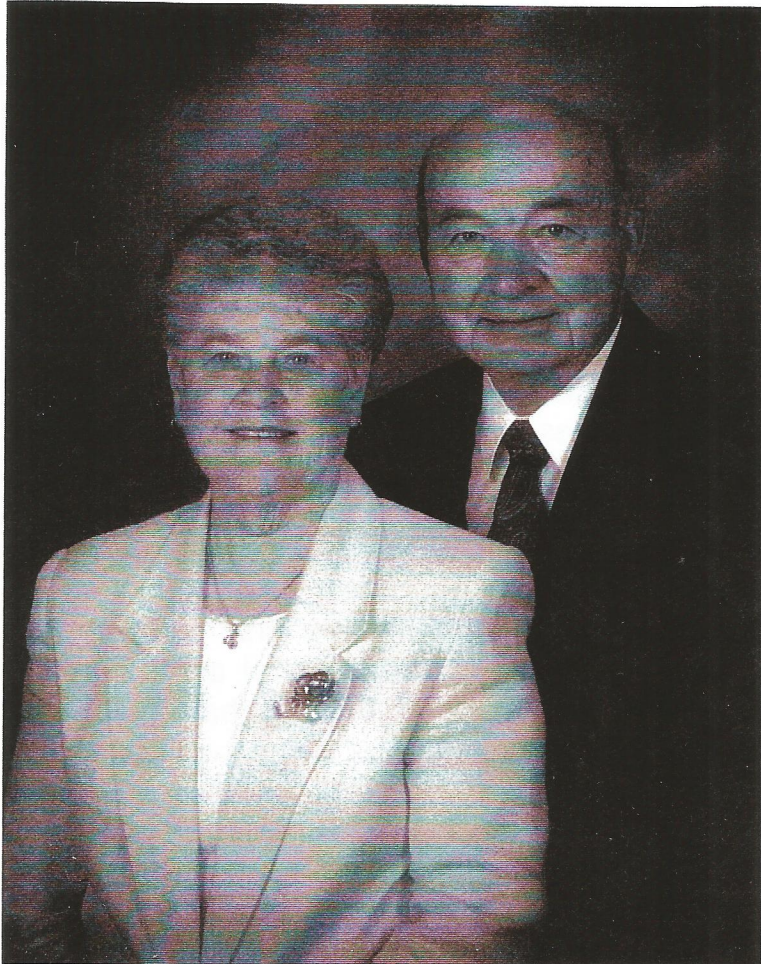


PERSONAL HISTORY

OF

KENT E. AND CHERIE MAE ASHWORTH MYERS

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It is with the hope that I might say something important to my children that I write this story. I promised myself that I would try to share what happened to me in my lifetime with the hope that it might be some influence for good in the lives of my posterity.

I've come to know that is not the length of life that matter so much as the quality of the moments we live. It is my faith that the quality and the substance of my own living have been such that it has been of some value to those who know and love me; and perhaps of lesser value but yet of value to those who know and do not love me. I want this narrative to be more than the bare bones of my existence. I suppose I want this life-history to become part of the lives of those who follow.

Infant Years (1931-1937) Of these years I remember little but I have been told much and it is from the telling of others that I write this part of my story. As you approach Milford, Utah, from the south on Highway 21, you'll see a large two story, wooden-frame house about four miles from the outskirts of town. It is an old house with a new cover and was the major family dwelling for people who came to work for the Delta Land Company, the company that had developed the Experimental Farm surrounding the house. It was here my grandparents (Myers) came to work and later my father and mother operated this farm for the company. My

father and mother grew up in the little town of Minersville, Utah, and after their childhood and education years, they courted each other and were married. After working for the Union Pacific Railroad for several years, my father came to the farm to help his father and it was there on May 19, 1931, that I was born to goodly parents, who truly loved me. and it is in that love you find all the meaning of my story.

I, of course, don't remember what kind of day it was when I was born but I have been told that it was the kind beautiful Spring day that comes to the high mountain plateaus of Utah. That same morning a colt was born who was later called Star. He and I spent our infant years together but I do not remember him.

The events surrounding my birth were not momentous to anyone but my parents, Obra Moroni and Gladys Eyre Myers, and my older brother, Art, and my older sister, Carol, who were four and two years older, respectively. They both had an influence for good on my early life as well as the years beyond.

It was there on the farm amid the clutter of animals and crops that I began to learn the basic attitudes and values that would shape my character as a man. I tried to live those values of honesty, hard work, and caring and succeeded most of the time.

During the second year of my life, I am told that I had repeated attacks of tonsillitis and earaches. Because of this, when I was 18 months old I had my tonsils removed and I believe that my first memory is from my time in the hospital. Two experiences in the hospital are so vivid that I can remember them from my own personal memories rather than from anyone telling me about them. One of my relatives came to visit and brought some ice cream and my throat was oh, so sore, as a throat is after a tonsillectomy, and I remember feeling the coolness, the pleasure of something to eat that melted in my mouth and slipped down my throat without causing the pain that came with other food. I also remember some detail of my room in the hospital: the high bed with brown tubular head and foot boards and longing to be home in my own bed.

Other than that my memories from ages two to four were mostly of family and animals. I was allowed to play with animals at my discretion as long as I stayed out of harm's way. I remember I new baby coming. I didn't have any memory of his birth but I remember beginning to compete with him when he was two and I was four. This was my younger brother, Melvin Moroni Myers. I remember one thing, one important thing, about us as playmates. I was often told to watch out for him as we were playing in the yard or somewhere on the farm, and I really didn't have to do very much because we had an old brown dog whom I think we called Brownie. With him around, Mel really didn't need any other protection. He would let me approach Mel along with the rest of the family but he wouldn't let

anyone else get near him. I remember going down into the high sagebrush across the lane from our farm and taking Mel and the dog with me. Mel rode the dog when he got tired and I can see him hanging on tightly with both fists in the dog's hair as the dog trotted beside me as we came back from exploring the jungle of sagebrush.

Mine was a fascinating infancy. It was filled with color and sound and all kinds of beautiful things that happen to a youngster who is exploring and finding the world for the first time.

I remember my first chick, newly hatched, and me being pecked by its mother, the setting hen. I remember feeding chickens, gathering eggs and feeling them hard yet warm against my skin. I remember following my father to the barn to watch him milk and having warm milk squirted into my mouth. I remember seeing pigs butchered and being afraid of the squeals and the blood and fascinated by the fact that in order to have food we had to use the animals.

I remember watching my father and older brother loading hay and being helped up the ladder on the front of the wagon to sit by my dad to ride back to the stackyard and feel the texture and prickliness of the hay sticking into my hips and legs and smelling the odor of new hay and its kind of wonderful fragrance. I see the streaks of sweat on my father's face in the hot afternoon sun.

I can see in my mind's eye the kitchen which was the main room of our home and my mother always there cooking, doing laundry, washing dishes, mending clothes, ironing and doing all the back-breaking labor of a farm woman; a woman living in a home made lovely by her presence and hard work; a home that was primitive by modern standards with no central heat, no electricity, no running water.

I remember the amazing kind of experience of learning to read my first words by the light of kerosene lamp and listening to my first radio broadcast on a battery powered radio. I can see the shape and size of it even now. It was a small table top model with round holes in front for speakers which looked like eyes and a lighted mouth where the dials were set. It was a fine time to be alive.

I remember too, the neighbors who lived in the same farming area. It was sort of a compound of houses. There were the Bonds, Clint and Vera, who were not only good neighbors but people who were willing to be friends to children. I remember visiting their kitchen and sitting on a little chair (more about it later) that was just right for a four or five year old and watching Mrs. Bond baking; hoping, of course, that something would be there for me and there always was. She would tell stories of her children and also of the students she taught. Then it was my time to go to school and Mrs. Bond was my teacher. I had just turned six and summer kindergarten was made part of my life. Mrs. Bond took me in her car, a

black Ford, to Milford to the elementary school where she taught me how to belong to a group of other children, and alphabet and some numbers and how to write my name; especially my last name. Someone, I think it was Carol or my mother, had already taught me to write "Kent" before I started kindergarten.

That summer was memorable because I had to get up to go to kindergarten every morning and still came home at noon to start working with my dad and brothers. I had the best of two forces which would guide and educate me all of my days. First, the power of my parents example and my nearly constant association with them in work and play, and second my formal schooling.

Learning to work in the fields and corrals with my brothers, Art and Mel, and my dad taught me the value of honorable labor. Schooling became exciting and an ever growing part of my life which opened my mind to the value of knowledge.

That Fall we moved from the "Flat" to Minersville. I entered first grade. My teacher was Miss White from Beaver. She was one of those loving and gracious but tough teachers who make school special. She made me anxious to learn to read. Reading was to become the single most valuable skill I acquired in my lifetime.

It was a happy winter. All was school and family. New friends came into my life; my cousins, Ted Myers, Grant Wood, and Craig Marshall and the the Franks Williams and Ed Goodwin children who lived across the street from our family home.

The first grade and living in a town for the first time and becoming seven years old marked the end of infancy and the beginning of childhood. My childhood was to be a time of great learning and happy living. As you will discover, my childhood was full. My years from one to seven had given me the desire to know and to risk.

Childhood Times (1937-1943) This part of my story is best told by recalling a sampling of incidents in which the feelings, the hunger to learn and the major events of the time which shaped my life.

In the Spring of 1938, we returned to the South Milford Flat. My association with other Myers families became important. Uncles and Aunts, Clair and Helen Gillins, Parley and Gertrude Fisher and Ivan and Cassie McKnight and their families lived on the flat. We visited them often. I wish families still did that. Helen, Gert, and Cass were my father's sisters.

We also went to Minersville almost every Sunday for a general gathering at Moroni and Harriet Myers', my grandparents. Large numbers of family came. Grandma would take some time, some way, to make each grandchild feel special. She would slip you a piece of candy or a nickel or a cookie and you were sure you were the only one being given special

treatment. That feeling of caring was transmitted to every member of the family and we learned to care about each other.

On special occasions we would drive across the flat to visit Grandpa Eyre and Gold and Mag, my aunt and uncle on my mother's side. Grandpa always raised watermelons and turkeys. He would put melons down the well to cool them. They were tasty on a hot summer day. We loved to chase the gobblers and watch them spread their tails. They also chased us.

Grandpa Eyre had a way with children. He let us do things. They had a hand grinder for grain which fascinated me. He would pour grain in while I turned it. I can see the grinder, rusty color - but clean and oiled - in my mind's eye even now.

He was storyteller of the first water. I loved to hear him recite and sing. He taught me my first song, "Two Little Girls in Blue." He was visiting us at the Experiment Farm. He put me up on a kitchen drain board next to the sink and sang the song to me until I could sing it back to him.

My parents loved music and we sang as a family, especially when we were traveling somewhere in the car. We were also expected to sing in church, but our church attendance was sporadic. When we were living on the flat, we had to travel to Milford for the meetings and during my childhood I don't remember going much. During the winters that we lived in Minersville, we attended regularly.

There were two records of my baptism one was July 23, 1939. The record shows that I was baptized by Howard E. Marshall and confirmed by Jess Baker. The second was August 4, 1940, and was baptized by Fred Pryor and confirmed by Floyd Wood. I am assured that I was only baptized once and have used the August 4th event on genealogical records. The baptism was either in the old Minersville Swimming pool or in the canal south of town. I can't remember which because I attended baptisms in both places.

I sang my first song in Sacrament Meeting or Primary the winter of 1939-40 in Minersville. The song was "In My Grandmother's Old Fashioned Garden." I was frightened. The sweat ran down my back, and my knees were kind of loose. That song plus the singing with the family became the beginning of an important talent which I have used and cherished my entire life.

My childhood was dramatically influenced by good teachers. The best of these were my parents and my sister, Carol.

My parents taught me that courage and honesty were vital to really being alive. Carol was my model for schooling. She was motivated, disciplined and competitive. She was also my super friend.

I spoke of Miss White - first grade. My other elementary teachers were:

Vera Bond - Second Grade
Dorothy Johnson - Third Grade
Phyllis Truman - Fourth Grade
May Peak - Fifth Grade
Sherman Carter - Sixth Grade

These teachers were all special in some way and they increased my appetite for learning. I was not always a model student, but I was always excited about school and books and finding out. Vera Bond taught me the value of school and self-discipline. Mrs. Johnson taught me the beauty of art and sensitivity to the world; Phyllis Truman the importance of achievement; Mrs. Peak the joy that comes from hard work and scholarship; Sherman Carter the value of my heritage as an American and my potential for leadership.

My brothers, Art and Mel, were important to me during this part of my life. Art was quiet but became the man in charge when dad wasn't home. I resented this some times and would take it out on Mel because Art was too big. Mel and I had great fun playing and working together on the Experiment Farm. We climbed to the top rafters of an enormous barn to get pigeon eggs. We learned to milk cows by hand the same year. I was eight and Mel was six. That made me angry. He was supposed to wait until he was eight. A new baby, Sally Kae, came on August 19, 1939 and she too became important because she loved to be held and sang to.

Milking cows was fun at first, but sometimes it became the bane of my life. No matter where you were you were or what you were doing at 5 o'clock every evening or every morning you had to be home to milk. Later, this really became a problem when I became involved in sports, but that is another part of my story.

Mel became my shadow. We did most things together. Eating, sleeping, working, playing and fighting were all done together, especially the fighting, either against each other or together against all others.

When I was eight or nine, Mel and I were playing in the barn loft and were chasing each other. I think we were playing a game called "gotcha last" and I ran to the ladder going down to the main floor and got down before he could touch me. In his haste to catch me, he missed a step and fell about ten feet and hit his head. I thought he was dead and went screaming. Marvin Bond was just outside and he came back with me and picked Mel up and took him out to the trough by the old pump house and sprinkled some water on his face and Mel started moaning and opened his eyes. Boy! was I happy to see him open his eyes.

Part of my competitiveness came from my relationship with Mel. We want to be first or best or at the very least, outdo each other.

An experience I remember most clearly from this time in my life happened during one of the summers. Art and Mel and I hooked up our old

considered an athlete. However, in the summer of 1944 while the whole world was at war, I grew and grew. In the Fall and Winter of the eighth grade I suddenly became one of the tallest, biggest boys in our class. Coaches, who were also the P.E. teachers were wondering, where did this kid come from?

I was still working hard as a farm boy so I was always in pretty good physical condition and I love to run so I had the beginnings of the skills and talents needed to participate in competitive athletics.

I had an old football and basketball that I wore out that year. I threw the football to Art, Carol, Mel, Dad, or any of a dozen cousins who would come by our farm. It paid off. When I entered ninth grade, I had decided I could play football and in the tryouts I made the team. I wanted to be quarterback, but at first the coach made me play other positions. I was one of the few ninth graders who played football. By the end of the year, I was playing quite a bit. We played six man football. Everyone was eligible to receive a forward pass, so the quarterback was the key position in this fast and furious kind of football. I was also learning new skills in basketball and would play competitively in tenth grade. Earl Hone was my coach. Milford was a small high school and coaches came there to start their careers then moved on. I had a new coach every year.

I had some great teachers in seventh, eighth and ninth grades, but the two that really turned my academic life up a notch were Clernyth Larsen and Kenneth C. Farrer. Mrs. Larsen taught all the basic subjects for the eighth graders and Mr. Farrer was principal of Milford High and also the choral director. Mrs. Larsen made me realize that perhaps there were other things in the world that were just as important as sports. Mr. Farrer was such a good choral director that our chorus included most of the studentbody. My music gift was now getting some professional direction, just when I needed it. Carol who was two years ahead of me was in the chorus and Mel who was two years behind me may have been, but I don't remember him in the class.

Art was 18 years old in 1945 and tried to join the Navy, but they refused him because of high blood pressure, however, when he took the physical for the Army, it was okay and he went to Texas to take basic training and later he became a military policeman. The war in Europe ended and he was sent to the Orient. The war in Japan ended with the dropping of the Atomic Bomb and he became one of the occupation troops in Japan. I can't remember him being in school with me, but he had to have been there.

We had given up the farm on the flat in 1946 and dad and mom moved us any the dairy herd to our home in Minersville. Carol and I rode the bus to school in Milford and Mel went to eighth grade at Minersville School.

mare, Brownie, to a single horse cart and headed for the Cave Mine. We spent most of the day exploring and prospecting. On the way back to the farm, we had a wheel break and had to leave the cart and ride Brownie back home. As we got to highway east of the farm, we rode along the ditch bank. As we passed a weir, an enormous trout jumped high out of the water. We piled off the horse and planned our attack, we took off our shoes and herded the big fish into a little rocky enclosure and caught it with our hands. We took it home proud and radiantly happy. I think Mom cooked it for us. I can't remember what we did about the cart. I wonder if Dad went back with us to get it and fix it. He was great at fixing and repairing.

When I was ten, we left the Experiment Farm and moved to a farm farther west in Milford valley which belonged to my Uncle, Claude Myers, my Dad's brother. We helped feed out some sheep for him and kept our own dairy herd intact and raised some crops and work our fannies off to make a go of it. I realize now that we were as "poor as squirrels in winter" that is, poor in worldly goods, but oh, so rich in the things that count - family love, self-respect, concern for others, and a love of life and learning.

The most significant memories of 1941 and 1942 were of the beginning of World War II. I can still remember the way all the family listened to the radio throughout the day, December 7, 1941. We imagined all kinds of things happening. It seemed unreal to me because Pearl Harbor was a place I knew nothing about until that day.

Art was fourteen at the time and who would have thought he would be in the army before the war was over. My parents talked about how the war would affect the family and were anxious about what it would mean to us. For me, it was a time of wonder and excitement.

As my childhood was ending, a much more exciting time was beginning. The elementary school years were over and I was entering high school. I was about to receive the Priesthood and I had little or no insight at the moment about what a profound effect it would have on my life.

It is difficult to reflect on how my life was shaped by my early years, but I know that my own inner self was profoundly touched and molded by the love of my immediate family and the love of my extended family of grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins.

Moving into my pre-adult years, I was to discover one more important talent that would change my life, competitive sports. My life was to be guided through these years by four loves: love of family, love of learning, love of music and love of competitive athletics.

Teen Years (1944-1949) My life was changed most in my teen years by the activities of school. When I entered seventh grade at Milford High School, I was one of the smallest boys in the class. I was agile and had some athletic ability and speed but I was too little to really be

We renewed friendships and made new friends in Minersville and became more active in the Church.

Carol was always a great student and when I came along, the teachers all ask, "Are you Carol Myers' brother?" I knew they expected me to be a good student because she had done so well. She told me after I had complained about having to live up to her record, "Anything I have done you can do better, if you want to." So I decided I would try to live up to and beyond her attainments. She helped me become what my teachers called "a first rate scholar."

My dad had been an outstanding basketball player and although we never played much basketball together as father and son, he made sure I had the basic skills of passing, dribbling, shooting and defending. I made the team in my sophomore year and played quite a bit by the end of the year.

In our small high school we had one coach for all sports. Don Snow was my coach in tenth grade. He added baseball to the athletic program and I played baseball that year. We also had a kind of pick up track team and I was part of that, but we didn't really have any coaching.

Carol and I had a class together, geometry from J. M. Hughes. Carol became my tutor on the bus each morning. Amidst all the shouting and teasing, we studied geometry for the 20 minute ride from Minersville to Milford.

I started to become other than Carol's little brother that year. Miss LaVeta Hargrave, later she became Mrs. Holm, was my English teacher and she was a tough teacher. For students who had some knowledge and wanted to learn she was an excellent teacher. For others who had trouble with English she was not. Shirley Smith, Frank Lewis and I were in most classes together and we competed for honors and that helped all of us to do better. Frank and Shirley were scholars and I was becoming one, but extracurricular activities took a lot of my time. Eddie Stieneker was hired to teach music and he took over the excellent choirs Mr. Farrer had began and added band and a girl's glee club. We won regional honors with our chorus.

I had grown a bit taller, five feet ten inches, and that was to be it for height. I was fairly slender, but putting on some bulk each season of the year. I was a starter in football by the end of the year and played a lot of basketball too.

On the May 9, 1947, our coach was taking me and one other student to participate in the track meet at Hurricane, Utah. David Pearce who was and Administrator with Beaver County Schools met the car at the stop sign near the Post Office in Beaver and told me that my brother, Melvin, had drowned in a swimming accident on a Minersville School outing in Monroe, Utah. He took me back to Minersville and Carol was at our house.

Mom and Dad had gone to Monroe to identify Mel and to make arrangements for his body to be prepared for burial. It was a terrible day for our family. Art had returned from the service and was working in Colorado. He came home in time for the funeral. It was my first encounter with the death of one whom I loved so deeply and it really frightened me. The night before Mel and I had been milking our cows in the open corral and I had grabbed his cap and wouldn't give it back. I threw it up on the granary and we couldn't get it down. The day after his death Dad and I were doing the morning milking and I saw the hat. Dad got a pitchfork and got the hat down and we held it between us and cried and cried. At that moment, how I wished I had been kinder to my brother. On July 28, 1947, my grandfather, George Hopkin Eyre, died. So that summer seemed extra long.

We spent the summers working for other farmers. We hauled hay on shares so that we would have feed for our cows. We were working for one of the Minersville farmers down the north lane and someone came to the field to tell us that grandpa had died. He had had a stroke about four years before and had lost his speech. He loved to talk and sing, so the stroke was a terrible thing for him.

In Summer we were always busy around our place from early until late, so our grief, though deep, was set aside to get on with living and doing. Only in the silent hours of the night would you hear a stifled sob or the sweet, low talk of remembering.

Carol married Rex Carter on June 19, 1947, so another of my mainstays was gone away. It was a summer of sadness and gladness. Life went on, still full and rich. My little sister, Sally, became more a part of my life and she was my cheerleader. She always wanted to know what I had done in school and sports. She kept up a scrapbook which she and Mom added to each year and later Sally gave it to me.

The beginning of school was always special to me. I loved that first day. The excitement of new teachers, meeting old friends and classmates, and the rush to new books and desks was like heaven should be. I loved school and all that it included.

My cousin, Ted Myers, who had suffered severe burns on his leg when we were quite young, had finally licked the problems caused by the burns and became an excellent basketball player. He was slowed a little by the leg but he had compensated by learning to shoot long, one handed push shots.

Ted and I were starters on the football and basketball teams during our junior and senior years, but I can't remember him in school during the 9th and 10th grades. We had a great year as juniors. He also had a little brother, Dale, who was Mel's age and so Ted and Dale became a little like brothers to me that year.

I had some great moments in sports in high school. I was named the outstanding athlete at graduation and won the outstanding basketball player trophy at the end of the basketball season. We had a great year as a team, but lost our chance to go to the state tournament when we lost by one point to Hinckley in a post season playoff game. Our coach was Perry Neal.

At the beginning of my senior year, the students from Minersville were switched from Milford to Beaver High School. Ted and I and LuDean Thompson decided we should completed our high school education at Milford, so we commuted all year. Helen Davis worked in Milford and she provided transportation most of the time. Our families and others who worked in Milford also helped out. We would have had a truly remarkable basketball team if all of the Minersville students had been in one school. Wayne Gillins and Don Marshall, both cousins of mine, started for Beaver High. Don went on to become an All American in college.

Our football team had a lot of fun but we won only two of nine games my senior year. I lettered in football, basketball, baseball, and track that year.

The important part of high school was academics, even though, sports and music were the most fun. My coach my junior year was a man named Nick Caputo. He had been an outstanding football player in college, but he had not been much of a scholar. He gave some terrific advice. He wished me well in sports but said, "Do not every let sports stand in the way of becoming an educated man."

Other teachers who helped me increase my scope and depth as a scholar were Jesse Long in social studies and Richard Nelson in biological sciences. Mr. Nelson was also principal of Milford High School my junior and senior years.

My friends during these years were mostly school mates: Sheldon Albrecht, Saun Bohn, Bob Crane, Clyde Turner, Melvin Persons, Shirley Smith and Sherral Stott. I dated a few girls but the only serious girl friends were Lois Atkin of Milford and Merle Black of Beaver.

In addition to the medal for athletics at graduation on May 1949, I also received medals for scholarship, science, math and social science and was named valedictorian, Frank Smith, who had defeated me for studentbody president the year before was salutatorian and Shirley Smith and Sherral Stott were also named honor students. Jesse Long had helped me prepare a scholarship application for Harvard, and it was accepted, but the money would not pay everything and Harvard was a long way from home. I thought I was in love with Merle and so I accepted an athletic scholarship to Branch Agricultural College in Cedar City, Utah.

Although music and athletics were the important parts of my teen years, I also was an actor and speaker and was in student government as

Junior class representative to the student council and part of the yearbook staff. I had a lead part in an operetta, "Waltz Time," and a musical comedy, "Meet Me in St. Louis."

At home I had learned to drive a 1936 Chevrolet 4-door sedan and received my driver's license and this gave me an opportunity to date and to have a way to get to Milford or Beaver for school and church functions and to just have a good time with friends. Val Marshall, Karen Carter, and I were dating girls in Beaver during my senior year and we often went to Beaver together in whichever family car we could get.

I don't remember much about my activity in the church. Sherman Carter was my scout leader for awhile and I remember a camping trip with him and our scout troop from Milford. We went to Puffer Lake in the Beaver Mountains. I was advanced in the Aaronic Priesthood at the usual ages but because my dad was inactive I depended on my grandparents and mother to keep me close to the church and sometimes I did not follow their counsel and church was more a habit than a commitment. I did help my Grandpa Myers clean the church and fire up a wood burning furnace in the Minersville Chapel. He was custodian some of the time. My Grandpa Eyre had served a three and a half year mission in New Zealand and I loved to hear him tell about his experiences. I have inherited his missionary journals. A list of my church callings is given later in this history.

My brother-in-law, Rex Carter, was an assistant manager in the Standard Oil of California station in Beaver. As soon as I graduated from high school, he helped me get a job there. I spent a few days in Cedar City in an intensive training program and then was assigned to the Beaver station. It was my first real job with a salary. I was assigned to work the midnight shift for the first thirty days. We had a salary plus commission on anything we sold except gas and oil. I remember my first check for two weeks was almost \$300.00. It was really a great deal of money for that time in my life.

I lived at home and drove to Beaver each day for work. When I didn't have transportation, Carol and Rex, provided me a bed and a place to clean up and rest. Those first thirty days (nights) were pretty long.

My dating was slowing down as the summer came to a close and Merle started dating other young men. One of them was Wayne Gillins, whom she later married. I came to Cedar City with Val Marshall and some others from Beaver county. I came just after Labor Day for football practice. My scholarship was a basketball scholarship, but the football coach, Murray Maughan, invited me to try out for the football team. Who would have guessed that this would become my sport. My family was proud of me and the honors and talents that had come to me in my teen years and even prouder when I went off to college and a new world.

I had a wonderful time my freshmen year at BAC. I met so many great people and some excellent professors. When registration took place in late September, I was decided I would invest in myself and registered for private voice instruction from Professor William Manning. After a couple of lessons he invited me to become a member of the cast for Gounod's "Faust." The opera had been cast the year before and everyone had been studying their parts over the summer. A student named Reed Hunter from Fillmore, Utah, had been cast in the part of Valentine and had become ill and could not return to BAC that Fall. "Pa" Manning asked me to learn and sing and act that part. What a great break for me.

My freshman year was full of activities and learning. I played football and basketball. Our football team had a great season and played in a bowl game in California, so by the time I reported for basketball the team had been, for the most part, selected. I played until the Christmas holiday and then left the team to play for the LDS Institute Team and we won a berth in the All-Church tournament in Salt Lake City in March. My classes went well and I found that there was a great deal for me to learn. BAC had a very small library, but it was the largest holdings of books I had ever seen. I found out that I needed to read, read, read. I made a promise to myself that year that has changed me forever. I promised I would read one book a week just for me. I have done that ever since. I was active in music and drama and student publications. In the Spring at the BAC Vocational Day, Cherie Ashworth came to compete and I went to the afternoon dance and danced with her, and introduced her to one of my friends, who also danced with her.

I returned to Milford High School to perform a solo in the baccalaureate services for the graduating class in May, 1950, and there was Cherie handing out programs. I wondered why I had never paid attention to her while I was in high school. She was beautiful. Her lovely blue-green eyes and pretty face and figure were eye-catching. I asked her to celebrate my birthday with me and she agreed to do so.

Marriage and Education. During the Summer of 1950, I courted Cherie for all I was worth. It was evident that here was the "pearl of great price." She was so kind, gentle and loving that I knew I wanted to be with her always. We talked about marrying the following June, but she went to Salt Lake City to the dance festival and we were so lonely for each other she came home early. Late in the Summer she went to Idaho for a two weeks vacation with her family and I couldn't stand it and neither could she. She came home alone on the train in time to see me ordained to the Melchizedek Priesthood. She had also purchased her wedding dress. Our plans to be married changed each week from August 1st on. We had thought June, 1951. Then we consider the end of Fall

Quarter, then November and finally decided it would be best for all if we married before I returned to college.

We were married September 5, 1950 by Harold Snow in the St. George Temple and had a one day and night honeymoon in Cedar City. Our wedding night we stayed at the Cedar Crest motel, then went to Minersville and Milford to prepare for our reception at the Milford Ward.

We began our home in a tiny trailer near the War Memorial Fieldhouse on the BAC Campus. It wasn't much, but we were so happy to be together, we didn't notice. Our marriage is, by far, my greatest blessing. Cherie has been the absolute ideal model of a wife and mother. Her parents are blessed because they taught her so well, and she learned from each experience we had as we lived our lives together. She taught me kindness and gentleness and made it so easy to court her all of our lives.

Our children brought new feelings of love and direction into our home. I will not write much about them, because each of them will have their own history in this publication. Let me just say that Anne, Beth, Brad, Eric and Joel each were special. When I held each of them for the first time, I was filled with wonder and thanksgiving. Their births and the beauty of their tiny bodies reminded me of how much I owe God and Jesus for creating such a marvelous things as a human body and mind. The children and their birthdays are:

Anne Myers Griffin - July 23, 1953
Beth Myers Johnson - July 25, 1956
Brad A. Myers - May 15, 1958
Eric A. Myers - November 2, 1961
Joel A. Myers - October 15, 1964

Each of our children was quite different, yet all had an abiding love of us and each other. They were normal children who were cross, happy, healthy, ill, loving, mean, gentle and rough. They learned much and taught us much as they grew to womanhood and manhood. They have honored us and we are thankful that they are ours and have provided us with a posterity of lovely grandchildren.

Cherie was there to make sure all of us grew in love and testimony as I continued my education and began my professional life. We completed my undergraduate education as an elementary teacher at BAC, now Southern Utah University. Cherie made me a much better student because she was there helping every step. She worked to earn money for school and home. She reared our children while I was going on to graduate work at BYU and the University of Utah and serving in the bishoprics. She made our home a heaven. She was always the calming, healing wife and mother.

We have been married now for 42 years. It just gets better. I pray that our children's marriages will bring the same joy to their lives.

My education and the years involved are:

UNDERGRADUATE STUDY:

Southern Utah University (BAC) 1949-52, Bachelor of Science 1953
Major Field - Elementary Education
Minor Fields - English and Social Science

GRADUATE STUDY:

Brigham Young University, 1953-54 and 1959-60, M.Ed. 1959
Major Field - Educational Administration
Minor Field - Elementary Education
Related Field - Secondary Education
Commissioned 2nd Lt. United States Air Force

University of Utah - 1963-64, Ph.D. 1964
Major Field - Education
Related Field - Educational Psychology

University of British Columbia, 1971
Post-Doctoral Study in Learning Disabilities

Arizona State University, 1977-78
Post-Doctoral Study and Research in Reading Education

Employment and Profession. My first employment except for farm related work was a job with Standard Stations. I worked for the Chevron Companies, of and on, from 1949 through 1954 at Beaver, Provo and Cedar City. I also had some other interesting jobs. I worked in the Snack Bar at BAC for ninety cents and hour. I was a salaried employee at KSUB at \$200.00 per month, but I received extra for sportscasting. This was one of my favorite jobs. If I hadn't found my way into teaching, I would have followed a profession in the media. I was the student assistant to the public information office at BAC and was paid by the column inch for anything I got published in the Deseret News or Salt Lake Tribune, including photos, so I learned the basics of photography and took my own photos and developed them. Every story I sent out had a photo with it, and most of the time they used both the story and the photo. This was an excellent addition to our income during my BAC days. In Provo in 1952 and 1953, I was an hourly employee at KCSU where Norman White and Dallin Oaks were also employed.

I was processed into the U.S. Air Force as an Education Officer, but I was assigned an Information Services Officer and what a good job this was. I was on the base commander's staff or at the Wing level of Air Force operations. Because of my direct relationship to the commanding officer, I only pulled Officer of the Day duties, one day, in my two years in

the Air Force. I was responsible for the base newspaper, the photo lab, the radio station and all related media, including contact with the civilian media. It was a good job. I would have made the service a career because of the professional and educational opportunities, but Cherie did not like the separation which duty sometimes created, nor did I.

My life as a teacher-professor has been wonderful. I have accomplished much for myself, family and students. My love of reading eventually brought me to the study of reading and learning as my major personal-professional goal. It also led me to establish a Reading Center at SUSC and an annual Reading Conference. One of the major reasons for my good feeling about being a professor of reading education was that I was able to train thousands of teachers who could make reading live for children as my teachers had made it live for me.

This is a summary listing of my personal and professional employment:

Work and Professional Positions Held:

<u>Position</u>	<u>Years</u>
Writer, Announcer, Sportscaster KSUB and KCSU Radio Cedar City and Provo, Utah	1950-52
Assistant Manager, Chevron Oil Company Provo and Cedar City, Utah	1952-54
Education Officer and Information Services Officer, U.S. Air Force, Korea and Japan	1954-56
Teacher - Elementary Schools - 5th Grade Iron County, Utah - Experimental Individualized Instructional Program	1956-58
Teacher - English and Speech - High School Experimental Individualized Techniques at Secondary School Level	1958-59
Instructor - English and Speech College of Southern Utah	1959-60
Assistant Professor of English College of Southern Utah	1960-63
Research Assistant and Visiting Instructor, University of Utah - Worked with Dr. Robert M. W. Travers in the Bureau of Educational Research and taught in the	1963-64

Department of Education.

Associate Professor of English
College of Southern Utah 1964-65

Associate Professor Education and Director of Teacher
Education Admissions, College of Southern Utah 1965-67

Visiting Professor of Education, Church College of Hawaii
Lecturer - University of Hawaii 1967-68

Assistant Dean, School of Education
Southern Utah State College 1968-71

Professor of Education and Coordinator of Institutional
Studies, Southern Utah State College 1971-72

Professor of Education
Dean, School of Education
Southern Utah State College 1972-74

Professor of Education
Chairman, Department of Teacher Education
Southern Utah State College 1974-77

Faculty Associate - Reading Education
Arizona State University 1977-78

Professor Education
Director, S USC Reading Center
Southern Utah State College 1978-84

Visiting Faculty - Jordan School District
Reading and Special Education 1984-85

Professor of Education
Director, S USC Reading Center
Southern Utah University 1985-90

Vice President of Education
Pacific Rim Institute, Inc. 1990-91

My work has been a wonder and a joy. I have been paid well for something I would have volunteered to do. My profession has allowed me to be a better husband and father. I have had the time to be with my family at special times of the year. The sabbatical system has allowed me to move with my family to new and exciting places with the knowledge that we would return to our roots in Southern Utah.

Church Service. I was a partially active boy and youth in Church activities. I made an effort during my courtship with Cherie because we both knew we wanted a temple marriage. We were active in the College Ward during the first two years of our marriage, but when we moved to Provo in 1953, we used the usual excuses to drop our level of activity: "it's an unfriendly ward," "Sunday is our only day off," "we can't afford to pay tithing." Cherie, I am sure was a bit disappointed in my attitude there. When I was called to active duty, I promised myself and the Lord that I would repent. I had almost forgotten my promise until the first Sunday aboard the U.S. Breckenridge, somewhere in the Pacific Ocean and an announcement was made that there would be LDS-Mormon services held in the ship's nursery. I went at the appointed time and found an old and well worn sailor there. He said, "I'm only a deacon and don't live my religion, but I want to make sure that any Mormons on board can worship." The Lord had said, "Where two or more are gathered, there I will be also," and He was. We had a great meeting. As soon as I arrived in Suwon (K-20 Air Base), I found the members. Arlen Draper from Pima, Arizona, was the Group Leader and they held regular Sacrament Meetings and Priesthood Meetings and met during the week for other activities where possible. Our group varied from week to week but most of the time there were 4 to 6 members and one or two investigators. I began to send my tithing home and I started studying the Gospel. One of the airman who worked for me became interested in the Church because he had heard about BYU basketball and because I replaced a Latter Day Saint, Ted Hansen, from Logan, Utah, and my airman, Gene Schlickman, noticed that we did not live like the other service men he knew. We studied the Gospel together and he really converted me. I taught him how to give his first prayer and he showed me how simple great prayers are. We studied together for five months and he wanted to be baptized so we sent the papers forward to the Japanese Mission and before permission came back, I was transferred to Japan and he remained in Korea. A month or so after I was moved, his commanding officer flew him to Japan and I baptized him in the Sea of Japan and he was confirmed a member and given gift of the Holy Ghost on the beach. I became a Group Leader at Itazuke Air Force Base in Japan and that began a wonderful series of opportunities to serve. For this short history here is a listing:

SUMMARY OF PRIESTHOOD ORDINATIONS AND CHURCH SERVICE

<u>Ordination or Calling</u>	<u>Dates</u>
Baptism	August 4, 1940
Aaronic Priesthood-Deacon	August 29, 1943
Teacher	
Priest	May 23, 1848
Melchizdek Priesthood-Elder	Sept.3, 1950
Endowment and Sealing	Sept. 5, 1950
LDS Military Group Leader Itazuke AFB, Japan	1955-56
Stake M-Men Leader Cedar City, Utah Stake	1956-58
High Priest	March 3, 1958
Counselor Cedar 6th Ward Bishopric	1958-60
High Council - Member Cedar City, Utah West Stake (new)	1960-61
Bishop CSU 2nd Ward	1961-63
Teacher - Family Relations Class University of Utah 4th Ward	1964-64
Counselor Cedar 11th Ward Bishopric (New Ward)	1964-67
Ordinance Worker - Hawaiian Temple Priest's Quorum Advisor - Laie 2nd Ward	1967-68
Teacher - Gospel Doctrine Class Cedar 11th Ward Sunday School	1968-70

Teacher - Course 16-17 and Scoutmaster Cedar 11th Ward	1970-71
Teacher - Course 16-17 and Troop Committee Cedar 11th Ward	1971-75
Ordinance Worker - St. George Temple	1971-77
Teacher Course 16-17 Ward Choir Director - Cedar 6th Ward Stake Bicentennial Committee Chairman Cedar City, Utah West Stake	1975-77
Ordinance Worker - Arizona Temple Teacher - Gospel Doctrine Class Scottsdale 3rd Ward	1877-78
Teachers Quorum Advisor Stake Music Chairman Cedar 6th Ward Cedar City, Utah North Stake	1978-79
Chairman, Stake Welfare Production Project Cedar City, Utah North Stake	1980-82
High Priest Group Leader Teacher - Genealogy Class Cedar 6th Ward	1982-84
Coordinator - Cedar Region Data Input Center Ordinance Worker - St. George Temple	1985-86
Counselor - Presidency Cedar City, Utah North Stake	1986-87
Activation Home Teacher Cedar 6th Ward Ordinance Worker and Trainer St. George Temple	1987-90
Director - Men's Choir Irvine 3rd Ward Director - Family History Data Input	

Santa Ana, California Stake	1990-91
Teacher - Gospel Doctrine Class Cedar 6th Ward	1991-92
Missionary -Scotland Edinburgh Mission	1992-94

Sports. Participating in sports has been part of my life. My high school days centered around competitive athletics. I was lucky to attend a small high school where I was good enough to be a starting player on football, basketball and baseball teams and to have enough speed and strength to take part in track and field. I loved playing. A few time I let sports become more in my life than I should, but for the most part I remembered that it was a game. I won several individual awards as an athlete and they look nice on the shelf, but I am not sure they mean I am a better person. They do say that I was blessed with a good mind and body and that I was willing to practice hard and long to acquire the skills needed to become an athlete.

I participated in football, basketball and track in my college days and was named the Outstanding Football Player in 1951 at BAC. My basketball and football days continued after college. I played football for the Itazuke Greenwave in Japan and was selected as an All-Star and played in the Japan Bowl for the U. S. Air Force team against the All Stars from the other armed services. I played basketball for the wards in the church and our teams made their way to the All-Church tourney three times. The Cedar 6th Ward team won third place in that tourney in 1957.

I have always loved to fish and have learned to enjoy golf. My dad gave me the fishing skills that I have passed on to my children and now I am sharing them with my grandchildren.

I have also spent twenty-five years as a coach, sportscaster, and sports official.

Music and Drama. Music has been wonderful to me. I have been singing publicly since I was eight. I have performed in over 50 plays, operas, contatas and musical comedies and have sung as a soloists in about four hundred meetings, funerals, weddings and choral settings. I have been a member of the choruses in high school and college and have sung with the Master Singers, the Southern Utah Chorale and the Chorus of Southern Utah. Perhaps the performance most remembered was my portrayal of Tevya in "Fiddler of the Roof". It was the only part where I received over 100 pieces of fan mail. I have loved singing with my children and having them perform with and for me. I am still trying to increase my musical gift and after all these years, I am learning to play the piano, but I am not practicing enough to really learn to do it.

Special Friends. Friends have made my life worthwhile. Next to family, friends are life's greatest treasures. I would like to list a few who have had profound effects on my life. From childhood the friends who made a difference were: Ted Myers, Saun Bohn, Kurtt Bohn, Carolyn Clay, Shirley Smith, Sherrie Mills, Lois Atkin, Merle Black, Val Marshall, and Bob Crane.

Some of the friends who changed my life in my youth and college years were Howard and Mary Manzione, Thales Johnson, Marion Decker, Anne Ashcroft Judd, Norman and Kay White, Don and Faye Rosenberg, Anne Ockerlund Leavitt.

Through the years Cherie and I have made friends with some extra special people. In our years in the U. S. Air Force, lasting friendships were made with Helen and Gary Smith, Clyde and Lucille Farr, Dale Brunken, and Hal and Arlene McEwan. In our professional and church work we have made so many friends I can't list them all, but these few have enriched our lives in special ways: Vaughn and Connie Thomas, Burton and Della White (both deceased), Marge and Gail Johnson, Doralis and Murlon Wade, Morris and Maxine Shirts, Tom and Ruth Challis, Fred and Barbara Adams, LaRue and Richard Morris, Mona and Harold Hiskey, Evan and Janine Jolley, Rhett and Christine Shakespear, Paul and Beryl Vorkink, Shirley and Bruce Howard, Conrad and Elva Hatch, Maude Halverson and oh, so many others. New but everlasting friends we made in Irvine, California are: Laura and Larry Ainsworth, Kathy and Whitney Clayton, Buffy and Bruce Haglund, Cleo Hailey, Steve and Jan Riley, and Martin and Linda Garff.

I have been blessed to have taught thousands of students. Most of them have also gone on to become friends. We hardly go anywhere that we do not encounter someone whom I have taught who remembers us as friends.

Life's best and forever friend: Cherie Mae Ashworth Myers.

Sacred Events: I would like to mention three events that are truly sacred which changed me forever. The first was my marriage to Cherie. The moment we exchanged vows over the alter in the temple has been and I suspect always will be the most memorable and sacred moment in my life. The second through the sixth moments were when I held each child for the first time. The third event I want to mention (and there are so many more that need to be recorded) is the first time my father was willing to give me a father's blessing. He had become converted to the Gospel of Jesus Christ in 1955 while I was in Korea and Japan. After we had returned to Utah and I had been called as a Bishop, I had the opportunity to return to the university to complete my work for a doctor's degree. I had only been a Bishop for two years and needed guidance in making the decision. I requested a father's blessing and my father agreed but only after taking a day to fast and pray. It was a glorious blessing and it changed my life.

One other event needs mention. In 1979 a group of senior citizens were on a trip near Delta, Utah, and hit a bridge abutment. Several were killed. Clinton and Vera Bond (my teacher) were among them. I spoke in their funeral. Later, their daughter, Ray, stopped at our home and brought me the little chair I sat in while Vera was baking. Ray said, "I know my mother would want you to have this chair." It is priceless.

Travel and Special Places. We grew up in a very sheltered environment and did not venture far from our Southern Utah roots while I was a child. My participation in sports, music and drama in college gave me my first taste of seeing the rest of the world. Even then, we traveled only to Idaho, Colorado, Nevada and California.

When I was ordered to active duty in the Air Force and found myself on a ship crossing the Pacific Ocean, I was struck by the beauty and wonder of the rest of the world and ever since, I have longed to see it all. We have made some inroads in that longing. Cherie joined me in Japan and we spent seventeen months there. It opened our eyes to new cultures and new places. We have since traveled to Mexico, Europe, Ireland, British Columbia and to most parts of the United States. Our most enlightening and remembered trip was a 32 day car tour which took us across the United States of America to Montreal, Canada in 1976. It was the 200th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence and we saw all the historical sites which surround that era plus we attended the Olympic Games in Montreal and visited the important Church history sites and the Hill Comorah Pageant on the return home. All of our family except Anne made the trip along with my mother, Gladys Myers.

Home and Family Traditions. There are so many I will just write about four. First, we have made a difference in our family and in the lives of others by a tradition of caroling at Christmas time. We have a singing tradition in our family and the caroling has allowed that tradition to be shared with others. Another more recent tradition also has a Christmas base. Since 1980, I have made a special ornament for each member of the family at Christmas time. Third, our sons and sons in law have helped establish a tradition of missionary work. All have served and now Cherie and I are about to do so. Finally, we have an education tradition. We have always given special emphasis to the need for learning and is best exemplified in a comment by Eric when one of his friends said he wasn't going to college, "What! I thought everyone went to college."

Final Word. One day I will add to this history because there is so much more to say about the friendships, the sports, the church service, the children, the love I have shared and the blessings I have received.

October, 1992

CHERIE MAE ASHWORTH MYERS

I was born in Beaver, Beaver County, Utah, on September 7, 1933. My father, William M. Ashworth and my mother, Rubie Gertrude Furness Ashworth were living in Milford, Utah, at the time but came to Beaver to Dr. MaQuarrie. The main problem of my birth seemed to be getting across the big ditch at the nursing home. Mom and the doctor nearly fell in. Mother wasn't in the best of spirits since she had lost her oldest boy, James Thomas Ashworth, to polio just ten days earlier. My parents were delighted to have a girl, however, since their other child was also a boy, Don Bill Ashworth.

I was raised in Milford. Some of my earliest memories were of going to Beaver to visit my grandmother, Harriet Alice Munford Ashworth and my aunt and uncle Arnold and Caddie Ashworth. It was wonderful to help grandmother pick raspberries and apples and plums and to play in her old barn or to go to the last house on 10th street to play with my cousins, Alice and Glen in their large old house and then out to chase the turkeys or have them chase me depending on their size or mine.

We got our first telephone when I was about four. It was like magic to be able to call my friends. I couldn't think of much to say, however, except "Hello," and "What are you doing?"

My father was a railroad man. This meant working at very odd hours. So, we learned very early as children that if daddy was asleep we must be as quiet as possible. Dad was a fireman and my friend, Jewel Waddingham's father, was the engineer and they drove the passenger train to Las Vegas and Salt Lake City, so they came home at a certain time. We would go down to the station and meet them and come home with them.

Since Dad had only a week's vacation at this time, Mother packed us up and took us to Long Beach for a vacation where Dad would join us later. The ocean there was quite an experience. Don would run along the beach and dive in the waves. Mother was afraid he would get in the undertow. I didn't know what the undertow was but I knew it was bad and was afraid of it. It was while we were here that Monty Ray Ashworth, my younger brother, fell on an electric heater and burned his foot quite badly.

We lived on the hill where Dad had remodeled an old house for us to live in. We had a small dog called Bingo which we loved dearly. There was a huge wall in front of our yard and he would never let us go near it. His main joy in life was to protect us by barking at the C. C. C. men as they went by on their way from the camp on the edge of town to Main Street.

When I was in the 3rd grade, we moved to a new house in the other end of town. So I had to leave all my friends. It was a lovely house and Dad and Mom worked very hard to make it nice and the yards beautiful. Dad

had to haul all the dirt from the basement away. We loved playing in all this dirt and riding on top of a pile of it in the trailer so we could dump it. It was just before we moved into this house the Second World War began. Pearl Harbor was December 7, 1941, and we moved in March of 1942. It was about this time I had my first experience with death. Mother's cousin, Grace, died. Grace had no children of her own and had always made a fuss over me. Tending me and taking me to Salt Lake with her. Grace was so pretty and nice that I missed her.

In December I became ill with a kidney problem. I had to spend a month in bed. It wasn't easy for a nine year old to stay quiet in bed for so long and just before Christmas. I am sure it must have been hard on Mother, but she was very patient with me. After this I got the measles and was very ill for about three weeks. I didn't get much school that year.

The next years were war years. We raised a victory garden and collected cans for scrap metal. Sugar, meat, and gasoline were rationed. The speed limit was 35 miles per hour. It took us almost an hour to get to Beaver. We didn't go too often because of no gas. We were in Minersville picking corn when the war came to an end. V.J. Day and the horns blew and there was dancing in the streets in Milford.

Life was very pleasant; school dances, ballgames, and tending the neighbors children. I got my driver's license when I was 16. Dad had just bought a new Hudson and sold his 37 Plymouth for more than he had paid for it. The Hudson was sheer luxury and my girl friends and I really enjoyed it.

Clothes and boy friends and school were the important things during the years 14-15-16. I had two special girl friends during this time. Geniel Tanner and Lois Atkin. We did everything we could possible do together even to dressing alike. It was during this time that I became proficient at sewing. Living in a small town it was hard to find anything different from what everyone else wore. We went to Salt Lake for many of my clothes since we could ride the train on Dad's pass, but if we wanted something quick, we made it.

The 4-H hike or camp every summer was really something we looked forward to. Three days in the Beaver Mountains at Kent's Lake with all the other 4-Hers in the county. We got to know a lot of the other girls. Irene Griffith was our teacher. Thinking back I really have to admire her for the energy and time she put into teaching us and putting up with us. She always had fresh bread for us and her scones were really something to be prized. During the four years she had us, she had three children. Even in her rather round condition, she would go to camp with us. Mom and the lady next door went with us one year when she couldn't go. We always had a great time, sunburn and all.

Seminary was where I really got interested in church. All my friends went, so naturally, I did too. We could go to the Bible classes during school, but the church history and Book of Mormon classes came before school. Getting up and being to class at 7:30 on a morning when the snow was up to our hip pockets was a real sacrifice for someone who liked to sleep like I did. Lois's father went to work about that time and when it was bad weather he would take us. Clarence Tuttle was the teacher and this was the first seminary for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in Milford.

I spent many hours at my friend Lois's home and loved her parents, Lillian and Warren Atkin, very much. They always made me feel welcome and took me places with them. The local theater burned down so we had nowhere to see movies and they used to take us to Beaver to see our favorite movie heart throbs, Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor, Walter Pigeon, John Wayne, Robert Young, June Allison, Rita Heyworth, Judy Garland, Greer Garson, Mickey Rooney, Bing Crosby, and Bob Hope just to name a few.

One night we went to Fillmore to a basketball game. While we were there, it started to snow. Coming home was really bad. The roads were so slick. We had a hard time getting up the Wildcat Switchbacks, but made it to the top. We were one of the few cars to get through that night because right behind us a big semi-truck jack knifed and blocked traffic most of the night. Many had to back to Fillmore to stay.

The Spring of my junior year, the seminary made a trip to Salt Lake City for the General Conference of the Church. We got there early enough to get a seat in the tabernacle. It was a real experience and one I shall always remember. In May I graduated from Seminary.

It was high school graduation and at the baccalaureate, Kent Myers, who had graduated from Milford High the year before came to sing. I was passing out programs and he asked me out to celebrate his nineteenth birthday. By this time my friend, Lois, was to get married the next week and Geniel Tanner, who was also a close friend was engaged, so I had found new friends, Vanda O'Leary and Pat Kesler. They were the girls with whom I became pals and now spent most of my time with them.

I went with Kent to his home in Minersville for his birthday and his mother had prepared lots of lemon pie (Kent's Favorite) and I met his friends. We went out again in the next few days. I told my mom after our second date that I thought he was the one I wanted to marry.

We dated all summer. Kent worked at the Standard Station in Beaver. Most of the time he worked nights and would spend the days with me or come down from Minersville in the evening. He was so tired he would go to sleep on the living room floor and I would put a blanket over him. When he woke up, he would get up and go home. It's a miracle that he

didn't have an accident. He would be so tired. He always said the car knew the way home.

Kent and I were married on September 5, 1950, in the St. George Temple. Kent's mother Gladys and sister Carol and her husband Rex Carter went to St. George with us. Carol and Rex went to the temple with us where we received our endowments and were married by President Harold Snow. It was a very beautiful Fall day. Mom and dad had a reception for us on the 7th of September which was my seventeenth birthday. I remember there were surely a lot of people there, all of Milford and Minersville. Kent's dad was too ill to be there. He had an intestinal bug that was going around. Vanda O'Leary was my bridesmaid and Bob Crane was Kent's best man.

We moved immediately to Cedar City, Utah, where Kent would start playing football for Branch Agricultural College and I started my senior year at Cedar High School. At the time people in the schools generally frowned on having students attend school after they were married. I persisted, however, and graduated the next Spring.

Kent and I bought a '37 Ford just after we were married so we could have our own car. We piled all the things we had received at our reception into it. It was pouring down rain by the time we reached Parowan. A lady was having car trouble along side the road so we stopped to help her. When we stopped, the cloth roof started to leak all over our beautiful things. As long as we kept moving, it didn't leak. By the time we got Cedar City, it had quit raining.

We moved into a thirty foot trailer. It had no bathroom and no running water. There were rest rooms and showers in the center of the trailer court. This court was on what is now student center parking lot a Southern Utah University. We had a little oil heater in the trailer. Two of the trailers burned up while we were there so we didn't dare leave the heater on at night. The winter of 1950-51 was one of the coldest and wettest on record. It would be so cold in the trailer that our bedding would freeze to the wall. We lived there for a year. It was a good thing we were honeymooners and didn't notice much of our surroundings.

In the Summer of 1951, Kent went to work for KSUB radio station and I went to work for the Polar Bar, a soft ice cream shop. Our old 37 Ford broke down and we decided to get a 1949 Chevrolet from Burton White. Kent worked at the station with Norman White and they had become good friends. Burton was Norman's father.

In September we moved into what was called the Staff Houses. It seemed like heaven after the trailer. It had a real stove, running hot and cold water, and a bathroom with a shower. It also had steam heat and mice. There was actually room enough to hang our clothes in the closet. I

quit working at the Polar Bar because I was pregnant and couldn't stand working around food.

Kent was playing football, going to classes and working at the radio station, so he wasn't home very much. Christmas 1951 was a little sad for us because I lost the baby. I stayed over to Minersville with Kent's mother and dad. His mom took care of me. Kent had to work at the station on Christmas Eve until midnight, then he and Norm came over to see me. Carol, Kent's sister, was expecting Gayle at the time. She and Rex, Melvin and Mark, were at Grandpa and Grandma's (Myers) for Christmas. They had gotten Melvin a play service station and Rex, Kent and Norm almost wore it out playing with it. Carol laughed so at Norm and Kent's antics that her ribs were sore the next day. Kent and Norm went back to Cedar City very early the next morning to open the station for Christmas Day. They were the disc jockeys and newscasters for the station and worked when everyone else was off.

I didn't have much to do now and I was feeling better. Mother wanted me to go to college but I felt it would help us more if I got a job, so I went to work for the telephone company as an operator. It was an interesting job and the pay was much better than my other job had been. My working helped us get our car paid for and we saved a little.

During the Summer we spend much of our spare time in the mountains fishing. It was pleasant and beautiful and not so crowded as it is now. It was mostly dirt roads up through the Beaver and Cedar City mountains.

They had to let the water out of Three Creeks dam that year and great big trout were coming out. Kent, Rex, and Obra (Kent's Dad) had more fun catching those fish. It was really delightful.

In the Fall of 1952 Kent played his final college football. He also completed his student teaching. He would be finished and have his teaching certificate at Christmas. He was in the Air Force R. O. T. C. and had to have three more quarters of training to get his commission in the U. S. Air Force. We decided to go to Provo to Brigham Young University after the first of the year, so he could do this and also work on his Master's Degree. He got a job at KCSU and I transferred with the telephone company. By this time we were expecting Anne.

It was really difficult for me to work, not feeling well, especially since we operators had to reach so far to connect the cords. I finally quit the first of March. We decided to move to Beaver when school was out so Kent could work for Standard Stations because the pay was better. We rented a small house about two blocks from my grandmother, Harriet Ashworth. It was so nice having her close enough to visit with her.

Anne was born on July 23, 1953 while we were living in Beaver. Kent had gone to the horse races that day leaving me with Carol. We left

for Cedar City to go to the doctor in a rush and arrived about 8:00 p.m. Anne was born about 9:00 p.m. Dr. Reed Farnsworth was our doctor.

Having a new baby was rather an experience for me since I had never been around a small child much. Anne was a very cross baby. She cried a lot. It thought it was normal since Dr. Farnsworth found nothing wrong. We moved to Provo again in the Fall and Dr. Austin looked at Anne and found she had a ruptured navel. When this was repaired, she was the best baby ever. The first time she was sick I found out I was doing all the wrong things and Dr. Austin set me straight.

I went to Milford to visit my folks for a week during the Winter. When I came home, Kent had gotten me a sewing machine for a surprise. It was delighted to have it to make clothes for Anne and myself. It was surely a good sewing machine. I sewed with it for about 20 years then gave it to Anne when she got married.

In April we decided to move back to Cedar City. Kent was still working for Standard Stations and had a job in Cedar City as an assistant manager. He had decided not to go to college Spring quarter since he had received his commission and was going to be called into the service at anytime and didn't want to get caught in the middle of the quarter. We lived in a basement apartment on the east side of town. Our old Chev broke down and would cost so much to repair it, we decided since we would need more reliable transportation to go where ever Kent would be stationed. We decided to buy a new car. We bought a 1954 Pontiac from Burton White. It was light green and we thought quite beautiful. Anne was growing into a delightful little nine month old baby. We enjoyed her very much. She was a daddy's girl.

Kent got his orders for induction into the Air Force the first part of May. We had about two weeks to get things in order. I went home to stay with mother and dad hoping to join Kent soon. He went to Parks AFB in California and found out that he would be shipped out in about a week to Korea. The Korean War was winding down.

Kent's mother and I went on the train to Parks AFB to see him off and to bring the new car home. It was hard to see him go. He was to be gone for a whole year. I stayed on with my folks.

Monty, my brother, was a senior in high school now and it was fun to see him grow up. He was always a kind, thoughtful boy and loved Anne. He played with her a lot which helped her from being so lonely for her dad. Both sets of grandparents made a lot over her and helped me in rearing her. Time passed very slowly with Kent gone.