one would come in the evening and stayed until morning. It was during the morning hours that Effie Dean and Afton would take turns caring for her.

One night, it was a Friday night, Dr. Joseph R. Evans came. He thought Nina was asleep, so he didn't disturb her. He told me what to do. When he left, she said, "What did the doctor say?" I said that he said to keep you comfortable. "What else did he say?" I said, "Nothing!" She said, "Daddy, do you think I can get well?" I looked her in the eye and said, "Yes, sweetheart, I know you can." She said, "Oh! You know that I can just turn over and die anytime that I want to." Sunday morning I went on an assignment for the High Council. I was to go back in the afternoon. When I got home, I phoned and told them that I wouldn't be able to come. She was having a hard time to breathe all afternoon. About 3:00 in the afternoon, she leaned on John's and my arms and we took her to the bathroom. John just picked her up in his arms and carried her back and laid her in bed.

the evening, Effie Dean would come over and sit until she could take any more, then she would go home and cry...then come back again. Just after she left, Nina started to breathe as natural as she had ever breathed. I called Effie Dean and told her to come. Nina said, "Call Harold, but tell him not to hurry." For about ten minutes, she laid there peaceful, kind of opened her eyes and looked at us, and then just closed her eyes. She was gone. Within ten minutes there wasn't a wrinkle left in her face. She looked as beautiful as she had ever looked anytime in her life.

Nina's sister Grace, when she came, was making quite a fuss about it. I said, "Grace, would you put her back in that bed?" She said, "I surely would." I said, "I wouldn't. I have seen her suffer all that I want to see."

The night of the viewing at the Larkin Mortuary, people just came from all over. Many of the General Authorities, friends and loved ones came from all directions. The next morning we had her home for two hours and people came there. The six little neices were standing there and I had them all come over to the casket and said, "Isn't she beautiful?" They all said, "Yes!" I said, "You see that little smile in the corner of her mouth? She has a little twinkle in her eye." They said, "Yes, they could see that." I said, "Do you know why? She is happy. She is ready to meet the Lord. Do you know why she is ready? See, she is dressed in her temple clothes. She is all ready to go back into the presence of Father. Now, remember that all your life."

At the funeral service, one of my missionaries offered the opening prayer, and another the closing prayer. Then, the missionaries sang the song, "God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again" sung in Spanish. She was buried in the Wasatch Cemetery, right close to her father and mother. Then, there is a place left there for me. Our niece Lorraine is just a few steps away.

It was only about a year after this when Harold met with his accident. He called me the night before and told me how early he was going to leave.

I said, "Son, don't you do it." He promised not to and he didn't. The next morning, he called and when we figured it was about time for him to be at the airport, we went out. I will never forget standing there and every time a little speck would come into the sky that we knew was a plane, it would not be long until I could tell that it wasn't Harold's plane. After we watched for about two hours, we asked for help. We got into a plane and went down and tried to find him. We couldn't find any trace of him. It was John and Jim who came from Jacob in our Super Cub who discovered where the wreckage was. The next morning they directed the search party into where he was. Had he gone fifty feet either way or fifty feet higher, the accident wouldn't have occurred. He talked to the dispatcher in Bryce Canyon and it wasn't five minutes afterwards that this happened. Some thought he went to sleep. I am sure that wasn't the case. I am sure that he must have had a fainting spell where he lost complete control of himself. It has always been a regret to me that I couldn't go up on that mountain and help carry him down. I had had an operation on my knee and was perfectly helpless to be able to do that. When they brought him home, they didn't want me to see him. They had put him in a lead casket and frozen him because they couldn't embalm him. I have never had quite the satisfied feeling that I am sure I would have had if I could have put my hand on him and felt him and seen that he was there. I have their word for it--of course, I know that he was in that casket.

The day of his funeral, Harold III and Kim and Kent and Genevieve went up on the stand...Genevieve first went to the podium and quoted some scripture. She said, "My father taught me this." Then Kim and Kent did the same thing. When Harold went to the podium he quoted a whole chapter of scripture and said, "My father taught me this." As they came down off the stand and walked back to their seats, they had to pass the casket. Each one put his hand on the casket as they went by. I don't believe there was a dry eye in the house.

I had several men tell me after the funeral that that was the greatest lesson which was ever taught to them. We are going to spend more time with our family. Every morning Harold was up with his children. He taught them how to give their speeches. He taught them the scriptures. He recorded things on the tape recorders so they could listen to them while he was working with one of the other children. He had a great influence. Harold and Afton worked very closely together. Afton has been a good mother to her children and has done a fine job since.

When I sent the plane down to Jacob Lake to get Afton and bring her home...when she got off the plane, I told her, "Well, it is all in the way you look at this. Some people feel that they have to destroy every trace--so they won't have these memories. I feel, the closer you can be to it, the more comforting it is. It will never be any less. You will always realize and have a longing...just to be able to speak to him or to have him with you. It would be terrible if it wasn't that way. If you will keep him close to you, he will give you the strength to go on." She said, "Dad, I am going to keep him right here in my pocket." She has done a great job. She has been a good mother. We love her! I am sure when it comes time for them to meet again that she will be worthy to go into his arms and they will go on throughout all eternity with this wonderful family of theirs.

After I was on the High Council for about two years, they released me and ordained me a Bishop. I was Bishop of the Yale Ward for nearly four years. I had C. O'Neil Rich for my First Counselor and James Lowry as Second Counselor. Brother James Lowry died and Raymond B. Parkinson replaced him. When I was a Bishop, it was as near like being a mission president as anything could be. You didn't have the same breadth and the daily contact which you do out in the mission, but nevertheless, when you work with nearly five hundred people and they look to you as being the Father of the Ward, the wonderful response that they give you, the love, the support...it has

been something which is invaluable. Then, once a Bishop--you are always a Bishop.

On a Friday, they ordained me a Patriarch and on the next Sunday they released me as a Bishop. I have been a Patriarch nearly six years now. I have given four hundred and thirty-eight blessings. When I stop to think of the hundreds of young people that I had the privilege of working with down at Jacob Lake, then over four hundred missionaries out in the Mission, then to be able to work with the Ward over all this time, still associate with them, still feel their love and kindness, occasionally having the privilege of teaching a class, then add the four hundred and thirty-eight youngsters and a few older people whom I have given the blessings to...it fills a man's life with something that is more valuable than all the wealth in the world.

They made me a Bishop in August. My knee had gotten so bad that when I would go downtown and get out of the car, I would have to put my leg up on the fender to straighten it out. When I got it straightened out, then I could walk to the office. The doctor wanted to operate, but I told him that I had better wait until I could get out my annual report. Well, they had to do it in November anyway. As a result of the waiting, I had damaged the bone down in the knee so that I will never get the use from it which I would have done if I had let him operate when he wanted to do it.

While I was convalescing, we had one of those chairs which would bend back. I was told that a Primary class was coming over to see me--so we put the chair out in the other room and I was lying in it where they could come to me. Each one of those small children came in and shook hands. They would say, "Bishop, hurry and get well." Then they would express their love for me. When I shook hands with one little girl, the tears started to roll down her cheek. She wasn't sobbing; just the tears came. As she went out the door, I could still see the tears coming. A week later, the

Sunday school class came. She was one of that group. They made a little tree like a Christmas tree and put hooks on the limbs. Then they took the balls that they use on the Christmas tree and put each child's picture in the end of the balls and hung them on the tree. Each one wrote a note. This little girl said in her note, "You know Bishop, when I was here last week...when I shook your hand, I felt the Spirit of the Lord come out of you into me. I couldn't control my emotions." After they left, I said to my wife, "My! What a responsibility!--to think that I would ever do anything that would ever shatter that little girl's faith."

About two years after Nina passed away, I married Farel Knudsen Chamberlain. We have been married now for ten years. She has been a good companion. I am sure that when she has the opportunity to go to her husband--who has been dead now for some twenty years--that she will receive the reward which she deserves in this life. She has a fine family. I have had the privilege of helping in many ways.

Now, we are down to the point of where we are going and what we would do each day. I go to the office about 9:00 or 9:30 in the morning and stay until 5:00 or 6:00 at night. I do this every day except Saturday. On Saturday I see my football games, or baseball games. On Sunday, I don't turn the television on. This is one of the things which gives me a little variety, but it never tires me to work. I can go out to the office and stay for ten hours. I read at night until my eyes feel quite weary, but as far as my body is concerned, I never get tired. If I had eyes which didn't tire and a good leg again, I believe I could go forth and do anything that I ever did in my life. I feel like I could when I sit down, but when I stand up, I realize that I can't.

I am truly thankful for Afton and her wonderful children. For my son, the great son which he was, and the many years that I had the privilege of watching him grow up and mature into a man. He went on a mission to Argentina

and there filled a great mission. When he came home, he had a wonderful assignment. I enjoyed his ability down at Jacob Lake and the things which he had done to help further the cause here in our family.

Speaking of John and Effie Dean...John has been a wonderful son. He is dedicated. He is a man of wisdom--a man of great patience. Of course, Effie Dean has always been very close and she still is very considerate. She does everything she can to make life a little more desirable.

The children are all wonderful. I love them all and have had great joy in seeing Kim and Kent play football, and seeing them wrestle. I've gone to every football game they have played in and gone to their matches. When they went to the State for three days, we went back and forth to Logan every day to watch them wrestle. Kent took third and Kim took first in the State. Then, there have been the other boys...Matt especially has been quite a football player. I have gone to every game which he has played. Steve popularized wrestling at East High School. However, because of a heart condition, he had to quit it. When he played football, he had the opportunity to kick for seven goals in one game and he made all seven. Chris and Mary Lynne are real actors. They are wonderful children. Chris is on a mission now in the Cummorah Mission. He was King Noah in the pageant.

Johnny filled his mission in Scotland...Steve in England. Harold III is in the North Mexican Mission at Monterey and is now the Secretary of the Mission. I think this pretty well brings us up to date.

I said to Johnny and Steve one night as they were all going over to Mutual, "I want you to be sure and take care of Nina, your sister." I told them it was quite dangerous for a girl. They kind of looked at each other and said, "Well, Grandpa, you don't know Nina. She is pretty well able to take care of herself." She is that type of person. When she sets her mind to do something, she gets it done. One experience she had out on the ranch ...something happened to the car. They had to walk back into Pine over to

and it took her a day to get over it. But when Nina Dean got in and got the help, she was just raring to go right back out. It didn't make any difference whether she went down to the corral to get horses or whatever she did, she has an exceptional ability and a determination. I said many years ago, that as long as Nina Dean lived, her grandmother would be here on this earth.

I want to express my love for my family. I want them to know that I know that the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is true. I know that there isn't anything in the world which means as much in their lives and in my life as being true Latter-day Saints. I hope they will realize the importance of keeping the goal of being able to go back into Father's presence and have eternal life in His presence. Anything else in life isn't worth considering in comparison to that. To be able to live in eternity together with your life companions and to be able to be in Father's presence all that time...if you could just stretch your imagination just a little and conceive how wonderful that would be, I am sure that nothing would ever stop you from studying, from attending to your duties, always responding with a willingness and an enthusiasm when you are asked to do anything in the Church. Live close to the Lord! Realize that in a few years you will be in my position--where you realize that the time will not be far off when it will be your turn to close this life and go into that future which you look forward to all the days of your life. Remember that now! Put it into practice daily! Tend to your meetings!

I want to say this, we love Kristi, Johnny's wife. We are thankful for her. It is going to be a great experience to have them live here in our apartment during the commencement of their life here going to school and getting ready for the life ahead.

I will give an account of my brothers as I can remember from the start. The first things I remember are things which happened in Provo. When Father came home from his mission, Deveroux and I were dressed in our Swiss suits to have a picture taken. Deveroux ran through a puddle of mud and lost his shoe. I know that was quite a sad occasion.

Father had a gardener's line for marking out the furrows and Deveroux took his hatchet and chopped it all up. When Father asked Deveroux what he chopped with his hatchet, Deveroux said, "Wood." Then Father asked him, "What else did you do?" "I just chopped wood." Even though Father punished Deveroux many times, he never got any other answer than "I just chopped more wood."

He found a nest of mice once. I remember Henry gave Deveroux so much a piece if he would bite their tails off. Deveroux readily did it. Deveroux was two years younger than I, so our lives blended more than with any of my other brothers--because I could manage him and those older brothers could manage me. When one of the older ones told one of the younger ones to do something, then he would turn and tell the younger one next to him to do it. This way it passed on down. Deveroux, for many years, was the last one, so he and I were quite intimate.

Father or the other boys used to give us a stint to hoe weeds. We had a large lot for garden. We had grapes, strawberries and a variety of fruit trees. When we had hoed a certain amount of weeds, then we could go play for the rest of the day, or go swimming or whatever was in the wind. Deveroux would quite frequently have to go to the restroom--and it usually took him quite a while. He was quite a staller when he was younger. We used to chide him for it, but it didn't do much good.

I think I pretty well told of a number of things about the early years in life, but as we grew older and left Mexico, we first went down on Pear-

dale and lived down there. Then, we moved back into El Paso and Deveroux got a job as a Redcap. He used to make more money than any of us. He would sometimes make as much as \$15 in a day. After he quit his job as a Redcap, he went to work in a Turkish bath. He made big money there. He was a good massager and people liked his disposition. It was there that he learned to take a glass of water and never swallow--just pour it down in one gulp. When he would come out of that steam room and pass the water cooler, he would just pick up a glass of water and down it, so that it kept him moist because he would lose so much moisture while he was massaging people in the Turkish bath.

Deveroux and I went to El Paso High School together. We both played football on the El Paso High School football team. We did about everything which we did together. We bought bicycles because we couldn't afford to ride the streetcar. We also had our bicycles stolen.

It was while we were in El Paso that we started to play basketball for the YMCA. I played substitute one year and they gave me my "Y" because I had never missed a practice. I had always been on time for every game and every practice. The next year I was able to play with the team. In the years we were there, we played basketball for the YMCA and for the Cactus Club. The teams we played on never lost a game, not even a practice game. After the City League finished, they picked a team from all over the city. I was going to school at the New Mexico Aggies. I came down to El Paso to play this game--four brothers and Bob Done. We still won the game even from this hand picked team. That night they were going to shut Deveroux out. They had a man by the name of Shoemaker who was about six foot four. It seemed like he could reach from one side of the court to the other. They put him on Deveroux especially to see that Deveroux didn't make a basket. Deveroux got seven shots at the basket and made all seven baskets.

Father made arrangements to buy a farm up in New Mexico near Dona Ana.

College was. While on this ranch, we farmed--cut more than five hundred acres of alfalfa hay. We had a hog ranch...I told about that in my story. After leaving Shalem, we went to El Paso again...then after a short while, the folks moved to Kanab, Utah.

While at Kanab, both Deveroux and I worked in the store. Father, in giving us instructions on how to conduct the business, told us that we needed to get familiar with the stock. When we would stay out until two or three o'clock in the morning, why one would stand guard while the other got familiar with the beans...then the other would stand guard while the first one got familiar with them. That way, we were able to keep up with our sleep.

Deveroux stepped out with Lyle Johnson and I went with her sister Mattie Johnson. We had a lot of fun. We ran the Highway Garage, and we had a sports car. You could hear us all over town. Deveroux was an exceptionally good driver. One day, I got a note from Mattie wanting me to come to her house that night. Henry wrote a note for me--then I signed it and sent it to her. This note said, "Due to the inclement weather, it is very imperative that I remain indoors this night."

Deveroux and I ran the Highway Garage together--but before we had the garage--just after I came home from the service in France, we went to school at B.Y.U. Father held a home evening and at the end of the home evening, Father gave us a Father's Blessing. Then we sat down and Father said, "Well boys, you are leaving for school in the morning. You know what is right, you know what is wrong. You know Mother's and my desires in the matter. Now it is up to you." We went to the B.Y.U. together and we roomed at Olive Hickman's home. I later married her sister, Nina...but that is where we got acquainted.

Everything we did, Deveroux and I did together. We got only so much

allowance so one would have his suit pressed one week, the other the next. This way, we were very economical. We lived on \$10 a month besides our board. However, our brother Henry was very liberal. He would write us a letter and there was always a \$10 bill in the letter. That covered many things that we wanted to do and was so much appreciated. That was typical of Henry. Whenever he had anything, he shared with others around him. We had a lot of fun while we were at school that year. We slept together, we studied together, we played together.

I remember one night they had a crowd out on the sidewalk. Deveroux told a girl that he could kick higher than a telephone pole. She was quite skeptical. She said he had to have one foot on the ground, he couldn't get on a ladder...she made all the provisions. So she thought she had everything tied down and she made the bet. He just walked over to the telephone pole and kicked. He said, "That's higher than a telephone pole can kick."

One night we walked up to the Block "Y" on the mountain. We went up and back two times...just fooling along--it was a moonlight night. We were with a group and we surely had a good time.

Deveroux made the basketball team. We both did to start with, but because I had played the year before in New Mexico, they declared me ineligible. Deveroux made the team and was able to make the trip to Chicago--where if the best team had won, the Y would have won the championship...but the referee saw that they didn't win the first spot.

I have just mentioned a few things which give you an idea, not only of the ability and the capacity of Deveroux, but his many, many talents. His ability to have a good time wherever he went, for example. People loved him...and he always had a very contagious laugh. I will never forget on Thanksgiving Day, sister Hickman had her father and his family there. St. Clair, a brother, challenged Deveroux to an eating contest. Along toward the last, St. Clair would just take a spoonful now and then, but Deveroux

just kept right on eating. After that, I finally gave up, when I told Deveroux to show them how to drink a glass of water. I imagine he drank at least ten glasses of water so they could see how it happened, but it happened so quickly that they couldn't determine where the water would go.

At the end of the school year, we both returned to Kanab. I suggested to Father that I go to the Sweeney Auto School and learn to be a mechanic, as that might help me when I got into the Army. I knew that I would be eligible to go before very long. Deveroux took other positions after this which I am not familiar with, as I went to Kansas City...and when I came back from Kansas City, I went right on into the service.

When I came back from France, we were together again in Kanab and ran the Highway Garage. Deveroux was an expert mechanic--one of the best I have ever seen. We ran the garage together there for years. We had the mail contract. Later on, my wife Nina and I went to Jacob Lake and started our business there and Deveroux and I divided up our partnership. I had settled on Jacob Lake.

I will add just a few more words in regards to my brother Deveroux. As I said earlier...we grew up together. I was not quite two years older than he, so our lives blended in about everything we did until we left Old Mexico. I told you about some of the things that he did there. His loyalty, his great sense of humor, his ability to entertain and to accomplish things was very outstanding. He was a great mechanic. Had he been allowed to choose his own profession, and had received the training to be a doctor, he would have been an exceptional doctor--as he was an exceptional mechanic. He was somewhat frustrated and disappointed because of this. Father was a great businessman, and he had outlined a business career for all of us. Most of us came to that category of doing business, but Deveroux and Henry would have made great doctors.

We went to school together...we studied together...and the things that

I remember are his outstanding abilities and his willingness to help and do for others. I don't think we ever had, after we reached maturity, a serious disagreement. We were always able to talk things over and come to a satisfactory conclusion. It was a great source of pleasure to be in business with him. All I can say is that he was a great man and accomplished much good in this life. I don't think he ever did any real harm. I have nothing but praise, nothing but gratitude, nothing but love for him. I am thankful to my parents and my Father in Heaven that I was allowed to have such a fine brother as Deveroux.

A FEW DETAILS ABOUT DEMAR

DeMar was a very handsome man. He had great ability. When he played basketball at the "Y", I am told that when he came onto the floor, the whole studentbody would stand up and cheer. He was a very exceptional player--he played on the championship team there for a couple of years. When he came from school back to Shalem, where we had settled on the ranch, we had to doctor the pigs. He got in the pen with me to help doctor them for the screwworms. Just as soon as I picked up the little pig, the old sow came for us with her mouth open and really looked ferocious. DeMar just cleared the fence. I gave her a kick on the snoot and she went back where she belonged. He said, "That's alright brother, you just stay there and I will stay out here." So I doctored the pigs without any further incidents.

I'll never forget one day--I was up on a load of hay. He threw a little stick, oh, about a foot long, up at me. I caught it, but when I threw it back at him, it hit him on the crazy bone on his elbow. It really made him angry. He wanted me to come down off that load of hay and he would teach me a lesson. I told him that if he wanted to teach me a lesson, to come on up on top of this load of hay--I'd take care of him up there. That was all it amounted to.

While we were in El Paso, DeMar went with Ann Rutledge. She was a

at Bob's home because Ann's parents objected to DeMar very much because he was a Mormon. Finally, DeMar got tired of this doing things on the sly all the time and he told Ann that she had to make her choice. They had quite a little argument and she left. Both of them were quite angry. After she left, Flora Taylor came to DeMar. She was a sister of Vilda Taylor, whom DeMar had gone with in Dublan. Vilda Taylor had died and DeMar had thought a lot of her. Her sister Flora's husband had drowned earlier leaving her with two children to raise. So Flora came to DeMar and suggested that he marry her for time and help raise these two children, and then he could be sealed to Vilda for eternity and any children that he and Flora had would belong to DeMar and Vilda in the hereafter...so this is what DeMar did.

MEMORIES OF HENRY

One day while I was practicing on the piano, I was playing a tune and Henry brought in a piano tuner. As the tuner passed the window, he heard me playing...then when he came in, he sat down at the piano and played the same tune that I was playing. That certainly impressed me.

It was while I was at Henry's that I first had my tonsils removed. We went to a Dr. Carpenter in El Paso. Henry had hired a Mexican coach to drive us over to the doctor's. When they operated on me, they gave me 3 ounces of chloroform to get me to sleep. He told Henry that I would be asleep for two or three hours and he had just as well dismiss the coach. So Henry did. In about thirty minutes, I awakened and said, "Well, let's go home." Henry said, "Why, you couldn't even get dressed." I said, "I'll show you." So I got dressed and as we were walking downstairs, the doctor was at the foot of the stairs. Without any warning at all, here came a big clot of blood and it lit on the floor right in front of the doctor. I didn't want to wait for Henry to send for a coach, so we walked a block and caught the streetcar and rode over to Ciudad Juarez--then walked another

couple of blocks home. That was my first experience with tonsils. The kindness, the consideration, and the love that Henry and Eva gave me...I will always be grateful to them for it.

Some two or three years later, I had to have my tonsils taken out again. It was Henry who took me to the doctor. This time, I didn't want to take chloroform, so they just gave me a local. I held Henry's hand. When it would hurt, I would squeeze. He would tell me, "Squeeze it harder." The strength it gave me just to be able to grip his hand and feel his strength and to be able to give all the strength I had, made it so that I could sit there and take it.

Later, we moved down on a ranch they called Peardale. Henry and Eva were there. We had the two families living in the house. There were 52 acres of Bartlett pears. We also had cantaloupes. It was there that I learned to be able to really tell a good cantaloupe. We had two men who were working for us who graded the cantaloupes. I'll never forget one morning...we had prayers and Mother led in the prayer. In her prayer she asked the Lord to help us that we would never even think anything which was wrong. When I was outside and heard those two men talking, they said, "The idea...she prayed not even to think anything that was wrong." They thought that was quite a marvelous thing.

We used to go out and hunt rabbits together. As Henry's family was being raised, they had a father who understood them and was always willing to get in on any sport or go out hunting or anything else which would give them the experience or the childhood which they were entitled to.

One day there was a Mexican who came there. Henry and the Mexican were having quite an argument over the water. The Mexican was getting quite abusive. Henry told him that if he didn't shut up, he would throw him in the canal. The Mexican dared him to...so Henry just picked him up and threw him in the canal. The Mexican got out of the canal and headed

for Isleta which was about three miles away. Everybody he would come to, he'd stop and tell them that..."Bowman was so big, and Bowman through me in the canal." When he got to Isleta, he went to the Justice of the Peace to swear out a complaint. The Justice asked him who witnessed it. He said, "Bowman's wife was there." The Justice said, "Well, then, you just as well not bother because you couldn't have her testify against him and it would just be his word against yours."

At Father's funeral, both Lorraine and Bob Bowman played solos on their violins. They were both very good on their violins. At that time, Henry had been quite sick but Mother had us have our picture taken of the six boys--Bernardo had passed away years before--and that is one of the treasures we have of the six boys and Mother and our sister. Mother, beside those big strapping boys looks quite small.

Later, when Henry was quite sick and my wife, Nina, came to Salt Lake to put the children in school, she would go down to Provo and take care of Henry at night and also the next morning before going back to Salt Lake to take care of the children. Then the next day she would go back to Provo. One day when she got home, she called me on the phone and said, "If you want to see your brother alive, you had better come." So DeMar and I got in the car and drove to Provo. We got there about 1:00 in the morning. When we went in, Henry said, "What are you doing here?" I said, "Well Henry, we have a few days before the deer hunt--we weren't busy and we just thought we would come up and visit with you and be able to enjoy your company a little before we had to go down and really get on the job." That seemed to satisfy him. He said, "OK then."

I'll never forget the days that we were there. We were there for three or four days. When we would come in, Henry would open his eyes and look at us and he would say, "My! You are a sight for sore eyes." The morning we were going to leave, he said to me, (he called his wife, Eva,

Dick) well, it is pretty hard on Dick this morning. Her mother is leaving. You are leaving. I know that I can't get well unless the Lord heals me. I know the doctors have given up. Dick is out there just crying her eyes out, but when she comes in here, she will have a big smile on her face--just as if everything was a hundred percent." It wasn't only a few minutes until she came in and she had the big smile on her face--and that is the way she really was. When we left, I shook hands with Henry "goodbye" and he had as much strength as he ever had--it seemed to me. He could squeeze my hand. It was only three days after that that they called us and told us that he had passed away at 5:00 in the morning.

In the night, Eva slept in the next room. When he would call, she would slip on her robe and run in and take care of him. This morning she heard someone call so she went in there and Henry said, "What did you want?" She said, "You called me." He said, "No. I didn't call you." She said, "Yes!" Again he said, "No!" She said, "Well, somebody called me." She fixed him and then put her robe on and sat down in the chair and he said, "What are you going to do?" She said, "Oh, I am just going to sit here for a while." He said, "There is no need, you had just as well go back and go to bed." She said, "I'll just sit here for a while." She had just sat down. He turned and looked at her...she screamed and called "Henry!" He looked again, then he was gone.

One of Henry's greatest values was his consideration for others. He had a great personality. He was able to get into the heart of most anyone that he had anything to do with. He had friends all over the country. Wherever he lived, wherever he had anything to do, he had friends. He would have been a good doctor because he seemed to have an ability to diagnose and a tendency to be able to take care of people who were sick.

Nothing was too hard for him to accomplish. Because of his goodness of heart, his kind nature, he didn't always make the best business deal,

but he was one who shot straight from the shoulder and was always honorable in everything which he did. I had great admiration for Henry, from the time I was a young boy, until the time he passed away. To be able to visit with him, to be able to partake of his wisdom, his understanding of life, has been a great source of help to me in the things which I have tried to do during my lifetime. He had a great consideration for his family. Nothing was too good for them. He would labor long and hard in order to obtain the money which was needed. He was a great success down at Milford in running the bulk plant for Continental Oil Company because he was able to reach the hearts of those with whom he did business.

I don't know how much I told about the different things in childhood, but you can rest assured that Henry filled a great mission here in this life. While he was an Elder in Mexico, he was able to get into the hearts of many of those choice people and give them a clear understanding of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I am sure he is performing a great mission where he is now, because he spoke Spanish even better than most natives. He had a love for these people. He was willing to do anything that he could for their welfare and benefit.

I don't know of anything else to bring into this picture, only to express my love for Henry and to express my love for Eva. What a wonderful sister she was. What a wonderful sister she was to all of us boys, always making us welcome. There wasn't anything that she wouldn't do for us. In spite of anything which happened, she always had a smile. I'll never forget the night that we went over to the Mortuary and Henry was lying there. She got down on her knees at the side of the crypt and said, "All our married life, whenever I needed counsel, I believed I could come to you and get the strength, the advice, and the understanding which would keep me going on. Now when I need you worst, you can't say a word." He, like all of us, had his weaknesses, but to review the things that he accomplished--

I mean that brothers and sisters extended to anyplace that he worked for Father's children. He was a great source of strength and was able to do much good in this world.

MEMORIES OF CLAUDE

Now, I told you some things that happened to Claude and how for several years while he was Stake President, whenever he would come up to conference, he always came and stayed with me. We seemed to have that closeness and understanding. As we got into our mission together, he was president of the Mexican Mission, and I was president of the Spanish-American Mission, we were able to meet on the border or he would come into the mission home as he was crossing to get back into Mexico. We were able to talk things over and be of much strength to each other.

I think I have said before how we got a room next to each other at the hotel, how we went to all the conference meetings together and they called us the Bowman twins. You had to know Claude to know his goodness, his wisdom, his fairness. I described to you the funeral, and how the poor Mexican who couldn't afford a car ran along to the side so he could go out to the cemetery service. The big hall was filled with Mexicans, with non-members as well as members who had come from all over to pay tribute to Claude.

During the five years that we labored together in the mission, we became much closer than we have ever been before. We were both in the same work, we had the same ideals, and by exchanging our experiences, I'm sure we felt to upgrade both missions. I can't tell you much about the early life other than I have already told you about...but his family that he left is a marvelous family. He left a heritage...he left something for each one of his children, each one of his grandchildren, each one of his great grandchildren on down through the ages. He will be a light unto them which will

help them find their course in staying close to the gospel of Jesus Christ and be able to go back into their Father's presence. Claude was a great man. My love for him increased as we grew older and had greater understanding and as we matured and knew the things of real value.

Now, I will not try to say more at this time. If this is not enough, you let me know. When it comes to the Bowman History, I'll try to get down and chart it before I sit down to the machine...so then we will be in unison and give pure history of the lives of each one of our brothers and sisters.

If Effie Dean doesn't give her history soon, then I will attempt to not only tell about their childhood and their teenage on through until the time of their marriage, but I will be able to shed much light on the things that she has been able to do--how much like her mother she is in so many things, and how she brings peace and joy in my life whenever I have the opportunity to be with her.