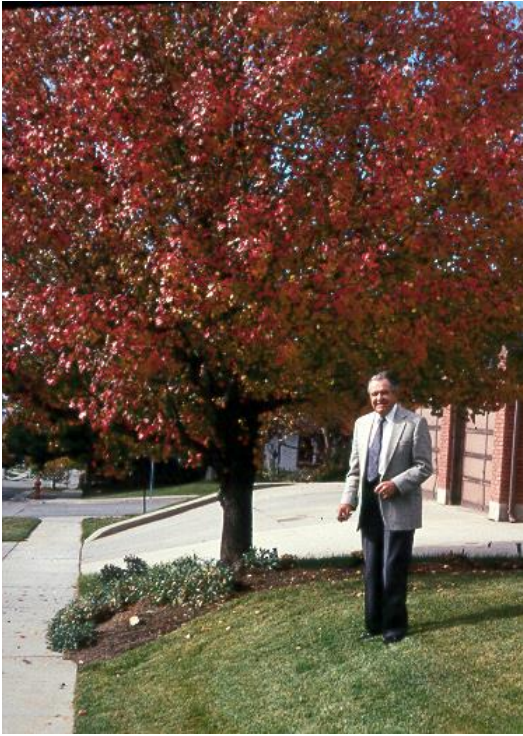




IT'S BEEN A WONDERFUL LIFE



John Rae

I thank God every day for giving me the privilege of coming to this earth and enjoying the beauties of His creations. I thank Him for the wonderful sunrises and the beautiful sunsets that greet me each day. For the opportunity to raise a family and enjoy the companionship of a wonderful wife.

I have known a few hard days in my life, but I have never failed to thank the Lord for these days also, because he has helped me through some tough times. He has always answered my prayers when I have asked for the strength to carry on.

My childhood consists of so many pleasant memories. To grow up in a home which was filled with love and devotion. Having a Father and Mother who truly loved one another and their children who were the center of their care and devotion. They have been gone now for many years but their influence and presence are with me still. My brothers and sisters have been my playmates and friends growing up in Charleston. And they have been a strong influence in my life. As we grow older they become more precious, proving that blood is thicker than water. Half of them are now gone, but I know we will be together again when we have all pass beyond the Veil.

My greatest blessing is my family. How I treasure them all. They have brought untold joy to my heart. From their birth to the present time they have filled me with the greatest joy I have known. It's great that all of them live so close together and that they all have such love for each other. I thank each and every one of them for their love and devotion.

Norma and I are now entering into the twilight years of our lives. It is my testimony that God lives and that Jesus is the Christ and that some time in the distance future we shall all be together in God's Kingdom.

With Love,

Your Husband, Dad, Grandfather, and Great Grandfather

She's My Everything



Norma, September 1996

course while Norma remained in Pleasant Grove. When I could get the use of a car I was on my way to see her. I remember the ride in Millen's Ford automobile with the rumble seat. It was a short trip from Ogden to Provo with Allen Camp and his date.

Boy was I in love!!! So much so that I knew Norma was the only one for me. I decided to ask her to wait for me and to marry me when I got out of the Air Force. I picked a special night to take her to a dance at the Apollo. After the dance I asked that magical question. Norma said she'd let me know on our next date. Her answer floored me. Her folks would not give their consent. She took her time before she let me know she was kidding.

All good things come to an end eventually. They did for us with the war in full swing. Norma moved to Arizona with her folks and I joined the Air Force. My biggest concern was when would I be seeing her again. One of the biggest lucky breaks in my life was being shipped to Kearns Air Force base. The move changed my life. It was at Kearns that I passed examination for the aviation cadet program. But the best thing about the move was getting to spend several months with Norma before moving on with no idea when we would see each other again.

I could go on and on about all the wonderful times we have enjoyed with each other since first we meet. One I would like to reminisce about was Norma's visit to San Diego when I was stationed at Santa Ann Air Base. I remember we spent the last day on a pier looking at the waves rolling in from the Pacific and wondering about the future. A huge amusement area was located adjacent to the pier with Ferris wheel, a merry-go-round and all the assorted recreational shops. Nothing was running because of the war. Soldiers, marines, and sailors were wandering

From the moment that I saw her in Mixed Glee she has been the most important person in my life. I couldn't wait to meet the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. Getting to meet her and asking for a date was a hurdle I couldn't seem to conquer. Finally, with the help of some friends and my prayers being answered I was knocking on her door. We went to our first movie together, which was King Kong. And as you might say the rest is history.

Thus began a truly great love story. In my mind it outshines Romeo and Juliet of ancient times! Mark Antony and Cleopatra of the Roman Empire. Samson and Delilah of the Old Testament. Their story was known by both ancient and modern societies. Ours is known by our friends and our family and our contemporaries. While their love stories ended in tragedies, ours has grown and flourished with love and devotion.

Little did we know as we were attending dances at the Apollo Dance Hall in America Fork or seeing shows at the Alhambra Theater in Pleasant Grove that events in Europe and Japan would cut short the time that we would have to enjoy each other's company. After graduating from High School we had the summer to date occasionally. It was not easy getting together to continue dating each other. I was living in Salt Lake, going to West High School and taking a sheet metal

about the grounds with their girlfriends and complaining because they couldn't ride anything. We just walked around the grounds enjoying each other's company. We were happy with the few hours we had with each other. This is the day I discovered that love is eternal and I knew our love would last forever.

I can think of a thousand other times that we have had very special times together. Too numerous to mention in this narrative, Norma has made my life a wonderful experience.

To know Norma is to know that love is eternal. There are not enough words in the English vocabulary to describe, how remarkable, extraordinary, marvelous and awesome she is. Her Mother told me how wonderful her daughter Norma was. Even at a young age, I knew mothers have a tendency to exaggerate when it comes to their offspring. The passing of time has proved that Norma is even better than her Mother's most praiseworthy moments.

Norma has been a wonderful Mother to our children. I think one thing tells it best. Whenever one of the children came home from school, play, or from any activity of any kind the first thing they would ask as they came through the door was, "Where is Mom?" When I would reply that she was in the bedroom, downstairs, or out in the yard they would say, "Oh," and go about their interests. As long as Mother was at home all was right with the world. Norma has been the perfect helpmate. She has made me central in her life and I know it. Her devotion and love has always been her first priority. Her husband and her children have always come first before herself. When I was far away during the War, I never worried about getting a "Dear John" letter like several of my friends received from their girl friends and wives. You were all always true blue, Norma, thanks for all your love and devotion throughout the years. I know when this life is over we shall meet again and will never again be parted.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with a passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, --- I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! --- and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

MY LIFE STORY



My Birthplace, Pleasant Grove

I was born to Hazel and John Leslie Atwood in the town of Pleasant Grove, Utah at 3:30 a.m. on a Saturday morning November 19, 1921. My baby months I had grown to fourteen pounds and at six months I was an astonishing seventeen pounds. My mother noted in the book that I had black hair an inch long. Brown eyes a red face and is a good baby. And that Ava first called me a Borden Boy. When I was six months my Aunt Ardena and Aunt Sadie told my mother that his eyes... "were like to burnt holes in a blanket."

Our home was located on main street two

buildings from the post office. I must have had a great fondness for my new home, because members of my family often told me that I told my Mother when we moved into our new home in Charleston that I was going back to Pleasant Grove. I had been told this story so often that I can almost see in my mind, of getting on my tricycle and heading down the Provo Canyon road to my place of birth. At the time of my birth my parents were already blessed with two sons and two daughters. Millen age ten, Royal who was eight, Ava three and Hazel Elizabeth who had died a few months after her birth.



it



My folks moved the family to Charleston when I was two years old. The year was 1923 and from what I have heard times were very hard for my folks. A large mortgage on the farm and very depressed farm prices. The home had electricity with a single light bulb in each room. All the water used in the house had to be carried by hand from a manual pump, which was located in the front yard. The outhouse was located about thirty yards from the house. A long trip in the middle of winter. The farm was run down and needed a lot of hard work and tender loving care.

The town of Charleston was a place filled with many pleasant memories for a young boy growing up in a rural country atmosphere. As my mind drifts back across the passing years I can see the Provo River winding through our farm and continuing down Provo Canyon. The old swimming hole flashes

before my eyes and I feel the older boys putting their hands on my back getting ready to throw me into the deepest part of the river. It was scary at the time but that was the way we learned to swim, much to the dismay of my father.

The farm was a wonderful place to play and to hide. Like the loft above the milk shed where I had to have a ladder to climb up from the outside of the building to get to my secret room. Here I could visit any place in the world with books. I could visit the jungles of South America with Tarzan of the Apes, Cross the United States by reading Tom Swift and His Flying Machine, Fought air battles over France in World War I with G-8 and Battle Aces. The ladder leading to this hideaway must have been a dead give away to where I was located but no one ever bothered me while I was reading and day reaming.

The biggest event that happened while living in Charleston was the surprise birth of my sister Nell. I was walking to elementary school when Nelda Simmons ask me about my new baby sister. I thought she was kidding me. Getting a new arrival in the family was the farthest thing from my mind. Later in the day I ran into Ava as she was leaving her classroom. I told her about what Nelda Simmons had told me and if you think I was stunned ,Ava was speechless. When we returned home from school our grandmother Carlisle was standing at the front door holding the new arrival. Nell was a beautiful baby with fat cheeks and a smile that captured our hearts the instant that we saw her.

I attended the Charleston Elementary School through the sixth grade. Each classroom had one teacher for two grades. I remember getting in trouble only two times while in grade school. There might have been more but a poor memory does have its advantages. It was early summer and I was playing near the barn when I found a nest of white baby mice. They were very small and I fitted four of them in a matchbox and placed them in my third grade teachers top desk drawer. Late in the afternoon she opened the drawer and pulled out the box. I waited in great anticipation as she slid the box apart. Out jumped the mice, and the room exploded. The teacher threw the box in the air and jumped upon the top of her desk and screamed as if possessed. I was flabbergasted that such an action could take place. I expected her to welcome the mice and use them as a great teaching moment.



John Rae

My growing up on the farm was a wonderful experience and one I shall always treasure. What a thrill to fish and swim in a river located on your own property. I enjoyed trips to Cascade Springs with my father to get firewood for heating and cooking. The return trip over the top of Decker's Mountain was a thrill of a lifetime. The decent was so steep that father had to put quaking aspen trees between both the front and back wheels. Even then the horses could hardly hold the wagonload of firewood from sweeping them down the mountain and to total destruction. Hiking the foothills looking for rabbits to shoot . Skiing on the Green Hill nearly every day in the winter. Going swimming with the boy scouts over to Midway in the hot pots. Thinning beets on rows so long that you could hardly see the end of the row in the summer heat. All these things and more I remember with a warm and pleasant glow. What seemed like work at the time is now remembered as some of the most pleasing experiences of a lifetime.

What seemed a period that would never end was now drawing to a rapid conclusion. For years rumors abound that the farm would be purchased by the government to build the Deer Creek Dam. In 1939 we had to move and I was broken hearted. I had completed my freshman year at Wasatch High School. I was devastated to be leaving our home and all my friends. I simply did not want to leave my friends and start in a new high school. One fall day we moved into a home in Pleasant Grove just about half a mile from the high school. A couple of days after the move school started I left the house with a great deal of trepidation about getting aquatinted with new friends. I shouldn't have worried students homes for parties and various games. I also made the football team that fall. After football I was selected to play on the varsity basketball team. In the spring came the track team. I won the Alpine District broad jump my first year on the squad. One of the hardest things about high school was father always found me a job topping beets, which took me away from my lessons for at least two weeks.

I loved living in Pleasant Grove and living close to the school. After about three weeks time I felt that this was where I belonged and I didn't have any desire to return to Wasatch County.

Before the school year was over my folks decided to buy an O. P. Skaggs store in Malad, Idaho. My Aunt Ardena was gracious in asking me if I would like to live with her. This allowed me to finish the school year. After which I joined the folks in Malad and I worked in the store during the summer months. I started school at the Malad High School and was on the football team as the quarterback, but I missed Pleasant Grove and wished I could return, but felt I could not impose on my aunt for two years. Before our first football game in Malad I received a telegram from Earl Giles the coach of Pleasant Grove High School saying, that the school had new football and basketball uniforms and if I would come and play football could live with him and his wife Grace.

Life in P.G. was wonderful and I'm glad I made the decision to return, for it was here that I met my future wife, Norma. We had great times going to movies, school activities, and dancing. Especially the dances at the outdoor Apollo dance hall in American Fork.

I always returned to Malad to spend the summer with the folks. I liked working in Dad's grocery store. The two summers spent in Idaho allowed me to make friends with a many of Dad's customers and people who worked in the store. Free time was spent playing tennis with Alden Camp whose brother had a shoe shop next to our store. I dated several girls while in Malad. One of them was Olive Davis who I met at Highland High School after I returned from the service year later.

Norma and I were attending a performance of competing barbershop quartets. I met Olive on the stairway after the performance. She said she had married a man by the name of Osmond and she was keeping busy taking her boys and girl around the state to perform for the public. This was shortly before the Osmond children were asked by Andy Williams to appear on the Andy Williams Show.



The most devastating event to my happiness while in Malad was wrecking my father's car. Returning home from a high school dance, I ran into another car at an intersection. This happened at a very high speed and the other man's car traveled a quarter of a block, turning over several times before coming to a stop. I was sure the people in the other car must have been killed. I got out of my car to check on what had happened to the other auto. I was really shaken up with worry about who was injured or killed. As I started toward the other car I saw a man standing next to my wreck he ask if I was okay? I told him I believed that I was alright but I was worried about the people in the other car. He said, "I am without injury but my car is a total wreck." I guess we were so elated about getting out alive, that we hugged each other in the middle of the street. Because my folks were asleep when, I decided to go see who was at the dance I never ask them for permission to take the car. It was the first time I had ever taken the car with asking to do so. I felt so badly about wrecking the car without asking Dad for the use of the auto. Father had never turned me down when I ask to use the family auto. About half an hour after the accident, My Father arrived with the police. He put his arm around me and asked, if I was hurt? On finding out that no one was injured, he told me, I could go home now. We walked home together which was only about five blocks from

the accident. Father never said another word about the accident. Several weeks after the accident thieves broke into the store and blew open the safe and took all the receipts from the store and \$117 that I had in the safe for returning to school. Trouble seems to come in bunches at times.

After graduating from high school in May 1942, I came to a crossroads in my life. What was I going to do? It was a very aggravating time and the decision was mine alone to make. With the threat of war and my desire to become a pilot, Kelly Giles and I took the Navy aviation cadet examination. Kelly passed and was accepted. I passed everything except the last item of the examination, which was the blood pressure test. Mine was 2 points above the excepted figure of 140. What a disappointment! My dreams as a naval aviator were crushed. I decided to go West High School and take a course in sheet metal work. After graduation I was hired in what was called final assembly where I worked on B-17's that came to Hill Field from war zones all over the world. I envied the young pilots who were returning from war zones with their damaged aircraft. I dreamed that someday, somehow I might still become one of them.

Going to West High School and then on to Hill Field to work really proved to be a blessing. I heard that if I could obtain a letter from a certain Major at the field recommending that I was qualified for duty in the Air Force, that I had a chance of getting in that branch of service. Of the six hundred men inducted into the army that day in October only five of us who had the letters of recommendation made the Air Force. The other men were sent to the infantry.

My journey of nearly four years had finally started. It was a time of great uncertainty. Who knew when I would get back home? I was in for the duration and that meant until the end of the war or longer. For me, it meant much longer.

After three days billeted at Fort Douglas I told myself, "I can't wait to get on my way and get out of this hole. As it was this was by far the best army camp that I was stationed during my four years of service. Yes, we learn from experience.

I was given a two day leave to go home and spend with the folks. Dad drove me to the Union Pacific Station, where I caught the train to McClellan Field. As we approached the airfield, on our right side was beautiful McClellan Field where I pictured myself working on military airplanes." But instead of turning to the right our bus made a turn to the left and we were dumped off in internment camp for the Japanese. The Japanese had been moved inland and we now occupied a very disagreeable situation.

Because my name was close to the top of the alphabetical order I was chosen for kitchen and latrine duty. By the time my tour of duty on the kitchen and latrine details was nearly completed we would move to another camp and the same round of duties would commence with me at the head of the list. They always started with the beginning of the alphabet. When they got to about the m's, we would move camps.



From McClellan Field I was shipped to Camp Stockton. From there it was on to Camp Tanforan in San Bruno. All of these camps had been built for the Japanese Internees. All were very primitive and we were delighted when we were informed we would be shipping out three days before Christmas. Christmas day 1942 found me on a troop in the heart of Texas with no idea of where we were headed. At four in the morning a Sergeant shook my bed and said, "Get up for kitchen Police duty." I groaned and mounded "I'm sick." I must have sounded convincing because he shouted, "Go back to sleep." I truly was sick of KP after all the camps in California. When I got up to celebrate Christmas Day, I opened Christmas presents that Norma had sent me. She gave me a portfolio and a box of candy. I spent the rest of the day watching the scenery and dreaming of Norma. All in all it was a great day and I was the happiest soldier on the train.

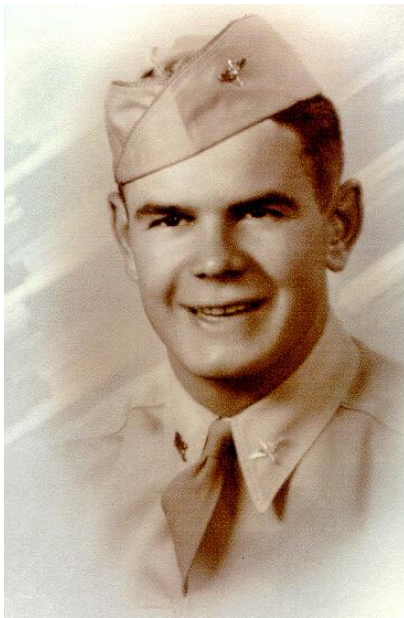
After six days and passing through nine different states we got off the train in Miami City and were we trucked up the coast to Miami Beach. To our great surprise instead of going to an Air Force Camp we were let off in front of the newest hotel on the beach. The first guys in our section of the hotel threw their B-4 bags on the bunk of their choice. I continued in to one of the bedrooms, and low and behold, there was a big double bed which I selected and enjoyed the room and bed all by myself.

We were in Miami Beach for all of January. While here we all were given tests to determine where we would go to school. I was selected to go a clerical school. The night before I was to leave for school, I met a fellow named Buster Harless from Springfield, Missouri who was going on the same train. We shared a bunk on the train to our unknown destination. The third night on the train it stopped sometime during the night. I woke up while it was still dark. I poked Buster in the ribs and told him to look out the window see if he could find out where we were. He raised the blinds and shouted, "We're in Springfield my home town." He called his mother, sisters and girl friend, Francis McCarty.. They came down to the station and Buster introduced me to his family. It was one of the highlights of my time in the service. I have kept in touch with Buster and his wife, Frances, over the years.

We finally arrived in the small college town of Tishomingo, Oklahoma where we immediately started classes in typing, writing letter, and all phases of office procedure.

While at Tishomingo State Teachers college, I was a innocent bystander of an act that threatened a court marshal for a number of students. Sitting in type class one day the student in the seat ahead of me fell asleep. The student in back of me was intent on giving the student who was asleep a hot foot. While the instructor was not looking in our direction he placed matches in the top part of the sole clear around the shoe. By now the instructor was getting suspicious and kept looking in our direction. This prevented the culprit in back of me easy access to light the

matches in the shoe. He would pass the lighted match to me. I wouldn't do the dastardly deed, but handed him the match back. He reached around me and lit the shoe. It was a real torch, the wooden matches burnt down to leather of the GI shoe. All was quiet for a few minutes until the pain hit. A great roar filled the room and the student nearly tore the desk apart getting up. He suffered third degree burns and had a lengthy stay in the hospital. He also missed being shipped with us to our next base. I was threatened with the court marshal. I told them I was not the guilty party. I was told that if I didn't tell them who did it that I would be the one court marshaled. All the class was restricted to stay on campus until the trial was over. I never told what had happened, but someone must have or the guilty one confessed. When I left he was still awaiting trial. During the war this type of crime could cost a soldier five years in the pen or a dishonorable discharge.



Aviation Cadet John Rae

After graduation from the college we were on a troop train bound for our usual unknown port of call. As we traveled west the rumor started that we were bound for that hellhole Camp Kearny, Utah. I believed the rumor when one of the fellows said his brother had graduated from Tishomingo College and gone to Kearns for deportation overseas. Once again I was the happiest person on the train. Every click of the rails meant I was drawing closer to home and to my loved one, Norma.

One of the greatest thrills in a lifetime was coming home after a long stay especially if it is unexpected as my return. Of the ten million men in the armed services I'll bet it happened to very few soldiers to be shipped to a base in their hometown. The day after our arrival I secured a pass and headed for home. Dad was in the front yard. I was wearing a pair of dark glasses as I walked up to him and asked does "John Atwood lived here?" It was several seconds before he realized that his son was home.

Norma was staying with Ava in American Fork. I called her and related my good news. She said, "I'm coming to Salt Lake tomorrow so we can be together when you are able to get off the base." I was able to get off base nearly every day because we were waiting to go overseas from Kearns. It was a great time in life. We went to movies, traveling when we could get a car and several dances at the Apollo in American Fork. Norma and I were engaged on April 10th, 1943.

I heard that examinations were being given one day only for the aviation program to become pilots. Buster Harless and I joined about hundred other soldiers in a building where we took two solid days of tests. Five soldiers passed all the tests and I was fortunate enough to be one of them. Poor Buster failed to make the grade and was bitterly disappointed. I was assigned to barracks with the other four cadets. The next day I dropped over to Buster's barracks to cheer him up. He had left that morning for overseas. As fate would have it, I met him on the island Ie Shima twenty-five months later.

After several wonderful months at home, I again found myself on a train bound for another unknown destination. This time I ended up at Emporia, Kansas at the Kansas State Teachers College. I lived in a fraternity house just off campus. I was here for six months taking classes in algebra, weather, radio, English, and other related subjects. I also was introduced to flying. Received ten hours in a Piper Cub in which I solely after six and half-hours.

While at Emporia I developed a bad tooth, so I was sent over to Topeka Air Base. I finagled a night flight on a B-24 bomber. We took off in the dead of night. I was located in the center of the aircraft and as I looked out the left window the wing was on fire. Or so I thought. My first night flight and we were going to crash. After closer examination I determined that the fire was the exhaust from the back of the engine. I liked the excitement of the flight and was even more determined to become a pilot.

On October 23, 1944, I left Kansas headed for Santa Ana, California for Preflight School. Military service was improving for me. We traveled by train, but each evening the train stopped at a Fred Harvey's diner, usually located next to the train depot. Certainly life in the military was improving for me.

At Santa Ana we were given two additional weeks of test. These were much more difficult than the ones given at Kearns Air Base. After passing all these test we spent six months attending classes, learning to send and receiving radio code, physics, mathematics, aircraft and ship recognition, and navigation. Radio required you to send and receive 10 words per minute. I passed being able to send and receive 10 words per minute. I was very pleased to pass a difficult subject with a score above average. For the other class my diary reminds me that I received 87.6% average for the above classes.

During my stay at Santa Ana Air Base I was invited to stay week ends with a family by the name of Sims. He was the top insurance man in the state. They had a big beautiful home located on Wiltshire s Avenue located in Los Angeles. Mrs. Sims tried every week to set me up with a date with her niece. I told her I had a girl named Norma in Mesa, Arizona and I had no interest any other girls.



Norma - Long Beach 1944

While staying with the Sims we visited the Hollywood canteen several times but we were never lucky enough to see any movie stars. We also attended the Wilshire Ward on Sundays. The Sims made one of their cars available when we visited on weekends. I will never forget how great the Sims were to us. When we told them we had to leave for primary flight training they gave Phil Buchanan, John Stewart, and me a party. I know they were genuinely sorry to see us leave. We all kept in touch with them by letter from all parts of the world. Whenever we meet we still talk about their love and kindness to three cadets who were a long way from home.

While still stationed in Santa Ana, Norma wrote to me informing me that she was coming to California to see me. Her Grandfather, Joseph, had agreed to be her chaperon. They stayed at the home of some people by the name of Myers. Grandfather Joe had converted them to the LDS Church while on his mission to England.

My diary which was called "My Life in the Service" I am going to include here a page from the diary that I wrote so long ago. On New Years, I had the most delightful time in my life. Yes, Norma came to see me. On New Year's Eve we went to a show. To tell the truth I wasn't very interested in the show. It was enough just to be with Norma again. We spent New Year's Day together down at the pier in Long Beach. The area was a large theme park. With a giant roller coaster, merry go round, and assorted carnival buildings. Being winter the place was deserted, but we were happy being alone. We talked about our future and what we would do after the war ended. We watched as many boats arrived and other departed from the pier. The time slipped by so rapidly that soon it was getting dusk and time for us to leave. So ended a day that will live in my memory forever.

Norma gave me my birthday present while she was here. It was two beautiful pictures of her. Gosh! How can a fellow help from loving her? She is the nicest girl and most beautiful girl I have ever known.

Phil Buchanan who is from Richfield, Utah and I had been informed that we are leaving for Rankin Air Academy located near Tulare, California. Rankin Academy was owned Tex Rakin. He was world a war one air ace and a highly decorated pilot. He had a great lake trainer plane and he put on several air shows for us, while we at the academy. He flew the plane upside down through a small hanger. To top that feat he picked up a handkerchief from off the ground with his wind tip.

Rankin Academy was a great place. Phil and I had a room for just the two of us. The food was excellent and the atmosphere of people and the place were excellent.

I made my first solo flight in a Stearman PT-17 after six and half-hours of flight time. I was first in my class to solo. My instructor Mr. Fink was a civilian had me land in a small dirt field about fifty miles from the main field. He climbed out of the plane and to my surprised hit me on the shoulder and told me to sprout my silver wings. I was worried if I could get the Stearman back on the ground as I circled the field. I wanted to exceed so badly as a pilot

that I feared if I was not successful on this first solo flight it would be the end of my dreams. In nine and half minutes I was back on the ground after a perfect landing. During the rest of my flight training before graduation I was commended by a number of instructors on my ability to land the aircraft in a smooth and efficient manner. I was so thrilled with my successful solo that I called Norma and my mother in the middle of the night to let them know the news.

I never experienced any problems in flying or classroom work during my stay. I felt I was progressing in my goal of become a pilot. After completing all of my classes and getting the required flying hours it was on to Basic Flying School.



Stearman, Rankin Aeronautical Academy, Tulare CA

Phil and I arrived at Merced Air Base May 23, 1944. As we were getting off the bus, we greeted by a Captain and a First Lieutenant. They lined us up in a formation and proceed to tell us how bad life would be on during our stay. Some of the fellows had musical instruments they had brought with them. They chastised and criticized these fellows for carrying around such large instruments from base to base. The musicians were told to form in a group and then to play their instruments. One fellow had a large bass fiddle that he could hardly get out of the bus door. Regardless of the size of the instruments and the criticism by the officers, these fellows were marvelous and entertained us for thirty minutes. The officers ordered into formation after which they double-timed us to our barracks. Orders were issued to clean the barracks in thirty minutes before they returned.

After their return they harassed us unmercifully with tales of how we would hate this place before we left for advance training. Finally they march us off to breakfast. What a surprise to find food fit for a king. The chef must have come from the kitchen of the Hotel Waldorf Astoria in New York. You could tell them what you wanted to eat and how you like it cook.

We soon found out these two officers were firm and efficient, but to our surprise they were undoubtedly the two best officers in the service. They arranged tours for us to Merced and cities beyond Merced for us during the weekend. Half way through our training they informed us we would spend the weekend on a twenty-mile hike and spend two nights sleeping in our pup tents. What a drag everyone was mad to have our weekend ruined with a lousy hike carrying a rifle and a fifty-pound pack. Friday morning we marched out of camp, as we turned east we could see we were headed for the mountains. After a half hour of hiking we heard army trucks coming up the road behind us. The trucks stopped and the two officers ordered us to board the trucks. We were taken to a beautiful lodge just outside of Yosemite National Park. We stayed for the weekend and were entertained by the same musicians that had been so embarrassed on our arrival at the base. Also excellent musical entertainment was brought in from Fresno and Merced. They brought the chief from the mess hall with them. You couldn't have been served better food in any hotel or restaurant in the world.

I soloed in a B-13 in six hours and ten minutes. I was the second one to solo out of our squadron of fifty cadets. I was elated with my progress, but I soon found out I was in serious trouble. More about that later.

Perhaps you can visualize my excitement when I received a letter telling me Norma was coming to Merced for a visit. Norma and her escort Revy White came to Merced on June 3, 1944 and stayed for the weekend. From my wartime diary I wrote the following. "Norma never looked more lovely that she did then. I really and truly know that she was the only girl I could love." It was heaven to be with her once again. The girls stayed in the Tioga Hotel. On Saturday night we took in a movie after which we went to a restaurant for dinner. Phil and Revy went their own way so Norma and I had most of two days together. Sunday we all went to church. Here we met a member with a large motorcycle. He was giving members short rides on his motor cycle. He asks Norma and she declined but He kept insisting until Norma finally submitted to his request. It was no short ride as the other members had received. Time went by and still they did not return. I was frightened that she had been kidnapped. About the time we had decided to call the police, we heard the sound of the motorcycle. I was so relieved to see her I forgot how mad I was at the thoughtless Motorcycle driver. Norma was hopping mad and I am sure she never went for a ride with stranger again. We talked about a million things, the past and the future. We decided to wait

until the end of war before getting married. Again we parted not knowing when we would get to see each other again.

Merced Air Field, was a wonderful place to be. And everyone hated to think about leaving. It was also a location filled with sorrow for many a cadet. Over fifty percent of our class had washed out. During our stay at Merced the invasion of France began on the sixth of June. Those who had washed out were sent to the infantry and within three weeks were fighting on the beaches of Normandy. Where many of them met their death.

We had heard via the grapevine that everyone was going to Kelly Field near San Antonio, Texas for advance training. My brother Millen always said I was the luckiest person alive. I knew he was right when I looked at the bulletin board. Posted was all of the cadets going to Texas a quick perusal of the bulletin board and I couldn't find my name. I gasped. Something was wrong I wasn't scheduled to go anywhere. Looking to the right was a small list of four people going to Williams Field, Arizona. And I was at the head of the list.



BT-13 Over Merced CA, May 1944

I arrived at Williams Field on July 6, 1944, at four o'clock in the morning. I couldn't wait to call Norma. Imagine her surprise to hear that I was calling from Williams Field where Norma and her father were both employed. She came out that Sunday and spent the day with me. We were able to see each other every day when our work was completed.

Williams was an advance training school and we were scheduled to graduate in ten weeks with our commissions. Here was my opportunity to fly the fastest and best trainer in the Air Force. The AT 6 Texan was a powerful plane and we were told if you can learn to fly a AT 6 you could fly any plane in the world. I loved flying the plane and my instructor was Lt. Scarborough. He was a wonderful fellow and an excellent instructor. He had me solo in six hours and after my solo flight he only rode with me on check flights.

The first pass I received was on a Saturday night. I didn't arrive in Mesa until about eight o'clock that evening. I met Norma and her mother coming down the road to meet me. Oh! It was heaven to be with her again. We had supper at her home that night, followed by a trip to Phoenix where we rented a canoe and spent the evening rowing around the park. I was invited to the Kings home every weekend during my stay at Williams Field.



**John & Norma Married
September 15, 1944
Mesa Arizona Temple**

When we heard the temple was to be opened only one day, until the end of the year. Rather than wait until the end of war to get married. Norma and I decided to get married on September 15, 1944. The biggest problem facing myself was could I get that day off. I was told by my superiors that if I could pass all my flight tests before the marriage day I could have three days off. I was still in the air with my instructor three hours before I was to be at Norma's home. I was getting nervous about getting to the temple on time and passing my final flight test for graduation. When I had about given up hope of making it on time the instructor congratulated me on an excellent flight and told me to return to base and land.

The bus I was to catch for the trip to Mesa had already left the base. I stood at the front gate depressed because no traffic was leaving the base. Finally an olive drab army ambulance picked me up. On hearing of my plight the driver turned on his red lights and his siren. He passed every car on the road at a terrific speed, dropping me off at Country Club Road in front of Norma's home. Everyone was on the front lawn awaiting my arrival. We were married for all time and eternity in the afternoon on a beautiful fall day. Our honeymoon was spent at the Sea Breeze Hotel in Phoenix.

My graduation was postponed for five weeks because the war was changing in favor of the allies. The loss of pilots and aircraft due to enemy action had diminished and no assignments were available. Half of the class was sent to Nellis Air Base in Las Vegas as B-17 copilots. I stayed on at Williams Field and it was wonderful. I could leave the base any time without a pass. It was the first time in two and half years that I had known such freedom. Another luxury I could sign out for a plane and fly anywhere in the state of Arizona that I desired. I would fly every day until five o'clock when Norma would get off work.

Graduation finally arrived and I received my commission and silver wings. What a thrill! It was one of the happiest days of my life. I had accomplished a goal that I had dreamed of as a young boy on the farm.

I was given a furlough to go home before reporting to Columbia Air Base in South Carolina. Norma and I had a few days with my folks at home in Salt Lake, before I boarded the train for South Carolina. My ten days off included travel time so we only had three days to enjoy the folks.

I was assigned as a copilot on a B-25 twin engine bomber. The pilot was from the state of Washington by the name of Elwood (Pop) Kalland. The navigator was John Chapman from New York. Radio operator was Albert Hines. We also had a flight engineer.

I had a lot of time off because Elwood was doing most of the flying with flight instructors preparing for our departure overseas. I called Norma to come to Columbia because I had a lot of free time and we could be together. She arrived on Christmas Eve. I remember waiting in my rented ford sedan listening to the radio to the Andrews Sisters singing Rum and Coca Cola. We had a wonderful Christmas in our rented room in a large southern plantation type home. I had purchased a Christmas Tree and we both exchanged gifts Christmas Morning.

During the Holidays Days Elwood came down with a serious case of the hives. The hives were so grim that he was hospitalized. I was assigned to take over as First Pilot and was turned over to Elwood's instructors. Because I had no twin engine in advance training at Williams Field I was way behind the rest of the class. I began to fly day and night to make up for lost time.

We liked Columbia and we were happy to be together. We found an upstairs apartment at a location called Five Points. While we were in Columbia we met Wilford and Edna Howard, classmates from Pleasant Grove High School. One day while awaiting the bus to take me to five points a car stopped to pick me up. Low and behold it was Laural Bushman and her husband. Laural Baird was a classmate at Wasatch High School. So we had friends from back home with whom we spent some pleasant times.

A week before we were to leave Columbia Air Base Elwood was released from the hospital and given command of the plane. This meant that Norma and I had a week of free time to spend with each other. The training that I received while Elwood was hospitalized gave me a jump on all my other classmates to be checked out for first pilot while stationed on the island of Ie Shima.

We left Columbia and traveled by troop train to Salinas Air Base in California. Getting Norma on an army troop train is another story which, is related in her history. After several weeks at Salinas we were transferred to Mather Field in Sacramento to await our departure overseas.

During our stay at Mather Field we stayed in several different hotel, until we could find a room for rent in a home near the State Capitol of California. We considered ourselves very lucky to have this time together. We had a lengthy stay because we had to wait for favorable tail winds to make the long flight to Hawaii. A long flight for a B-25 with an inexperienced crew with no flight time over water.

Finally the big day arrived and we were off on the adventure of a lifetime. We left Matter Field at around midnight with terrific head winds, which were predicted to last for the entire flight. With such poor weather condition it was questionable if we could make to our destination. After thirteen hours and forty-five minutes we landed at John Rogers Field on the island of Oahu. I heard on the radio shortly after we landed that Heber J. Grant President of the LDS church had just died.

We left the next morning for Christmas Island, which is only 3 degree's from the equator. About a third of the way our left engine lost power and we had to return to John Roger's Field on Oahu for repairs. The same thing occurred for the next seven days, until the ground crew could correct the problem.

The next stop was the tiniest island with an airfield in the Pacific. Canton Island had room for the runway, a few buildings and not one tree. Some men had been stationed there for three years without a leave.



Landing the next day on Tarawa we had the opportunity of visiting the site of one of wars two most devastating battles. Over 4,000 Americans and 10,000 Japanese lost their lives on this small piece of land. Seabees who were working on the island said when digging a trench for utilities they could not go five or ten feet without unearthing bodies.

On to the big island of New Guinea we landed at Henderson Field in a blinding rainstorm. Fighting was still going on in various parts of the island. We could see troops marching through the jungle and occasional heavy gunfire, as we flew combat practice missions.

New Guinea is the second largest island in the world. The beach near Henderson Field was a beautiful sight. The sand was of the deepest black that you could image. It was a spectacular scene on a clear moon light night. Our tent was located about half a mile from Bloody Ridge. On this site was some of the most furious fighting in the South Pacific.

Our combat training on New Guinea consisted of flying so low that we actually were cutting the tall grass with our airplane. Several aircraft had crashed by hitting metal barrels hidden in the grass. An aircraft carrier that had been sunk near the coast had most of the super structure above the water line. The carrier was used for target practice. We were required to approach the carrier below the level of the deck and just skimming the waves. We were so low that when we dropped the bombs they would hit the water and skip into the side of the carrier. At the same time we riddling the deck with our 14 .50 caliber machine guns.

With our training completed on New Guinea we were now headed for the real war which was taking place in the Philippine Islands to the north of New Guinea.

Picking up a new B-25 on the island of Biak we flew to the island of Palau located in the Caroline Island Group. This was the roughest, toughest, scariest, flight that I had ever experienced. The weather was rotten when we took off. We would never have flown in the states in such deplorable weather conditions. As we journeyed north the weather continued to deteriorate. Soon we were flying through giant cumulous nimbus clouds with winds so strong that some of the largest planes have been torn apart and crashed. Flying through these clouds is a giant no no, but we had no way to go around them.

The up and down drafts were so strong that both Kalland and myself would push the nose of the plane down and we would be gaining altitude. The next second we would be dropping toward the ocean with no way to stop our decent. We had every reason to believe we were doomed. We would fly out of one thunderhead only to encounter another one in about an hour. This continued all afternoon until we finally approached Palau. With the radio range out of commission on the island we were in doubt we could find the island. We were forced to fly beneath the clouds and just above the top of the waves. The good Lord was with us all for all a sudden the landing strip was dead ahead. We decided to land even though we knew we could not get the plane down on the end of the runway. We touched down in the middle of the runway and hit the brakes. The runway was crushed coral which was extremely slick. The plane took a wild swing to the left and skidded sideways to the end of the landing strip across a dirt road. It stopped one foot short of a three hundred foot cliff overlooking the Pacific Ocean.

The rest of the flight to Clark Field near the city of Manila was uneventful, with a stop for fuel at Tacloban on the island of Leyte. Flying over City of Manila was a scene of utter destruction. Airplanes that had been shot down

littered the landscape by the thousands. Both Japanese and American planes, the greatest number by far were Japanese. It was estimated that over 3,000 Japanese planes were shot down over Manila and Clark Air Field. .



After a short stay at Clark Field where I flew my first combat mission of the war it was on to Ie Shima an Island just north of the big island of Okinawa. This was where I really met up with the War.

At the conclusion of the war I thought I would go home in a few weeks. They were discharging veterans in the United States with as few as 90 wartime points. I had over 390 points and over three years of service. Instead of going home our whole Group was sent to Japan to fly allied personal throughout Japan and the Pacific Area.

I finally arrived in Seattle, Washington, April 1946 on a troop ship called the General Stewart. Thousands of men were on the ship, I was the last person to board the ship and the last one to get off. I had missed the first two ships because I was on standby. I was also on standby for the third ship, which I caught but was the last man aboard. Arriving in the port of Seattle they were serving coffee and milk on the dock, but by the time I got off all the milk had been served. I was looking forward with great anticipation to drink of milk because I hadn't tasted any since leaving the states nearly a year ago. No bands were on the dock to greet us, just a few parents who had crossed the country to greet their sons. It was great to be back in the USA again. Dreams do come true and I was finally on the last stage of my journey home.

I stayed a couple of days in an Air Force camp just outside of Seattle, before I caught a troop train for the journey home. This train was slower than even the ones I road during the war. I thought I would never get home. I called Norma every day from some train station telling her I would be delayed another day. On the last day of the journey I called her repeatedly that I was delayed for an another six hours. Finally the train stopped at the Union Pacific Station, where dad had dropped me off four years ago. Norma and Nell were there in the wee hours of the morning to greet me. Home at last.

Norma and I stayed at the folks home for several days, until we found a small apartment on Vine Street just north of the Deseret Gym. While living at Vine street Norma's friend Buena Rose invited us to go Mesa in her car. It was a great traveling down highway 89 with no responsibilities. The route was new to me and I loved the stops at the Navajo Bridge and the trip down Oak Creek Canyon. Best of all was being with Norma and planning what we were going to do in the future.

The first day at our new apartment Norma announced that we need to go to the grocery store and stock up with a few days groceries. I was shocked at the checkout stand when the clerk announced it was \$8.57 for two large bags of food. Boy, prices sure had shot through the roof while I had been overseas.

Dad and mother owned rentals around the valley. One of them on fifth north had caught fire and burned part of the kitchen. After the painters and carpenters had refurbished the duplex, we rented for it \$17.50 per month. We figured the low rent would enable me to attend the University of Utah. The first day at our new location we were walking down the sidewalk and two houses from our duplex we met Wilford and Edna Howard. They had bought a home on fifth north two houses from ours. While at Columbia Air Base Norma and I attended church in a small LDS ward. On our first visit we found Wilford and Edna standing in front of the door waiting for it to open.



John Lynn & Norma

The most blessed event to occur at fifth north was the birth of our first son John Lynn. He was born in the old Saint Marks Hospital about two miles from our house. He was a treasure and Norma kept him spick and span. She made a lot his clothes and when we took him on trips people would stop and say what a handsome little boy you have. The winter of 1949 was one of the coldest on record and Johnny caught a serious cold and we were afraid it would turn in to something more serious. The duplex had only a gas stove in the front room, which provided a little heat in the kitchen and absolutely none in the bedroom. One day Norma moved John Lynn's crib out from the wall to clean. To her startled amazement a coat of ice an inch thick covered the wall where the crib had been. We moved John and crib into the front room where he would be warm during the night.

After graduating from the University of Utah School of Business we decided to move. We purchased a new home for the sum of \$8,300 in the community of Glendale. The house had five rooms along with a utility room. Boy!!, were we excited to move into a new home with all that room. Norma and I wondered how we would ever fill all our cabinets. With the births of Patty and Mark we soon found that we had no trouble filling the cabinets, the closets, the rooms and the garage. Norma served as

President of the Primary and raised our three children. I was President of the Sunday School and work at Bechtel Corporation, building the Utah Power and Light Plant 3 miles north of our home.

One day while looking for fruitwood to turn on my wood lath we discovered an orchard where some homes were being built. We liked the location of a lot on a street called Cutler Road. We bought the lot and we were excited as the house was being built. We especially liked thinking about having a room for each of the children.

The home was without a garage for the car, my only disappointment with our new location. So I took out the storage room at the south end of the carport to give us access to the backyard. I hired a bricklayer to put up the cinder block and the facing brick on the front of the garage. When he had completed the brickwork he only charged me \$450.00 for the labor and the brick. I finished the rest of garage with the help of Mark who was about 4 or 5 at the time. I remember how he helped me shingle the roof. He would wait for me to get home at night to work on the roof. We had lights strung from the house to the top of the garage roof and we would work until nearly midnight. Mark was a great help and he dearly loved working with his dad.

When the floor of the garage was finished the kids and I built a dam across the front entrance and flooded the floor with water. It was not deep enough to swim but what fun they had along with neighborhood friends wading in the water. This was secondary only to the great water fights they enjoyed nearly every summer.

Great events happened to Norma and I while living on Cutler Road. John Lynn, Patty and Mark were busy growing up. In 1960 Norma was pregnant and expecting our fourth child. It was one of the hottest summers on record and Norma was feeling the heat and her pregnancy wasn't helping matters at all. Labor Day morning Norma woke me up and told me it was time to go to the old Saint Marks Hospital. I was a nervous wreck I was thinking back a few years to a similar day taking Norma to the hospital where she had a miscarriage and lost the baby.

Waiting outside the delivery room I heard people talking about a lady in the process of having twins. I never gave it a second thought, because the doctor had told Norma that he expected a normal birth. Suddenly the door burst open and a nurse said here is your beautiful baby daughter, isn't she cute. After a few minutes the door opened again and another nurse said and here is another daughter for you. By this time the corridor was crowded with nurses and doctors waiting to see my expression. I wished I had toppled over in a dead faint. (Faked of course.) Life would never have been the same without the arrival of the twins. No one would believe we had been blessed with twins.

When I called Norma's mother and told her of the blessed event she said, "Let me talk to Patty." She ask Patty what did Norma really have?

We enjoyed life to the fullest at our home in the Winder 10th Ward. Johnny, Patty, Mark and the twins attended school at Millcreek Elementary, Granite Park Junior High School, and all of them Graduated from Granite High School. Johnny married Janene Hansen and Mark left for his mission to North Carolina after giving a inspiring farewell talk in church, just before we moved from Cutler Road.



We had our dream home built in the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon at a place called Granite Flat. An unromantic name but a beautiful location nestled just below Lone Pike and some of the most scenic mountains in the world. We moved here on April 1, 1977 and it's been no joke we have loved every minute of our life here. The Twins commuted to Granite High School to finish their last 2 months of High School.

I put in the sprinkler system and Norma and Mark help put in the lawn and all the scrubs and trees. We also painted and papered the house inside and out. It's been a do it yourself project ever since we moved in. I started finishing the basement even before we moved into the house. It was a labor of love and we have had many rewarding experiences since we settled here. All of our children have homes here in Sandy and none of them live more than six miles away. We have been able to enjoy and cherish the birth and growing up of everyone of our grandchildren and great grandchildren.

During the late 1970's I started a business called the Camera Company. The main product that I handled was called a Susis Rotary Paper Trimmer. I sold so many in Utah that I was able to get the franchise for the entire United States. The line of trimmers allowed me to travel to major resorts throughout the USA, taking Norma and sometimes members of my family with me. I sold the franchise to Mr. Roy Miers of Duluth, Minnesota in June 1996 and retired to the comforts of a good home.

While Norma I where camping in our Nomad vacation trailer at Wasatch State Park, I experienced pains in my arms and shoulders and Norma had to rush me back home. I ended up in the LDS Hospital where a Doctor Liddle performed a open heart operation and I left the hospital feeling like a new man.

The year is now 1999 and less than three months from the turn of century. We have lived for twenty-one wonderful years in this home. Life has been a wonderful journey d I am thankful to my parents who gave me life. I am grateful to my lovely wife Norma who has supported me through the year. She was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen and she gets lovely as the years go by. Our children are the treasure of our lives and all of them are living lives that make us proud parents.

JOHN LYNN STORY



One of the first traits I noticed about John Lynn was how unselfish he was. When he was just a little tike you could ask him for a taste of his ice cream and he would want to give you the whole cone. He has so amplified this characteristic, that he is now regarded as a saint by all. Ask the eighty plus year old widow in his neighborhood, who does her genealogy on a computer, what she thinks about John. She says that without John's help she could never continue her one hobby that keeps her going in her old age. She is always singing his praise along with others he has helped with their bicycles, automobiles, house repairs, sprinkler systems, and any other appliance they can't fix.

John had a fondness for trains and when he was about three he would call out as the train passed by. "Oh!, there goes the inky boose" You just have to love a child who called the caboose an inky boose.

Even as a youngster he would say to his dad, "Why don't you set your bench saw this way to make a cut." I think you would find it easier and quicker to accomplish the cut. Quite irritating for a 34 year old Dad to hear from his seven year old-son. His suggestion was so clear and precise that I changed the saw setup and saved myself a lot of time and completed a much superior job.

One of the great thrills in life is taking your son fishing for the first time. Oh! I wish I could remember how old he was at the time. He was just a tiny tike but he wanted to go fishing with his dad. We drove out to Spring Run, which was about 2 miles from home. On the way I told John that the likelihood of our catching a fish was very unlikely. I stressed the idea that he must leave his line in water until he got a bite. I explained that if he left the line in for a long period of time he was more likely to get a bite. I tied the line on his pole and put the worm on the hook and helped him get the worm in the tiny stream. I turned my attention to rigging up my own pole. About a minute later I heard a shout. "Dad, I've caught a fish." I replied, "Leave the line in the water." "No, No! I've caught one" He not only had caught that one, but, exceeded in catching seven more before I had my line in the stream.

What does a dad do to enjoy a teenage boy? Many exciting adventures John and I enjoyed together during his growing up years. They are too numerous to recall them all, but one in particular that stands out in my mind was our Explorer trip to the Snake River. John and all his friends from the ward planned a river trip that lasted a whole week. Floating down the river, we would stop to eat lunch, take a swim across the river, do a little fishing, and a lot of storytelling.





parents very proud. John married his sweetheart Janene Hansen and they live in Sandy with their three beautiful daughters. Cori graduated from the University of Utah, is now living in Kentucky with her young family. Heather also graduated from the University of Utah and is living with family in South Jordan. Brooke is still living at home while attending the University of Utah.

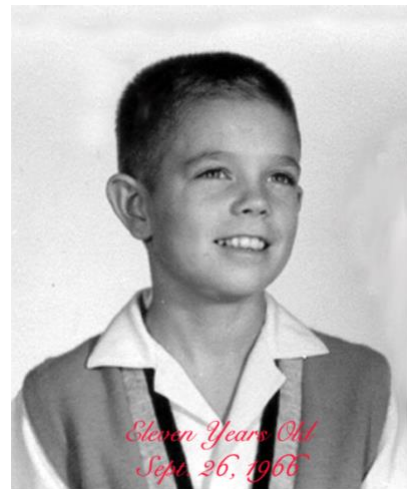
The first day I sat in the front of the canoe where I could steer in whatever direction I wanted to go. A couple of times we got caught in serious trouble. One evening John Lynn told me our trouble was caused by me trying to steer the canoe from the front. I disagreed with him. So the next day he put me in back of the canoe to do the steering. I soon found out who was right and I exchanged him places and I enjoyed the rest of the trip seeing the scenery rather than trying to control the canoe by paddling.

John loved scouting and it showed. He was the first one to accomplish any of the numerous activities in the Boy Scout Handbook. Knot tying which was a difficult exercise for most scouts, was easy for John. He was soon helping his friends in the skill of tying knots. As Scout Master of the Winder 10th Ward, I had the opportunity of going on many campouts with my son John. We spent one night in Corner Canyon, southeast of Draper. Short stay, but the scouts had great fun setting up their tents and cooking an excellent dinner. Fourteen days camp at the eastside of Bear Lake. John's cousin Steve Huffacker from Mesa, Arizona went along with John and this made the trip even more enjoyable. Who could forget the trip down the Snake River and Tom Richards fishing a live cherry bomb out of the river and sticking it in his mouth? John was awarded his Eagle Scout and as an additional honor was given the Order of the Arrow, making his





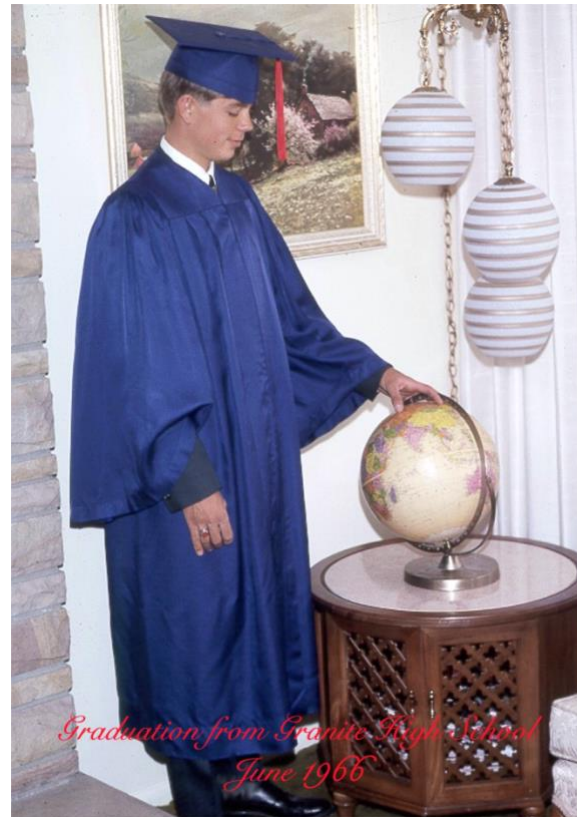
One year old



*Eleven Years Old
Sept. 26, 1966*



Next stop, Alta Ski Resort



*Graduation from Granite High School
June 1966*

Patty Born to Teach



Patricia Ann Atwood

Patty's life began in the old Saint Mark's Hospital April 7, 1951. She was delivered by our family doctor, Galen O. Beldon, on a beautiful April day. What a thrill it was to drive a beautiful dark haired, dark eyed baby daughter to our new home in Glendale. Norma had the bedroom all decorated for a new baby, with a new crib and bassinet ready for either a boy or girl. We were both thrilled to get a girl to go along with her brother, John Lynn.

Patty always looked like a fashion model because she had a mother who made most of her clothes. I remember going shopping or to church functions and having people stop and saying, she looks like an angel, or "Where did you get such a pretty outfit."

One ominous event happened while living in Glendale. We were faced with having to call the police to report a missing child. It was on a beautiful summer day and Patty was sleeping on her bed. After checking to see if she was sound asleep, I returned to the backyard to work in the flowerbeds. Experiencing an aching back and a little bored from pulling weeds, I decided to check on my daughter. Seeing her bed empty, I looked all through the house. Assuming she had wandered outside I checked around the house. Then I began asking all the neighbors if they had they seen Patty. I had to find Norma and tell her our darling child was missing. We both canvassed our street and all adjacent streets.

Now we were in a high pitched panic. We called the police and they told us to call back in 10 or 12 hours if we hadn't found her. Late in the afternoon, after hours of fruitless searching, we decided it was time to call the police again. As I was reaching for the phone Norma called, "John, I found her!" She had walked into the bedroom to find Patty back in bed fast asleep. We had searched the house a number of times during this frantic search. Where had she gone for such a long time remains a mystery to the Atwood Family.

It was a joy having Patty growing up in our home. She was multi talented in the arts. For all the holidays she was drawing pictures on the windows, decorating all the rooms with her handy work. She entertained us while learning the piano, a gift I wish she was still pursuing. Patty was always faithful in her devotion to Heavenly Father and to her church. I remember one night that Norma and I returned home at about midnight. We had left Patty home to tend her twin sisters. We checked all the bedrooms to see if everyone was all right. On entering Patty's room we found her sound asleep, kneeling at her bed in prayer.

She attended grade school at Millcreek Elementary, Granite Park Junior High and graduated from Granite High School at the top of her class. She graduated from Brigham Young University with a degree in education. She is now teaching third grade in the Granite School District. Her classroom is a marvel to behold. It is always decorated with her artwork to inspire students to achieve their dreams.

Dads don't get the opportunity to take their daughters on many dates. I remember one Daddy's Date with fond remembrance. We were dressed up in our finest and we went to dinner and then to a show. It was called The Seven Lives of Dr. No with Jack Lemmon. The show was a real flop, but the opportunity of going with my lovely daughter has remained in my memories as one of the special times in my life.





Mark & Patty

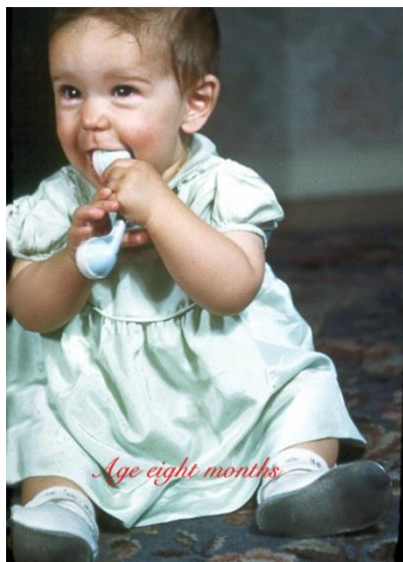
She not only helped raise the twins but was instrumental getting them interested in learning. She spent hours with them drawing pictures and reading children's books.

Patty and Greg, along with their three daughters and son, live in Sandy. Trisha is studying electrical engineering at Brigham Young University in Provo. Holly's field is computer graphics at Utah State University in Logan. Emily who is studying art/illustration is also attending Utah State University. Ryan is the only one still at home and is attending school at Lone Peak Elementary. I am proud of Patty because at the present time she is working on getting her Master's Degree. This will be a great accomplishment for her, because she is teaching full time and is very busy at home and with church assignments.

At an early age Patty showed real talent in art. She was always drawing in scrapbooks or on sheets of paper. It wasn't long until she graduated to something bigger than small sheets of paper. Soon she was drawing on large objects like the front window. In my mind I can still see her standing in the front window of the living room, painting picture's on the glass to enhance the families enjoyment of the holidays such as Halloween and Christmas.

One day in July, I ask Patty if she would like to go for a ride with me. Jumping into the car we were off to an unknown destination. Patty kept asking me where we were going. I kept her in the dark until I pulled up in front of an art and fame store in Cottonwood. "Dad, what are we stopping here for?" was her next question. She followed me into the store and I told her, to pick any drawing set her heart desired. She looked at every set in the store and finally picked out a gorgeous unit. I have never seen anyone more thrilled with a gift. Her genius with pen, pencil, and brush has put the entire family in good stead. She has helped all of us prepare talks, decorating the house for special occasions. She was a real inspiration to the twins when they were growing up. Students in her class have been fortunate to have a classroom filled with her art objects. Only the most stupid couldn't help but be motivated by her skill, preparation, and desire to have her classroom geared to a learning situation.

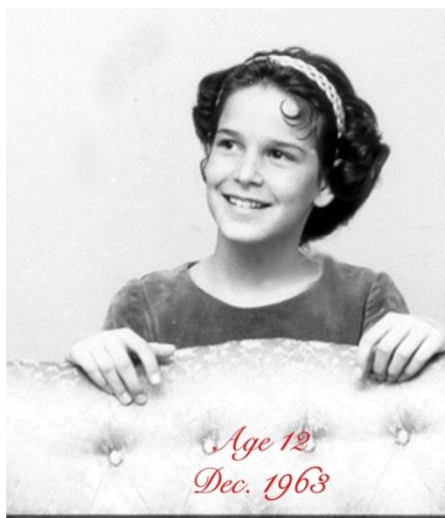
Patty was always a great help to her mother with domestic tasks around the house. She was great with Mark during his childhood. She was a big sister to him, tending to his every need, while Norma was busy with the rest of us. Norma often remarked that without Patty's help there was many times she couldn't have managed raising the twins.



Age eight months



*Eight years old
Sept. 26, 1959*



*Age 12
Dec. 1963*



*Graduation Day RYU
April 20, 1998*



High School Days

Mark Born to Hike



It was a few days after we had celebrated Christmas that we had an evening visit by our home teachers. After the lesson they stayed and stayed talking about the Christmas Holiday, and University of Utah basketball. We always enjoyed their coming to our home. But this night was a special night and Norma's labor pains were increasing in frequency and pain. As soon as they left we jumped into the car and headed to the old Saint Mark's Hospital. Our first two children had been born with beautiful delicate features. Mark certainly missed the mark, he was just plain ugly. The doctor took one look at him and slapped Norma. He had a flat forehead and one side of his face was pulled back at an odd angle. He had a face that only parents could love and we loved him with a passion.

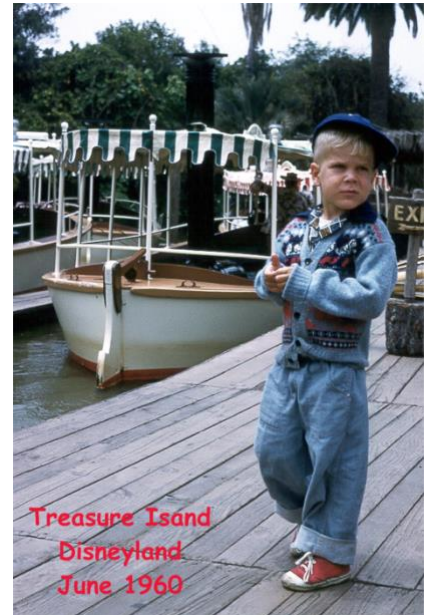
Mark was a person who never took a long time getting important tasks accomplished. In eight weeks time he was like a butterfly coming out of a cocoon. He had wavy blond hair, blue eyes, and a face that somehow had miraculous rearranged itself. Everywhere we took him people complimented us on what a handsome child we had.

He developed a love for photography at a very early age. He liked to spend time in the darkroom with his dad and watch the picture come to life in the developer. One day he asked me if could we go to the darkroom and develop the fakes. I had a hard time figuring out what he wanted to do. Then it dawned on me he meant to develop negatives. Since then all reference to pictures, negatives, slides have been called fakes in the Atwood family.

Have you ever heard a real good dog call? This is a call initiated by Mark. Whenever John Lynn, Mark or myself would spy one another unexpectedly, like in an airport, downtown, or any other unexpected location, you would hear this call ring out above the ambient noise level of the crowd and know that one of your siblings was near. This called brought about some startled looks from strangers, but we were always excited to see each other.

Mark had hoards of friends. He collected them wherever he lived. I remember his friends from around the Cutler Road neighborhood playing basketball at our home. Our basket was on the front of our carport. From the street curb to the basket was twice the distance of an official basketball court was from the foul line to the basket. I had a standing offer of a dollar to anyone making a basket from the street curb. It was not a bad situation for me, because when Mark made a basket the money stayed in the family. Very seldom did anyone but Mark make a basket from such a great distance. Mark hit the basket consistently, much to the consternation of his friends. He had three friends who were starters on the Granite Varsity High School basketball team. They were much taller than Mark, but he could beat them in any game they desired to play. It didn't matter if it was one on one, 1 horse, 2 horse, or more. Shooting twenty-one foul shots, I never knew him to lose a game.

I'm not sure when Mark developed his great love for hiking. Perhaps it was the hiking to a couple of pristine lakes nestled in the Saw-Tooth Mountains located in Idaho. We learned about the lakes while vacationing with the family at Red Fish Lake, which is located about fifty miles north of Sun Valley, Idaho. It had been our dream for a



number of years to see and fish these lakes. We were told that only 10 to 20 people make this long hike a year. We started from Lake Alturas early in the morning. By evening we guessed we were half way to our destination. We pitched our tents in a beautiful meadow, with a stream of pure crystal water flowing near our tent. The hike up to this point had been fairly easy, but from here the trail began to become steep and we would be crawling some steep cliffs.

The next day the trail became more difficult as the day wore on (and dad began to wear out) as we neared the top of the Sawtooth Mountains we were climbing up some very steep cliffs. Toward sunset we were above the timberline. As we climbed over the rim at the end of the trail down below was the first lake simmering in the last of the sun warm rays. The lake was at the foot of a glacial cirque and the beauty of the scene is impossible to describe.

Mark set up our tent and cooked the rainbow trout we had caught just moments after arriving at the lake. After eating a meal of trout, which was served without any salt, we watched in awe as a full moon crept over the rugged Sawtooth Mountains to the east. It was a perfect setting to enjoy the solitude and exquisite beauty of such a rugged landscape. Being with my son Mark, high in the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho is a memory I shall never forget. I'll bet Mark has never forgotten how he help his dad carry part of his heavy pack up the mountain, because he thought I was getting a little old for such a strenuous climb. At the trailhead Mark took a large package out of my pack and put into his. Can you image his chagrin when he discovered the package of mine, that he had stuffed in his backpack was full of reading books?

In preparation to give his farewell talk before leaving for his mission to North Carolina, he had his Mother, Patty, and Aunt Dorothy help write a talk for him to give. He started out with the prepared speech, which was well written. After a couple of minutes into the talk he left his prepared script, winged the rest of his talk from his heart. He had many in the audience in tears. After the meeting I heard many people tell him it was the best talk they had ever heard in the chapel.





Mark - One Year Old



Mark's First Hair Cut - Nov 1956



Graduation Granite High School 1974



Three Years Old - Easter, April 6, 1958



Football Star

Lisa Born to be together



Lisa was the first twin to be born and that made her very special in her father's heart. Linda was a late comer being born last that also made her very dear to me. Were these to girls identical? Believe me they were. My mother could never tell the two apart. When they were little girls I could always tell who was who because of the cyst on Lisa's right eye. By the time the cyst was removed the twins were developing their special personalities, which permitted me to know who it was. Sometimes I couldn't tell one from the other, but I always knew who it was by what they were doing.

How proud Norma and I were to be able to push Lisa and her twin sister in a double baby stroller. We would get all kinds of compliments from passersby. Like what a beautiful pair of twins. Did you make their outfits? How old are they? Are they any work?

When the twins were four years old Norma made them Raggedy Ann and Andy outfits. On Halloween Day October, 1964, I was at work in the

Audio Visual Department of Deseret Book. To my surprise Norma brought Lisa and Linda downtown to Deseret Book to show me the twins in the new outfits. They made a hit with their Dad and everyone in the store. I could hear people saying, "John Atwood's wife is downstairs with the most beautiful set of twins. You have just got to go down and see them."

As I look back over the years I can see and visualize so many of the activities that the twins were engaged in. They starred with their cousin, Barbara Pace, in such exciting plays as Lilac's and Lollipops which was a smash hit with the parents. Who can forget that dramatic hit they were in called Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. In real life the girls were so honest that they had to put their best acting skills to work, in order to act as a couple of sneak thieves. But with their marvelous acting abilities they were equal to the task.



In August of 1970, the Winder annual campout was held at Wolf Creek Campgrounds. We left pulling our Nomad Trailer behind our Chevrolet. As we approached Lambs Canyon our engine started to lose power and we had to pull off the road at Lambs Canyon. I cleaned all the connection to the distributor and got back in the car. I pushed the gas pedal to the floorboard and the engine sounded great. I pulled out on to the freeway and in just a few thousand feet the car lost power again. We were only able to make about 2 miles per hour up the steep grade. I told everyone if I could make it to the top of Parley's summit I was going to have to stop. The twins said, "Dad, don't stop We want to get to the outing on time." I told them, "Unless they have a mechanic at the service station, we won't get to the campground at all." A kind man fixed the car and we were soon on our way, with happy shouts from two happy girls. Boy!! Were these twins a couple of Gushi girls.

The ward campout was a great success and the twins had a marvelous time. One of the events was a potato sack race. This race was won by Linda, with her twin sister, Lisa, racing down the sideline cheering and encouraging Linda on.

Lisa attend Millcreek Elementary, Granite Park Junior High, and graduated from Granite High School on the same day as Linda. What a coincidence that was.

Lisa married Pat Davies in a double wedding ceremony. The reception was held in the Old Winder Ward, which was converted to a reception center. Pat went on a mission to Sweden and he kept in touch with his best friend, Dave Winnie. After they both returned home they courted the twins and won their hands in marriage thus the double wedding with Linda.

Lisa and her family live in a new home in Sandy and only a mile from the Atwood's. She has two boys and two girls. She had a premature baby girl that lived only 1 hour. They named her Kylie.





*Lisa
Graduation from Granite High School
June 1978*



Lisa holding Jill



*Lisa
Skiing Brighton
March 1988*

Grandfather and Grandmother Carlisle



Thomas Fielding Carlisle



Annie Sheppard Carlisle



When I think about my Grandmother and Grandfather I think of two gentle and wonderful people. I wish I knew more about them. We didn't get to see them very often. I remember mother standing on our front porch holding a telegram in her hand and crying. She had just learned her father had died. Grandpa passed away August 7, 1933 while working in his beloved garden.

I remember Grandma coming to stay at our home in her twilight years. She had lots of pills to take every day. We loved her company and sweet disposition. She never complained and always had something good to say about everyone. Grandmother passed away during World War II. As a result few if any of her grandsons were home to attend her funeral. She passed away March 5, 1943 in Alpine, Utah.



John Leslie Atwood



John Leslie

One of my early memories of my father was standing with my sister Ava in the front window of our home watching cars winding their way up Provo Canyon in the early twilight of a summer evening. The spacing between cars was a long wait in those days of early transportation. Ava would say I'll bet the next car will our dad's. When the car failed to turn into our driveway I knew the next car coming up the canyon would be Dad's.

What a wonderful father and husband he was. As I write about him on my computer a thousand memories etch their way across my mind. Thinking about my computer and how at the touch of a keystroke I can check my spelling, change the font of printing to literally hundreds of different styles, I contrast that with the beautiful handwriting of my Father. He loved to keep precise records. He kept a daily diary of all his and the family's activities. His love for the family, the church, and his country was an inspiration to all who knew him. He was an excellent public speaker and he loved to give talks in church. He had a deep and melodic voice that people

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "J L Atwood". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large initial "J" and "L".

Dad's Signature was superb

complimented him on when they told him how they enjoyed his talk.

He didn't own a computer, but he had a passion for pens and pencils. As far back as I can remember he collected them. They were not as available as they are nowadays, when everybody gives them away as an advertising gimmick. I remember in his O. P. Skaggs store in Malad, a salesman calling on him would always give him a pen or pencil for his collection.

It was in Malad when I really recognized what a propensity dad had to deal with troubled times and make the best of the situation. Dad leased the meat department to a man named Ripley. Ripley had recently bought a new car; he dressed like a fashion plate and lived in a new home. We all wondered about the secret to his success until the local police came into the store to arrest him for stealing cattle from ranches around Malad.

Thieves broke into the store a week later and blew the safe open, stealing the receipts from a business week and \$117.00 of my money I was saving to go to school.

Before the month was over I was involved in a terrific automobile accident with the family auto. I had never before taken the car without first asking to use it. I had never been told no I couldn't take it. Dad had complete trust in all the members of the family and was always liberal with his possessions. It was 11:30 p.m. and mother and dad were asleep. Rather than awake them I took the car and drove up to the school to see who was at the Saturday dance. After about fifteen minutes I decided I wasn't missing too much and left to go home. I put the Chevrolet into second gear and must have been doing sixty miles an hour by the time I hit the intersection. I hit a car crossing the intersection going at least seventy miles an hour. My car did a three hundred and sixty-degree and the other car turned end over end for half a block before coming to a stop in a cloud of dust. Getting out of the car unhurt but scared to death that people in the other car were dead I noticed a man standing by me. He inquired, "Are you hurt?" "No", I replied but I am worried about the people in the other car. He responded, "No, I am okay." Dad got there a few minutes after the police arrived. He put his arms around my shoulder and told me everything would be all right. He never had another thing to say about the accident.



Hazel

Dad and Mother had complete faith in their sons and daughters. I do not remember any fast and set rules that they set to govern their family. It was impossible to commit a sin when far from home because of their complete

trust. They ruled with love and devotion toward each other and their children. They were an example of what is best in a father and a mother.

The day before Father died, Mother and Dad visited at our little home in Glendale in the early afternoon. He picked up John Lynn and played with him for a few minutes and then said to Mother, "Its time to go home." Leaving his felt hat on a small round lamp table he said good-bye at the door and was gone, never to return.

The next evening I received a phone call from Mother telling me something terrible had happened to Dad. She asked what she should do. I told her to call the paramedics and I would be right over. Arriving at the house I found the paramedics working over dad. Mother told how Dad had watched the Friday night fights. He got up from his chair and entered the bedroom. In a few minutes he came to the hall, was clutching his throat and said, "Help me." He fell to the floor and must have died in a few moments.

Returning nom a business trip from Southern Utah I stopped at the nursing home to see my Mother. As I entered her door. She looked up from her bed and said, "Well," with a smile on her face. I sat down by her bed and talked to her, asking her if she needed anything. She just shook her head as if to say no. In a few minutes she puckered up her lips and with a smile on her face she said, " My lips sure are dry." Those were the last words I every heard my Mother say. The next day Ava called me and told me that our Mother had passed away.

I have missed them both for these many years. I always think of them as I pass through the town of Charleston, Pleasant Grove, Malad, Idaho, 1773 South 3rd East, 1800 East.

A certain song, a warm summer evening, stepping on one of Mother's hand made rugs as step on it to I enter the kitchen from the garage, or some memento that they owned, all these things and a million more remind me of them. Love burns ever brighter as time goes by.

Always Together



John Leslie & Hazel
Main Street & 3rd South, Salt Lake City, Utah,

things that would make her life easier in order to give her family every advantage.

When I had Scarlet Fever she spent three weeks quarantined in the same room with me. Attending to my every wish. I was really sick and she was not only my mom but she was an angel.

Dad drove me to the Old Union Pacific Train Station his 1938 Chevrolet without saying a word to me. As we stood in the station waiting he gave me some sound counsel about living the gospel of Jesus Christ while I served in the Air Force. When they announced all aboard he put his arms around me and gave me a kiss on the cheek. It was one of the most poignant moments in my life.

They have been gone now for many years. I miss them both and they have filled my life with many pleasant memories. I thank God for giving me such wonderful and loving parents.

As I look back on my life with my father and mother, one of the things I remember most was their great affection for one another. I can remember only a few times that dad was away from home overnight. In the late 1930's father was selected by his peers to go to Washington D.C. to meet with Congressman Abe Murdock, to get all the farmers more money for their land, which was being sold for the Deer Creek Dam.

I know from his post cards and letters that he missed mother more than the written word can express. I shall never forget mother's radiant face on his return. He was only gone two weeks but I know they felt it was an eternity.

I always feel a warm glow when I recall how he always wanted me to be go with him, after thrashing his own fields of wheat, barley and oats. He hired out to his neighbors himself and the thrashing machine. He took me along even though I didn't have anything to do except sit along a ditch bank and read. Or it could be a long car trip to Malad, Idaho and he wanted me along for company.

Much has been written about mothers. I wished I had the ability to put in words how sweet and loving my mother was. Her family always came first. She was constantly doing without

HONEST JOHN



**Ava, John Leslie
and John Rae 1924**

During World War II, I found myself aboard a large naval vessel headed for the island of Okinawa. The year was 1945 and I had been away from home since 1942. I was lonesome and daydreaming about home and the people I loved. I wasn't happy being on that Liberty Ship and I felt the ship was certainly miss named. The last thing I thought that ship had to offer was any kind of liberty. Three days before we had sailed out of Subic Bay, which was located west of Manila, the capitol of Philippine Islands. I was aboard ship because I was among the newest members of the 500th bomb group called the Air Apaches. All of the veteran pilots had flown our B-25 bombers to Okinawa, while the rookie pilots of the group were confined to a slow moving naval vessel.

I could be content to be aboard ship as long as I had something to read. Unfortunately I had read all the paperback books that I had stuffed into my B-4 bag before leaving Clark Field. As I searched around the ship for something to read. I found a copy of the Stars and Stripes newspaper. This was the official armed services newspaper, which was distributed around the world to all personnel in the Air Force, Army, Marines, and the Navy.

As I began to read the Stars and Stripes from beginning to end. I spotted the headline of a column that read "HONEST JOHN". To my astonishment the article was about my father and how he had found a wallet with a large amount of money, and had returned the wallet, along with the money plus interest.

Reading the article and being 10,000 miles from home, my mind hearkened back to my childhood days in Charleston. It was a hot day in July and the family was headed to Pleasant Grove to visit my Grandmother Atwood. Dad was driving his first car to have roll-up-and-down glass windows. The car he had traded in was one with isinglass windows and old mechanical brakes. We thought we were on the cutting edge of what is new in automobiles.

One of the customs on a trip to grandmother's was a stop at Wicks Inn where Dad treated all of us to a frosted mug of root beer. On this particular trip, Dad informed us that we would stop at Bridal Veil Falls and get a drink of water. He explained that no money was available for treats. The payment on the farm loan was due and he didn't have the money to save the farm.

Stopping at one of America's most beautiful scenic spots, Nell and I ran across the swinging rope bridge, and stopped just above the spot where the falls enter the Provo River, to kneel and get a drink. Dad walked up the trail alongside the falls to find a spot that was more secluded to get his drink. As he leaned over, he spotted a man's wallet. He picked it up and found a huge amount of money

On returning home, father wrote to the man in the state of Oregon who had lost the wallet, informing him of the amount in the wallet and requesting information on how the gentleman would like the money and wallet returned. No reply came back from the letter. Dad tried to reach him by telephone and by Western Union, to no avail. In desperation to save the farm from a foreclosure by the bank dad used the money from the lost wallet.

Many years passed and the memory of the wallet had slipped my mind. We had moved from Charleston. The farm was covered with water by the Deer Creek Dam. Millen, Royal, and Ava had all married sweethearts they had courted in Wasatch County. Nell was living in Salt Lake City with the folks at 1773 South 3rd East. Dad was working at the air base in Kearns, Utah where he managed the Post Exchange and the Bowling Alleys.

Dad always loved to meet new people and to find out where they were from. He enjoyed his job at the base and his opportunity to meet new soldiers. One night he met a young man from the state of Oregon. On asking the young man where he was from, the soldier replied, “ I’m from a small town in Oregon.” Dad, recognizing the name of the town, asked the soldier, “Do you know so and so?” The soldier said, “Sure. He is my uncle and he lives in San Francisco.” Dad contacted his uncle, telling him about finding the wallet years ago, and that he had spent the money to make payments on the farm mortgage. He explained that money had saved the farm from repossession by the heartless bank.

On receiving the wallet and the money the man wrote to my father saying that at the time he lost the money, he was on top of the world, that finances were not a problem. He was on vacation at the time he lost the wallet. “I’m sure that I was like everyone else and did not enjoy losing my wallet and the money at that time. But it was more of an inconvenience than a disaster for me. Now I am living in San Francisco and I have met with hard times. The money you have sent me has made it possible for me continue to live in my apartment. I thank God for your honesty.”

In March of 1954, at my father’s funeral, I was thrilled to hear my father’s former bishop from Charleston say during his talk that . . . “John Leslie Atwood was the most honest man I have ever known.”

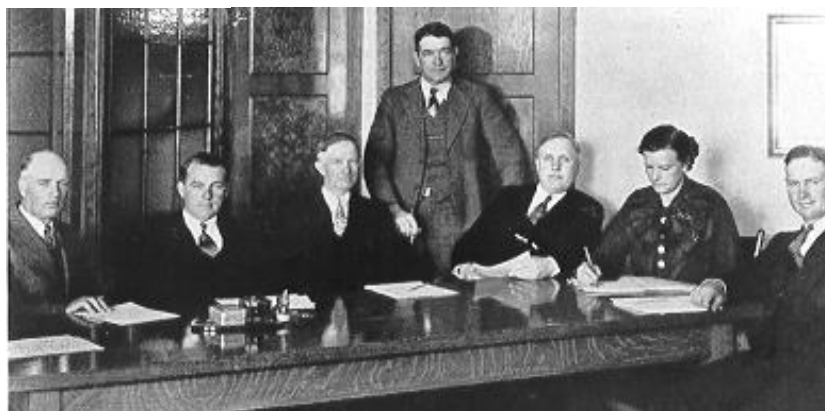


**Dad and his brothers
John, Lawrence and Frank**

Charleston



**Mother with her brother Paul
and Aunt Zalya Hunter
Alpine, Utah**



**John Leslie (standing)
President Wasatch County School Board**

LEAVING HOME



Hazel Atwood
1773 S 3rd East

Having graduated from high school I attended a sheet metal school at West High in Salt Lake City. Upon completion of sheet metal school, I secured a position at Hill Field Air Base as a sheet metal mechanic. While working at this job, I heard that if I contacted a certain Major on the base he might give me a letter of recommendation to join the Air Force. The ten of us with the letters from the Major, reported to Fort Douglas. Of the 600 men who were drafted that day, all were assigned to the infantry except the ones with the letter from the Major.

Leaving home was not an easy matter, even if you were willing to serve your country. Men who joined the armed services during World War Two were in for the duration. Realizing that it might be years before I returned home, or that I might never come back, I awaited my call to serve with a great deal of anxiety and dread. I wondered if I had the fortitude, courage, and moral strength to stand up to the challenge that an uncertain future might bring.

A great sadness filled my heart as Dad drove me to the Union Pacific Train Station. I hated the thought of leaving home for such a long period of time. I had met my future wife, Norma King, during my last year of high school, and I was looking forward to spending lots of time with Norma. There were so many dances, parties, evening drives, and many other exciting activities that I wanted to share with her. The top priority in my life at this time was to spend as much time with her as possible.

On a warm October day, my Father drove me to the old Union Pacific Train Station to catch the train to where only the Air Force knew where I was being sent. I never realized what my Father was thinking about my leaving until my own son John Lynn, left some twenty years later for his military service. As we waited for the train to arrive Dad placed his hand upon my shoulder and gave me the following advice. He said, "Son, you are going on a great adventure and you will undoubtedly find many of your days filled with loneliness, discouragement, and many unwelcome trials." The admonition he gave to me was to treat each day as a special gift from God. The train whistle blew announcing the arrival of the train; Dad placed his hand on my shoulder and gave me the following council. He told me "To live the type of life that I had been taught at home and cling to the teaching of the church." As I picked up my bags to catch the train Dad put his arms around my waist and gave me a big hug and kissed me on my cheek. I was so overcome with emotion that I never forgot his advice and wise council. I can honestly say that I lived my life during my four years in the service as my father had wished.

Following his advice I sought out LDS wards in the vicinity of the air bases where I was stationed. As a result I was invited to many wonderful homes and treated as a family member. Asked to stay on

weekends and even have use of the family car, I remember the Wilkinsons in Stockton, California. The Simms in Los Anglos who invited me to stay every weekend for the ten weeks I was stationed at Santa Ann Air Base. The first week at Santa Ann Air Base ten Mormon boys had been invited to stay at the Simms home for three days. My being new at the base, I didn't know about the invitation. A cadet asked me if going to the Simm's home for the weekend? I told him I didn't know about the invitation or the Simms, that I had just arrived on the base. He said, " I'll ask the Mormon Chaplain to call Mrs. Simms and I'll bet she will have room for you." A few hours later, the Chaplain came to the barracks looking for me. He said, "that Mrs. Simms had made arrangements for me to stay by calling a Major General who had been invited for the weekend and telling him to get a motel she had a buck private coming by the name of Atwood. After being stationed at four different air bases and traveling across the county from California to Florida and attending Tishamingo College in Oklahoma, I boarded a train with the destination unknown to anyone. After several days on the train the rumor begin to circulate that we were being shipped to Kearns Air Base in Kearns, Utah for shipment overseas. As I was the only one from Utah, all of my peers came to my seat asking where all of the bars and the ladies of the evening were and where they you buy liquor in Utah. I tried to tell them about Temple Square, the Bingham Copper Mine, the State Capitol, swimming in the Great Salt Lake and many other places of interest. As I sat in my seat knowing I was the topic of their conversations I felt desolate and unwanted. Then one of the great moments in life stepped into my life. A young soldier sat down beside me and I thought, "no another one with questions about how to have a good time in Utah. His name was Babs and he said He was from Oklahoma and that he had met a number of Mormon soldiers and was so impressed by their life style and their way of life he was investigating the church. He said while in Salt Lake, he was going to attend LDS wards and if he was as impressed with the members in the wards as, he was with the Mormon soldiers he had met he was going to join. I invited him to attend my folk's ward but he declined saying, that he wanted to attend a ward where no one knew him. After I returned home from Japan (in time for April Conference) I received a phone call from Babs that he had been baptized a member and was in Salt Lake for Spring Conference. This all happened years before President Kimball made the statement: Every member a missionary



John Rae, Stella Paramore and Royal
First Photograph of John Rae



John Leslie
1773 So. 3rd East



Mother at the Salt Lake Temple Grounds



**John, Nell and Ava
Heber City**

Circa 1920

BOX THIRTEEN



Royal Atwood

Yes, it's true that the small town of Charleston, Utah had a post office during the 1930's. Our box number was #13. Back in those days the number thirteen was a lucky number. At least our family considered it very lucky. How I loved to walk along the bank of our irrigation ditch which led to the post office, which was about a mile's distance from our home. I liked to find what surprise might be found in box 13. One cold day in early March I made my way to the post office. Through the small window of box 13 I could see a yellow slip and I knew that some kind of a package was waiting to be picked up. Dialing the combination code by twisting the small knob on the box, I grabbed the yellow slip, and found that Royal had a large package to be picked up. Pushing the button to ring the bell in Mrs. Wright's house. I awaited with anxious breath her arrival. Handing her the yellow slip, she reached down to the floor and pickup a package about eight feet long.

I hurried home to await Royal's arrival. I couldn't wait to find out the contents of the mysterious package. Royal returned late in the afternoon with four muskrats that he had trapped along the Provo River. When he finally opened his package, much to my annoyance it contained an ugly piece of wood about 4" x 4" x 8' long.

I asked, Royal what he was planning to make from such a sorry looking stick of wood. He explained that it was a piece of orange wood from California. And he was going to make a hunting bow.

While, he worked on the bow and arrow project, spring slowly turned to summer. As he turned the piece of orange wood on his home built- lath to get the correct roundness, the wood began to take on a beautiful orange hue. As he sawed, sanded, polished, and shaped the bow it began to take on the characteristics of a masterpiece.

Finally the masterpiece was finished. He had also made a large target with a red bull's eye in the center. We placed the target on the side of the barn. As always, Royal spent a great deal of time instructing me about the proper way to use the bow and arrows.

After many days and long hours of practice, I figured that I was an accomplished archer. So I invited a number of my friends over to see how I could hit the bull's eye with great ease. They all wanted to shoot an arrow at the target. I figured that a good idea was to let them shoot first. I knew that they couldn't be as accomplished as I because of my many hours of practice. La Verl Simmons was first to shoot. He hit the target several times but no bull's eye. Next was Vern Boren. He couldn't hit the side of the barn. Hugh Webster hit the side of the barn on each of his shots, but not the target. Now it was my turn to show my stuff. I picked up the bow and placed the arrow in the proper position and with all the confidence in the world, I took careful aim. To our astonishment the arrow left the bow and was nowhere in sight. It hadn't hit the bulls eye or any portion the target, nor had it hit the barn. We looked

on the ground all around the target. No arrow was to be found. Someone noticed that a small knothole in the side of the barn had been knocked out. We all rushed into the barn and to our astonishment found that the arrow had passed through the knothole about the size of a dime and hit one of mother's chicken right in the middle of the eye. We had chicken for dinner that night at the family table, but I am sure my Mother was not exactly happy.

For months afterward I was known around the neighborhood as a modern William Tell.

[The Charleston Post Office is now part of Lagoon's Pioneer Village.]

HARVEST TIME



Millen and Royal Harvesting Barley

I found this photo in an old family album. The picture was very small and it was hard to make out the faces of my two brothers. So I decided to make a negative and develop a large picture in my enlarger. As I lifted the picture out the developer, what a flood of memories crossed my mind. I could picture my two brothers working on the family farm on any task my father needed them to do. Both Millen and Royal were hard workers. I am certain that my folks

could never have made a success out of the farm without these two boys.

As you can see the harvesting of a crop of barley was all hard manual labor. Before Millen and Royal could begin to work in the grain field. They had to get up early to milk fifteen cows. Then drive the cows to the lower pasture and do other chores before breakfast. After the morning meal the real work of the day began. Life on the farm was work from sunup to sundown.

The barley field was located just west of our home. If you look closely to the right of the picture you can make out the window of our folks bedroom. Millen and Royals bedroom was located on the top floor of our home. On top of both beds were mattress filled with straw. My job each fall was to help mother fill our mattress with straw after the grain had been thrashed. The straw mattress was great to sleep on for the first month. As the months went by a person's body compacted the straw. We were happy to get a new stuffed mattress each fall. The pillows on the beds were a different story. Mother was given geese down by my grandmother Carlisle to fill the pillowcases my mother had sown on her treadle sewing machine. I can close my eyes even now and see myself climbing into my bed and laying my head on that soft down pillow, smell the fragrance of the new straw from the mattress beneath me, hear the pitter patter of the rain on the roof of that old farm house.

One of the memories of my teenage years just popped into my mind. Millen was courting his future wife Nina Edwards. I had given up my bed to my cousin Reed Beck. So I was sleeping with Millen. Sometime in the early morning I was awakened to find Millen with his arms around me planting kisses on my cheeks and forehead. This happened when I was unarmored with girls and I didn't appreciate his

unexpected affection. Millen was in a deep sleep and was undoubtedly dreaming about Nina. There was never a better way to get a deep night sleep than working fifteen or more hours on the farm in the 1930's. I could never get Millen to substantiate or believe his affection for Nina in his dreams. It happened as surely as the harvest moon rises over the hill to the east of our home in Charleston.

Another experience that I recall about my room upstairs was when Royal installed a wood stove in the room. It was the only stove that was located on the top floor of the house. What a pleasure to have a fire in a room all to myself. I could read in perfect quiet or look out the window in the winter time and see our large barn with the white mountains in the background. When I a small boy I was very excited about Christmas. Well you know it is, I could not wait for Christmas Day. I was looking through my brothers room for presents that might come from someone beside Santa Claus. I found a present Royal had bought to give me for Christmas. It was a red automobile that was a windup toy with a strong spring. The car was high tech in its day. When my brother's were to school or was working outside on their chores. I would get that car out, wind up the strong spring motor and release it on the hardwood floor. The spring tension would drive the car across the room and crash into the far wall. By Christmas morning the car was a total wreck. Royal put it in a new package tied with ribbon and placed it under the tree. I loved the present before Christmas and long after the holiday. I loved Royal for giving me the gift. It was an episode that was talked about for many a Merry Christmas.

When Royal and Millen had stacked the barley, and hauled it by a team of horses to the bottom of the barley field. The real hard work would begin. Dad would bring his thrashing machine into the barley field. Everyone in the family who was old enough to work had a job to do. (This included me even though I was very young.) The machine had a large engine, which was very noisy. The thrashing was a dirty job. Lots of dirt and chaff in the air. This was one job that everyone in the family was happy when the job was over. I wanted to someday inherit the thrashing machine. Dad said, "he would will it to me someday." I never knew what happened to the machine but perhaps it's just as well. Where would I store it?

The next big job on the farm was the harvesting the sugar beets. I would like write about that but the harvesting of the barley has plum worn me out.



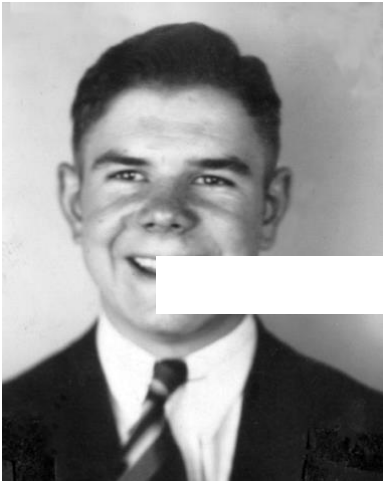
Millen



Royal



Ava



John



Nell



Millen



Royal



Ava



1John



Nell

Ava



Sisters are very special, especially to a younger brother by the name of John Rae. I always looked up to "Ava" as a person with lots of ability and as a mover and a shaker. She was a straight A student throughout elementary and secondary grade levels, and also at the Brigham Young University. More about her endeavors in high education as this story progresses.

I remember her making doll dresses for her little sister, Nell, to put on her favorite doll and then wheel the doll around the yard in her new doll buggy.

Ava made our Christmas's special and she put me to work making items to put on the Christmas Tree. She popped the popcorn and had me place the individual pieces of white corn on a long string. After which she looped the long string around and around the tree. Next she assigned me the task of putting on icicles on the tree. She was very fussy about the way I hung them. They needed to be just right to suit her. I wanted to throw them on the tree and let them fall wherever they might. She explained that they had to hang straight up and down, so they would look perfect. Also they had to be taken down and saved for use on next year's Christmas tree. She taught me how to make rings out of construction

paper. Paper had to cut in strips and then made into a ring and glued together. The only thing better than the fun of decorating the tree was Christmas Day opening the presents.

One year she made Christmas special for me by taking me over to Nina Edwards home on Christmas Eve to hear Santa Claus talking to all the children from the North Pole. It was the first time I ever heard a radio. They put earphones over my ears and at first I heard a lot of static and believe it or not I heard Santa clear from the North Pole! !

One of my most vivid memories of my big sister was when she was running up the driveway to catch the school bus. It was special day for some activity at Wasatch High in Heber. Mother had spent the early morning hours helping Ava get ready for the big event. Boy! ! Did Ava look spiffy. Black dark hair put up in the latest style, new dress and shoes. Everything was perfect for an exciting day at school. As she dashed to catch the bus she stumbled and fell face first in the gravel driveway. Scarred face and very bloody, ruined dress, hair all full of dirt, torn dress and a ruined day. It broke my heart to see such devastating accident happen to my big sister.

You have heard of it happening. Ava actually did it. She married the boy next door. Ava and Allen were married Sept. 17, 1937. I missed my sister after she was married and I can still remember going over to their apartment in Allen's Mother's home. Allen told me as I was leaving one night, to come again when I couldn't stay so long. I'm not sure he was kidding, but I did actually stay for some long visits.

Who else but a devoted sister would keep a scrap book all during the four years of world war two for her soldier brother? The scrapbook was filled with pictures and articles that were closely associated with the events that were occurring in my life during my service career. For example, she didn't have a picture of Norma's and my wedding so she cut a bride out of a magazine and used that in her scrapbook. Ava was always very innovative.

After Ava's family were grown and had moved away from home, Ava decided to further her education by enrolling at Brigham Young University. As in high school, she continued to be a straight" A" student in all her classes. Many of the young students chided her for getting the top grades in her classes. They complained that she was making the competition for good grades too tough for them. After graduation she taught gourmet cooking at the University. Also, she became a connoisseur in the matter of food and delicious candies in Utah County and in her younger brother's home.

Many travels our families have enjoyed together. Staying in Ava and Allen's new camper in Fire Fighters Memorial camp ground at Fleming Gorge. Trips to Yellowstone and fishing from Allen's boat on Yellowstone Lake. Staying in our trailer at Joyce's home, then traveling up to Red Fish Lake. Hearing Allen sing "Barney Google" in Logan Canyon by the campfire. Eating Les-Crepes Ava cooked in her camper.



How about the great trip we enjoyed to New York? Visiting Franklin & Eleanor's Roosevelt's home. Seeing the pumpkins growing in the fields from the roadside as we traveled.

Ava has had many hobbies. The one she is now engaged in quilting. She travels all over the USA with her two daughters Joyce and Ann. All three are giving lectures and showing off the quilts they have made and winning many of the top prizes. They have become nationally famous and are featured in a number of national quilting magazines. They just recently returned from Paducah, Kentucky with a number of blue ribbons. As Ava would say, "My we had a good time."

Ava and Allen live in Oren, Utah where they have a huge garden and lots of grapevines. Their family is scattered around the country and they have taken up flying to visit their off spring.

Nell



It was on a beautiful day the 25th of April 1929, when my baby sister was born. I remember the day as if it were yesterday. I was walking to school when Nelda Simmons waved to me from her front porch. She yelled "wait a minute and I'll walk with you." The first thing she said to me was, "I hear you have a new baby sister at your place." Grandmother Carlisle was staying at our home but I never realized the reason why.

I remember a little chunky girl with big cheeks and a pretty smile. She wasn't fat, but you could say she was pleasantly plump. Back in those days no one would believe, by

the time she got to high school she would be slim and trim as a fashion plate model.

She loved to play with dolls and wheel them around in her buggy. I still remember Nell and Ava standing in front of the living room window. Nell was holding the handle of the doll buggy, while Ava was looking down at her little sister. Around the window mother's beautiful pale blue morning glories were gleaming the early morning light.

Traveling down Provo Canyon to Pleasant Grove to see Grandmother Atwood was a great adventure for me. But for Nell it was sheer terror, she didn't like all the winding, sharp turns and the steep dugways. I don't know if this was what made her car sick, but traveling for her was very unpleasant.

Nell was ten years old when we moved from Charleston. I didn't see much of Nell from the time of that move until I returned from World War Two. I missed the years she spent in Pleasant Grove, Malad, Idaho, Salt Lake City.

After the war Nell and Jack lived side by side with Norma and me in one of Dad's duplexes. Our rent was only \$17.00 per month. Which helped keep Jack and, me in school because we were going on the

GI Bill, which allotted us \$90.00 per month. We enjoyed living close to each other so we bought our first homes in Glendale. We upgraded from Glendale to homes on the eastside of the valley. Now instead of being only blocks apart we were separated by several miles.

Our families have always been very close. Our children are all close to the same age, which made it great on vacations. Nell, do you still remember our trip to Yellowstone and the small cabins that the kids thought were so great? How about the big rain storm and passing food from one car to the other during a stop along the road for lunch? Perhaps some of our most fun trips were in our Coleman Trailers with our families. Red Fish Lake with Ava and Allen and having Millen and Nina stopping by. How about Mark and Drew picking up other people's trash from the along the shore of Red Fish Lake. No wonder they turned out to be such great individuals. As we grew older together we continued our summer travels together. Trips to Seaside Oregon, Washington D.C., Denver Colorado, Branson, Missouri, Palm Beach, California, and many other exotic places.

Nell and her husband Jack live on Nila Way in Salt Lake City. Their family of four boys and one girl all live in Utah.

HAVING FUN WITH MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS



Sailing with Royal on Echo Reservoir

Pelican Sailboat built by Royal



Fishing with Millen



Jack, Nell, and Norma – Bryce Canyon – April 1, 1996



Ava, Allen, Norma and John

MAGIC MOMENT

I was seated next to my friend Keith Bezzant in Homer Royal's mixed Glee Class. We had just finished singing "The Anvil Chorus" for the fourth time, when Mr. Royal announced a 5 minute rest period. Keith ask, "me why I had decided to return to Pleasant Grove High School, rather than Graduate from Malad High in Idaho?" I told him that I was happy at Malad High because I was playing quarterback on the high school football team. I also figured I would be able to make the basketball team after the football season ended. Two weeks after starting school in Malad, I received a phone call from Coach Earl Giles. Coach Giles said, "If I would return to Pleasant Grove High School my old job as starting quarterback was awaiting me. Also the team had new football uniforms, and if I decided to come back I could live in his home."



John & Norma

Mr. Royal announced that we would sing "The Anvil Chorus" for the fifth and last time before going on to something new. As were in the middle of the Anvil Chorus I looked across the room to the ladies section. I literally saw a perfect vision. Directly across the room from me was the most beautiful person I had ever seen. A girl with the bluest eyes, bright glistening blond hair and a smile that one expected to find only in a dream.

At the end of the song and I punched Keith in the ribs and ask him who was the beautiful blond girl? He said, "That's Norma King and she just moved in from Bountiful." I told Keith, "that is the girl I am going to marry." He laughed and said, "Good luck I hope you have more luck in getting a date with her, than the rest of the guys in school."

My luck at first was not on the fast track. While I admired her in glee club and as she went from class to class I couldn't catch up to even talk to her. Then the worst luck of all Norma disappeared from school. I made inquires what had happened to her. Her friends said, "she was very ill and would be out of school for an extend period of time."

On Norma's return I lost no time planning how I was going to meet her. With the help of some friends we were finally introduced and after several weeks I ask her to go out on a date. She excepted and I borrowed my brother-in-law Allen Winterton's old Nash. It was far from new but I was thrilled to have the use of it for my first important date. It had an empty thread spool on the end of a wire that had to pull to engage the starter motor.

I was excited as we pulled out of the driveway from Norma's home at the bottom of Lindon Hill. As we drove toward Provo we talked about what show we would like to see. We finally settled on "King Kong." Not a great show by any means but one I will always remember. My quest to make the promise I had made to Keith Bezzant in mixed glee had finally began.

RUFUS

To east of our home in Charleston was the upper part of our farm. As you cross the highway that traveled from Heber to Provo, the land began to slope upward to form a large mountain. The lower portion of the mountain had an irrigation ditch that supplied water to the part of farm that we called the Green Hill.

The Green Hill was a Mecca for all the kids who lived in the town of Charleston. In the summer time, at night, we would play kick the can, or have a bonfire under the lone pine tree that grew at the top of the hill along the bank of the canal. Winters would find the hill covered with sleighs and kids skiing on barrel staves. The start of the ski jump was located further up the steep part of the mountain and was my favorite past time in the winter.



Father always had a herd of sheep on the farm as one of his cash crops. A member of the herd was a big buck sheep that was called Rufus. My friends and I would sometimes tease old Rufus by throwing sticks and rocks at him. Sometimes one of us would distract him while another person would climb over the fence and challenge him to a race to see if he could catch us before we escaped over the fence to safety.

We had a neighbor who was “Mr. Grouch” personified. He didn’t like his neighbors, his children, the weather, the time of day, and least of all any animal that happened to get on his property that didn’t belong to him. When he returned home in his automobile he would turn into his driveway and honk his horn, and wait in his car for his wife to run an eighth of a mile to lift the latch and open gate so he could drive into his yard.

Early one morning Rufus got loose and he spotted Mr. Grouch leaning over a fence to feed his pig a bucket of slop. Rufus knew a good target when he saw one. Taking off like a Roman Rocket he lowered his head and hit his target in the rear end. Over the fence flew one mad individual who landed face down in the pig feed trough. My respect for old Rufus doubled and tripled, but my fear of him now knew no bounds.

One day I found out that the Green Hill was not always a place of fun and games. On a pleasant June day, I had been playing in the large tree by the ditch bank. From my lofty view I spotted old Rufus in the far corner of the hill asleep under a large hawthorn bush. Ordinarily I would have chosen the long way home by climbing the upper fence and circling around the hill. Doing some quick calculating I figured if I was quiet I could cross the hill before he heard me. I started out slow and quiet and had made it about a fourth of the way. All of a sudden I saw Rufus jump to his feet and head my way. I must have misjudged how fast I could run. As I neared half way to the fence I began yelling to my mother for help. All of a sudden I felt this terrific pain sear through my back as if I had been hit by a freight train. I landed on my face and it was sometime before I could even take a breath. Fear overwhelmed me. I could hear Rufus pawing the ground waiting for me to get up. The smart thing would have been to just lay there and not move. But the safety of the other side of the fence was too much for me, and I jumped up and started to run, while all the time shouting for my mother to help me. All of sudden I saw my mother open the kitchen door with a broom in her hand. She ran up the driveway and crossed the road, she hurdled the barbed wire fence like an Olympic Athlete. She began to hit old Rufus over the head with the broom. Sensing that I could now make it to the fence. I jumped up and started to run again, with mother running right along beside Rufus pounding him with the broom. The broom was getting shorter with every foot of progress we were making toward the fence. As I crawled under the fence mother had just the straw you sweep with left in her hand.

As mother washed the blood and tears away and she comforted me with hugs and kisses. I felt a love for my mother that transcended time and space.



Grandchildren of John R. Atwood

June 22, 1983

Picture by Mark Atwood

One of the great privileges of this life is to watch the arrival of your grandchild on this planet and to see them grow to adulthood. When Mark gave this picture to Norma and I I wondered what they would be doing when they grew up. Writing about them sixteen years later I now know how great they have grown up to be. Cori has graduated from the University of Utah with honors and is living in Kentucky with Bill and their four daughters. Heather also graduated from the University of Utah with honors and is now living with Shaun and their two boys in the Salt Lake Valley. Brooke spent this summer as an intern to a Senator in Washington D. C. She will be graduating from the University of Utah next year. Holly was the latest grandchild to get married and lives with Tyler in the valley. Holly is close to graduating from the Utah State University. She has put herself through school and we are so proud of her. She will be graduating in Computer Graphics. Trisha is the first of the Grandchildren to serve a mission. She is now in the State of New Hampshire and she loves tracting and all aspects of her mission. Before her mission Trisha graduated from BYU with a degree in Electrical Engineering. Brian is our first

boy to go on a mission. He is serving in the West Virginia Mission. Brian said he was willing to go anywhere in the world the Lord called him to go. He is happy in West Virginia and delighted with his mission call. Justin is at the present time in the Mission Home at Brigham Young University learning the Danish Language, before his departure for Denmark Last but not least is Brandon who is now awaiting his mission call. Brandon also says he will go wherever the Lord calls him to go. Brandon is the artist of the family and has shown great promise as a very artistic person since he was a little boy.

With eleven more grand children to write about you can be sure you will hear more about them in my life story.

Written Nov. 14, 2000



My Treasurers

My Grandchildren



On my desktop and under a large sheet of glass are many photographs of my grandchildren. Every day as I work at my desk I see images of my beloved grandchildren. What memories these pictures recall. I see Cori, the first one to arrive on this planet. What excitement to see our first granddaughter asleep in her crib! Cori was a very quiet little girl and a pleasure to be with. She excelled in school and was an honor student with a straight A grade. Her sister Heather, is famous for great smile and pleasant disposition. Brooke is known for having an electric personality that attracts many friends. She is very attractive and a top student and is loved by all who know her.



Holly was a pretty little girl. So pretty in fact that a picture of her sitting on the grass in our back yard was featured on the national CBS Today Show. Tom Brokaw commented what a beautiful picture. Trisha is a mathematical genius. She can read and understand a calculus book as easy as most of us could a comic book. She graduated from BYU in Electrical Engineering in three years with honors. She is the first grandchild to go on a mission. Emily is a happy person. She has a special talent in art. She loves music and plays the violin. Ryan also loves to draw, a talent he shares with all his family. He is especially interested in all forms of small animals. Perhaps he will become a zoologist.



Brian is very special person who loves the outdoors. I remember our camp at Immigrant Springs, Oregon. Entering our trailer I threw my parka over the face of Brian who was half- asleep. With his childlike sense of humor he replied, "what do you think I am your closet?". Brian will be leaving on his mission sometime this summer. His love of people will be a great asset on his mission. Marcie always has a sparkle in her eyes and love in her heart. She loves to dance and is a top student. Her brilliant smile always warms my heart.



Jake is an all time favorite of his grandfather. I love to grow a garden and Jake will eat all the cucumbers I will give him. He loves cucumbers, but in my book he is really the top banana in all his activities. He loves sports and is especially good at playing soccer. He plays with great enthusiasm and skill. He is looking forward to playing baseball and football this coming season. His latest passion is his dog Cody. 's

As a little boy Brandon's love was for trucks. I call still hear his melodious voice, as a truck would pass on the highway and the words T R U C K would roll off his tongue in a sound all of his own. He had all sizes and types of toy trucks to play with. His love for vehicles is still with him. He drives his own Grand Cherokee to school and to his work. He excels in all areas of endeavor especially in art. I remember him as a little boy I stood in amazement as I watched him draw starting with the nose and working outward from there. Soon an image of a person would begin to develop and in short order the likeness of the individual he was drawing was unbelievable accurate. He has won many awards with his skill as an artist. He is just one year away from his mission call, which he is looking forward to. Tanner how glad we are to have him. I can close my eyes and still see him on the day of his birth with wires in his arms and chest. Nurses and doctors were working over him constantly and we were all praying he would make it. What a joy Tanner is to have around. He radiates love and concern for all that come into his presence. He is double jointed and he could be a great gymnast. However, he has so many other interests that gymnastics is on hold at the present time. He is a great help to Dave and Linda taking care of his siblings. He is a few years from his mission but I know he is planning on going. Courtney has always been a happy child. She loves to dance and has taken dancing lessons and danced in a good number of dance programs. It's always fun to go and watch her in dance reviews. Courtney steals a special place in everyone's heart. It takes very special parents to have a pair of twins. Norma and I were at the hospital the night the twins were born. We have had a very special relationship with Amy and Austin for the last five years. Even as baby you could see that Austin was going to be all boy and Amy was a girl through and through. When surrounded, with a wide variety of toys. It never failed that when Austin picked up a toy to play with it was a boy's toy. Amy never touched a toy that a boy would pick out to play with. They love each other and they are favorites of all cousins and uncles and aunts. They hold a special place in the hearts of Grandpa and Grandma.

What a blessing to have nineteen grandchildren that you can print all their pictures on a single page of paper and as you print each one you have special thoughts and feelings about that individual. You realize that everyone is a wholesome and delightful person. While working on this project I have not had once an unpleasant thought enter my mind about any of my grandchildren. Continue in your present ways and the world will be a great and pleasant place for you all to enjoy.

We lost a little granddaughter. She was born premature and only lived one hour. Her name is Kylie and she belongs to the Davies. We love her and think about her often.

Your Grandfather wishes each and every one of you a wonderful life.

Love Always.

Grandpa Atwood

GRANDPA,
WHEN I THINK OF YOU, I THINK OF HAPPY MEMORIES. I LOVED THE FISHING
TRIP WE WENT ON TO VERNAL WITH YOU, STOPPING ON THE WAY TO DELIVER
MACHINES AND HAVING A CLASSROOM TO OURSELVES WAS REALLY SPECIAL.
I WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER THE TRIP TO WASATCH, AND THE GOOD TIME I HAD
RIDING ON THE MOTORCYCLE WITH YOU, AND DRINKING COLD RAMBLIN BOOTBEER
BY THE FIRE. SOMETIMES GRANDPA, YOU MAKE ME LAUGH SO HARD I CRY. I
ALWAYS HAVE FUN WHEN I AM WITH YOU. THANK YOU FOR BEING ALL THAT YOU ARE.
REALLY SPECIAL.
LOVE, COE

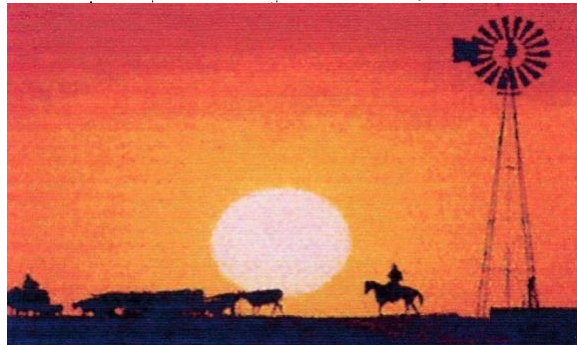
GRANDPA,
I LOVE YOU BECAUSE YOU ALWAYS HAVE A SMILEY FACE,
YOU GIVE ME HUGS AND KISSES,
YOU HAVE A YUMMY GARDEN,
YOU TAKE US ON VACATIONS.
I LOVE YOU, GRANDPA, MORE THAN RIDING MY YELLOW BIKE,
MY SWINGSSET IN THE BACK YARD, CANDY CANES AT CHRISTMAS.
LOVE, HOLLY

GRANDPA,
SOMETIMES GRANDPA WALKS 3 MILES TO MY HOUSE & ONLY STAYS 3 MINUTES.
SOMETIMES WHEN I'M DRESSED UP PRETTY, GRANDPA WILL TAKE MY PICTURE.
I LIKE MY PICTURE TAKEN. I LIKE TO PLAY AT GRANDPA'S HOUSE. HIS BASEMENT
IS LOTS OF FUN. GRANDPA'S HOUSE IS ALWAYS FILLED WITH LOVE, FAMILY AND
FUN TIMES. I HAVE A GREAT GRANDPA!
LOVE, BROOKE

GRANDPA,
LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT SUCH AS:
RIDING YOUR MOTORCYCLE ALL THE WAY TO MY HOUSE TO HOLD ME ON YOUR KNEE,
TALKING WITH ME ON THE PHONE,
PLAYING BALL WITH ME,
WHEN I COME TO SEE YOU AND YOUR KID HOME I SAY, "PAMPA GONE."
YOU'RE A GRANDPA WITH REAL HEART!
LOVE, BRIAN

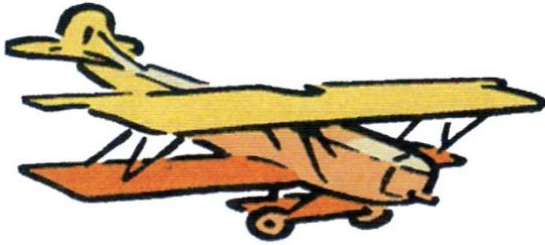
GRANDPA,
I LOVE YOU GRANDPA SO VERY MUCH, YOU'RE SO SPECIAL TO ME.
YOU ALWAYS TAKE MY PICTURE, AND PUTTING ME ON YOUR KNEE.
YOU ALWAYS TAKE ME FOR LITTLE WALKS, AND SHOW ME EVERYTHING.
AND WHEN YOU COME TO SEE ME, I LOVE THE HAPPINESS YOU BRING.
YES YOU ARE THE BEST GRANDPA, AND THIS IS PLAIN TO SEE,
YOU ARE SO VERY SPECIAL, ESPECIALLY TO ME!
LOVE, BRANDON

GRANDPA,
GRANDPA MEANS FISHING TRIPS WITH LOTS OF JUNKFOOD & HAPPY TIMES.
GRANDPA MEANS SLIDES & PICTURES & PRETTY FLOWERS.
GRANDPA MEANS SLOW MUSIC PLAYED LOUDLY, LOTS OF PAPER & NOTEBOOKS



GRANDPA,
I LOVE YOU BECAUSE YOU TAKE ME FOR RIDES,
YOU GIVE ME TREATS.
I LOVE YOU, GRANDPA, MORE THAN PLAYING WITH MY DOLLS.
COOKIES AND CHOCOLATE MILK
LOLLIPOP SUCKERS.
LOVE, EMILY

GRANDPA,
GRANDPA, I THINK THAT YOU'RE THE NEATEST GRANDPA
IN THE WHOLE WORLD, AND THE BEST LOOKING ONE TOO.
WHENEVER PEOPLE SEE ME THEY SAY "YOU LOOK JUST
LIKE YOUR GRANDPA ATWOOD," AND I JUST LOOK AT
THEM AND SMILE.
LOVE, JUSTIN



SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Just a note to tell you all how much we enjoyed the trip to San Antonio. From the Alamo to the river walk, from the Convention center to the streets of San Antonio. Not to mention the crazy plane rides we all shared.

The Susis cutter experience started in San Antonio in 1990. It's quite a story that the beginning should also be the end. So from hence forth San Antonio will not only be known for the Alamo and the fight for the Independence of Texas but also for the memory of a gutty sales performance by a man who loved to sell and see different parts of the country. As sure as the San Antonio river flows to the Gulf of Mexico we have an Ocean of memories of the man who made it happen. Selling from the California Coast to the upper parts of Maine. From Florida to the Pacific Northwest and many places in between, he truly is a superior **CUT ABOVE THE REST!** Congratulations **JOHN**. Good luck on your retirement. May the golf clubs treat you as good as the cutters have.

Enclosed are a few pictures of the trip.

P.S. Just as the 189 volunteers crossed the line on March 6th 1835 to fight for the Freedom of Texas, we will cross the line with you anytime.

Thanks again,

Sincerely,



R.L. Polk & Co.

Mark & Syd

Dad I Love You!

Written by Patty on the occasion of his retirement.

I 'm always telling my father that I love him, but I don 't take the opportunity to tell him why. I would like to do that tonight.

I love you, dad for instilling a love of learning in me.

One of my earliest memories is going to the library with my dad, Even though I was only 3 or 4 years old I still remember how excited I was and how important I felt Because it was just my dad and me. Dad has always surrounded himself with books and learning. When I had to memorize some classic poems for school I found that dad already knew them, not Because he had to learn them for school but because he loved them. We spent a lot of time reciting them to each other.

His enthusiasm and love for learning has shaped my life. Because of this I earned a degree in education which has given me financial support for my family and a career.

Dad I love you for always being happy and content.

I remember one cold winter day. Snow was falling and dad was , excited He told me winter was his favorite season. His favorite season? I couldn't believe it, so he went on to explain how beautiful the snow makes everything look, how invigorating the cold air is, how he enjoyed sitting by a cozy fire, and of course the great skiing.

Instantly, I loved winter too.

That next summer I was surprised when dad and I got into the hot steamy car that had been sitting out in the sun all day. I was expecting a complaint. I could hardly breathe and the seat

was burning hot. As dad leaned his back against the seat he said "Ahhh that feels good. I love the summer heat! "

"But dad", I said, "I thought you loved the cold, that winter was your favorite season."

"It is," he replied. "In the winter, but in the summer I love summer the most."

That's how dad is. Find when someone in the family wasn't feeling, his keen sense of humor would soon bring them up; to his level.

I remember I had a brand new pair of roller skates. They were the old fashioned kind that had a key to adjust the size to fit my shoe. Every time I went to skate, the adjustment would slip loose and my skates would fall off. I was complaining about it at dinner that night. Dad just looked at me and said "Those cheap-skates!" We all laughed and enjoyed our dinner. Of course, after dinner dad took care of my skates.

And dad, thanks for your excellent example.

Mom has told me many times that dad is the most Christ-like person that she knows. When she tells me of the unknown things he does for neighbors, relatives, and friends, I know that she is right.

Dad has always gone the extra mile for me. And I mean that literally! He ran for miles behind me, holding on to the seat of my bicycle when I was learning to ride. "You're doing it!" he'd yell. "I'm going to let go." No, dad," I'd cry. "Don't let go!"

He ran down Cutler Road past Wedgewood, and up 3745 South, day after day Until one day, I guess dad was just too out of breath to tell me he had to let go. And there I was riding my bike by myself.

When I traded in my bike for a drivers license, dad was on the road again! I felt so grown-up the first time I drove my friends to the mall. It was so much fun, until it was time to go home. I had locked the keys in the car. Dad answered the phone and was there to rescue me in no time. He didn't lecture me or ask any dumb questions like, "How come you locked the keys in the car?"

When I got an early morning job, dad was up at 5:00 to back the car out of the garage Because I was afraid to do it. He has rescued me when I've had flat tires. When I was a freshman at BYU, I would call my dad in the middle of the night to come pick me up, and he would! Then I got my own car. There wasn't room in the garage so dad would be out there scraping the snow off and heating it up for me.

Dad, thanks for all those extra miles.

Thanks for all the things you have given me.

Dad s given me Saturday ski trips, annual summer vacations, wonderful Christmas memories, and tons of priceless pictures. I believe my dad would give me anything I would ask for, if he could. He has already given me the moon and various land forms along Highway 89 between Salt Lake and Mesa Arizona.

Thanks especially, dad, for loving us.

Everyone knows how much my father adores my mother. And I know without a doubt that that out of all of his children, he loves me the most! I can say that because I know Johnny, Mark, Lisa, and Linda, each feel that dad loves them the most too. Dad makes us each feel important and loved.

We are glad, that you are retiring, dad. you have worked hard all your life. But you stiff have a lot left to do, because you don't retire from being a dad!

I LOVE YOU

Patty