

Cecile James

Southern Australian  
Mission  
(SAM)

March 1962 -  
October 1963

Mission President:  
Bruce R. McConkie

*Thank you to the Missionaries who Served in the  
Southern Australian Mission with me  
and to our  
Mission President and his wife, Bruce R. and Amelia S. McConkie.  
Thank you to those wonderful people  
I was blessed to meet and teach about the Gospel while on my mission.  
All have blessed my life abundantly.  
Thank you!*

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# Cecile James

## Mission to Australia

### March 1962 - October 1963

#### PREFACE

I never grew up wanting to serve a mission. It just wasn't something that many girls were doing when I was young. Many of us planned on marrying a returned missionary, but that's usually where it ended. I was more interested in getting married at least by nineteen years of age – that was my goal. Well, my nineteenth year passed right during the Hill Cumorah Pageant in 1961, and on July 21st of that year I turned twenty! Something rather magic happened during the Hill Cumorah Pageant. I was there as one of the performers and I was starting to develop a desire to share the Gospel with others. Our group leader, Lawrence Flake, also encouraged me (and others, I suppose) to serve a mission. He was inspiring, a good teacher and leader (and definitely nice looking!). I had a big problem – the age for a girl to be called on a mission was twenty-one, and unfortunately, I was only, just barely, twenty. Something amazing happened, however – I didn't get a mission call, but my parents did. They were called to build chapels for three years or more in the South Pacific, and particularly in Australia. And they were asked to leave by the coming January (1962). What a thrill! I decided to go with them and hoped that as soon as I turned twenty-one I would get a call from the mission president where my parents were going to be serving. I had exciting goals to achieve!! There was much to do and those six months were speeding along. I wrote the group leader in New York from the Hill Cumorah Pageant and told him about this call to Australia. He hoped that my father would end up in the Southern Australian Mission to build his first chapel because his brother, Dennis Flake, was serving there and hopefully we'd get to meet him.



I was in the Kia Ora Club at BYU, and the club members came to our farewell and sang, “*Now Is The Hour For Us to Say Good-bye,*” which in Maori is “*Po Ata Rau.*” Something quite unexpected happened just the week before our farewell. I was at my last meeting with the club, and we had our arms around each other as we usually do at the close of the meeting where we sing and then someone offers a closing prayer. Right during the song, a returned missionary from the New Zealand Mission entered the room and joined the circle. I knew him well, but hadn't seen him for several years. His name was Lonnie Nally. We had met when I was still in High School and he was a freshman at BYU. We never dated each other; however, we were the best of friends, but I had lost track of him after that first year. Many years passed and now, here he was! It was a cold winter night, but we talked and walked and walked and talked, and in that one night we found that we cared for each other a great deal. My very exciting future-to-be in Australia was now all mixed up in my mind. I don't know if we really would've married each other, but it might've gone that way, yet the thought of seeing Australia and possibly serving a mission was right up there with the thought of marriage. I was terribly torn with this decision, and truly didn't know what was right and what was less right.



*A Missionary  
Farewell Testimonial*



MISSION ADDRESS  
 "Paxton" Russell Street  
 Wollstonecraft, N.S.W.  
 Australia

A FAREWELL TESTIMONIAL

given in honor of

CECIL AND LUCIE JAMES

and their daughter, Cecile

prior to their departure for the

AUSTRALIAN MISSION

to be held in the

Oak Hills Third Ward Chapel

1600 North 9th East

Provo, Utah

Sunday, January 14, 1961

4:30 p.m.

I Nephi 3:7

*"... I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them.*

PROGRAM

Prelude Music

Opening Song (p. 213) ..... Congregation  
*The Spirit of God Like a Fire Is Burning*

Invocation ..... Tom James

Sacrament Song (p. 68) ..... Congregation  
*How Great The Wisdom and The Love*

Sacrament Service —

Remarks ..... Bishop Frank Haymore

Remarks ..... Bishop Arch Bowden

Remarks ..... President Ben Lewis

Vocal Duet ..... Del and Naunie Gardner

Response ..... Cecile James

Response ..... Lucie James

Response ..... Cecil James

Closing Song ..... Kia Ora Club  
*Po Ata Rau (Now Is The Hour)*

Benediction ..... Richard James

Postlude Music

I never felt like I got any help or revelation on this decision. Perhaps there are some decisions that are right, with the great promise of happiness no matter which one you choose. I think I finally left him with the thought that I'd see Australia for a few months, and then probably come back home. What small town girl wouldn't want to see Australia and New Zealand if they had the chance? – half way around the world! In the end, I just prayed that Heavenly Father would take care of both of us.

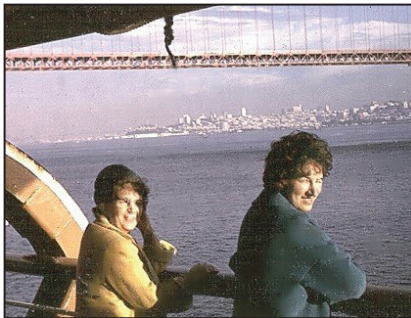
Well, that's a preface to my actual mission, and there's more! Much of what I write now will come directly from my (very poorly written) missionary journal, and mostly it will include a few hundred pictures of missionaries and friends who changed my life forever.

Our farewell was January 14, 1962, but we had visa and passport trouble! Farewells had already been given to us in words, in letters, in parties, in an open house - and it got embarrassing to stay in Provo and wait for those visas. We decided to go wait for them in Hawaii. Dad flew to San Francisco to talk to the Australian consulate about our



passports and came back with the news that we would leave on Monday, January 29th via jet to San Francisco, boat to Hawaii, jet to Fiji, jet to New Zealand, and then Australia! Things don't always turn out as planned. We couldn't fly out from Salt Lake City as planned because it was totally fogged in. That put us with a big lack of time to get to the boat going to Hawaii. So we all drove to Ogden to catch a train, and said all our tearful "good-byes" there. And they were tearful! (Journal): "We got in San Francisco with fifteen minutes to gather our eight pieces of luggage and get to the boat. With only about eight minutes left, we got in a taxi and brother! did we ever speed - no heed taken of red lights, people crossing, corners marked "slow please" or trucks backing out of side roads. At 80 mph when we started to squeeze through two stubborn cars,

I just closed my eyes and prayed. With about two minutes to go, we entered the Pier and had policemen flagging us in, showing us where to go. That gangplank had already been lifted so we went in with luggage, and as soon as we did, the boat started to move.



Photos taken on the Lurline: 1. Lucie and Cecile 2. Lucie, Cecile, Cecil 3. Cecile with others

From January 29th to February 3rd we were treated like royalty on the Lurline. They fed us til we nearly broke the seams in our dresses, but then they provided recreation to wear all the food off. I didn't get seasick. I won \$80.00 playing Bingo. A good friend told me I had to pay 20% tithing on gambled winnings! (10% was for forgiveness). Sonya Reed was the good LDS friend I met on the boat - we did everything together." (Note: And, by the way, Sonya and I didn't really gamble, but were asked if we'd collect the money from the people who played each game. And they gave us two free cards to play, and lo and behold, I won one of the jackpots! Many of my pictures from this trip across the Pacific Ocean have sadly gone up in smoke when our house caught fire in 1991, but there are still a few. We were in Hawaii for two extra weeks. Our stop in New Zealand was cancelled, but we had a good time in Hawaii. Dad helped do some work on the Hawaiian Temple, and Mom and I also helped out with feeding the workers.

(Journal): "I had a tremendously wonderful time with the kids at the Church College. Went to one of the Kiwi Club's shows, had fun with them at their meetings and even went to the Gold and Green Ball (was given a long a beautiful pink carnation lei). The night before we left some of the kids came up and gave me a party. Some of my good friends here were June Cotter, Tommy Taurima, Robert Nga Waka, Daisy Hoapai, Chantu Lal, Sharon Dayton, Mapu and Taina, Paul Sufilo, Kathy Firmage (from Oaks Hills Ward), Alice Steed, Delaine Madden, Sharon Allred.



*Cecil and Lucie and Cecile  
in Hawaii*



When we left on the plane to Australia at 1:00 a.m., February 27th, June, Tommy Taurima and Robert Nga Waka drove in to say good-bye - what lovely, wonderful friends. It was all such a further preparation for my mission . . . We arrived in Nadi,

Fiji Airport on time - beautiful and clean airport. Spent forty-five minutes here. Mark E. Peterson was on our flight and got off in Fiji - was going to organize the Stake in Samoa.



*Brother Neiman standing in front of the truck that was given to Mom and Dad to use while serving in Australia. Also, with his family.*



Very exciting to fly over Australia (Sydney) for the first time - red roofs on every house! A real beautiful sight. I knew I was going to like it before we even landed. Had a real warm welcome at the airport: Lucy McKay and Nellie Harker (two women that my father had known from his first mission in Australia in 1921), Br. Beckstrand and Brother Neiman took us to our motel and drove on the wrong side of the road! Scared me to death! Had

some letters waiting for me when we got there. One was Jim Ward's farewell testimonial and another was from Dennis Flake. He introduced himself to me, and expressed that he hoped we could meet before he left for home. . .

*Cecile, Nellie Harker, and Lucie. We were in the Blue Mountains out of Sydney. Nellie was one of the women that my Dad had met on his first mission to Australia in 1921-24*



Spent many wonderful and adventuresome days in Sydney with the Neimans and Beckstrands and Harkers . . . Saw Sydney, Tooranga Park Zoo, rode the ferry across the harbor, got lost in the big city, saw the Blue Mountains, the famous *Three Sisters* and rode a train (50 degree angle) down to the bottom of a canyon, saw some of the beautiful Sydney Beaches, which I wouldn't even dare put my big toe in (sharks!).



*Sam Atoa and Albert Whaanga were the ones who began the Kia Ora Club and other Polynesian Clubs on the BYU Campus. He was also, somehow, a member of our family, was the Best Man when Joyce got married to Dave Jensen, and was always found on our living room floor asleep on Christmas morning! He was still the leader when I started going to the Kia Ora Club.*

*Cecil and Lucie with a man I can't remember, but I think he was the Mission President of the Sydney Mission.*

The first person we ran into at church in Sydney was Sam Atoa - what a thrill - looks just the same. He was in Sydney on some business from Samoa. He came over to dinner and had some warmed over breakfast, but didn't seem to mind."

(Journal cont.) March 8th, 1962

"Last night, in Sydney was spent at Neiman's with President Wendell B. Mendenhall (head of the Church Building Department for the Church). He told some experiences I'll never forget - about a revelation of Pres. McKay's just before the dedication of the Swiss Temple about a new era for the Church on the earth - about the tremendous growth that is about to take place. Truly an inspiring evening - heard everything from over-crowdedness in Hong Kong to a meeting with a shark. Surely he's a God-fearing man."

(Note: In 1962 there were twelve temples in the Church, built between 1877 and 1958. Now, from 1962 to 2022, just sixty years later, there are 300 temples - 173 dedicated, 55 under construction, and 72 announced. In the year 2000 alone, there were 34 new temples dedicated). The membership of the Church in 1962 had reached about 2,000,000 members. At the end of 2021 the membership was 16,805,400.)



(Journal): On March 8th we flew to Melbourne where Pres. Botts met us and drove us to the mission home. Met and talked with Pres. McConkie. I'm sure going to love that man! I also met Dennis Flake - he's about to go home and was doing dishes at the mission home. . . before I left the mission home, I was interviewed to serve a mission to start in two weeks! We left that night to Ballarat. Got there in time for the Begonia Festival. Went to Church on Sunday and gave talks - the three of us. . .decided I didn't like to give talks extemporaneously. People are so friendly and so welcoming here! Dad's first chapel to be built will be here in Ballarat.

March 15th - "Received my call from President McConkie - finally 2 1/2 months after our farewell, I'm going on a mission - so happy and thrilled. . . Some nice Elders here: Elders Casey (Helper, Utah), Twede (West Point, Utah), Johnson (S.L.C.), and Denny (Idaho). . . I will leave the 27th for my first assignment. . . (Note: When I first met President McConkie, he was shaking my hand, looking right at me and said "Sister James, I'd like to talk to you." Five minutes later I had my mission call to serve in the Southern Australian Mission. These four elders were the first missionaries I met. They were all serving in Ballarat).



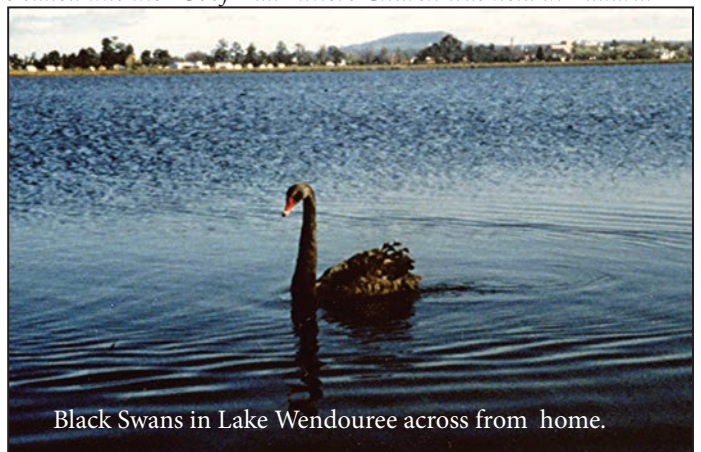
*Denny, Johnson, Casey and Twede*



*Cecil and Lucie and their new home in Ballarat*



*We called this the "Goof Hall" where Church was held in Ballarat*

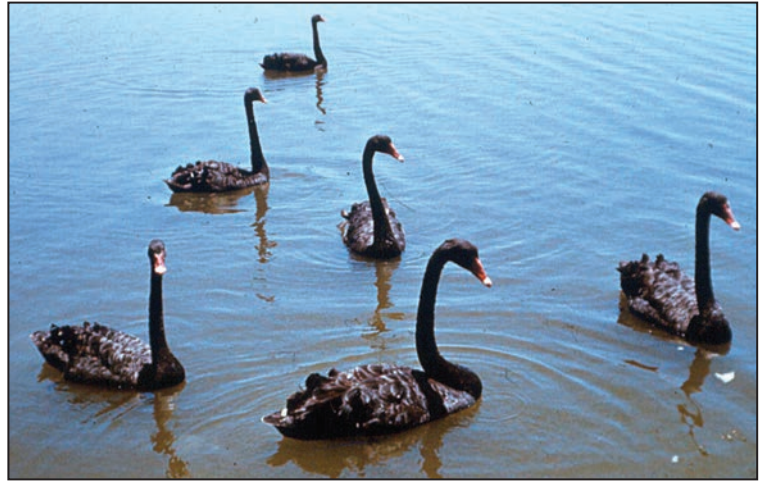


*Black Swans in Lake Wendouree across from home.*





*Begonia Festival in Ballarat*



*Graham Tomlinson, Brother and Sister Tomlinson and children*



March 26th - Tonight is my last night in Ballarat. I've been working with two investigators, Joy Symons, Susan Bateson. . . Graham Tomlinson has been very nice to me. (Note: Graham took me to a few Australian dances, which were so much fun). I think he and Joy would make a nice couple. The Branch gave Judy Cooke and me a party at the home of the Trethowan's . . . they gave us each an alarm clock, so we would have a constant reminder of the people in Ballarat.

March 27th, 1962

Today is the day. Went into Melbourne with the four Ballarat elders and attended the S/D (Seminar and Development) meeting. President McConkie set me apart and gave me a beautiful, wonderful blessing. I'm going to have a lot to live up to and to live for - at least I know I've got the Lord (and President McConkie) on my side. Met my new companion - Crystal Broderick - she's wonderful !!!! . . .

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS  
 SOUTHERN AUSTRALIAN MISSION  
 189 KOORYONG ROAD,  
 TOORAK, S.E.2.  
 VICTORIA.

March 14, 1962

Miss Cecile James  
 114 Wendouree Parade  
 Ballarat, Victoria

Dear Sister James:

You are hereby called to be a missionary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to labor in the Southern Australian Mission.

You have been recommended as one worthy to render assistance to the Priesthood in the proclamation of the holy Gospel. As a missionary of the Church, it will be your duty to live righteously, to keep the commandments of the Lord, to increase your testimony of the divinity of the Restored Gospel of Jesus Christ, to be an exemplar in your life of all the Christian virtues, and so to conduct yourself as a devoted handmaid of the Lord that you may be an effective advocate and messenger of the Truth. We repose in you our confidence and extend to you our prayers that the Lord will help you thus to meet your responsibilities.

The Lord will reward the goodness of your life, and greater blessings and more happiness than you have yet experienced await you as you serve Him humbly and prayerfully in this labor of love among His children.

We would be pleased to have you report for your mission on Tuesday, March 27, 1962, so as to be able to attend the Missionary Seminar and Development Meeting scheduled for that date. You will be set apart at that time and will leave that afternoon for the field of your first assignment.

You should board the 7:25 a.m. train from Ballarat, which will arrive at the Spencer Street Station in Melbourne at 9:24 a.m. Take a taxi to the mission home as soon as you arrive.

Faithfully your brother,  
*Bruce R. McConkie*  
 BRUCE R. McCONKIE, President  
 Southern Australian Mission

DIRECT ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO THE MISSION PRESIDENCY

BRM/jre

*Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*

IN THE NAME OF GOD IS WRITTEN

This certifies that the bearer,  
 Sister CECILE JAMES  
 who is in full faith and fellowship with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, has been duly called and set apart as a missionary of said Church, with authority to preach the Gospel

We invite all people to give heed to her message.

*Bruce R. McConkie*  
 PRESIDENT  
 SOUTHERN AUSTRALIAN MISSION

3-27-62  
 DATE  
*Cecile James*  
 COUNTERSIGNED BY MISSIONARY







(Journal)

March 28th, 1962

Put in a full day - 5:00 - 11:30. Met with ten families and also attended a meeting at Elder Clark's (R.E.) Regional Elder. . . . Had my first bicycle-riding lesson - Ohh, it was awful. My skirt flew in my eyes, had a thousand runs in my nylons, had grease up and down my right leg, and I got terribly saddle sore - I guess I'm going to love it!

April 4, 1962

I've been a missionary for a week and I'm still saddle sore and ruin a good pair of nylons every day. The elders out here are surely a lot of fun - they really keep us lady



missionaries on the ball. They are Elder Black, Elder, Norris, Elder Ogden and Elder Hadley - quite a handsome bunch. None of them have received their "Dear Johns" yet and I hope they don't. . . We sang at a fireside on Sunday, "Abide With Me" . . .well, it sounded terrible, but we had fun doing it anyway. I don't know if I'll ever catch up on my sleep. Both Sister B and I fell asleep while taking our baths and Sister B fell asleep in the middle of our *family prayer* and she was saying it! She almost fell off her chair during the fireside, (caught herself after a big jerk) but nevertheless, she's wide awake at 6:00 a.m. What a great time we have together . . .I've met so many members and investigators and been lost so many times that I'm not sure whether I'm coming or going. When I hit that cold wind and rain and me on a bicycle, I just say to myself, "It's a good thing I know this Gospel's true."



Elder Norris



Elders Ogden and Hadley

April 8, 1962

Sister Broderick and I had our third "bashing" with Kozoharoffs - we felt so downhearted and discouraged when we got home last night. I immediately read the talk, "Conquer the Darkness" by Marion D. Hanks. My troubles really seem small when I realize the great persecution and darkness that Joseph Smith went through. So I woke up Sunday morning with renewed vigor and determination. All six missionaries here fasted the whole day, and we ended the fast with a prayer given by Elder Black. We all really felt as if we needed some more help in opening the Glenroy area. We had a fireside that night and nine of our investigators came. The three elders from the Mission Home came and helped us in the presentation.



Elder Black

(Note: Unfortunatley for anyone reading this. I wrote a lot of dumb poetry, but I suppose it's a good representation of me in the missionfield. I was only twenty then, but surprisingly now that I'm 81, I still write the same dumb poetry)



To the Three Mission Home Elders,

Now this is just a little note  
 The contents of which you better not quote,  
 For they're meant for three elders we happen to know  
 Who are very kind - and that's really so.  
 The very kind elders just happen to be,  
Peter and son, Florence and Eastly.  
 Now Eastly was sick - least that's what he said  
 But if he'd been there, his face would be red,  
 For the calcium pills which we promised to buy  
 Just didn't arrive - now what's with this guy?  
 Does he have a memory that's not very bright?  
 Or does he just want us to wait a fortnight?  
 By then our teeth will have all fallen out  
 A merry bright future for us I would doubt.  
 But other than that, we just wanted to say

Thank you for coming way out of your way  
 To "salt" our fireside with the recording and all,  
 You did a "beaut" job - and we made a real haul.  
 24 in attendance, non-members were 9,  
 And from what we could tell, they all had a good time.  
 So thank you elders for being so kind  
 Three finer elders we never could find.  
 So we'll just say thanks and pay not a fee,  
 From one Sister James and one Sister B.



Mission Home Elders: Monty Peterson, Jay Eastly  
 On Left: Elder Mendenhall and Elder Florence

April 13, 1962

We've had quite a week - we've gone through all our investigators and weeded the "Golden Contacts" out. Were very surprised to find out which ones weren't so Golden . . . After cutting so many people off, Sister B and I were quite depressed, but last night we spent a wonderful home evening with Sister Nicholl and her boys and Rosalie Davis (investigator) in teaching them the Book of Mormon. It was a sweet experience . . . Tonight I am so glad to be a missionary, and I'll pray continually that I might strive for the goal of becoming a better one.

April 14, 1962

One thing I can say for missionary work - it sure has its ups and downs. We were so up in the air last night, but only to find that half of the young people at our discussion last night have now got parent trouble with our religion. Well, Sis. Broderick and I came home feeling that every last contact of ours had been cut out one by one - so we came home and both of us bawled and wondered what good were we in the missionfield. It didn't seem as if we were doing any good at all, so when we left to go and work at night we were truly the two most humble people on earth. Of course, we didn't cease to ask the Lord for guidance. We came to our first house to meet the parents of a little girl who came to our film night, and they invited us in. We were so bold that it even surprised us when we told them point blank why we were here and who we were. When they said "We want to know more," we were both so happy we could've cried (again).



We'll give the first discussion to them and their family this Wednesday. We certainly found the power in prayer and humility - the strongest power on this earth if we have faith. *"Be thou humble and the Lord thy God shall lead thee by the hand and give thee answer to thy prayers."*



Sister Crystal Broderick (street contacting)

April 24, 1962

. . . Last week we took a survey follow-up and found four families that wanted to hear more about the L.D.S. Church and so we set up appointments for the first discussion with all of them . . . Well, this week we'll tell how the discussions will turn out. Last Friday, Sat., Sunday and Monday a big Youth Convention was held in Fairfield so each day we took Rosalie Davis and Allan and Rhonda Scouller in for the activities. It was a *"terrific lot of fun"* and everyone had a *"beaut"* time. Rosalie and Allan were given the third discussion tonight. Elder Hadley and I gave it and it went over very good - real golden kids. We hope to baptize them a week from Saturday (May 5). Also had a good time talking to Elder Twede and Casey, as they told me all about Ballarat and my mother and father. They now have Mama in charge of the adult fireside Committee - if anyone can set Ballarat on fire, Mama can!

There's really a difference between missionaries. Some are just waiting for their two years to go by while others are so busy, they don't know how they'll get everything accomplished in two short years - well, I know which type I want to become. I've got a lot of faults and failings to overcome, but I will try my hardest. . .

Sister Broderick and I got an answer from the poem we sent to the three mission home elders. This is what it said:  
18 April 1962

Dear Sisters,  
*The Poem that you did send to us, Was far beyond compare,  
It seems you went to too much fuss To express your feelings there.  
For no pills you blamed Eastley, But after checking it like you said,  
I found 'twas not him to blame, but me, Now my face is red.  
So I finally sent them on to you, Not really trying to rob,  
The biggest reason for this poem Is to say you owe 6 Bob!*

Elder Brian Florence



There're a lot of funny things that happen on missions . . . First of all Sister Broderick is always going to sleep before we've prayed at night. When we come home some nights, she's just so tired that she shuts her eyes (clothes on and all) and is gone to the world. Well, one night I woke her up and made her pray. She sorta fell asleep in the

prayer and started saying, *"Bless me to be a good missionary and bless my family, etc."* I almost poked her to say, *"Hey this is my prayer too, you know!"*



Waiting for the Posty is a common occurrence here and you can always tell when you get some mail because he blows his whistle. All morning long, before we leave, we listen impatiently for that whistle . . . Well, Sister Broderick was giving the prayer again, and right in the middle of the prayer, the Posty blew his whistle, and poor Sister Broderick couldn't concentrate on the prayer and said, *"We thank thee for life itself, we thank thee for life itself, we thank thee for life itself."* She couldn't think of anything else to say. It was quite funny.

I tell all these things on her but she gets back at me with the time the honey bucket was pulled out from under me. Hope all the missionaries in Glenroy forget that little incident by the time missionary reunions come around. We'll also be teasing Elder Hadley about the survey. He was so embarrassed to do it that he ducked inside the Milk Bar and ate Hot Cross Buns while the rest of us surveyed.

Last Sunday was Easter, and the Elders came up and we had an Easter party - 3 quarts of ice cream, homemade American milkshakes, 1 1/2 pounds of cookies, candy bars, and easter eggs. They even gave Sister B and me Easter cards. Well, it was real relaxing after the strain of the youth conference, and it did us all good to talk about home and our missions. Boy, am I ever glad to be a missionary. What a great blessing it is to me to be here in the Southern Australian Mission under President McConkie and to start off with such a fine companion in such a good area as Glenroy.

April 30, 1962

Last Sunday morning I had a truly wonderful surprise. Elders Twede and Casey, Owen Vin and Joy Symons drove up, and that morning Owen baptized Joy - I was so thrilled. She is such a sweet beautiful girl and will really make a wonderful Latter-day Saint. Also last Saturday we took Rosalie and Allan to the baptism in Fairfield. They really did enjoy it and are very sincere in wanting to be baptized, but we will have trouble in getting their father's permission.

This morning was another gathering of the missionaries in the Melbourne Region. Well, the first news I received from President McConkie kind of mixed up all my emotions. He told me of my transfer - here I thought I'd be in Glenroy for at least two more months. I'll be senior companion with a Sister Smith (19 years old) from Perth, working in the Moorabbin District. One month and two companions gets me off to a pretty good start, but I hope I'm not like Sister Broderick. This will be her 4th companion in 4 months. I really love Glenroy, the members and non-members here and especially the missionaries - they're all just like my brothers. We all have seemed to find out everyone else's life histories, so it really has been great working with them.

Tonight was my last night to work with Rosalie and Allan. While E. Ogden was giving the discussion, E. Hadley fell asleep so E. Ogden had to give the whole thing. E. Ogden asked him a question, "What part did Zoram play in the B of M?" E. Hadley, still half asleep, said, "Zoram, Zoram, oh yeah, Zoram - just a minute, I'll get it - oh yeah, Zoram was the guard who killed him by chopping his head off." Well, this was good for a hearty laugh. We just let him sleep. By the way, at the survey today, Elder Hadley and Elder Black got picked up by some cops - I guess 50 missionaries on the streets of Melbourne taking a survey is stirring up quite a bit of commotion.

Following is the Farewell poem I wrote for the missionaries in Glenroy. They really gave me a good start on my mission. I owe them a lot.



## The Six Glenroy Missionaries (April 1962)

Elder Ogden's an elder we happen to know  
Who keeps us from getting depressed and real low.  
There's always bright words he gives to us all  
"Come on your sisters, let's keep on the ball!"  
A secret has he so his work never lags  
It's a girl, I think, he hides deep in his bags.  
Six months to go is all he will last  
So this beauty of his had better be fast  
For when we get home, we'll be in high gear  
Just give us a chance (plus one more year!)  
This elder is happy and gay and won't grumble  
But we like him mostly because he's so humble.  
Elder Ogden, we thank you for being this way  
And especially for eating our t-Bone someday.

Elder Black, we just want you to know  
That we know very well you're a real good Joe.  
You've got a heart that's as big as gold  
You've inspired us to be forward and bold,  
And when things got so tight we hardly could cough  
You came shining thru with "Bix, cut 'em off!"  
And then Easter night when you said to us all,  
"We'll remember this night - wow, what a ball!"  
In only five days we all little knew  
You'd tell us the news that made us so blue.  
A transfer for us was quite a surprise  
But the mem'ries we have with all of you guys  
Are made very bright when we look back  
On the joy we all shared with Elder Black!

Now the elder we know as Elder Norris  
Was the cause of us all becoming a chorus.  
Before we met him our singing was awful  
In fact, it sounded uncouth and unlawful.  
But this elder came through with a delightful tone  
Singing tenor, or bass or just monotone.  
There's a reason, I'm sure, he sings with such ease,  
A cute faithful girl with, I'll bet, pretty knees.  
We tease him a lot and say she won't wait,  
But he's firm and says, "It must be fate!"  
Our teasing soon stopped when her we did view,  
Well, just let us ask, "What would you do?"  
For she's really a doll and with us she would beam,  
Elder Norris, we think you're the crop of the cream.

Elder Hadley is one whom we really admire  
For he's striving to gain the goals which are higher.  
He works very hard and studies high speed  
A scripture a day and more pamphlets to read,  
And when 10 o'clock comes, he sits down in a chair  
And is gone in a blink from the world so fair.  
Now it's easy to see why so easy he sleeps  
When one thinks of his meetings and hours he keeps,  
But he gets enough sleep, so don't you suppose  
That something else is making him doze?  
He must like to dream and think of home  
With a horse and mountains and a night just to roam.  
He only wakes up to a loud "Big Ben,"  
So this is our hero - David Glenn.

To Sister B I've come at last  
And what I'll say is a true forecast  
I'll remember the night she was saying a prayer  
And fell sound asleep - now isn't this rare?  
In a comfortable tub that very same night  
What happened to her just didn't seem right  
For again she fell asleep so sound  
What kind of companion is this I have found?  
The very next night at a fireside quiet  
She made herself known and caused quite a riot  
When her leg which was crossed fell hard to the floor,  
We all jumped a foot - then started to roar.  
There's something that drives her until she is pooped  
And what I will write, she'll say that I "souped!"  
For you see there's an elder - an Elder Read  
And what he expects is what she must heed.  
And he expects a lot for I think he must know  
That Crystal is one to make anything go.  
She keeps our spirits ready to fight  
And to preach this Gospel with all of our might.  
And when we are low with nowhere to turn  
She builds us up and makes our hearts burn.  
She's got the know-how - to success has the key  
Without her, what would Glenroy be?  
So we must all agree, this is more than a myth,  
This sister is cute and fun to be with!



Now I'll really be mad if you ever forget  
 The new L.M. you a month ago met.  
 I may not know how a bike to ride,  
 But you'll have to admit at least I tried.  
 I've learned many things from knowing you all,  
 If I made a list, it would be very tall:  
 There's something I learned from Sister B:  
 To think of home often and eat can-dy.  
 From Elder Black I've learned not to scoff  
 And when things go wrong, I'll just "cut them off"  
 Now Elder Norris taught me a lot  
 To not give up 'til a good man I've caught.  
 It's quite an odd thing I learned from Hadley,  
 For I'll sleep when I can, and do it gladly.  
 From Elder Ogden I learned that it pays  
 To never give up, there'll be brighter days.  
 So wherever I go there'll never be  
 Five missionaries who taught so much to me!



Crystal taught the Barker Family after I left Glenroy. They are great members of the Church!

May 2, 1962

I got a new assignment. I'm now Senior Companion with Sister Smith who is from Perth. We'll be laboring in Moorabbin. Sister Smith really is going to be a good companion - she's an excellent teacher, and I'm sure knows a lot more than I do. Our landlady is a beaut - fixes our meals and does our laundry and everything. We even have an inside toilet! Wow what luxury.



Our landlady, Mrs. Bauzie, in back on right end, Sis. Smith in blue on the left, Cecile on right front.

May 6, 1962

We had the last day of our Melbourne Stake Conference today. Apostle Howard W. Hunter was there - there were over a thousand people in attendance including Mama and Dad and Sister Broderick. The conference was truly inspiring - the Holy Ghost was really with the speakers. This was just like a conference at home. The words which Pres. McConkie and Apostle Howard spoke were truly from their hearts and had converting power. There were six baptized that afternoon and I'm sure many more will result from the Conference.

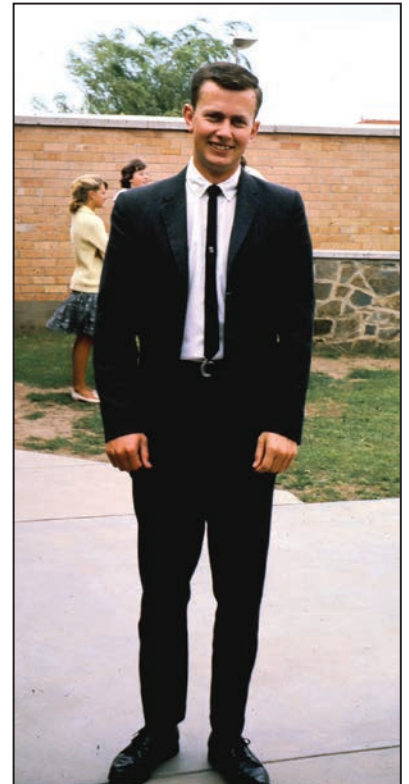
The best and most inspiring meeting was today where we had these two powerful men of God and missionaries. Apostle Hunter told of his calling as an Apostle. He said that when he went in to see Pres. McKay, Pres. McKay said, "The Lord has spoken - you are called to be an apostle." He had tears in his eyes - the Spirit of God truly was there in abundance and we all felt it. After he spoke these words, we all felt thankful for Pres. McKay and knew that he is a Prophet of God. Following Elder Hunter's talk, we had a testimony meeting. There wasn't a person without tears in their eyes. I really felt humble being among all these men who held the Priesthood of God and who all had desires to serve him and to magnify their Priesthood. Elder Burton was the first to bear his testimony.

He told of the time when Pres. McKay came and spoke at the Devotional at BYU in 1960, and as he walked in, the studentbody (12,000 people) stood up and sang, "We Thank Thee O God For a Prophet." This same incident came to mind very vividly to many of the rest of us also who were there. (Note: it's 2022 now and I will never forget that moment in the fieldhouse when we stood and sang as Pres. McKay walked the length of the basketball court towards the podium. I knew he was a Prophet of God.)

(Journal cont.) Almost everyone who bore their testimony expressed love for the prophet. Elder Twede bore one of the most sincere and humble testimonies I have ever heard - I'll always remember his testimony. I remember the statement he made that if there weren't any tears, there would never be any rainbows, and we saw a lot of beautiful rainbows that day. It truly was a beautiful meeting.

May 7, 1962

Had some fun following up on the survey. One fellow was real mad that we wanted to speak "religion" with his 15 year old daughter, but ended up being real nice to us - in fact he's making us two free flannel boards (even offered us tomatoes, screws, nails, everything we need!) Right after, we met a photographer ( Sis Smith wanted to have her picture taken) and ended up talking about our religion. We met his son, who thought we were beautiful no less, and what a character. He walked us home, and when we held our hand out to shake hands, he kissed it instead! Wow - what is this missionary life coming to?! Anyway, we're showing films to him and his family next week.



Elder Twede

**U.S. BURIAL FOR SMASH VICTIMS**

**STEVEN DENNEY**      **BRYAN JOHNSON**

The bodies of two young Mormon missionaries killed in a level-crossing smash near Beaufort last night will be sent back to America.

The missionaries were Steven Lamar Denney, 21, of Blackfoot, Idaho, and Bryan Thomas Johnson, 21, of Salt Lake City, Utah.

They died when a Stawell - Melbourne passenger train hit their car.

Denney had been in Australia 11 months, and Johnson 18 months. Both were in Adelaide for about six months before they went to Ballarat.

The president of the Southern Australian Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Elder B. McConkie, said today that Denney and Johnson were two of 160 young missionaries working in Victoria.

They came out for two years at their own expense, then went back to America and resumed normal, every-day lives.

May 14, 1962

A Great Sadness hit our missionfield when Elder Denny and Elder Johnson were killed in an accident.

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**Burial in U.S. for Mormons**

THE bodies of the two young American Mormon missionaries who were killed in a level-crossing smash near Beaufort on Sunday night will be flown back to the United States.

The missionaries were Steven Lamar Denney, 21, of Blackfoot, Idaho, and Bryan Thomas Johnson, 21, of Salt Lake City, Utah.

The deaths of these two elders was heartbreaking to a lot of people. I'm sure it must have hit Elder Casey and Elder Twede almost harder than anyone, as the four were just like brothers up in Ballarat. My dad talked in church to the people in Ballarat about their death. He had to help identify the bodies. We've received some reports of the funerals - [Dennis Flake](#) and [Mark E. Peterson](#) spoke at [Elder Denny's](#) funeral and [Elder Watson](#) and [Hugh B. Brown](#) spoke at [Elder Johnson's](#). [President Moyle](#) and [Elder Lee](#) called on the Johnson family. At a time like this, I feel so grateful for the knowledge of where we came from, why we are here and where we are going hereafter.

The missionaries all have a great love for these two elders. They were the travelling elders of the mission. . . These two elders were the first to greet me in Ballarat and they gave me some wonderful advice that I'll remember my whole mission. Elder Denny and Johnson were talking to me, and I remember Elder Denny saying, "If I had one wish, I'd wish I could be in this work all my life." Well, I suppose the Lord has just transferred their field of labor to a place where He needed them more.



*May 20, 1962 - Elder Sessions and Keith Sayers*



*Elder Thompson and Elder Chatterton*



*Elder Siltoe and Elder Wixom*



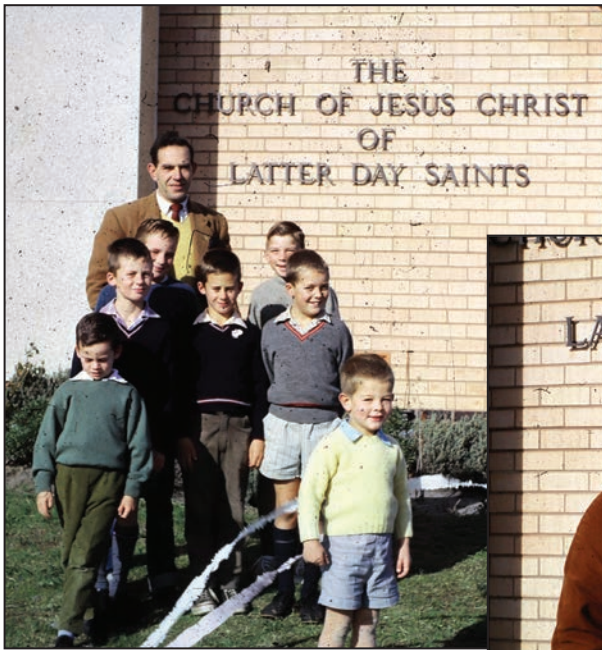
*Elder Brown and Elder Nielson*



May 20, 1962 - Thompson, James, Nielson, Chatterton, Brown, Sessions, Smith



Sister James and Sister Smith



Brother Sayers (Keith's father)



Smith and James



Mail!!!



Tracting in Moorabbin

June 11, 1962

We've had some real experiences with contacts. I got a big bouquet of flowers from Jeff Gibson (17 year old) which had written on it, "To my Beautiful Mormon." Well, that's a lot of malarkey! We went to Church (Mass) with him.



*My Bouquet! Susan, me, Mrs. Bouzie*

Everything seemed okay until I got a real fright when a bell rang out and all fell to their knees - it scared me to death! We've finally cut Jeff and his parents off - I'm afraid they just weren't ready for these truths in the Gospel.

We're also working with Neil Powell and his father. Father has a drinking problem and Neil a smoking. Like I say, these experiences are all new to me and I hope and pray I'll be given the knowledge of how to cope with such problems. We've got these same problems with practically every one of our investigators. We've



*Elder Rideout*

had some terrific First Discussions - hope we can follow them through with 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. Elder Rideout is getting impatient with us.

The last two nights we've been sleeping with Mrs. Harrison so she can get some rest during the night - she's scared (as if we'd be of any protection if anything happened!). We both have to sleep in a little single bed! It's not too comfortable.

Last week Sister Smith and I had to present the 5th Discussion in front of the elders in our S/D meeting - we hadn't even started to learn it until the week before - we at least now know the 5th Discussion. I wonder if we'll ever get to teach it to someone:(

Last Monday all the men available here in Moorabbin went up to work on the chapel in Ballarat that Dad is building. I almost packed my bags and went with them. The pressure of this work is really on now -

daily checks on us. The responsibility is so great I can hardly believe it. It'll be worth it though if we get baptisms. That I would like to see!



*Dad working on Ballarat Chapel*



*Elder Wixom and Elder Walters*

I'm sending Lawrence's birthday present to him tomorrow since 21st's here are quite the thing. I gave him the traditional 21st Birthday Key, also a poem:

*A key for June to open the way  
Is Given to you from me this day.*

*A key for July, now I wonder why  
30 short days makes you older than I.*

*A key for August to give you much joy  
You are now a man, no longer a boy!*

*A key for September - now don't think you're done,  
Your mission's not ended, it's only begun.*

*A key for October, now which will it be  
Student, or teacher or Mili-tary?*

*A key for November, how can I feel blue?  
On a month such as this, I'm thankful for you!*

*A key for December to lock in the year  
Forget all you want except that I'm here.*

*A key for January with mountains and snow  
While I in Australia have seeds I must sow.*

*A key for February, in this month '63  
You have much you must do, but first write to me.*

*A key for March is just so you'll know  
I've been here a year - 6 months to go.*

*A key for April - now that does make me wonder  
Are you married or single or what in the thunder?!*

*A key for May, now what have you done?  
Set your goals one step higher, or from them all run.*

*Did you make each day count and do something  
worthwhile?  
And put joy in your life with that extra mile?*

*And did you every now and again  
Send a letter "Down Under," or did you send ten?*

*Well, there's one thing I know that down Aussie way  
Your "21st" is really "the" day  
So I'm sending all this to simply say. . .  
Happy Birthday!*

July 4th, 1962

This is the first "4th" I've spent with cold winds and rain, but I guess there are "firsts" for everything. At least I heard "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," sung by an American on the telly.

Last Monday (actually two Mondays ago) I had to speak at the Seminar and Development meeting in the Mission Home. The other speakers were Elder Beck (S.E.), Elder Rideout (R.E.), Elder Clark (S.E.), Elder Dayley (S.E.), Elder Millar (R.E.) and Elder Noah and scared shaking me. My talk was on "How to Get Three First discussions a Week," and then conduct an 8 minute discussion afterwards. I only lost five pounds during the week - it didn't scare me too much! The actual talk went



June 30, 1962, Elder Rideout, Elder Beck



Ian Archibald (baptized July 1, 1962), Ralph Bardon

over pretty good, but I felt sorta dumb speaking in front of those elders and President McConkie who all know so much more than I do. Oh well, it was good experience doing it anyway (I suppose). It was good to see Sister Broderick at the meeting - she's really a wonderful girl, and I miss her.



*Elder Reese and Elder Brown*



*Beck's District: Homer, Walters, Chatterton, Beck, James, Wixom, Smith, Loveless*



*Elder Rideout - stood too close to the heater in the house!*



*Sister James (Me!)*

I called up Mama on the telephone (collect) and we gabbed and gabbed. The only thing was, the operator forgot to reverse the charges. Now I have a telephone bill to pay. Luckily, I got a letter from Roger Lerohl today and he sent me \$5 - he must've known how much I needed it.

We haven't got any baptisms yet, but our teaching is getting to more and more people all the time until I really feel they have all been sifted (the diamonds from the sand) and we have really got some choice people to work with.



*Elder Beck (left)*

*Elder Millar (right)*





Sister Sonia  
Smith  
and  
Sister Cecile  
James  
our mode of  
transportation  
in Moorabbin.  
I finally learned  
to ride a bike  
with a skirt on  
and without  
falling off or  
running into  
something or  
somebody.

We had a shift that took place two weeks ago, so we've got new supervisors also. Elder Millar and Elder Strong are Traveling Elders. Elder Rideout is no longer my S.E. but he and Elder Dent are Regional Elders now. My new S.E. is Elder Beck and he's really going to do a good job.

Sister Smith and I wanted to get everyone off on the right foot this week so we spent our diversion day decorating cakes for the elders. They all got two layers except Elder Beck got a triple layer, plus a poem (here I go again). (So sorry to everyone or anyone who ends up reading my journal and finds all this poetry - if that's what you can call it!)

*We are delayed in sending this, But we're sure you wouldn't want to miss  
A cake and card so you will know, We think you are a real good Joe.  
We don't want "thanks" or things like that, A lot of praise or a tip of a hat,  
We only want to hear that line: "Well, Sisters, . . . that's . . . fine . . ."  
As our S.E. we think you're great, and to tell you this we couldn't wait.  
Thanks so much for helping us, Without your "push" we'd be in a "muss."*

Elder Rideout's cake has to be four layers since he's been exalted to R.E., but I'm much too tired right now to make up his poem. Will have to wait until D. Day. . .

July 13, 1962

Finally got Elder Rideout's poem made up (plus his four layer cake):

*It's been many weeks since you made the grade, And our  
"congratulations" are much delayed  
But at least by now we really know, Rideout and Dent are the most "on  
the go."  
We agree with you when the R. E. was hired, "President McConkie was  
really inspired!"  
A lot will change from your daily routine, You'll not have the chance to  
be quite so mean.  
But we'll still hear you say, least this is our hunch, "Stroike, you girls are  
out to lunch!"*



Elder Dent, Elder Rideout's new companion

*Those early hours you now have to keep Will make you healthy on four hours' sleep.  
So chin up and smile and achieve all your aims, From one Sister Smith and one Sister James.*



July 21st - My 21st Birthday - celebrated in Moorabbin with tonsillitis and a High Fever!



Keith Sayers came over to wish me well.



Smith and James



(Journal) I really had a wonderful 21st birthday. To begin with I received a tape in the mail from Lawrence - it was the complete soundtrack of the Hill Cumorah Pageant. Gosh, if that didn't make me homesick . . . I got cards from Mrs. Bousie, Mrs. Sutton, Susan Bousie, Billie Austin, the Austin family, Rosalie Davis, Sister Broderick, Sis Hansen, Elder Beck, Keith Sayers, Lonnie Nally, Nadine Miner, Duane Olsen, Graham Tomlinson, Sister Smith, the family back home, Mrs. Padriset, and a real special one from Mama. I'll cherish that one for many 10's of years. Sister Smith gave me a Koala Bear, and so I wouldn't look like an Australian, my S.E. Beck gave me a pair of seamless, copperglo nylons. I got quite a few very nice presents - especially a lovely book from Nadine called, "Love Is a Special Kind of Feeling." . . .By the way, Mama sent down a big double double layer birthday cake. The branch in Glenroy planned a surprise 21st Birthday party for me, but it was too far out of my own area to go.

On about July 17, I came down with a bad case of "roaring tonsillitis." I spent the first day right in bed and every time I'd get to sleep I'd have visitors. The first two were Elders Walters and Homer - they brought Sister Smith home from the S/D meeting. Later on during the day I got visits from the Regional Elders - Rideout and Dent.

Then from my S.E.s, Beck and Wixom. I'm sure they all decided for sure that they weren't going to ever get married if this is what happens when the makeup comes off. The next day I got taken to a Dr. in Melbourne and after he told me I had tonsillitis (which I already knew I had), he gave me a penicillin shot - poor Dr - I don't think he's ever met any Mormons before, especially ones who wear garments (one piece). It was quite funny (at least it is now). I was in bed for four days. Sister Smith took Carla Foreman out to work with her - Carla loved it!

To Cecile - Age 21

Written by Lucie James, July 21, 1962



*Happy Birthday, Cecile  
You've reached 21  
Life as a woman  
For you has begun.*

*The key to the house  
We now give you today,  
You may go as you like  
Come in the same way.*



*You may now look at boys  
And maybe perhaps  
Flutter an eyelash,  
It will "Send" the dear chaps.*

*Think no longer in terms  
Of how boys can dance,  
How handsome their profile  
How thrilling their glance,*



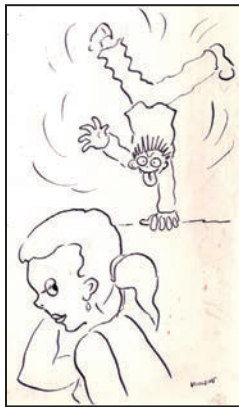
*But rather how strong  
Their big hearts and big hands  
Big muscles to plow and to  
Furrow your lands*

*A man who approves  
Of his Mother-in-Law  
Will think her real beaut  
With nary a flaw.*



*That would chop up her wood  
If pressed by his wife  
Be a model provider  
All of his Life.*

*That will trundle the children,  
Put them to bed,  
Tell All of them stories  
Plus all the prayers said.*





*Lastly, Cecile,*

*We hope you'll retain  
Your spirit so gay  
As you quickly grow up  
On this, your birth day.*

*Your interest in others  
Whose lot you may share  
Keep the love in your bones  
That makes you to care.*

*Your heart that seeks others  
Along the hi-way  
And gathers them in  
Makes you richer each day.*



*And safe-guard the glitter  
That shines in your eyes  
And also the tears that  
Back of them lies.*

*No reforms do we ask  
On this special day  
We'll take you "as is"  
In a "Tom" sort of way.*

*Love, Mom and Dad*

*(In this photo, taken in 1962 in Moorabin, I'm wearing the Jantzen sweater and Pendleton wool skirt and the string of pearls that my Dad surprised me with on one of his trips home from Rock Springs. He bought them in Little America, Wyoming)*



July 23, 1962

We missionaries had our celebration for 163 baptisms during the month of June. It began with an S/D Meeting in the morning, a banquet, scripture bash (in which I went out in the first round) and a talent show. The talent show was just crazy. We even had regional elders (Hoover and Dent) doing a tap dance to Elder Beck's romantic jazzed piano solo. After the talent show we all went to see My Fair Lady on stage. All 60 or 70 of us were seated on two full rows across the theater, and the show was so enjoyable. I sat by Sister Broderick and Elder Florence. All the Mission Home elders put the lady missionaries between them!! (to protect us??) Well, it was all a wonderful day and right now I'm so sleepy I can hardly move this pen. I hope the next *writings* include some baptisms.

(Note: The funnest memory I've carried all my life from this night was the fact that President McConkie was there with us, and if a joke or anything in the play was slightly *off color*, you could see all the missionaries' heads turn towards President McConkie, and if he laughed, we all laughed, and if he didn't, we didn't. We were all like little puppy dogs following our master. When President McConkie laughed, he fully enjoyed the moment.)

(Journal) August 4, 1962,

Time certainly slips by fast. I'm starting on my 5th month now and it seems like I'm just getting started. Still no baptisms:(

We had quite an experience on our first meeting with Pallotta's. When we couldn't get the gate open, we ended up climbing over the fence in heels and hose! He greeted us very well, so we were glad we did it. He even walked us home. He should be baptized, but I'm not sure he'll make it. It's just a little bit too hard for him to get on his knees and pray about these things. For some reason, the people we're working with now aren't too spiritual. I guess we just have to have greater faith.



*Sister James, Mr. Pallotta, Sister Smith*



*Dad (Cecil James) and Mr. Pallotta*

Tom and Nola Walters after three months are finally near those waters of baptism. Mr. Walters reads the Book of Mormon

every morning on the train

along with the funnies. We left him A Marvelous Work and a Wonder last Thursday and he's nearly through that now. I don't know how much of a testimony this man needs but when he's baptized, he'll know twice as much as I do. These two really look like Mormons!



*Tom Walters and daughter*

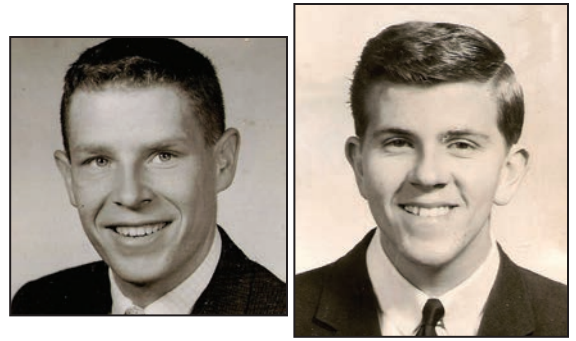
The Wilson Family should be ready for baptism this week. We finally got Mr. and Mrs. to Church last Sunday. (after one month of constant follow-up). I'm still going to try for that 3-day conversion. Anyway, this family is really *beaut* and with all my heart I want them to have the joys which one gets in the Mormon Church. He'd be a tremendous leader. In fact, they all would.

Last week Mama and Dad came down for the building fund banquet. I was so thrilled and happy to see them. Daddy looks younger (he's lost 10 pounds). Mama stayed with me for three days - it was such fun. She really impressed Mrs. Bousie, our landlady. Somehow, we're going to get this Gospel to her. I wish she weren't so afraid of religion. On Diversion Day we took Mama to Chastone, a big shopping center. I bought a black skirt, white blouse and tried on wedding veils! It was more fun. I guess I'll never stop looking forward to my own marriage - (at least I hope not!) Mama went home that day - suppose Daddy needs her. This experience is so good for both of them. I'm so proud of them - wouldn't trade them for the world.



*Mom and Dad - Lucie and Cecil James*

Kind of a funny experience happened. Elder Beck and Wixom went to catch Elder Chatterton and Elder Loveless in bed. When they came in the house, Elder Chatterton jumped out of his bed, up to his desk and started reading like crazy in his book - the funny thing was that he forgot to turn the light on! Elder Loveless, at the same time jumped out of bed, over to the ironing board and began ironing his shirt like crazy - in the dark also, but even better than that was that he forgot to put the plug in! They'll be teased about this their whole mission (since good gossip travels fast in the missionfield - like me and the honey bucket).



Elders Chatterton and Loveless

Thursday, Aug. 16, 1962

We just got back from one of the most wonderful meetings I think I'll ever have on my whole mission. We've been working with the Wilson Family for quite a while (much too long), and yet, even tho' they'd never let us "push," we felt like we had to keep going back to them. Finally Elder Beck played him the tape that told of the conversion of Floyd Weston, and after this, Mr Wilson knew what he had to do to find out if this Gospel is true or not - Pray, Study, and Come to Church. So the following Sunday, he and his wife were at Sunday School, and last week we gave him the Plan of Salvation, he came to the baptismal service on Saturday, and then to the farewell testimonial for Carla and Susan, and then tonight we went to their home with the baptismal forms. At first we played them the Pageant tape and then began talking about baptism. Mr. Wilson shyed at first, but we never changed the date from Saturday. We told him of many short conversions and bore our testimonies to him and told him there was no reason on this earth why he shouldn't be a Mormon. After talking about the church for a short time, Mr. Wilson bore us one of the most beautiful testimonies I've every heard and when we closed with prayer, he offered it. It was all I could do to keep away the tears as he prayed. I really know the Spirit of God lives in that home - such a beautiful family - Mormons for sure!!

I'm really thankful to be a missionary. Sis. Smith and I were so happy, we couldn't go to sleep until about 2:00 in the morning. Elder Beck will go tonight (Friday) and see if they've got the baptismal forms all filled out. Carla and Susan's farewell was marvelous - the best meeting I've been to since I've been to Moorabbin.

Also, when we got home there was a note left at our home from Elder Hoover:

Thurs. 16, 1962

*Dear Ones,*

*How is the glorious work in Moorabbin? It is as Heaven in Ballarat. We wish you could be there this weekend. Sister James (Cecile, as your mother calls you), your mother really has a terrific adult social lined up for this Friday. And we've got a Youth Party organized for Saturday - Bohemian Style! Bring your poetry and long straight hair - and your usual selves.*

*Sorry we missed you. Went down to your Mother's to get an excuse to come see you, but all she could find is this letter! So here you are. Ha. I have a new companion, Elder Chesley - Elder Jensen is spending a week in Footscray. Well, you two, Keep it up - Whatever it is - Remember the adage, "No rest for the wicked and the righteous don't need any." See you at Conference, Elder Hoover*



*President McConkie, Clark, Hoover, Seager, ?, ?, Beck)*



Our answer:

Dear Elder Hoover,

We received your note and were really excited  
And we want you to know you are always invited!  
An excuse you need not to stop and say "Hi"  
And if you stay long enough, we will bake you a pie.  
Now I've really a purpose in writing this rhyme  
Cuz your oncoming party sounds such a good time.  
Now we'll try extra hard to get to that party  
For we're due for some fun and laughs bright and hearty.  
And to think we could come with nary a care -  
We've got poetry, poise and long straight hair!  
But the thing we like best that brings a real smile  
Is the fact that the party's "Bohemian Style."  
So thanks for the note - next time we'll stay home  
When you again from Ballarat roam.



Elder Wes Hoover

August 30, 1962

A lot has happened, but still no baptisms. Wilsons still weren't ready when Elder Beck called on them to pick up the baptismal forms. Nevertheless, they are converted. Last Sunday Mr. Wilson came to the Share the Gospel meeting and afterwards President McConkie spoke to him - it's Conference weekend or never for them and that is in two days. Walters also should be baptized if he can get off work long enough - that man shouldn't be so smart so they wouldn't need him so much!! Zesomber Pettefly is off his cigarettes - one day so far. Chang can't think of any reason why he shouldn't be baptized, but for some reason he still has decided against it.



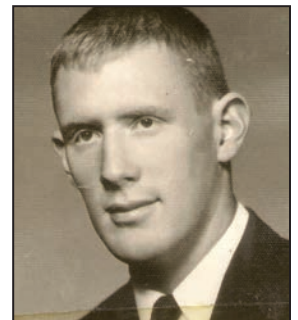
September 1962 - Caulfield District:  
(Back) Nash, Dent, Homer, Beraz, Sommerfelt, Heilesen, Loveless,  
(Front) Scribner, Hanson, Heywood

Last Monday we (Sister Smith, Mrs. Bousie, Susan and I) went into Melbourne and saw Can Can. When we got home we didn't have time to eat before a meeting so Mrs. Bousie got mad (red in the face, etc.) The next morning we had a District Seminar Development meeting and Testimony meeting so we didn't get home until 11:00 a.m. Mrs. Bousie was really upset because she had waited breakfast for us. We tell her never to worry on Tuesdays but she forgot, and because she forgot, she got mad at us! Fancy that.

Well, the next morning, just at breakfast time, Elders Furness, Wixom, Dent and Scribner came - Mrs. Bousie got mad at us all. That settled it for Sister Smith and me, so by that night (last night), we were in new living quarters.

A bungalow with two rooms - bedroom and kitchen - and it's really cute and convenient. It really shook Mrs. Bousie up! She actually needed a good spanking was all.

By the way, Elder Furness is our new S.E. Elder Rideout is R.E. over in Adelaide and Elder Dent and Elder Scribner are our R.E.s. Things certainly do change around a lot. Elder Furness is a terrific elder. He's doing everything in his power to help us to get baptisms.



Elder Furness

He and Elder Wixom nearly died last night when they saw the stuff we wanted them to help us shift into the bungalow. Elder Furness just laid down on the bed and cried.



*Our New Regional Elders: Dent and Scribner*



*Elder Doug Scribner*



*Sister Smith and me in our new little bungalow*



*Left: Hardman and Furness Right: New S.E.s Furness and Nash*



I got another letter from Lawrence yesterday. . . His father has also been on a poetry kick and had Lawrence send this to me.

(Note: Brother and Sister Flake met on their mission in the Eastern States. Bruce R. McConkie was also on his mission with them, so they all knew each other)

*At writing this poetry I'm not so clever  
In Fact, with me it's a real new endeavor  
Since all of you are writing a rhyme  
I'd better just try it at least this one time.  
Now about this old Lawrence and this Sister named James  
And the old Hill Cumorah with its history and fame -  
There's a little history not far in the past  
That'll be sweet in my memory as long as I last.  
I remember the hill with the monument there  
And the grove where the Prophet offered his prayer,  
I remember the beautiful girl and the moon  
And how the end of the conference was coming too soon,  
And the trees where the prophet had offered his prayer  
And the sweet love of heaven that guided us there.  
If I am a judge and a judge I must be,  
Let me say of the girl and the hill and the tree,  
There is something of heaven you just somehow know  
That will stay with you always wherever you go.  
Let our Dear Father guide you and help you to see  
His work and His glory in all things to be.  
Just trust in Him always as His work you do  
Let Him open the windows that you may see through.  
Let Him decide as you serve Him well  
Your present and future in your prayers to tell - (By Brother Flake - Dennis and Lawrence's father)*

October 2, 1962

. . . For the last month the Sisters in Dandenong (Heywood and Hanson) and Sister Smith and I have been trading companions for two days during each week. It's really been a tremendous experience to see how these other girls work. They have such a hard time getting along with each other that I really do appreciate more than anything the way Sister Smith and I have been able to get along. I'm amazed that we've had so few disagreements in these last five months . . . Dandenong is a beautiful place, but I think I like Moorabbin better. There're a lot of hills to walk up and down (oh, my poor achin' feet!). I've met these girls' newly baptized converts and they're truly wonderful people - the Gospel makes a beautiful difference in the lives of these people. I'm so thankful to be a member of this Church - it means everything in the world to me.



*Members Helping Missionaries: Ralph Bardon, Steve Taylor, Keith Sayers with Sister Smith (Right) Steve Taylor*



Mr. Wilson is still in the hospital and will be for another two weeks - he's really been a sick man. The members of the Moorabbin Ward have just been marvelous in fellowshipping him. The Bishop went to visit him last week and also Ralph Bardon and Keith Sayers went. Sis. Smith and I have been in twice to visit him. He seems so glad to see us - I sure love that man. I don't know just when it will be, but it is my sincere prayer that I'll be here to see him join this church. I really desire for him and his family to be able to partake of the blessings that are given to the righteous and faithful members of this church.

Phil Godwin's baptismal date was last Saturday. Honestly, sometimes I feel like Satan is working overtime in our area. Sister Smith and I have had so much disappointment to overcome. Phil was as Golden as anything on the 1st Discussion - in fact, he was giving *Mr. Brown's* so fast that I could hardly keep up with him. Right near the end, however, he really got scared with the psychology used in the lesson and was afraid the answers were being put in his mouth when he didn't even really know what he was saying (I guess that could happen). He's had all five discussions, has been to a baptismal, and has been to church, so if he doesn't make it this week, I'm afraid he'll be another *axe* - it'll break my heart (again), but no time to wait for procrastinators. He's 26 years old and has been here in Australia for ten months. I believe he's mostly afraid of losing his crowd of friends (ugh) - if he only knew! If only half of these people could realize the joys of Mormonism!!

I guess that the real news as of yesterday is that we have a car!. . . I just hope we use it to good advantage and get BAPTISMS! I really feel like things are going to break here in Moorabbin - it seems like they've just got to. This has been about the biggest testing period I've ever been put through - I hope I can endure - it seems we've faced so much failure. Anyway, the car is a baby blue Ford Anglia - this makes us two humble L.M.s.

Jill Carter is now receiving the discussions - I pray she'll be baptized. She's been attending our church for quite a while, but just needs a few things like authority and baptism explained to her. She's an awfully sweet girl. I just love her. I really feel fortunate to have Elder Furness as our S.E. - he's got a heart of gold. . . He does everything in the world he knows how to keep harmony among his missionaries, and believe me, he's really got some problems . . .

I'm an "auntie" again - on Sept. 17, Joyce had a baby girl, 7 pounds and the usual coal black straight hair. She had it in usual James' fashion - in labor for only 25 minutes! Oh my! Her letter from the hospital sounded like she was healthy and happy and all were doing well.

October 5, 1962 - (Summarizing Notes from my Journal): This week was full of so many things: Working hard (as usual) to meet our goals - 17 hours first time contacting, 15 hours teaching, 7 Golden Contacts, 3 first discussions, 20 cottage meetings. It's no wonder our Regional Elder, Elder Scribner, came to the conclusion that he had never seen two sisters work harder with less success in his mission. (He didn't tell me this until after we were engaged.) But he was determined to help us get someone in that baptismal water since we had experienced almost six months of disappointment after disappointment. He asked us to take him to our most Golden Contact, so we took him to the Richards family. They had many times invited us in, heard several discussions, were excited about the church, had brought their three children to primary, etc. So we took Elder Scribner with us to our next meeting with this family. On the door there was a note asking us not to come anymore. Elder Scribner had this look like "*Is this your best contact?*" Like so many other times, we were disappointed. We had worked so hard! What were we doing wrong? Was I the problem? Even though in my journal I've always spoken so positively about Sister Smith, I inwardly did have a problem. I really didn't love her like I always said I did - I knew we should love our companion - and I wanted to, but there was a big problem with me. She was a good teacher, and hard worker, and well liked by our investigators, but in the many hours that we walked to one place and then to another, she was quiet and would never talk. I couldn't get her to respond to conversation. Sometimes it drove me a bit crazy inside. I often wanted a transfer, but I would never have said that in my weekly written reports to President McConkie. He must've sensed something was very wrong and for some reason left me with her month after month - one-third of my mission! Was there something else I was meant to learn? In the end, I learned more from this experience than perhaps all my successes that followed the last year of my mission.

I finally stopped judging Sister Smith and started thinking of the reasons for some of her depression. She was an illegitimate child, the daughter of a mother who was not mentally right. Her father came every Thursday to visit her mother, while (Sonia) Sister Smith was locked out of the house. She loved both her mother and father and voiced this often. She excused her father for not marrying her mother because he was actually married already with several children, and according to Sonia, couldn't get a divorce because his wife was in the mental hospital. Her life was so terribly mixed up. I started realizing the difference between us, and the wonderful, loving, normal life I had compared to hers, and how blessed I was, particularly compared to her trials. Instead of dislike for her, I started feeling compassion. Was this what President McConkie wanted me to learn? Perhaps he didn't have a reason that he knew of to keep us together, and perhaps the Spirit spoke to him and influenced him to keep us together - I don't really know. But I finally learned to have compassion for Sonia. During this week, we decided to have a fast and prayer day. In the afternoon, we were hungry and exhausted and knew we needed to break our fast and get nourishment. We stopped at a youth hostel where we knew some of the kids and asked to use their room for a few minutes. We knelt together and both of us said a prayer to break our fast. There was this wonderful light shining through the window - we could see the dust particles of the room in it, and we felt so warm. But most of all I seemingly felt a great love for Sister Smith - I knew that everything I had written about loving her (in my journal) was not really how I felt, but was how I thought I should feel. I wasn't being honest. But I felt it now. We were both in tears, gave each other a hug, and left that room to finish our day of missionary work. Within about twenty minutes we were knocking on the door of Jill Smith - now back to my journal).

7 October 1962 (cont.)

. . . Also this week, we met a really wonderful girl- Jill Smith. She had seen the Mormon Yankee teams about 18 months ago and even out of curiosity had walked three miles to go to a Mormon Church. She is so Golden I can't believe it. She has the Mormon Story (which, by the way, her brother in law in Bendigo also has) and she'll get the First tomorrow and tonight we took her to a homenight at the Sayer's home. There were about 16 other members of the Church there, and one from each family told his/her conversion story. Also much was said about eternal marriage and the family ties in the eternities to come. Honestly, Jill was absolutely thrilled. She'd never seen anything like it in her life. She's so anxious for the first discussion. I can hardly wait until tomorrow night to give it to her - she'll love it.



Jill Smith

I feel as if we have finally gotten that one step ahead of Satan. The Spirit of the Lord which is being poured out in this area so abundantly is humbling. It is my prayer each night that I can be worthy of the Lord's spirit and that I'll never doubt Him in the help that He will give those who diligently seek Him. My prayers have been answered so abundantly - the Lord is good to me. Not only do I have all of these blessings, but the greatest of all are my wonderful parents and my dear family at home. They're the most wonderful people on this earth and I love them so much. I got another phonecall from Mama and Dad this morning. It was their 37th Wedding Anniversary and they wanted me to be sure and wish them a happy one. This is the first time in 37 years that either have remembered their wedding anniversary and the only reason they did was because Tom ordered them some flowers. Trust Tom.



At the Homenight tonight, Sis Sayers and Sis Snowden were talking to me about my mother. They said that there was really something special about this woman. Sis Sayers said, "Never in my life have I ever met anyone like her - in such a short acquaintance, I felt as though I'd known her all my life." I just sat there and took it all in and just couldn't deny any part of it - there's no doubt about it - My mother is the greatest person on this earth.

Lucie James, Keith Sayers, Sis. Sayers, Sister Smith. Sayers always feeding us!



We got a new group of “green” missionaries. Elder Furness got one of the new ones- Elder Young, and he is really terrific! He seems so anxious to fit in with all the other elders - He is already using the term “glorious,” which seems to be the perfect proper word among the elders. As he and Elder Furness were leaving this morning, Elder Furness came out with a big “Tata” (as is typical of him) and then without hesitation, Elder Young came out with a big “TaTa” - No kidding, it was so funny.



*Elder Abe Young, Elder Furness, Sister James, and Sister Smith*

A surprising thing happened at Church this morning. Of all people to be sitting in the congregation was Phil Godwin. I had called him up last Thursday to see if it was alright to give him the 5th Disc. and he didn't seem to want it so I hung up (after saying a nice “good-bye” - in -other words, *axe*.) He was so happy this morning at Sunday School - and here we didn't even invite him. When I mentioned the party to him for Friday night, he seemed more than anxious to come along. He told us he was moving to South Yarra, and he seemed very disappointed. Darn, I hope he gets baptized. He just needs to realize that those cigarettes aren't nearly so important as he thinks they are.

We also got a letter from Malcolm Morgan (Jewish), our chemist man, apologizing for the way his wife cut us off. He's such a sincere and marvelous person and wants to believe - I hope that someday he will.

Elder Rideout and Dent went home this week - two of the funniest elders! I can just imagine what their trip home will be like - Strike!!

Oct 16, 1962

I've just got to write in here before one other thing happens. First of all, last Monday Jill Smith received the First Discussion and committed for baptism on the next Saturday. She was just perfect - when she heard the first thing about it, she knew it was true. The next night at MIA she joined in the activities with a tremendous amount of enthusiasm and she just loved every minute of it - and the kids at MIA just loved her. After the activity, Ralph Bardon and Keith Sayers joined us in giving her the 2nd and 3rd Discussions - she accepted the Word of Wisdom so well as she had been smoking 20 cigarettes a day -gosh, it's really wonderful to see the faith of some of these people. I often wonder how strong my own faith would be if I weren't already a Mormon. Anyway, on Friday night Jill came to the Youth Chat and Fun Night, and she had a tremendous time (so did I). Afterwards we drove to a milkbar and over a hamburger we talked about her baptism. She had a few bride's nerves, but nothing else.



Sister Cecile James, Jill Smith, Sister Sonia Smith

On Saturday (Oct 13), we gave her the fourth discussion and this made her realize how important her baptism was going to be. By the way, Elder Furness was suppose to give my part, but when he got there, he said, "I'm not going to give the discussion, you are." Honestly he makes me so nervous and upset - I don't know if I'll ever forgive him for some of the things he has done!

After the discussion, we drove into Fairfield and Jill was baptized. I was so full of joy - I'll never forget this wonderful experience we had with Jill.

Phil came to the Youth Chat and Fun Night also and seemed to enjoy himself. At the slightest invitation he

said he'd like to come to the baptismal. While here, Elder Scribner had a good long talk with him. I just can't tell about that Phil. We gave him and the Jill the Fifth Discussion tonight and it really set Phil a thinkin! The Plan of Salvation is so beautiful, I just can't imagine anyone rejecting it and still being in their right mind - it's so perfect and beautiful - I just love it. Anyways, it's this Saturday or never for Phil - I'm sure this Gospel is meant to be a part of Phil's life - the most meaningful part.



I got a touch of food poisoning on Sunday and was sick all day Monday. I didn't go to the S&D Meeting in the morning, but E. Furness and Nash came to pick me up in the afternoon so I could hear the testimony meeting - this always seems to be the best part. I'm really thankful for the testimonies of all of those elders - it just makes my testimony that much more valuable and meaningful. I've got the greatest treasure on this earth.

It was great to hear and see President McConkie and his wife (they had gone to Utah for General Conference) - now our family's complete again.



Phil Godwin - baptized October 20, 1962

October 21, 1962

Today I'm really happy - Phil was baptized yesterday. On Wednesday, Sister Smith and I drove in to see Phil - I had called him earlier on the phone, asked him how he enjoyed the Plan of Salvation and if he'd given up the cigarettes. He'd really thought about the Plan of Salvation, but he hadn't given up the cigarettes. I asked him if E. Furness could come in to see him, but he said, "No, no, no - I've got to do this by myself." Then I said, "Okay, if you are interested in being baptized, come and see us at the church." Then I said goodbye. Gosh, I felt awful doing that, but my patience was wearing down. However, about 5:00, Sister Smith and I just knew we had to go in and see him - so we did. He looked so thrilled to see us - I'll never forget his look. We had a good long serious talk and in the end he handed us the cigarettes. It's really been hard for Phil to do this. I really admire him. He was still on the Word of Wisdom when we saw him on Thursday - said he'd really been tempted (people cutting him down, etc.) On Friday he went to a cottage meeting at the Bishop's home, but that night he said he was sure he wouldn't be ready and told us not to come around tomorrow. I felt bad, but I was sure that he was almost there.

I asked Elder Furness to go see him, and he did - he gave Phil the chapter on Baptism in the *Articles of Faith* to read and told him to come to the Baptismal with a decision made. When Jill and I picked him up, he seemed glad to come - and watch. Well, at the baptismal, I gave the baptismal talk and Jill bore her testimony. It thrilled me to hear Jill bear her testimony - I really love that girl. Well, I really started talking to Phil and during the confirmation I just knew he would be baptized, so I told him what I felt, and he didn't object. Elder Furness came and put his arm around Phil and gave him a baptismal form. He filled it out and left to get ready. In the baptismal room we held a short service. Such a thrilling Spirit was felt in there. Elder Young baptized Phil and Elder Furness confirmed him. He received a beautiful blessing. Phil will make a wonderful and faithful member of the Church.

Afterwards he treated Jill and me to dinner - he seemed so happy and so proud to be a Mormon. My testimony's grown so much.

Sister Smith had the *wog* for two days so Jill has been my companion. I've just had a riot with her - it seems like she's been a member all her life. She could be instrumental in bringing many people into the church and perhaps her whole family - after meeting her wonderful family I could see that they had everything of value in this life except the Gospel.

I feel so full of love for this Gospel. I'm so happy I can't believe it. This Gospel's true, I know it is - I know I'll never lose my testimony - the most valuable thing to me on this earth. I just want to be a missionary forever - I've never in my life experienced such joy as I do now when I see people accept this Gospel. How wonderful it is to experience a conversion. I only pray I shall be worthy of the blessings and experiences I have. I owe the Lord so much. My cup runneth over.

(Notes not in my journal, but quite significant to my future) 24th of October - I got a transfer - just four days after Phil was baptized! I'll include a few pictures that didn't make it into the body of this journal, but were from my time in Moorabbin:

Cecile and Sonia  
in front of our  
"new" car - no  
more cycling!



Lance Cowling and Ian Archibald - new members



Elder A.J. Winkelman



Pauline and Moses Wihongi



The Vurlow Family from Ballarat down for Conference

Another significant event took place when I got transferred. While I was in the mission home, my R.E., Elder Scribner was also there - he was on his way home. He was a good Elder, and even though I wasn't prepared to like him (because Sister Smith had said so many good things about him for several months before I ever met him and because I was so tired from hearing about the *Great Elder Scribner*, and because I didn't put too much value on her opinion at the time, etc) - well, I did recognize that he was an extremely good missionary. We had become friends. So, as he was leaving, I said to him, "In a year when I get home, why don't you and your wife and I all go out to dinner together." He agreed! That was it. Well, when I had my first phonecall from Elder Scribner when I got home from Australia in October 1963, he said, "I don't have a wife, but would you like to go out to dinner anyway?" So, I did. I didn't realize at the time how consequential that little conversation in the mission home on the 24th of October 1962 would be!



*Southern Australian Mission (SAM) included Melbourne, Adelaide, Tasmania and Perth - the Southern Coastline. Cecile served in Glenroy and Moorabbin in Melbourne, Torrens and Payneham in Adelaide, and Cloverdale in Perth. Doug served in Dianella and Kalgoorlie in Perth, Mildura in New South Wales, Elizabeth in Adelaide, and Melbourne. Cecil and Lucie James built chapels: 1. Ballarat (outside of Melbourne) 2. Townsville (in Queensland) 3. Dianella in Perth and Melville Heights in Perth*

## Transfer to Adelaide - Oct 24, 1962

Journal: November 16, 1962



Oh boy, am I ever slothful in writing in here. On October 24 I got a transfer to South Australia. My new companion is Sister Anne Milburn. I had a lot of mixed feelings upon leaving Moorabbin, I knew I had been in the area quite long enough, and that a shift would be a good thing, I but I also felt very sad for leaving my dear and wonderful friends in Moorabbin . . . It seems like the time I spent in Moorabbin has been a process of watching Sister Sonia Smith grow into a woman. She seemed like a teenager when I first met her six months ago (well, she was a teenager - only 18). . . We've shared a lot of sorrow together and have been through a lot of real hard experiences as far as the missionary work is concerned, but it only increased our love and dependency upon one another. I learned to love her very much. She wrote me a note:

*Dear Sister James*

*I love you not only for what you are, but for what I am when I am with you*

*I love you, not only for what you have made of yourself, but for what you are making of me. . .*

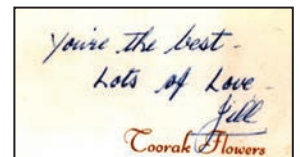
*I love you for drawing out into the light all the beautiful belongings that no one else had looked quite far enough to find . . . May the Lord bless you in all your righteous endeavors, Sincerely, Sister Sonia Smith*

Today (November 16, 1962), Sister Milburn and I just witnessed the baptism of one of our Golden investigators. The sisters before us had met Nick Manos and said that he probably wasn't too good, but last Friday we gave him the Word of Wisdom and he accepted it beautifully. Tonight Elder Newbold and I presented the Fourth discussion and he was ready! The Spirit during that discussion was felt so strongly by everyone. Nick was as ready as could be. We couldn't find anyone who had the keys to the church and so we decided to baptize him in the ocean. Suffice it to say, that it was a beautiful baptism. Elder Chatterton baptized a girl the night before at the same place. To see the children of God accept the Gospel so readily is about the most humbling experience I think I'll ever have. Both of these young people were so grateful to be Mormons - how unappreciative I feel sometimes when I think of the wonderful power in the Priesthood. I feel so full of joy that I can't write it down fast enough!

I've felt like my mission was beginning anew when I got here to Adelaide. It's so much more friendly than Melbourne - there seems to be no comparison. I love my mission and I love my new companion. The flight over here made me trunky in a way - it seemed like I should've been on my way back home once I got in the plane. I flew over with two brand newies - Elder Sweat from Heber and Elder Sessions from California. It made me feel, all of a sudden, that time had just slipped through my fingers. Keith Sayers and Ralph Barton came to see me off at the plane, and they gave me a big box of chocolates. Jill rang me on the phone at the mission home, and sent me a big bouquet of flowers. I couldn't take them with me so I gave them to Sister McConkie. Phil Godwin had already made a trip to Ballarat to meet my parents.



*Phil Godwin visiting my parents in Ballarat*



My arrival in Adelaide was just fabulous!! It seemed as though half the region was there to meet the plane - there were elders all over the place! The best one to see was Elder Twede - it was just like old home week - just like my mission was starting all over again, since Elder Twede delivered me from Ballarat to the Mission home to start my mission. I felt at home - like this was just where I was suppose to be at this time. A fine member family, the Virgins, took us in this night and gave me a wonderful greeting.



Anne Milburn and Cecile

My first impressions of Sister Milburn were quite favorable, and now that I know her better, I just love her so much. In our first week together we grew so close. She's a beautiful blonde that will always be an extra special person to me. We feel such a closeness as we pray together and we've just plain got determination plus to make "Torrens Mission" the best ever. She's from Croydon in Melbourne, but before that she was born in England. Well, she's just great and I love her.

November 19, 1962

Well, back to the story - Sister Milburn didn't have a car (and we still don't) because she got in a little accident the week before I got here. It wouldn't have been so bad if she would have had her driver's license! Alpha Motors decided to be kind hearted so they let us use a little Fiat bomb. This little car was one of those that like to stay out at night - we just never could get it home without it breaking down on us. We really looked like hot rodders going down the streets of Adelaide! The first night we had it, we went down to the Glenelg Hostel and as Sister Milburn was trying to pull the starter, she pulled it right out - what a riot! The next morning was spent in being towed back to Alpha Motors. They fixed it up for us and it

was good for another day, but not at night. At night the brakes (hydraulic) just froze (practically in the middle of the railroad tracks). A kind Golden contact pushed the car over for us and gave us a lift home. No more for that bomb! Earlier that afternoon we were in the city and people were living the streets everywhere because Miss Australia was going to drive by. Well, we tried to get out of the crowd before she came, but, alas, I couldn't get the little bomb started. After we'd done a good job of smoking up the city, flooding the motors, and seeing Miss Australia go by, I decided that the car went better when I put in the key:) Honestly, those dumb L.M.s!!



Our Fiat Bomb! Yes, it liked to stay out at night.  
Sister Milburn, Elders Twede and Newbold

On Saturday, November 10, we had the wonderful privilege of seeing Peter Andrews join the church. His parents were slow at giving their consent, but we finally got it. Elder Twede baptized him and Elder Newbold confirmed him. Peter is a real good missionary and will be a great asset to the church. We met him through Janet Smales at the Glenelg Hostel. It's too bad he's going to Melbourne in a few days. He could've done wonders with his friends at the Hostel.

I don't know when I'll get to write in here again, but I've got to write about Elder Newbold, Chatterton, Woolsey, Fotheringham, Share the Gospel Meeting, Stake Conference, S/D meetings, Brother and Sister Johnson, Phil, Ezra Taft Benson, my talk on the 6:00 a.m. rise, University of Baptisms, Youth Chat & Fun Night, Bar-b-que on the beach - Wow, it's been a busy month. I love it.



Peter Andrews baptized Nov 10, 1962





*McConkies at Prospect Chapel*



*Sister McConkie, Sisters Heather and Cooke*



*Sister Nicholls, Cecile, Sis Johnson, Maisie, Anne, Fotheringham, Johnson, Nicholls*



*Twede and Fotheringham*



*Twede and Newbold*



*Twede, Milburn and Newbold*



*Cecile, Twede, Newbold - Fiat!*



*Milburn, Johnson and James*



*Fotheringham, Johnson, Twede, Milburn*



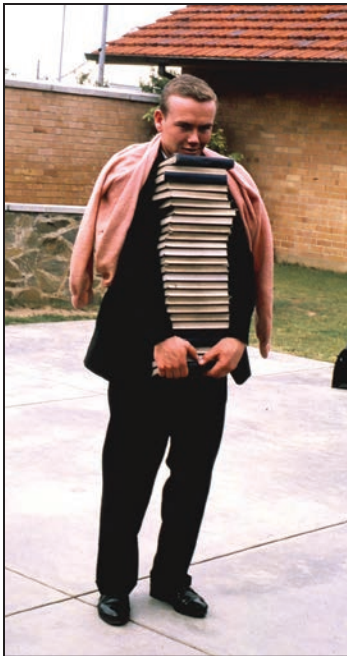
*Sis. Nicholls, James, Johnson, Maisie, Milburn, Bannister, Br. Nicholls*



*Milburn and James*



*Stuart Evans, Richard, Sister Milburn - another form of transportation for the sisters!*



*Elder Roger Millar*



*Elder Warren Woolsey, Elder Russ Fotheringham*



*Elder Josephs (from NZ), Elder Woolsey*



*Sister Alder and Sister Roberts*



*Sister Cooke and Sister Heather*



*Sister James and Sister Judy Cooke - We left the same time on our missions from Ballarat*



*Sister Cecile James, Elder Bruce Newbold, Sister Anne Milburn*



*Regional Elders in Adelaide  
Elder Doug Twede  
and  
Elder Roger Millar*



*President and Sister McConkie - Nov 1962*

Nov 21, 1962

Just experienced another one of those fabulous meetings with an Apostle - Ezra Taft Benson. As he spoke to us missionaries for a good hour and a half today, his eyes were continually filled with tears - and ours too. He expressed his great love for the missionfield and helped so much to increase our testimonies. I felt so much love for him. What a lot of attention we missionaries were getting - just to see Ezra Taft Benson and President McConkie sitting up there together - what great power, and knowledge and strength they represented. We missionaries were humbled to a lot of tears, especially as the meeting ended with the testimonies from all of us. I am truly humbled at these meetings.

(Note: Elder Benson brought each of us missionaries into a room with him individually and interviewed us. I don't remember what he asked me or anything I said. But it was amazing to me to have this personal attention from an Apostle).

I had to give a talk on how to get baptisms by the 6:00 a.m. rise. Well, we got home last night about 11:30 and we didn't get to bed until 1:30 - slept from 1:30 to 4:30. At 4:30 a.m. I wrote my talk and by 5:00 I started getting ready - at 5:30 we left for the meeting and at 6:00 a.m. the meeting started. The talk

went over pretty good, I guess - it always could be better, but never mind. I just wish I could put down on paper the feelings that I felt there today. I'm so grateful for the apostles and for all the General Authorities, for President McConkie and for President David O. McKay. What a blessed generation I belong to. I hope that I and the person I eventually marry will have the same goal of working to do our part to build up the Kingdom . . . I'm so thankful for my parents and my beautiful family. I just hope that they're being as blessed as I know I am. It's my highest goal to be with my family in the eternities in the Celestial Kingdom. I'm thankful most of all that I know this Gosopel to be true and everything that this Church teaches is truth because it's the Church of Jesus Christ.

Nov 30, 1962

Here I am trying my darndest to keep up with this. My intentions are good - the Spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. Elder Newbold is one terrific S.E. He's such a good, kind hearted and patient S.E. I have the upmost respect for him. He's never worried - always full of smiles, and always keeps the rest of us full of smiles.



*Elder Warren Woosey*

When I first got here, Elder Fotheringham was my S.E. for about one and a half weeks. His companion was Elder Woolsey from Escalante, Utah and is so cute! He has the Southern Utah drawl. He is freckled faced and full of personality - and elder who's going to go far. He did a good job of breaking in Elder Newbold when he came.

There's this wonderful older couple here from Provo - Brother and Sister Johnson. When Sis. Johnson first saw me she nearly hugged me to death, simply because I was from Provo. She's been awfully homesick, nearly in tears every day. They've got seven children, 28 grandchildren, and they're now starting on great grandchildren. No wonder they're homesick. Anyway, they're just a lovely couple.



*Elder Newbold and Woolsey -  
Nov 1962 - Prospect*



*Elder and Sister Johnson from Provo, Utah*

*November 1962 - Adelaide*



*Elder Holgate, and Elder Belliston, Sister Johnson*



*Maisie (member who loves missionaries), E. Newbold. Maisie's birthday*

Elder Chatterton is also in my area here, and he's a completely different person here than he was in Moorabbin - that's just how different the atmosphere is here as regards the friendliness of the people. The reception is so different. I've never enjoyed my mission so completely. It's too bad all areas of the missionfield aren't as good as this one.

When I first got here, we had a Share The Gospel meeting that Pres. McConkie was here for. He seemed to be in such a better humor than I've ever seen him - I felt so much more at ease with him. He's such a wonderful person. I love his family as well.



*Sister Milburn, Sister James, Maisie, Elder Newbold*

December 11, 1962

I'll make no excuses - just write until this pen falls out of my hand. . . first of all, tonight we just had a terrific Road Show - these people here in Adelaide just thrill me more and more each day. They are so much like "back home." The Road Shows were amateurish granted, but what fun they were! Sister Paul and Martin and the Harris' came with us, and I know they enjoyed it. Last Sunday was another Share the Gospel and Pres. McConkie spoke on the Everlasting Gospel - it was powerful. The Harris' were there, also Robert Curtin, Brent, Glen Sheehan, Charles Greenekles, John and Janet Ascot, Susan Sheard and the Paulls. I don't believe John and Janet were too impressed with it - oh well, this is the sifting process. Br. Harris is ready to be baptized, also Sis. Harris - I'll just never understand what's keeping them out. Sis Harris wants it so badly for her family. I truly pray for this family that they will accept the gospel. I love them. Brent will be baptized this Saturday - I admire the faith he has.

Glen and Charles received the second discussion last night and took it beautifully. Charles, especially is accepting it well. Glen's problem is prayer. Robert Calvin has overcome a lot of barriers and is almost a Mormon! Also yesterday we had another S/D Meeting - it seems like we just had one. Boy, is the time ever going by fast!! President McConkie spoke on the "The Holy Ghost is a Revelator" - a wonderful talk and a wonderful meeting. The testimony meeting was as usual the best part. I seem to bear my testimony over and over again in my heart as each missionary gets up. It was also good to talk over old times with Sister Broderick. How fortunate I was to have her as my first companion. And Sister Milburn now is just like my own blond sister (I don't have a blond sister!). I know I will love these girls eternally.

Well, now I'm back to last Saturday, which was another great baptismal day. It was the biggest baptism that South Australia has had at once - 18 people baptized - and mostly young men - just what the Australians need in the Church! I had the great opportunity of speaking at the service - I felt very humble and yet a most wonderful feeling came over me as I gave it. I just knew in my heart how pleased the Lord was with the way these people were accepting his beautiful truths.



*December 8, 1962 - Baptism Day for Grace Paull and her son, Martin Paull. Grace was baptized and confirmed by Elder Newbold. Martin was baptized by George Rhodes and confirmed by Elder Newbold. Photo: Sister James, Martin, Maisie, George Rhodes and Sister Paull, and other young people baptized that day.*

Sister Milburn and I also had the blessing of seeing two of our contacts join the Church this day - Sister Paull and her son, Martin were baptized. They need the Gospel so much - it was such a joy to see them accept the Gospel. Sis Paull told us that this was the answer to her prayers. I know the Lord knows who He wants in his church. I feel so often that we are being guided to some of the people with whom we come in contact. The baptism was just beautiful - it boosted the spirit of all the missionaries.

Right after the Baptism we went on a mystery car ride - it was a mystery all right! When three of the carloads (ours being one) got to the second place, no one was there to tell us the next place, let alone the destination, so about eighteen of us went over to Sis. Paull's and had our own party. It turned out to be as fun as anything.



*Doug Griffin with his family at airport. His farewell was December 2, 1962*

Last Wednesday we went to the airport with Stuart Evans to see Doug Griffin off on his mission. Doug is Sis Lord's boyfriend, and he's a real fine person. I am so impressed with him - a genuine person in and out! The Sunday before we took many investigators to Doug's farewell, which was marvellous for mellowing and fellowshipping. The youth missionaries here in Torrens are just fabulous!! We had a missionary enthusiasm meeting with them about three Sundays ago and we closed it with the most touching testimony meeting. The young people just wept with their love for the gospel and for one another. I'm so grateful that I know these young people and I love them with all my heart. Following that Sunday, the youth missionaries were with us each night that week. It not only builds up their spirits, but ours as well. I'll always love them - Pat Rasmus, Bev Nicholls (and her whole family), Desma and Christine Rhodes, and of course their brother George, Kaye Bannister, Evelyn Nairn, Barry Lee, Graham Nicholls, Ruth, Stuart Evans and just so many. I love them all!

(Note: It's now 2023 and I'm 81 and I've kept up with many of these youth missionaries. I keep contact with Bev Nicholls and her brother Graham - they're both married with fine families and live in Canada, but just a few years ago I ran into them in the Visitors' Center on Temple Square, which is good because I had lost their emails. I ran into Barry Lee while we were on our mission in New Zealand. We thought in 1962 that He and Bev Nicholls would marry, but things turned out differently. He was working with the area presidency in the South Pacific when we saw him in 2005. Kaye Bannister served a full-time mission and came home and married well. Sometimes she and her husband make it to our missionary reunions. I hear from her every Christmas. Besides Kaye, Barry Lee, Desma Rhodes, Stuart Evans and Graham Nicholls all served missions. Christine Rhodes visited Doug and me when we were living in Los Altos. We kept in contact with Stuart Evans until he died just a few years ago. These are wonderful people!!)



*Graham, Br. and Sis Nicholls, Bev*



*Barry Lee and Bev Nicholls*



*Desma, George and Christine Rhodes*



*Brother Nicholls*



*Top: Dec 8, 1962  
Maisie, George Rhodes,  
Sisters James and Milburn*

*Left: Kaye Bannister,  
Bev Nicholls*

*Right: Stuart Evans*





This article appeared in the paper "Truth" in Adelaide - Saturday, Dec 15, 1962

## BEWARE MORMON SECT - CLERGY - SA Churches lose flocks

Churchmen are perturbed at the activities of the Mormon organisation in South Australia. Relays of fresh faced, athletic young American missionaries, straight from the heady atmosphere of Salt Lake City, are wooing people to the Mormon community.

They are having success among old and young alike, winning them to the doctrine according to Joseph Smith. One church man said: "Our people should be on their guard against the Mormons. Too many conversions are taking place. The attraction is that the Mormons offer a community way of life." Another said he was alarmed at the Mormons' ability to turn children into persistent Mormons who were prepared to argue until you were black in the face. The Mormons are a wealthy sect. Their money comes from America and they are prepared and able to spend lavishly."

Children and young people are attracted by well-equipped buildings and social activities that quickly alienate them from the churches from which they were born. The young Americans are elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, popularly known as Mormons. Their job, unpaid and carrying no living allowance, is to convert the people in the area into which they are sent. They are well-dressed and smart. They have been reported in suburbs extending right around Adelaide. They speak well and are convincing.

The Mormon beliefs were revealed by God to a farm boy, Joseph Smith, in a woods in New York State in 1820. The drive for converts seems to have started since a spectacular church was built at Fitzroy Terrace.



Here I've gone all this while without mentioning University of Baptisms. The course of six weeks ends this Sunday. I hope I'll be able to write more about this tomorrow night. I just can hardly hold my eyes open right now - it's 1:10 a.m. and we have a meeting that starts at 6:30 a.m. Missionary life is just great!!

Dec. 12, 1962

Well, how do you like that? - Two nights in a row! However it's already 12:35 and it's been a long day, so I'm already to stop before I start. Sister "Millie" and I split up with youth missionaries tonight because we had four meetings. She went with Desma Rhodes and I went with Christine Rhodes. I just had a most enjoyable time with Christine - oh, those girls - I really love them (also their brother, George!) . . . By the way, Brent Hanks is ready to be baptized



*Brent Hanks*

- he's getting opposition from all angles, the poor guy. It's amazing what he's going to have to put up with as far as temptation from his friends goes. He'll do it, though - I know he will.

This University of Baptisms has just been great. Elder Millar has been our very capable "professor." We've been studying one discussion a week, going over the scriptures and having a presentation of it each Friday. Also we've had gospel discussions starting in the New Testament. "School" has been held on Mondays 1:30-3:30 and Fridays 7:30-9:30. Sister Milburn and I presented the Second Discussion to the group - it was fun, but a scary experience (for me). It's been fun to be engaged in the work of the Lord. We've learned the books of the Old Testament, New Testament and Book of Mormon by putting them to music. Our group also put D&C 4 to music - I'll never be able to forget it now. The song is a conglomeration of "God of Our Fathers," "High on the Mtn. Top," and "Praise to the Man." Elder Millar has been absolutely marvelous as a teacher and that fellow really knows his scriptures - what a fine example (Note from 2023: Elder Millar became a heart surgeon, and later in his life he was Mission President in England)

Dec 17, 1962

So many things happen in just a few days. Last Friday we had a *fancy dress* party, and it turned out to be really fun. We took Glen Sheehan, Charles Greenecter, Bob Harrison, and a Peter and a Hardy with us. They enjoyed the good fun. The party hadn't been too well planned so I pulled out some of my good ol' standbys: "States" and "Hiram and Miranda."

On Saturday we had a disappointment. When we went to get Brent to be baptized, he wasn't there. We knew that he had been having some real temptations as far as his friends are concerned so we figured they had gotten to him. We went to the baptism anyway, as the elders had brought two of our investigators, Glenda Kosehagen & Bob Kelvin - hopefully both will someday be members. Bob Kelvin's a real good guy - he already seems like a member.

On Sunday night we took Bob Kelvin and Sis. Paull and Glenn Sheehan to church with us and lo and behold there was Brent! We nearly fell over, but beamed with pure joy and delight that he was there. After the Sacrament meeting, we had a fabulous baptismal service for him. Quite a few went in to see it. It's these surprise baptisms that are even better than the others, I reckon! Elder Newbold baptized him and Elder Blair confirmed him. It was just a beautiful service.



*Bob Kelvin, Sister James, Sister Johnson,  
John Gowin, Glenn Sheehan*

Afterwards we all drove into the city and had a gillotti (sp?) ice cream. Honestly, talk about investigators fellowshipping investigators - it was just terrific. This Torrens Branch is just going to pop wide open!



Last Friday Stuart Evans was spending his last day here before the holidays, so he treated Sister Milburn and me to lunch - smorgasboard! Because of his thoughtfulness I wrote him a poem (of course) and gave it to him with two crazy pictures of us in it.

*There's a fellow we know who's really quite nice,  
In fact, he's the type who makes you look twice!  
He's tall and he's dark and wow! what looks!  
The kind you would find in movie star books.*

*This person we know just happens to be  
A fellow named Stuart - future Mission - ar-y!  
Now Stuart, we thank you for being a "winner"  
Especially for taking us two nuts to dinner,  
We sincerely can say that we think you are tops  
And envy the girl who'll cook-up your chops.  
(Really we do - it's true, it's true)*

*Now we hope she'll be worthy of such a great guy*

*And if she's not - we'll want to know why!!*

*We hope your Christmas is happy and merry  
With Judy, Jane, Sally, Matilda and Carrie.  
Please think of us often when you go with those dames.  
Yes, think of a Milburn and think of a James*



### *Boomerang Directions*

*When you cast your boomerang high into the air  
It might really come back, so do have a care -  
If your throw was well aimed with intentions quite good  
It will try hard to come back - well, at least it should.  
But if you throw wildly without thought or aim,  
It may knock off your nobbin, with just you to blame  
If you timidly toss it - afraid of the thing  
It will flip-flop and tumble, ring a ding ding.  
If you hold it and heft it and calculate right  
Squint your eye, flex your toe, set your teeth very tight,  
Then gracefully, skillfully let the thing go  
It may land in a place that you never may know. . .*



*Then, my Christmas poem to Lawrence,*

*In spirit I'll haunt you this Christmas Day  
I'll sit at your table, and hear what you say,  
I'll undo your presents set under the tree  
And give a quick peek or a long look-see!*

*I'll haunt you as gayly you saddle the mare  
Gaze long at your profile and ruffle your hair,  
Be amazed that Roy carries your weight - quite a feat  
Then I'll jump up behind you - won't that be neat?!*

*We'll ride like the wind, for we will be light  
Over ditches and meadows way into the night  
If the breeze takes your breath as you fly through the air  
Then you'll know for sure that I have been there.  
Merry Christmas*

December 25, 1962

It's been a wonderful Christmas! Last Sunday morning Mama and Dad came in by train and spent the last three days with me. Sunday morning I introduced them to my wonderful friends here in Torrens, and then Sister Milburn and I took them to meet some people. We saw the Harris', Sis Paull and Martin. Then we met the elders (Newbold and Blair) and Glenn Sheehan at the Hotel Australia where we broke our fast, which we had been having for Glenn. We were so thirsty, we all had two drinks each of lemon squash and two pitchers of water. Glen is so ready for baptism - he just needs to pray harder and get that final inner assurance for himself. He's just a real wonderful person.



*Elder Newbold, Elder Blair, Sister Cecile James, Sister Lucie James,  
Sister Milburn, Glenn Sheehan*

On Monday, we went shopping. Mama gave us 15 pounds to spend wrecklessly - and we did! We got Elizabeth and the boys some presents - also our companions and each other. We really



*Cecile and Anne Milburn*

went wild when we got to the wigs department. We ended up with Sister Milburn getting a black wig and me getting a blond. We really gathered a crowd in the store as we tried them on, so we could hardly wait for our reception at the Christmas Eve party - what a riot! Everyone nearly died when they saw us. What are these lady missionaries coming to?! It turned out to be so much fun.



*Sisters Cecile and Lucie James!*



*Chapel in Elizabeth, SA*



*Sisters Roberts, Alder, Broderick, James, Milburn, Hanson*



*Christmas and Boxing Day: O'Sullivan or Henley Beach December 1962*



*Anne Milburn, Doug Twede, Cecile James*



*Elder Hal Belliston (or Belly stone)*



The missionaries put on “The Fatal Quest.” I had Mama write the script on her way to Adelaide. It turned out funnier than I’ve ever seen it. Here’s the cast:

King	Elder Newbold
Queen	Sister Milburn
Duke	Elder Belliston
Princess	Elder Sessions
Cat	Rasmus
Curtains	Elder Chatterton, Blair, Klein and Glen Sheehan
Narrator	Sister James (me!)



Elder Sessions was a *scream* in the blond wig and lipstick. We all laughed ourselves silly. The rest of the party was spent in “*Carols by Candlelight*.” As fun as anything. I got a most special surprise Sunday night. When I got home there was a big huge long box on my bed. In it were beautiful flowers ordered by Lawrence - I was so happy - they were absolutely gorgeous!!! . . .

Christmas Day (today) was spent in a number of ways. First of all, we went to the Sunday service - President Barrett and Elder Newbold gave marvelous talks. Bob Kelvin and Glenn Sheehan were there. We would like to have had Charles there but I’m afraid his parents don’t appreciate us too much.

For Sunday dinner we went to John and Janet’s (Aylott). They’re really a great couple socially, but as far as the Gospel is concerned, I’m not too sure. After dinner, we drove to Houston’s in Elizabeth, but they weren’t there unfortunately.

However, we did get to see the chapel. Dad is glad that his chapel is further along. Mama and Dad left at 7:00 - it was just wonderful spending Christmas with them. I’ll never forget this one!

Dec. 27, 1962

Today’s exactly my halfway mark - from now it’s all downhill for me. However, it’s uphill all the way as far as missionary work is concerned. There’s so darned much to do. Yesterday was just a fabulous day! On Christmas night we went up to Maisie’s and watched the Tabernacle Choir on TV - then we washed cars ‘til 12:30. At 6:00 the next morning we left with the other missionaries up to National Park for a day of fun. The day started with a regional car wax for every car - afterwards we played tennis and softball until we were blue in the face. I had a good old fashioned talk with Sis. Broderick. I have a funny feeling that something big is going to happen to that girl. I don’t know why, but I just feel it. We even had a good American picnic, lunch - fried chicken - the “works!” Sister Milburn and I got home at 5:00, and there was Keith Sayers, Peter and Pat from Moorabbin. What a wonderful surprise. Only got to speak with them for about 45 minutes, but it was terrific anyway. At 6:30 Sis. Milburn and I laid down for just a short rest & before we knew it, it was 6:00 the next morning, and there we were - our clothes on and everything. However, the most fantastic thing was that we got 11 hours of sleep! Today we’ve been bobbing around like two old ladies - we’re so stiff and sore - and another party tomorrow - ooooooh -



President Barrett



I've just got some poems I better put in before they're out of date. Here is the one to President McConkie:



*This Christmas time we'd like to say,  
We hope your Christmas is merry and gay.  
Now we hope you'll like our Christmas gift (picture of us in masks),  
It's something to give you that extra lift!*



*When things go wrong and baptisms low,  
Just think of us two - we're rarin' to go  
With smiles like these, who can resist?  
Does this kind of energy really exist?  
So I hope we all meet our goals and aims,  
From two happy L.M.'s - Milburn and James*



With a present for Elder Newbold:

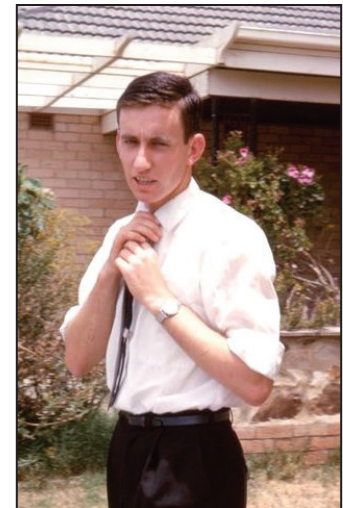
*To a dear S.E., Newbolden  
Who wants all our contacts GOLDEN  
We send this "yes" bird OLDEN  
For you to pet and beholden*

With a present for Glenn Sheehan:

*When you step into the font  
It's sox that you are apt to want,  
So here's something snowy white  
To make that special step just right!*



*Elder Bruce Newbold*



*Glenn Sheehan*



*Elder Millar and Elder Twede's Baptisms*

Dec 29, 1962

It's Saturday - Baptismal Day. Boy, this week's gone by fast and I'm so stiff from all these parties and sports, that I'm not sure if I'm coming or going. Yesterday, the whole region had a youth picnic and bar-be-que and games day. It started at 11:00 and lasted until 7:00. We had some real wonderful investigators there - Glenn Sheehan, Susan Shard, Bronwyn Thompson, Marilyn Trevelyan, Faye Pepall, & and a real goldmine, Ron & Glennys, - Adrian Nicholls and Ray (Adrian's girlfriend). Adrian and Ron are absolutely fabulous on drums and piano. Just as soon as we can, we're going to arrange a dance with them as the band - I can hardly wait - they're really great.

The party was real fun. We went to Christy's Beach. I had a real wonderful surprise when I got there - the Foremans from Moorabin were there - they've been here since Christmas. We had lunch,

then we played softball and the boys played gridiron football. At 5:00 we had bar-be-que'd chops and sausages. It was all a real wonderful day. The weather everywhere else was storming wildly - but by golly, not on us! Those who went in swimming said it was great. I personally thought it was cold! Of course, I only stuck my big toe in.

That night we had a real good talk and prayer with Glenn. He's bound to become a Mormon - and I'm sure it'll be today! (Trying to always be positive!)

Jan 5, 1963

Glenn didn't become a Mormon on Saturday; however, it's not him who's holding back now but his mother. Glenn finally has the feeling in his heart that it's true - this is something truly wonderful for him - something he's had a real desire to get. Glenn and the Harris' were at the baptism on Saturday, - it was just a beautiful service. Unfortunately, Harris' don't seem to be touched by the Spirit, or else they're just afraid to follow the feeling in their hearts.

Sunday was a good day. I gave a talk Sunday night on Joseph Smith. I always seem to worry more than I should about giving talks, but the actual "giving it" isn't ever bad at all. In fact, it's a wonderful opportunity that I really appreciate when given it. . .



*Bread Delivery in Adelaide*



*My Pointy Shoes*



*Sister Anne Milburn*

Monday was New Year's Eve and all the missionaries plus investigators went down to Willunga Beach to give Bev Nicholls a surprise party for her birthday - we filled the van plus two cars full of people. While all the kids went in swimming, we missionaries wrote letters. However, that didn't last long!! In fact, there was quite an attraction right near our beach - of all things, missionaries were being thrown into the ocean - clothes and all!! We all fought and screamed before we got thrown in, but afterwards, I'll just have to admit that it really felt good. The party was successful, but we were sure glad to get home. Oh, by the way, Graham Tomlinson (from Ballarat) spent the day with us - it was good to see him again.

New Year's Day was spent with the Sheehans at Victoria Harbor - it seemed a long way to drive just to sit down for a few hours and eat and watch people swim and sunbathe at the ocean again. The day was just excellent, but Sister Milburn and I were so glad that the parties were over and that normal missionary work could start again. After we'd spent the biggest part of the day with Sheehan's we went to a Seminar Development meeting for "Torrens Mission" - I felt so humble and so ready for real hard missionary work again that I just had tears through the whole complete meeting. I felt so close to God those few hours - it just bore a continuous testimony to me of His reality. Boy, we were ready to go after that meeting and "go" we did. We'd heard they were having a baptism that night so we went to get Glenn and we got Bob Kelvin also. Bob had only been home from his holidays for about 10 minutes, but he came and was ready for baptism! What a wonderful thrill it was - I just wept for joy and he was so thrilled and happy. That guy's going far in the Church. (Robert Dene Kelvin was baptized on Jan 1, 1963. Baptized by Elder Newbold and confirmed by Elder Blair in the Prospect Chapel).



*Bob Kelvin, Elder Sessions, Glenn Sheehan*

Just haven't got time to write any more details, but I've got to add a few things. Sister Smith is with Sis Cooke in Marion. We have now formed an Adelaide Sisters District with Sister Broderick as Supervising Sister - it's terrific (and so is she!!) . We're having some trouble with Brent, but I'm sure things will work out right. I've just got to go to bed before my eyes fall out of my head - I'm so worn out - but happy.



*Amelia S. McConkie District: Back: Bolton, Cooke, Broderick, Heywood, Hansen, Alder Front: Johnson, Roberts, Smith, James, Milburn*



*Sister Amelia S. McConkie*



*Sister Amelia S. McConkie and her girls, Mary, Rebecca and Kathryn*



*Me and My Companions: Smith, James, Broderick, Milburn*

January 19, 1963

I'm behind on news again as usual, but I'd better hurry and catch up on a few things. Since the first of the year we've been teaching a John Gowin. He's a twenty-one year old fellow who was a Jehovah's Witness before. He's got a terrific mother and father and brother. However, his father's been in the hospital with a heart attack, so I'm hoping this is the perfect time for the Gospel to enter their home. John's the only one who's heard the discussions so far, but as soon as his mother gets a little more control of herself, she'll hear them also. John's been progressing marvellously. He took the first two discussions real good - however when we followed up on the second, he was as "full" as anything so, out of disgust, we just left. We gave him the 3rd and he put us to the test and has faithfully lived the Word of Wisdom.



Yesterday we fasted with him and that night he went out with the boys. When we went to see him today he wasn't his usual "fit" self, but felt quite low because he'd broken down and smoked and drank - claimed he did nothing all night but talk religion. At least he found that it's a commandment and is quite determined to live a better life. He'll be to church tomorrow morning, so he's apt to be baptized before the day's over (we can always hope). He's been a spiritual wonderful person to teach - what blessings!!

Glenn's still got problems with his parents - I'm afraid he's going to have to make a choice between them and the church (and that's an impossible choice to make). In the meantime, he's making a terrific Sunday School President! Gosh, "It's great to be a Mormon!"



John Gowin

We had a GOLDEN meeting last night with the Michaelis Family!

(Note: Before I continue on with my journal, I need to add some background to the Michaelis Family. First of all, we'd been having lunch every Thursday with a family in the Torrens Branch. They were the Balodis Family (*salt of the earth!!*). Sister Aina Balodis fed us hotdogs every single time we went. They had very little, and we felt that we were probably eating better than her children were. Nevertheless, she insisted on feeding us. They were from Latvia and Dainis (her husband) spoke very good English, but Aina's was quite "broken." There was going to be a "Share the Gospel" evening on Friday, so we asked Aina if she was brave enough to go around her block in her neighborhood and invite her neighbors to come hear it. President McConkie would be speaking. She was so shy, but she said she would try. She did go around, and everyone turned her down, except one family, the Michaelis Family. In talking to Shirley Michaelis at a later time, she said she only accepted because she could tell this was hard for Sister Balodis to do, and she just couldn't say "no" to her. So they went. The next day, we took a book called The Mormon Story for the Michaelis' family to read (of course, after thanking them for coming). We left the book



Dainis and Aina Balodis (from Latvia) and four of their children. Gundi and Vesma are the two oldest.

with them for a week, and then we knocked on the door to visit with them, and Jerry Michaelis opened it, thanked us for the invitation to read the book and told us that he "had already quit smoking!" So now I'll continue on with my story from my journal)

Jerry and Shirley Michaelis heard President McConkie's talk last Sunday night and have been reading the *Mormon Story* - and boy, were they ready for that First Discussion. He usually smoked 20 cigarettes a day, but since President's talk, he's been on the same pack for six days now. They're a real terrific couple and will make fabulous Mormons - They'll be to church in the morning. Speaking of President McConkie, he gave one of the finest talks last week as I have heard him give. It was on *Revelation*. I love that man!! I just thrill every time I hear him speak. How can anyone ever doubt after hearing such a powerful speaker? I just don't know if my testimony can possibly get any stronger than it is now!



Jerry and Shirley Michaelis and Joan

John Gowin, Bob Kelvin, Glenn Sheehan, Judith Trevelyan, Michaelis' and Ron Nicholls attended the meeting. The next day we had a S/D meeting with our new Amelia S. McConkie District. This is something wonderful and new - just for the lady missionaries with Sister Broderick as our Supervising Sister. Sister McConkie took the L.M.'s in our own separate meeting and then afterwards we got treated to dinner - it was such a fun day. I've grown twice as close to all of the sisters because of this experience. Meantime, President McConkie took the elders for a long hike to the top of Mt. Lofty for their S/D Meeting. They got rained on but all just had a fabulous time. What a Mission President!!



Broderick, Heywood, Scribner, Hansen, Roberts



Milburn, Bolton, Heywood

I got a real surprise - a letter from Pete Henderson! (Note: Pete was one of the boarders who lived in our home in Provo. I had to give up my little bedroom for him. He was a Kiwi from New Zealand). It only took him a year to write to me! However, he sent me a real wonderful letter plus a photo of the the three (almost four) of them. Pete sounds like his good, but crazy, normal self. . . I only have about 8 more months to go on my mission. The only thing that makes me feel bad is that the time is going by so quickly. I've really done so little I feel.

We're planning for a big party on the 26th of this month - MIA Around the World. Torrens represents Hawaii - and since no one knew anything Hawaiian, the next Polynesian thing anyone could think of was Maori (Ha, guess who thought of that?). Well, I'm back at it again, teaching a Maori dance and song. I'll probably work the poi balls for a minute or so. We're also putting on the Fatal Quest - "Hawaiian Style." Brother, what's next!

I seem to be hundreds of letters behind. So many people have written, especially since Christmas. This Monday's going to be a busy day! Even got a Christmas Card from Bob King - haven't heard from him for over a year. (Note: Bob King was the first one to take me on a date when I got home from my mission. We saw "Lawrence of Arabia." Bob King and I were both from Rock Springs, Wyoming. He became an Ambassador for the United States. He served as Special Envoy for North Korean Human Rights Issues at the Department of State from 2009 to 2017 under President Obama. Always was a good man!)



Elder Robert R. King

January 31, 1963

Had the most wonderful night of my whole mission last night (I know I've said that before) John Gowin and Brother and Sister Michaelis were baptized in the ocean at 11:30 p.m. Last week John fasted and prayed for three solid days, and when we went to see him Friday night, he wanted to chuck the whole thing in. We asked him to keep his faith up and keep praying about it. The next morning we caught him putting some "OK's" and two pints of milk on our doorstep with a note expressing his appreciation for us. We talked him into coming with us to help build a Hawaiian hut for the party, and while he was chopping down lumber, he decided that the only way to truly be happy is to be a tired worn out Mormon. He spent the next three days with his fiance - and not a very happy three days.



Preparing for our Event, "MIA Around the World" - building the Hawaiian Hut  
 Photo on Left: Front: Desma Rhodes, Phil Baker, Bev Nicholls, Back: Not sure, maybe Rasmus and Nairn. Middle Photo: A closer look at Phil Baker and Bev Nicholls, Photo on Right: Desma Rhodes, Barry Lee, Rasmus, Bev Nicholls, Christine Rhodes

We saw John on Tuesday night and arranged for him to do missionary work with Elder Newbold the next night. We told Elder Newbold and said he was ready for baptism if he just felt the Spirit at the right moment. Just as we were driving into Michaelis' to give them the fifth discussion, Elder Sessions and President Barrett drove up and said there was going to be a baptism - John!! We ran into the Michaelis' and told them to get ready and we called Glenn - we were so excited!

We got to the chapel but we couldn't get the keys for about an hour and when we did get them, the font was empty, and it takes four hours to fill. So down to the ocean we went. When Shirley Michaelis heard this, she was ready to go as well. We had a prayer on the beach before the baptisms and Sister Michaelis was the first one to be baptized. Sister Milburn and I got out as far as we could go, but we were close enough to hear the prayer. The baptism was beautiful! What a thrill! John followed her, and when he came out of the water he yelled, "I'm a Mormon!!" We walked back to the shore and Jerry Michaelis was ready . . . almost. He was pacing up and down the beach, and we were following him, encouraging him to go ahead and take the plunge. He'd say, "no" and we'd say "yes," and then he'd say "no," and we'd say, "yes." He stopped pacing up and down, and just started to take off his clothes, so we had him put on John's wet baptismal ones. Well, out he went - as happy as ever, and when he came out of the water he said, "Golly, jeepers, its' great to be alive and to be a Mormon!" Well, it was truly a thrill. (Note: Jerry and Shirley much later got divorced, but Jerry remarried a woman named Melva. He always stayed active as did Melva and much later became Bishop of the Torrens Ward. On a trip back to Australia, I even went through the Adelaide Temple with them. Their son, Gary, who was eleven at the time, also joined the church, but he wouldn't get baptized while Anne and I were together. He waited until we were transferred and then got baptized. He wanted to prove to us that he was joining the church because he KNEW it was true and not because he liked us. He's now in his 70's and is a grandfather and has been active his whole life. Jerry (a German) is in his 90's and is as solid in the Gospel as can be.)



Jerry and Shirley Michaelis, Karleen, Gary, Katherine, Joan and Rolf

We went back to Michaelis' home and had the confirmation service - there were 19 people there. I had the privilege of offering the closing prayer and Sis. Milburn gave the opening one. The Spirit was truly there. I've never felt it so strongly on my whole mission. John Gowin was baptized and confirmed January 30, 1963 by Elder Newbold at Henley Beach, Adelaide. Shirley June Michaelis was baptized the same day and place by Elder Belliston and confirmed by Brother Dainis Balodis. Jerry Michaelis was baptized the same day and place by Elder Newbold and confirmed by President Barrett.

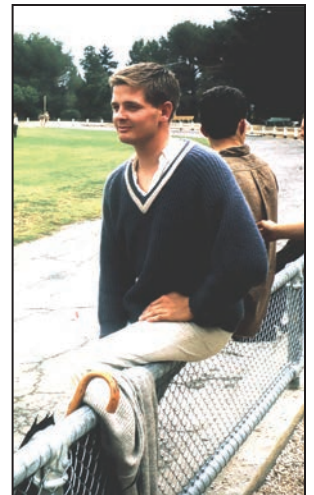
When we drove home there was John Gowin parked in front of our place. After about 1/2 hour of him trying to tell us something he just came out and said, “Anne Milburn, I’ve got a strong feeling that I’m going to marry you.” Oh my goodness, if that wasn’t a shock! He realizes what standards he has to meet because he does realize what kind of person Sister Milburn is. We talked quite a bit about it, and then for the last few minutes I let them have a word of prayer together. I hope it was alright for me to do this . . . Hmmm - I wonder what shifts’ will be coming up??

(Note: This year (2023) Anne has been writing stories to her children and grandchildren just like I wrote to mine, and in one of her stories she wrote about this period in our mission. This is what she recorded: *The last person I wrote about in my journal was Bob Kelvin, 18, in Economics at the University. It was a pleasure to teach him. When he received an answer to his prayers and was touched by the Holy Ghost, he said he had received an angel. We got so busy teaching people which made us very happy but, sadly, I was exhausted after each wonderful day and did not write in my missionary journal after that. Sister James and I did see Bob baptized and another great young man in his 20’s, John Gowin. Then Mr. Jerry Michealis and Mrs. Shirley Michaelis, who were the best and Glen Sheehan, so fine and he was another ocean baptism. After 4 fabulous months with Sister James, I was on a plane back to Western Australia, all because of John Gowin!! A short time after he was baptized, Sister James and I were taking him home after a church social event when he said to me, “Sister Milburn, some day I am going to marry you!” A total surprise! I was flattered because he was nice and good-looking, but we missionaries don’t think about romance. And I knew I would be transferred now and that made me unhappy because I loved my time with Sister James!*)



Some members of the Torrens Branch

By the way, we had a terrific party on Saturday. Torrens, of course, was the best. The kids did the Maori dance perfectly - not one mistake, and I did the poi dance while Sister Milburn and Stuart Evans sang and Ron Nicholls played the bongos. Then we told and put on the play about the King of the Enchanted Islands, the enchanted queen, Hinemoa the beautiful princess, Tutanakai the handsome duke, and Potiki the perpetual pet pig. It was so funny - the audience just loved it! The whole night was a huge success. We had fifteen investigators there - even the Harris family came. This was followed by a wonderful day at Church (dinner at the Michaelis’), and then an all-day picnic at Tanunda with the whole region. Gridiron



Elder Hal Belliston

was played, as usual - I even learned to play Skittel. I really love my mission - how lucky am I!!!



January 31, 1963

Glenn was baptized tonight at Henley Beach! It was just wonderful, but his parents will be upset. Pictures were taken down at the beach this time so I hope they turn out good. Glenn was so happy - it seems like he’s been waiting so long - he’s really got potential to go a long ways. He was baptized by Elder Sessions and Elder Newbold witnessed. Afterwards we went to Klein’s and Dabb’s place for

the confirmation service. Stuart Evans gave the welcoming talk (imitating President McConkie even). Glenn was confirmed by Elder Belliston, assisted by Elder Newbold, Sessions, Blair, Klein, Dabb and Brother Balodis! He was given the gift of the Holy Ghost all right! Ann, the other baptism (supposedly) for that night, was upset because she couldn’t be baptized so that night she ended up in the Queen Elizabeth Hospital after taking arsenic. Oh boy, what next? She took more than the amount to kill a person, but she’s okay now.