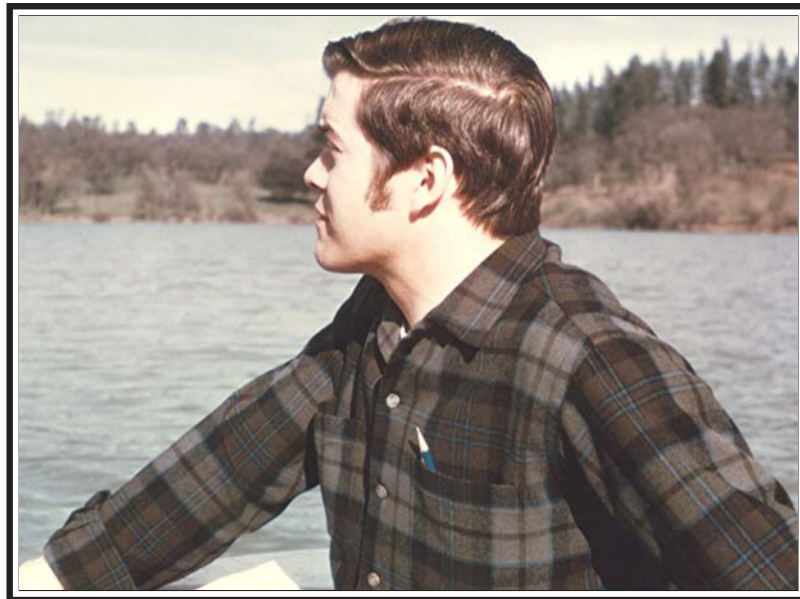


Douglas
MacKenzie
Scribner

An Autobiography

The Life Story
Of
Douglas MacKenzie
Scribner
(*February 9, 1938 –*)



The Pathfinder

Published
February 9, 2012

In his book, The Pathfinder, James Fenimore Cooper wrote:

“Pathfinder they call me ... I (would) rather pride myself in finding my way where there is no path than to find it where there is (one).”

The frontpiece picture, taken in 1969, is from the historical files of the Hewlett-Packard Company.

It was given to me by HP in 1984 as part of a “Pathfinder Award” prior to our departure for Scotland to start up a new Manufacturing Operation.

The pathfinder preceeds the pioneers and to do so is a great privilege, as well as a sacred trust.

Whether it be in my family, my work or my church service, this is how I would like to be remembered.

Douglas M. Scribner

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Preface for My Descendants

This story of my life has been written for you! It is my hope that it will strengthen your faith in God, give you a greater appreciation of your ancestors, and give you a vision of the great potential you have to lift and bless the lives of other people. The legacy I leave you is not one of generations in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Instead, it is the perspective of a convert to that faith. Though not members of our church, my ancestors were American Patriots and were noble in their pursuit of happiness. They were men and women of courage and integrity who came from different lands, but embraced the ideals of our Constitution. I have learned much from each of them. To this rich heritage, I also learned to add the profound truths of the Restored Gospel of Jesus Christ. My discovery of this knowledge has given me great joy and has brought peace to my soul. For this I will be forever grateful.

I grew up in an era of optimism. My parents were confident that their children would be more prosperous and influential than *they* were. America had successfully passed through the *refiner's fire* of two world wars and a great economic depression. Its citizens were eager and positive about their future (after all, we put a man on the moon). It is no wonder that this period in history is called the era of the *Baby Boomers*. With such optimism, large families flourished.

The world you face is quite different. The *Baby Boomers* are now entering into retirement and life expectancy has been lengthened. This will have a profound effect upon the well being of the people of your generation. Instead of five working adults to support each retired person, there will only be three. Thousands of high skilled jobs have been outsourced to other countries. You will see more unemployment, poverty, and physical suffering than I ever experienced. In this environment, many of your peers will lose their faith and trust in God, and you may be tempted to do the same.

However, I am confident that your lives can be successful and filled with lasting happiness. Be determined to get as much education as possible, to work hard, and to establish personal standards of integrity and faith. Always remember to put the needs of other people ahead of your own wants. This will lead you to a life of service and the selfless acts of kindness that will bring you an inner tranquility. Most importantly, study the teachings of Jesus and put them into practice. They are timeless. In fact, one of the most compelling evidences of the scriptures is that they are just as true today as they were hundreds or even thousands of years ago when they were written.

A prophet once said, *“The most important thing you will ever do is to marry the right person, in the right place, at the right time.”* My marriage to Cecile James in the Manti Temple, as I was completing my university studies, was one of the best decisions I ever made. She has filled my life with her enthusiasm, energy and faith. Her greatest talent is discovering talent in other people and then helping them develop and use that talent in righteous causes. She is truly *“A light upon a hill, which cannot be hid,”* and I love her dearly. I hope that each of you will marry someone who will encourage you to be your very best, and then stand beside you to urge you to try again when things don’t work out as you had hoped they would.

I want you to know that I have a deep and abiding love for Jesus Christ. I am his disciple and, through the covenants I have made in baptism and the temple, I am his son. To me, there is no middle ground when questioning the divinity of Jesus. Either he is who he and his disciples say he is, or he is a fraud. You must find the answer to this question for yourself, and once you have found it, have the courage to live it. I hope that my life is a reflection of my testimony that God the Father, his son Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost are real. As you read the story of my life, perhaps you can see why I believe as I do.

I love all of you whom I already know and am sure I will also love you, my descendants whom I have yet to meet. I hope you enjoy this story.

*Douglas MacKenzie Scribner,
Doug, Dad, Grandpa, Great-Grandpa . . .*



My Roots

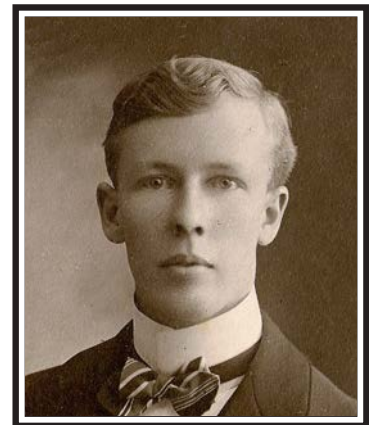
This story begins with my roots and how they have influenced my life. Much has already been written about my ancestors so this story will only describe those progenitors whom I knew personally. Each of my four grandparents played a part in helping me become who I am. They each represented a different country and culture so they had widely varied perspectives on life. Their differences helped me appreciate and respect people of all different backgrounds, races, ethnicity and religion.

Irvin Aldridge Scribner embodied the American culture. His heritage in America dated back to 1679 when Benjamin Scrivener arrived from England and settled in Norwalk, Connecticut. The descendants of Benjamin Scrivener changed the spelling of their family name to *Scribner* to more fully identify with their new country. Benjamin's grandson, Abraham Scribner had four sons fight for American independence in the Revolutionary War of 1776-1784, and one of them died there. A generation later, Abraham's grandchildren faced the British again in the War of 1812 while they were living in Plattsburgh, New York, on the edge of Lake Champlain. Irvin's father, Jeremiah Banker Scribner, left home when he was only seventeen and went west to settle in Illinois. He married Frances Elizabeth Wood in Peru, Illinois, and my grandfather, Irvin, their first child, was born in 1875.



Irvin at age sixteen

The family then moved to Oshkosh, Wisconsin, where Irvin and his three younger brothers grew to adulthood. When Irvin was a teenager, he became an apprentice jeweler in the nearby city of Green Bay, Wisconsin. While home on vacation one summer, Irvin met Isabella Livingstone MacKenzie (Ella) at the Plymouth Congregational Church in Oshkosh. They courted and were married in 1899, after which they returned to Green Bay to live.



Irvin at age 24 - 1899

Isabella Livingstone MacKenzie was born in Scotland in 1878, and brought with her all the traditions and persuasions of her Scottish heritage. Ella's father, William MacKenzie, had the distinction of immigrating to America twice. Once he came as a two-year-old boy when his father, Samuel MacKenzie, was uprooted by the Highland Clearances. In 1847 the family moved to New Orleans and lived there for about seven years before returning to Scotland in 1854. Though no reason was given for their return, New Orleans suffered from an epidemic of Yellow Fever in 1853. They may have fled this terrible plague by returning to their homeland.



Ella at age fourteen

William grew up and became a gamekeeper on an eleven-thousand acre estate called the Gledfield House in the Scottish Highlands. After two years there, William was married to Isabella Livingstone MacKenzie (Bella) in the Dalkeith Parish in July, 1870. They had three children, Allan, Ella and Will before William decided that he could no longer support his family in Scotland. In 1882, at age thirty-six, William again immigrated to America. This time he settled on a farm in Algoma, Wisconsin, near Oshkosh. Ella was just four-years-old. William prospered and became an influential member



Ella MacKenzie Scribner and son Gordon in 1901

of the community. Ella and her two brothers grew up in this American farming community, but were close enough to the city of Oshkosh to be educated and oriented to city life. When Ella was twenty-one, she married Irvin Scribner and moved to Green Bay. There they had their one and only child, my father, Gordon Raymond Scribner, who was born in Green Bay, Wisconsin in 1900.



*Ella MacKenzie
at age 19 - 1899*

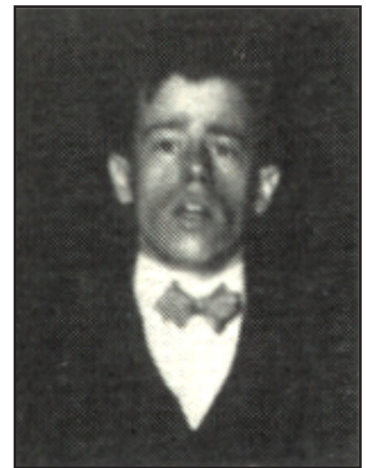
Percy Townsend Johnson, my mother's father, was born in Michigan in 1870. His parents both came from England. Percy's father, Matthew Johnson, was an Ironmonger (a salesman of pots and pans) who came from the village of



Percy at Age Twelve

Wheelock near the town of Sandbach in Cheshire, England. Matthew met his future wife, Jane Elizabeth Townsend, while living in Stratford-upon-Avon. Jane came from a well-to-do family in the nearby village of Pershore where her father was an inn keeper. Jane's parents were opposed to the marriage, especially because Matthew was thirty-nine years old and Jane was in her twenties. Still, they were married in 1869 and immediately immigrated to America where they settled in the state of Michigan. There was plenty of work in manufacturing metal goods from the iron ore mined in that state. Matthew and Jane were expecting their first child, but there were complications in the pregnancy and Jane died in 1870, shortly after Percy was born. Matthew was unable to work and also care for his infant son.

However, his younger brother Benjamin Johnson had immigrated to America and lived nearby in Illinois, so Benjamin and his wife Amelia agreed to raise Percy. Two years later they also had a son born, named Stanley. Percy and Stanley were raised as if they were brothers, but Matthew would frequently visit them. Eventually, Matthew and Benjamin both relocated to Saint Louis, Missouri, so the family could be closer together. After some schooling in Texas, Percy also moved to a suburb of St. Louis where he set up a typesetting and printing business. This is where he met and married Emily Stumm.



Percy at age 31 -- 1901

Amelia Sophia Stumm, known as Emily, was born in St. Louis in 1882, but her parents and older brothers and sister were all born in Germany. Emily's father, Carl Phillip Stumm, was from southern Germany, just north of the city of Saarbrücken. Carl came from a long line of organ builders and there are some Stumm Organs still in use in the churches around Sulzbach. Carl moved to Saarbrücken as a young man and became a bookbinder. There, in 1868, he met and married Sophia Julia Schueler (born in Kirn, Rheinland, Germany and raised in the Alsace-Lorraine area of France). They had three sons and a daughter born before they made the decision to immigrate to America in 1880. There was frequent fighting between Germany and France over ownership of the Alsace-Lorraine Region. Because of this Franco-Prussian War, Carl and Sophia decided to make America their new home. They arrived in St. Louis in 1880, and had two more daughters born there. Emily and her younger sister Ida grew up in St. Louis, but life was hard because their mother died in 1896 when the girls were only fourteen and eleven-years-old. When Emily met Percy, they were married in 1901, even though Percy was thirty-one and she was only nineteen. They soon had two children. My mother, Alice Jane



*Emily at age ten
1892*



Emily at age 19
1901

Johnson, was born in 1903 in St. Louis, Missouri, and her younger sister, Florence Elizabeth Johnson, was born in San Francisco, California, in 1909.

As a boy, I knew all four of these grandparents. Emily Stumm Johnson died when I was ten-years-old, but I remember that she always had a happy, positive attitude about life. She would often sing to herself throughout the day. Grandpa and Grandma Johnson moved to San Diego in 1945, and bought a home about a mile from where we lived, so I saw her often during the last three years of her life. I remember one story that illustrates Emily's wonderful personality.



Emily at age 29 with her daughters
Alice (age 8) and Florence (age 2)

We were having a family party at our home and she brought two of her delicious home baked pies. My brother Dave was about eighteen and my brother Ken was sixteen. They each decided to carry one of her pies into the house by balancing them high over their heads as if they were waiters in a fancy restaurant. Unfortunately, one of them tripped over a bicycle that was lying on the sidewalk and splattered the pie all over the front steps of our house. I remember Grandma Johnson just smiling and saying, *"Oh don't worry about it, I'll just bake another one."*



Ida Stumm Reichelt - 1954

Grandma Johnson was very close to her younger sister Ida Reichelt, so my Great Aunt Ida also became a positive influence in my life. Though they were both born in America, they still had a lot of characteristics from their German heritage. They were strong women who endured hardships without murmuring. Percy and Emily went to my brother Dave's wedding at the Riverside Inn in Riverside, California, on January 25, 1948, even though she was not feeling well. They stayed overnight and returned to San Diego. However, Grandma died five days later. Ida lived nearly twenty years longer, so she got to know Cecile when we were starting our married life in Palo Alto and Los Altos.



Percy and Emily - 1940

My Grandma Scribner was a totally different personality. Isabella MacKenzie Scribner died when I was seventeen, so I knew her throughout my growing up years. She was very proud of her Scottish ancestry, but always seemed to have a slightly negative attitude. It was years later, when Cecile and I moved to Scotland for a three-year work assignment, that I realized just how cultural Grandma Scribner's mannerisms really were. If you ask a Scot how he is doing, he will generally say, *"Nay Bad."* If things are going very well for him, he will say, *"Nay Bad ah toll"* If things are going fantastically well for him he might say, *"Nay Bad ah toll, ah toll,"* but he will never reply, *"Things are good."* This was Grandma Scribner. Still, I learned the importance of good manners from Ella and my middle name came from her maiden name. Grandpa and Grandma Scribner only lived a few blocks from



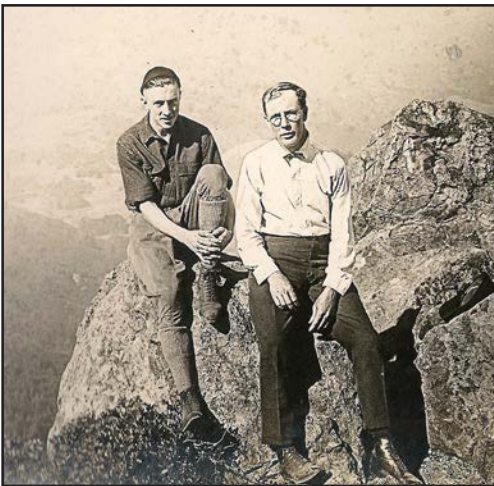
Ella Scribner - 1950



*Family Outing at the beach - 1953
back row: Irvin and Alice Scribner
front row: Ella, Mac, Phil and Steve*

our home in San Diego, so I saw her frequently, usually on family outings at the beach or in the mountains. One of the funniest stories I remember about her was on a family camping trip to Borrego Springs on the edge of the desert east of San Diego. After our tents were set up and dinner was prepared, Grandma decided to have a big cup of fresh coffee. She grabbed what she thought was sugar and poured it into her cup. However, it wasn't sugar, it was salt. I could hardly stop laughing when she drank it and got really upset. My Mom went into hiding in her tent to escape Grandma's wrath.

On the other hand, Grandpa Scribner was an absolute jewel. Irvin Aldridge Scribner, whom we always called *Pops*, died in 1961 when I was twenty-three-years-old and on a mission for the Church in Australia. He had strong moral convictions which came from his Christian Science background. He had his own jewelry store in San Diego and did not trust banks, so he kept all his money and precious jewels in a large safe at the back of his store. One night a thief broke into the store, opened the safe and cleaned him out. However, Pops refused to give up. He was a man of integrity! He borrowed some money to keep his business going and visited every customer who had watches or other jewelry in his safe, promising them that he would pay them back in full, which he did. Irvin was adventuresome! He was an airplane pilot. He also loved motorcycles and once took a motorcycle trip with my Dad up highway #1 from San Diego to San Francisco. He loved hiking and camping out, which is where my father developed the same love for the out-of-doors. After



*Gordon and Irvin Scribner
Mount Tamalpais - 1920*

Grandma Scribner died, Pops continued going on outings and camping trips with our family. My brother Steve and I were his only grandchildren left at home, so he spent a lot of time with us. He loved to go bowling so he, Dad and I went often into town to a bowling alley, and he would usually beat us. Irvin was frugal with his money and bought U.S. Savings Bonds for his four grandsons. These bonds helped me pay my way through graduate school after my mission was over. After Grandma died, Pops sold their home and moved to a smaller house just a block from our place. I remember going over there to visit and would often find him listening to long play records (LPs) on his phonograph. His favorite record album was "*Steam Heat*" by Peggy Lee.

When Pops was seventy-six and I was thirteen, my parents decided to have a camping trip at a lake in the High Sierra Mountains, and we agreed to take Pops with us. My older brothers were living away from home and my younger brother Steve was only six, so I may be the only one who remembers this story. We had to hike a ways to get to such a beautiful lake, so we were the only ones camping at this particular spot. We had three tents so Mom and Dad were in one tent, Steve and I were in another tent and Pops had a tent of his own. After we had set up camp, cooked a dinner and enjoyed a campfire, we all went to sleep in our tents.

In the middle of the night something woke me up. I heard sounds coming from the tent nearby where Pops was staying, so I opened the flap of my tent to look out and see what was happening. By the bright

moonlight I could see Pops come out of his tent, walking down towards the lake. Then he paused, turned around and started back. He turned a slightly different direction and walked past the tents and over the hill, out of sight. It occurred to me that if he didn't have his glasses, he couldn't see clearly and that he would soon be lost. I jumped out of my tent and followed him over the hill. When I reached Pops he acted very confused, so I guided him back to his tent. No one else was awake so I waited for a while until I was sure that he had gone back to sleep before I let myself drift off to sleep as well.

I have often thought what a blessing it was that I woke up that night so I could help Pops find his way back to camp. He lived another twelve years afterwards, and we had a lot of fun experiences together while I was in high school and college. He had a great sense of humor which came out one night when I was nearly through my education at Stanford University. I was home for the summer and was learning about the restored Church of Jesus Christ and the Book of Mormon. I was telling Pops about Temple Marriage and how a couple could be sealed together forever in the next life. He looked at me with a deadpan expression and said, *"I'm not really sure I want to be married to your grandmother for that long."* Then he broke out in a big smile and we had a good laugh. I always wanted to be like him.



*Irvin A. Scribner at age 83
1958*

Grandpa Johnson was a totally different personality from Pops (Irvin). Percy Townsend Johnson was a fastidious man with an English perspective of life. As such, Percy had to have everything in its proper place and every schedule on its precise time. My mother remembered what her Dad was like when she was growing up. He would commute from Oakland to San Francisco six days a week to work in a printing company as a typesetter. His schedule was always the same and he never took a vacation. Percy would walk from their home to the Oakland Ferry Terminal, ride across the bay to San Francisco and walk from that ferry terminal to his place of business. At the end of each day he would retrace his steps to get back home, arriving exactly on time. Once he was offered a promotion to become a supervisor at work, which would have increased his pay, but he turned it down because he didn't want the additional responsibility. Grandma Johnson was really upset with him, but he was determined not to take the advancement. Recently I learned more about the printing process in the early 1900s and gained a greater appreciation for the concentration and attention to detail that was required to be a skilled typesetter. Percy's personality was a perfect fit to the rigors of his job and he was undoubtedly very good at doing it.

I have some letters that Percy wrote from his home in Oakland to my Mom and Dad in San Diego. He did have a sense of humor then and joked about the card parties they were holding in their home for their friends and neighbors. However, after Grandma Johnson died, Percy became more somber and didn't laugh much any more. He missed her terribly. He sold his home in San Diego and moved in with our family, so I saw him every day. He lived to the age of ninety-three, but his mental capacity declined gradually. I remember one day when I was about sixteen and Grandpa Johnson was eighty-four, that he put on his coat and hat and walked out the front door. I asked him, *"Where are you going, Grandpa?"* His reply was, *"I am going to work,"* so I



*Percy T. Johnson at age 88
1958*



*Irvin Scribner & Percy Johnson
1957*

decided to follow him. After he had walked about a block from our home, he stopped and looked very confused. So, I went up to him and said, "Its time to finish work and go back home now," so he let me guide him back to our house. His last few years of life had to be spent in a total care facility because my mother was unable to keep him safe at home.

I hope that somehow I may become as much of a good influence on the lives of my grandchildren as my grandparents were for me. Of course, my Grandpa and Grandma Scribner only had four grandchildren and Grandpa and Grandma Johnson only had six, so I got a larger share of their time than my own grandchildren are likely to have with me. Still, we all need to create family time where we can be together so we will have wonderful memories of each other. Pictures help us retain these memories. Here are a few of my picture memories of happy times with grandparents.

*back row: Irvin , Florence, Percy,
Henry, & Ella.
middle row: Karen, Steve, and Phil
front row: Mac and Gordon
1950*



*Gordon, Florence, Henry and
Karen, Alice, Phil, Steve &
Grandpa Johnson. - when I first
returned from my mission to
Australia in 1962*



The family camping with Percy

Concerning my parents, my brothers and I were blessed with a father and a mother who loved and respected each other and who were committed to raising and supporting their four sons as they pursued the achievement of their own hopes and dreams. They had a profound influence on my life and contributed greatly to the molding of my character. Our family was unusual in that there was a ten and twelve year gap between me and my older brothers. Then there were seven years between me and my younger brother. As such, we were almost three different families.

Gordon Raymond Scribner was born in Green Bay, Wisconsin, on the 26th of July 1900. However, his parents, Irvin and Ella Scribner, decided to move to San Diego, California when Gordon was only eight-years-old. In 1910, Gordon's grandfather, William MacKenzie, also moved from Wisconsin to San Diego. His wife, Bella MacKenzie,

had passed away four years earlier, and William was lonely so he decided to live near his daughter and her family. Grandpa MacKenzie lived with Irvin, Ella and Gordon for a while and then moved into his own place in the nearby town of La Mesa, where he lived until his death in 1933. Gordon attended San Diego High School, which is the same school my brothers and I attended a generation later.



Gordon Scribner - age 12



Gordon and his Grandfather William MacKenzie - 1923

Gordon had many talents including a special aptitude for mechanical things. He was very good at mechanical drawing and machining parts out of wood or metal. He was artistic, creative, and could fix almost anything. However, mathematics was not his strength. In 1918, when Gordon was in his senior year of high school, he realized he was failing trigonometry. He wanted to become an engineer but he was discouraged, so he dropped out of school and joined the Navy.

He served in the U. S. Navy for the next two years, from 1918 to 1920. Even though World War I was raging in Europe, the United States was not too involved so Gordon was able to serve on the West Coast without seeing any actual battles. He was released from the service in Oakland, California, where he found a job as an apprentice machinist. It was there that he met Alice Johnson, whom he eventually married. At his father's suggestion, Gordon went to night school until he finished the course work and received his high school diploma. He then decided to go into Optometry so he worked part time and enrolled in the College of Optometry in San Francisco.



Gordon R. Scribner - 1924

Alice Jane Johnson was born in Saint Louis, Missouri, on March 31, 1903. Alice and her parents moved to San Francisco, California, when she was four-years-old. Her parents, Percy and Emily Johnson, had one more child whom they named Florence Elizabeth Johnson. Florence was born in San Francisco in 1909. When Alice was seven, the family moved across the bay to the little town of Fruitvale, which was just East of Oakland, and they lived there all the years that Alice was growing up. Alice and her



Alice Johnson - 1911

mother were very close to Emily's family who had also moved to the Bay Area. Emily's older sister Bessie married in 1911 and her younger sister Ida married in 1913 so Alice got to attend both of her aunt's weddings. After graduation from high school, Alice enrolled in the Oakland Business College to become trained as a secretary. She wanted to go to a university but there wasn't enough money for her tuition. This is when she started dating Gordon Scribner.



Alice Johnson at age 21

Gordon and Alice had a four-year courtship. After work and school, Gordon filled his remaining time with a gradual but sustained effort to win Alice's love and marriage. He was a romantic young man who filled his frequent letters to Alice with poetry, philosophy, theology and art as well as words of endearment. Apparently, Alice did not have a telephone in her



Gordon, Alice, Florence Johnson & Calvin Looser - Best man

home because many of his letters were written just to ask her for an evening out. On Saturday, June 7, 1924, Gordon Raymond Scribner and Alice Jane Johnson were married at her home in Fruitvale, California. They were surrounded by friends and family including Alice's German aunts and uncles. Just before the wedding, Gordon graduated from the College of Optometry and passed the State Board Examination. He then began his career as an optometrist. He worked for a Sacramento optometric firm which opened an office in the Hale Brothers Department Store in San Francisco. For the next fifteen years, Gordon commuted from

Oakland to San Francisco for his employment. However, he loved his job because he was given complete freedom to run the business as he wished.

Alice and Gordon lived in a downstairs apartment of a home located at 22 Nace Street in the Piedmont Area of Oakland. The home was owned by a friend of theirs named Myrle Owen, who eventually



David & Kenneth - 1929

moved away to Corning, California. At that point, Alice's parents purchased the home from Myrle and moved in upstairs. My two older brothers were born while our parents lived in that home. David Gordon Scribner was born on May 15, 1926, and Kenneth Jerome Scribner was born on July 22, 1928. Things were going great until a year later when the stock market crash of 1929 began the "Great Depression." Ken and Dave enjoyed living in that home until 1939 when they were eleven and thirteen-years-old. I was also born while our family lived on Nace Street, and was given the name Douglas MacKenzie Scribner, but was usually called *Mac*. It was February 9, 1938, and it had been ten years since my brother Ken was born. Times were so uncertain during the depression that my parents felt they could not take the risk of having another child until it subsided. Then, when I was only one-year-old, Gordon decided to move the family back to San Diego where his dad had promised to help him start his own optometric office.

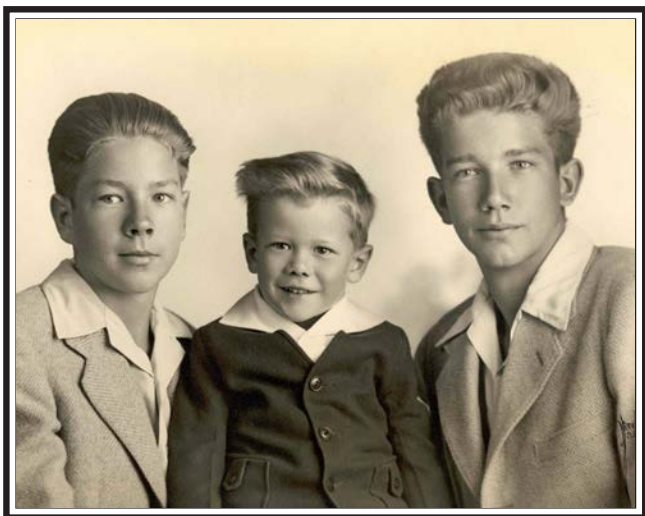
Alice and Gordon had one more son born in San Diego. Stephen Peter Scribner was born on August 7, 1945, just before the close of World War II. At that time our oldest brother Dave was nineteen-years-old and was in the military as an airplane mechanic stationed on the Island of Guam in the Pacific Ocean.

Boyhood Years

For the first two years in San Diego, we lived in a rented home on Panorama Drive in the Mission Cliff Gardens area, just off of Adams Avenue. While there, our family became close friends with the Ackerman family. Alice's friendship with Beth Ackerman continued all through the rest of their lives, and Beth's son David became one of my childhood buddies. By the time I was three-years-old, Gordon had established his optometry business in a rented office in the Hillcrest area and felt secure enough there to go ahead and buy a home. It was an older house located at 1433 Golden Gate Drive across the street from the cliffs overlooking Mission Valley. This remained our family home for the next forty years.

When I was old enough to begin school, my parents enrolled me in kindergarten at the Alice Birney Elementary School, which was about eight blocks away from our home. At that time the rules for cutoff on school entrance was February 28, so my birthday of February 9 made me one of the youngest five- year-old students in my class. However, between school

friends and neighborhood friends, I began to feel comfortable with my situation in San Diego. Making new friends wasn't easy for me because I always felt a little shy, so my Mom would often encourage me to invite my friends over to our house to play.



Ken, Mac and Dave in 1943



Doug (called Mac) at age 2



Mac - age 4 - at home



Mac as a toddler

When I began elementary school, my brother Ken was fifteen and Dave was seventeen. I don't remember too much about them then except that they were usually kind to me. Ken was a pretty good student, but Dave really struggled academically. I remember that Dave enjoyed drama but hated mathematics. He was seventeen during his Junior year at San Diego High School and had a part in the school play. However, he was flunking his algebra class so his math teacher had Dave taken out of the school play just before it was scheduled to go on. He was so upset that he decided to take the blank revolver from the drama prop-room and had a friend drive fast up and down the highway. As they would pull up beside another car, Dave reached the

My Seventh Birthday Party

Back row: Dave Ackerman, Buddy Allen, Ricky . Front row: Mac, Roger Ricky, and Bob Mayfield (in our back yard in front of the orange tree and the Lathe House where Alice grew flowers).



revolver out the window and fired a blank at the driver. Of course this panicked the other drivers and almost caused several accidents. After a few of these incidents, the police pulled them over and took Dave and his friend downtown to the police station. I remember how upset my dad was when he had to go to the jail and get Dave released on bail. As a result, Gordon took his oldest son out of San

Diego High School and enrolled him in Brown's Military Academy, a private boarding school with military type discipline, for his Senior year. I didn't see much of Dave after that. When he turned eighteen in 1944, Dave enlisted in the army. After basic training and a mechanic's school, he shipped out to the South Pacific. World War II ended in 1945 so Dave spent his entire time on Guam repairing military aircraft.



Mac & Dave (home on leave) - 1945

The big news when I was seven was that my Mom was going to have another baby. My little brother Steve brought a whole new dimension into my life. With Dave gone, Steve helped to fill the void. Ken graduated from San Diego High School and began attending San Diego State College so, though he

still lived at home, he was gone most of the time as well. Steve was the major attraction at our house. Mom and Dad's friends would come to the house in a constant stream to *ooh and ahh* over the new baby. Since Gordon was forty-five and Alice was forty-two, Steve was a surprise to many of their friends. Still, he was a healthy, energetic baby and a bundle of fun to have around.



Mac and Steve - 1946

By the time I was eight-years-old and in the third grade, I began having serious health problems. I became a skinny little kid without much physical strength. One doctor thought I had *Rickets* (malnutrition)

but then a more complete diagnosis revealed that I had Rheumatic Fever. This was a disease that could lead to permanent heart damage, so the doctor confined me to bed. I dropped out of school half way through the third grade and was at home for one-and-a-half years. Every afternoon I would get a high fever which would not subside until evening. Even though I missed half of the third grade and all of the fourth grade, a tutor came to our home each day and I was able to keep up with my class.



Mac during illness

At first my friends from school would drop by the house to visit me while I was sick in bed, but as time dragged on, their visits became less frequent. To keep me from feeling sorry for myself, Dad and Mom got me involved in all kinds of quiet activities. One such activity was collections! I collected postage stamps, rocks, coins, and even match book covers. They also got me started on hobbies. I started building all kinds of models like cars, airplanes, and especially HO gauge model railroad trains. Gradually my

health improved, and there were no heart mummings or other lasting effects. Finally, I was allowed to return to school for the fifth grade when I was ten-years-old. I was excited to be back in school again and to enroll in Cub Scouts. This is when I made wonderful new friends who are still my friends today.



Four of my Sixth Grade friends: Harry Schenck, Gary Reeves, Kent Haws and Jerry Lewis, in our 1948 - 1949 School Safety Patrol together to guard the children at crosswalks



Alice and Gordon at home with Ken and Mac - 1943



Steve, Alice and Mac near the Eel River



Steve and Mac in the Trinity Alps - 1948

camping trips but occasionally we would stay in a cabin. During the next few years we went to State and National Parks in the mountains and the beaches. They included the beautiful Trinity Alps in Northern California, Sequoia, Yosemite, and the Utah parks of Zions and Bryce. Steve and I thought these trips were the greatest. In the Trinity Alps, we stayed in a cabin which had an open sleeping porch where Steve and I could hear the roar of the river every night as we went to bed.

Since I was feeling much healthier now, Gordon and Alice resumed going on a lot of family vacations. Most of these were camping trips but occasionally we would stay in a cabin. During the next few years we went to State and National Parks in the mountains and the beaches. They included the beautiful Trinity Alps in Northern California, Sequoia, Yosemite, and the Utah parks of Zions and Bryce. Steve and I thought these trips were the greatest. In the Trinity Alps, we stayed in a cabin which had an open sleeping porch where Steve and I could hear the roar of the river every night as we went to bed.



Dave Ackerman on our family snow trip

Our dad was especially eager to develop our interest in hiking and other inexpensive outdoor activities. We didn't have a lot of money, so he taught us to have fun in inexpensive ways. When we went to the snow, we would slide down the hills on homemade sleds or trash can lids with the handles removed. Dad would often invite some of our friends to come along



A Hiking Break by a stream in the San Diego mountains

with us on these trips so we would be excited about going. Our parents had a great love for the beauties of nature and we developed that same love as young boys.

During the last two years of elementary school at Alice Birney, Harry Schenck, Gary Reeves and I became almost inseparable. Gary Reeves' mom was the cub scout den mother when I joined the pack, so the three of us worked on our advancement ranks together. Later on, my own mother took over as our den mother. We got the Wolf, Bear and Lion ranks, extra arrows and finally the Webelos Badge before entering Boy Scouts. However, when I left Cub Scouts, we split up. Harry and I went on to Boy Scout Troop 33 which was sponsored by the First Christian Church.

I have wonderful memories of my friendship with Harry Schenck. His father died when Harry was quite young so his mother worked in the *Five and Ten Cents Store* (like the Dollar Store today) next door to their house. My folks would often invite Harry to join our family camping trips and he became my best friend. Harry was a little younger than I was because he was so smart that he skipped the second grade. In fact everything we did together, he would do better than I could. He could run faster, jump higher and get higher scores on school tests. As such, he was always an inspiration to me – making me want to do better and reach my full potential.



Mac, Gary, Harry



Graduation Day: Buddy Allen, Gary, Harry, Mac, and Mrs. Barnes

Our sixth grade was an especially fun year. The teacher's name was Mrs. Barnes. She was a very active woman who had even climbed to the top of Mount Whitney, the highest mountain in the United States. She was a lot of fun and an excellent teacher who inspired us to achieve. During the sixth grade class year we had a one week long Winter Camp in the Laguna Mountains, east of San Diego. Though snow was rare in the San Diego area, we got snowed in for the entire week. It was so heavy that the school leaders couldn't get in with extra food or supplies. Fortunately, we had all we needed. The only bad part was that Mrs. Barnes fell off a toboggan and was badly injured. She was out of school for over a month but returned in time

for our graduation from Alice Birney.

The other important event that happened when I was ten-years-old was that Marion Dunn joined our family. While my brother Dave was serving



Marion, Dave Steve and Mac in Dalhart, Texas - 1949

in the military on Guam, he developed a friendship with a fellow named Jim Dunn, who came from the Los Angeles area. One day Dave and Jim were home on leave so Jim introduced Dave to his sister Marion. The only problem was that Marion was in the hospital in a neck brace that prevented her from moving. She had been in a serious automobile accident, but the doctor felt she would recover completely if she stayed absolutely still for a few months.



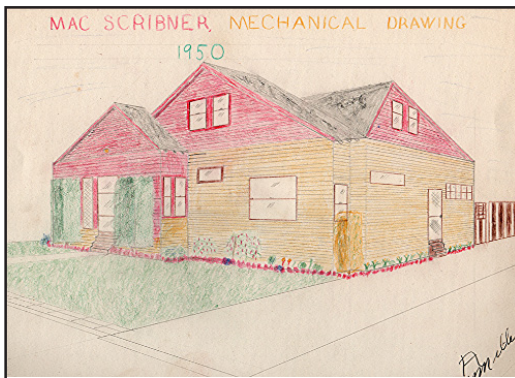
Steve, Alice, Marion and Mac when we first met her - 1947

Even with a neck brace on her, Dave was attracted to this beautiful red headed girl. They fell in love and were married in January of 1948 in the famous Riverside Inn. By then Dave had been released from the army so they decided to move to the tiny town of Dalhart, Texas, where

Dave had been given a job offer as a radio announcer. Marion had many talents including her ability to sing in close harmony quartets. Her calm, sweet personality was a positive influence in their home.

Graduating from elementary school and going to junior high school was like leaving a cocoon and starting to fly. Horace Mann Junior High School was adjacent to Alice Birney School so it wasn't an adjustment in location. It was more like discovering a new freedom in education. Having six different classes, each with a different teacher, I felt weaned from the parental image of Mrs. Barnes. Now teachers were there to excite us about new topics of interest. The idea of learning choral music, English literature, history, mathematics, physical education and mechanical drawing intrigued me. I was a *B student* scholastically, but an *A student* in citizenship because I definitely had a positive attitude even if I wasn't the smartest kid in each class.

Mechanical Drawing was one of my favorite classes. Perhaps this was because it was also one of my father's best subjects. Gordon would often set up a drawing board at home and make mechanical

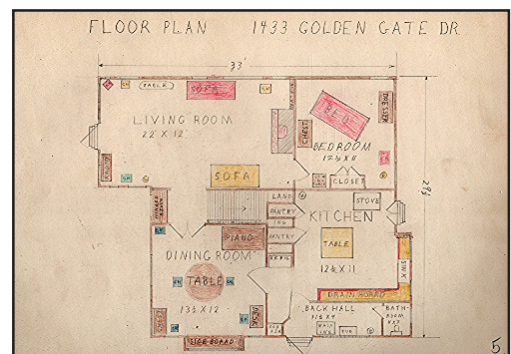


Two of my mechanical drawings of our home on Golden Gate Drive

drawings in ink. Sometimes they were monograms but other times they were detailed drawings of things he wanted to build in his shop. On some occasions, he even made instruments to help train the vision of his optometric patients. Our home only had a one car garage and the car was never parked in it. Gordon built an addition on the rear end of the garage which he made into a wood and metal workshop. The main garage was then used to store the lumber and round

metal bars which he used as raw material for his projects. This is where I

learned how to use Dad's machine tools. He would spend hours teaching me how to operate his power tools safely. Whether it



was a lathe, a drill press, a table saw or a joiner, he wanted to be sure I could operate it without any danger to myself or others. These skills came naturally to Dad because he had been a machinist before he became an optometrist.

The main extracurricular activity for me during the seventh and eighth grades was Boy Scouts. Since Harry Schenck and I were in the same troop, we worked on or advancement ranks together. One highlight was the woodcarving merit badge. With some help and guidance from my dad, Harry and I carved a six foot tall totem pole which then stood in our scout meeting house, but was eventually placed in the Council Headquarters in Balboa Park. A picture of us with the totem pole even made it into the local newspaper. During those years, Harry continued going on several of our family campouts.



Mac, Harry and other Scouts with totem pole



Mac at 13 in eighth grade - 1951 -

Even though junior high school was normally three years long in those days, the Horace Mann School was old, and so it was closed down after our eighth grade year. The students were then divided among other schools for their ninth grade. I went to Roosevelt Junior High near Balboa Park and then on to San Diego High the next year, but Harry went to a different junior high and then on to Hoover High School in the tenth grade. At that point, scouting was our main connection except that we both started attending the same church. My parents had been members of the Congregational



Harry, Mac, Alice and Steve camping at the beach

Church in North Park for some time so I started attending that church as well. They had an active youth program so I persuaded Harry to become part of the youth group with me. This connection continued all the way through high school.

Our interest in scouting continued as a new friend, Jerry Lawrence, joined our quest to become Eagle Scouts. We earned the Cycling Merit Badge together and several others as well. Other new friends became important to me in the ninth grade. Paul Houghtaling and Fred Kerth plus Jerry Lewis and I formed a close relationship and did a lot of fun activities together. Since we all went onto the same high school, it was easy to keep these connections strong. The big scouting adventures during 1953 were the National Jamboree, which was held at Irving Ranch in Southern California (which made it affordable), and receiving the rank of Eagle Scout in October of that year. The following February a special recognition was given during Scout Week by the San Diego City Council for all the local boys who had received the Eagle Rank during 1953. Each of us,



Jerry Lawrence, Harry & Mac 1952

including Harry and Jerry, became “Councilmen for a Day,” and somehow I was selected as “Mayor for a Day” (probably because the recognition happened to occur on my sixteenth birthday).



Harry and Mac preparing for the 1953 National Scout Jamboree - Irvine Ranch



Paul Houghtaling, Fred Kerth & Mac at Roosevelt Jr. High Graduation



Mac and Mayor Butler with the gavel to preside.



Ken, Steve, Mac and Dave at Ken's Wedding - 1954

There were a lot of other exciting things happening during my high school years besides scouting. In our family, my brother Ken decided to marry Muriel (Pat) Patterson. They were wed on August 21, 1954, in Long Beach, California, so Dave, Steve and I attended the wedding. Ken and Pat settled in San Francisco where Ken went to work for the Bechtel Corporation as a chemical engineer. He had received his degree in this field from the University of Colorado at Boulder. Later, when I was at Stanford, I used to visit them at their apartment on Lombard Avenue in San Francisco.

Another happy event was the birth of Dave and Marion's last child. Their family was now complete with three children: Ronald Craig Scribner born in 1949, Laurie Kathleen Scribner born in 1952, and Leslie Anne Scribner born in 1954. Also, Dave's career was progressing in the Radio/TV industry. He worked in a studio in Amarillo, Texas – first as an announcer, then in sales and finally in management.



Ken and Pat visiting Stanford University -- 1956



Ron, Leslie and Laurie Scribner
1955

Meanwhile, Dad was receiving several special recognitions. He became President of the Lions Service Club and received an award for “*Distinguished Service to Optometry*” in 1954 for his work in *Training Exercises* for the eyes to improve vision and reading skills. He later became the President of the San Diego Optometric Association. Dad also loved to play handball and belonged to the Rowing Club, which had several handball courts on a small man-made island in San Diego Harbor. He would take off at lunch time and not return to the office until 2 PM so he could get in one or two games. How he loved to win a game of handball from any one of his sons.



Dr. Gordon Kindy, director of public information of the California Optometric association, left, presents a plaque for “distinguished service to optometry” to Dr. Gordon Scribner, San Diego optometrist.—San Diego Union Staff Photo.

Dr. Scribner Gets Citation Of Society

In 1953, Gordon moved into his own Optometric Office. He bought an old house on Fourth Avenue in Hillcrest (just two blocks from the rented office he had used for years) and built a new office on the front of the property – designed just exactly the way he wanted it. He made all of the cabinets himself and some of the furniture. This move was the fulfillment of a life long dream for Dad, but it nearly proved to be a financial disaster. No sooner had he moved than another optometrist took over the rented office. This person informed Gordon’s walkin patients that Dr. Scribner had left town. As a result it took years for him to rebuild his business to its previous level. The resulting financial problem bothered him a lot, but he continued to set his priorities on family and friends as being more important than wealth.

High School and College

A highlight of high school for me was to be a part of the San Diego High School Hilltop Choir under the direction of E. Harrison Maxwell. My voice had changed dramatically since junior high school so I became part of the bass section of the choir for both my junior and senior years. This was a 120-voice choir with wonderful singers. We learned a wide range of music and were frequently invited to give performances off campus. One example was singing Christmas music at the famous Hotel Del Coronado. Another was traveling to Long Beach for a Choral Festival presented by the Southern California Vocal Association. There we sang three religious numbers: “*The Gate of the Year*” by Claude Gillette; “*Daniel, Daniel, Servant of the Lord*” – a Negro Spiritual – by U. S. Moore; and “*The Creation*” by Willey Richter. I had the privilege of introducing each of these three numbers before we sang them.

It was during one of these off-campus performances that I had my first real spiritual experience. It was

Introduction to “The Creation”

By Mac Scribner

“All things must have a beginning! The works of humanity, as important or inconsequential as they may be, have their start in the tiny minds of men. The world found its start in the Omnipotent mind of God. It is only fitting that the beginning of something as momentous as the Earth should have been an awesome spectacle, for the earth itself is a miracle of God.

‘In the beginning, God created the Heaven and the Earth,’ -- not the earth as we know it, but covered with the inky black of eternal night. The earth was waste and void. The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the water; the earth trembled and God said, ‘Let there be light, and there was light.’

The San Diego High School Hilltop Choir concludes with ‘The Creation’ by Willey Richter.”

Easter Sunday 1954, and I was sixteen-years-old. The choir was scheduled to sing at an Easter Sunrise Service in Balboa Park at the outdoor organ pavilion. There was no visible sunrise that day because the park was covered with a thick fog. Still, we went on with our performance even though there were very few people in attendance. I don't recall the names of all the songs we sang that day, but one was "Jerusalem – The Holy City." During that song, I had an overwhelming feeling that Jesus Christ was real and that his birth, life, ministry, death and resurrection were the most significant events of all time. I still remember that impression now even though it was so many years ago.

Another key interest during these last two years of high school was mathematics. Our math teacher's name was Horace Kennedy, and we must have done pretty well under his tutelage because our class was one of nine high schools in the entire USA selected by the University of Oklahoma for its High School Mathematics Honor Roll. I was one of the twenty students in this class to receive individual recognition for consistency in solving difficult math problems.

San Diego High School also provided lots of opportunities for service. I became the Treasurer of both the Senior Class and also the local branch of the California Scholarship Federation. Service projects were also available through my membership in the *Key Club*, which was guided by the local Kiwanis Club organization.

SDHS Class Wins Mathematics Honor

San Diego High School is one of nine high schools in the nation selected by the University of Oklahoma for a place on its high school mathematics honor roll, Ralph Dallard, San Diego schools superintendent, said yesterday.

The honor was based on the excellent performance of students in teacher Horace Kennedy's mathematics class at the high school, Dallard said.

Twenty members of Kennedy's class received individual honors for consistency in solving difficult problems. They are Richard Chan, Kenneth Chew, Ned Dryer, Stu Gildred, George Hayashi, John Hom, Gordy Jones, Richard Kahle, Jerry Lohmann, Rowena Naidl, Tom Pehka, Willis Pflugh, Robert Rens, Mac Scribner, Johanne Steinmetz, John Stephens, Bob Stewart, Richard Witherow, Will Woolfolk and Jerry Wright.

SDHS Rates High; Math Brains Named

Reports received from the University of Oklahoma indicate for the second straight time that San Diego high school mathematics majors in Mr. Horace Kennedy's college preparatory math classes can hold their own in national competition.

The twenty students who hit the "honors Jack Pot" in this second competition were Richard Chan, Kenneth Chew, Ned Dryer, Stu Gildred, George Hayashi, John Hom, Gordy Jones, Richard Kahle, Jerry Lohmann, Rowena Naidl, Tom Pehka, Willis Pflugh, Robert Rens, Mac Scribner, Johanne Steinmetz, John Stephens, Bob Stewart, Richard Witherow, Bill Woolfolk and Jerry Wright.

Wednesday, June 15, 1955 San Diego, California

Choir, Key Club Win Plaques; Certificates of Merit Presented

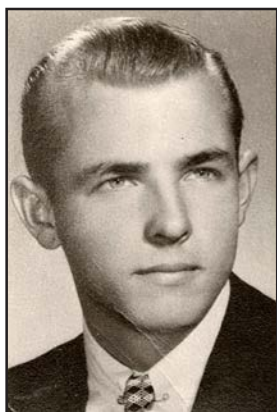


Still, with all of this, there were lots of fun activities as well. At sixteen I got my first car. It was a 1938 Chevy Coupe so it was manufactured the same year I was born. I bought it for \$100, which I had saved up from

my paper route. This was replaced a year later by a 1939 Lincoln Zephyr with a hot Ford V-8 engine. It was beautiful to look at with shimmering black paint, but it soon had serious problems with the motor. It never did work very well after that, so my dad agreed to dispose of it for me when I went off to college. Fun activities often included going to the beach. Before I was old enough to have my own car, I would ride out to Pacific Beach or La Jolla Shores on my bicycle. I loved to swim in the ocean and sometimes even went skin diving for abalone. After reaching sixteen and having a car, we frequently went on dates to one of

San Diego's beaches. Though I never had a real surf board, I did make a paddle board and would take it to have fun in the surf.

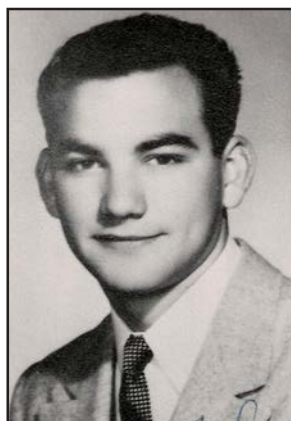
Friends became very important to me and even though I was not one of the really popular kids, I had a handful of guys and gals who were good, loyal and supportive friends. Whether it was choir activities, school classes, after school jobs, scouting, school dances, service clubs, student government or church outings, we had fun together. Donna was the Senior Class President when I served as the Class Treasurer. Gwen and Rosemary were in the choir with me. Fred became a teacher, Jerry a banker, and Harry a scientist.



Jerry Lewis



Harry Schenck



Fred Kerth



Donna Crouch



Rosemary Fankhanel



Gwen Smith

Since I was younger than most of my classmates, I didn't really begin to date girls much until my Senior Year. The first girl friend I dated steadily was Barbara Willett. We had some fun times together, like this dance we attended with Mike Ruplinger and Karen Hastings. Mike Ruplinger was an active member of the Mormon Church, but I didn't even know what that meant then. Barbara was a good girl with high moral standards, faith in God and a great personality. I liked her a lot as a friend.



Barbara Willett

Then, later in the year, I met Alice Lantz and we ended up dating as girlfriend/boyfriend for the next four years. When I first met Alice, we were at one of the Plymouth Congregational Church youth group activities. She had come as a friend of one of the other girls in the group and fit in very well. I was attracted to her vivacious personality so we



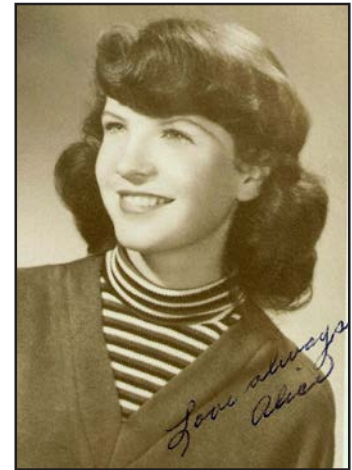
started going out together to a variety of school and church things. Alice was the one who persuaded me to change my name from *Mac* to *Doug*. It was the perfect time to make such a change because it was time for me to submit applications to various universities. The break from high school to college would mean leaving home and most of my school friends to start life anew. It would be relatively easy to start out in a new location with a different name and make new friends there, so I agreed to change.

Alice was an enthusiastic and exciting person to be around. However, she was a few years behind me in school so we agreed that we would both date other people during the school year except when I was

home for Christmas and summer vacations. During those times we were together a lot. Alice became a close friend to Judy Henke, so Harry and I would often double date these two girls. Another girl in the youth group was Carolyn Smith, who was destined to have a huge influence on my life a few years later because she went to BYU as a nonmember and was converted there. Harry was accepted at Pomona College in Southern California where he majored in Physics. I applied to Cal Tech (C.I.T.) in Pasadena, Stanford University in Palo Alto and San Diego State University. My high school grade point average was pretty good (3.5) but was not perfect (4.0), so Cal Tech turned me down. Stanford was a well rounded school which looked



Alice & Judy - a lasting friendship



Alice Lantz - 1955

at extra-curricular activities as well as grades, so they accepted me. I was so excited to go to Stanford that I quickly withdrew my application to San Diego State and agreed to accept a place in the Electrical Engineering program at Stanford University.



Doug Scribner - 1955

Graduation was now upon us and we all sensed that life would never be the same again. I was supposed to take Alice to the Senior Prom, but somehow I got the *Mumps* and was confined to bed. I completely missed the prom and Alice's new dress but I got a medical release from the County Health Department just in time for graduation. The problem was that, as a Senior Class Officer, I was supposed



Harry, Judy, Linda and Carl at a church youth activity

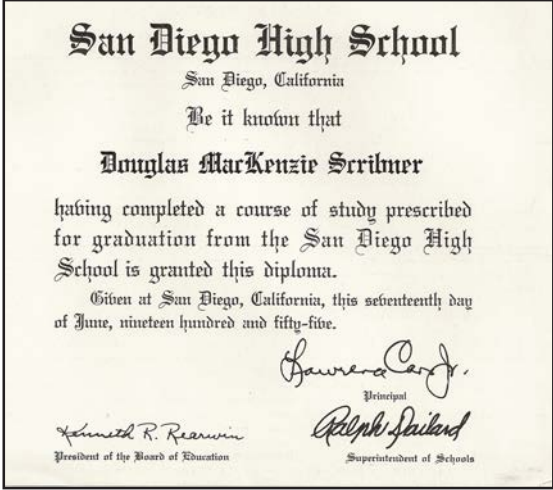
to lead half of the 500 graduates down the stadium field and up into the stands for the ceremony. I had not been to any of the rehearsals but somehow I marched down the field with hundreds of other grads following me and found the way to our reserved seats. What a finale!

The next challenge was *How to pay for Stanford?* In 1955, the tuition was \$750 per year (\$250 for each of the three quarters) and a room in the dormitory plus cafeteria food was that much as well. In those days \$1,500 was a lot of money, even though it is twenty times as much today. Fortunately, I remembered the day I received the Eagle Scout Award and became *Mayor for a day*, because I sat next to a sponsor who owned a civil engineering company. That day he had said, "*If you ever need a job, come see me.*" So, I did! I went downtown, rode up an elevator to the top floor of a tall office building and explained the whole incident to his secretary. She was marvelous! She went into his office and left the door open so I could hear their conversation. She said, "*Mr. Freeman, I am sure you remember sponsoring Mac Scribner at the Eagle Scout Recognition last year, and telling him that he could have a summer job with your company when he graduated from high school - don't you?*" There was a long pause and I heard him say, "*Oooh yeah ...*" Well, I got the job and worked all summer long on a survey crew. We laid out several housing developments including the one where Spencer and Lisa

now live. I loved the job and the people I worked with and even learned how to apply trigonometry to a real life situation. By fall I had saved enough money to pay for the first quarter's expenses: tuition, room and board. I learned that I could borrow the next two quarter's tuition money from the University and pay it back with the following summer's earnings. My parents and Grandpa Scribner helped by paying the rest.



Alice, Doug and Gordon
Graduation - 1955



During that summer between high school and college I realized that I was at a *religious crossroads* in my life. I was not comfortable with the church that Alice and her parents attended. They met at the YMCA, sang their hymns in monotone, and shared the sacrament out of the same cup. Still, Alice wasn't sure about the Congregational Church either. So, I finally decided to make an appointment to talk to the minister, Reverend John Barbour, in his office. I still remember the details of that interview. I asked him, "Who is God? What is He like?" Also I asked, "What happens to our spirits when we die?" His answers were very vague and unsatisfying. He said something like, "God is a spirit without any form," and "death is like passing through a doorway into another room." Perhaps the problem was that he had won his way through theological seminary on a hockey scholarship, but his answers were so arbitrary that I decided to put my questions on a shelf for a later day. Instead, my focus became preparing for college.

My Freshman Class at Stanford University was the very first to occupy a brand new dormitory called Wilbur Halls. It was a complex which contained eight separate buildings for living and a central cafeteria for eating meals. My building was called Otero Hall and I was assigned to a roommate named Alan



Otero Hall in the Wilbur Dorm

Gallaway. I can't imagine a roommate with whom I could have had less in common than Alan. He was a rich, wild, heavy drinking, tennis player who just came to Stanford to have a riotous time. However, there were some other guys in the hall who were really great so I made close friendships with some of them while Alan and I just agreed to tolerate each other.

I loved the atmosphere at Stanford. It was a beautiful campus with a very old central quadrangle of classes and the Memorial Church in the center. Dormitories, fraternity houses, newer class rooms, and laboratories surrounded the Quad and the huge libraries and Hoover Tower were to one side. It was a stimulating and intellectually challenging place. However, there were also lots of fun activities and things to do. There were football games in the



Doug and Otero Hall dormmates - 1956

huge stadium and a small lake behind the dorms. I didn't have a car for the first three years there but it didn't seem to matter because the campus was self contained with a book and supply store which had everything a student really needed. I jumped right in to serious classes like Calculus, Physics, English and the History of Western Civilizations. I also signed up for the Air Force R.O.T.C. (Reserve Officer Training Corp) thinking I could be an Engineering Officer because I didn't see well enough to be a pilot. I was in this program for two years until I

was informed that my vision wasn't good enough to continue any further. During this time, at least I did have one inspection tour of an airbase in Arizona.

I managed to get a part time job serving food in our dormitory cafeteria and loading a conveyor type dishwasher. This was a good deal because I only had to work about two hours a day and I got all my meals free. My grades that first year were not as high as I had hoped for. My cumulative grade point average was only 2.5 which was a full point below my high school average. Stanford graded on a curve with one-half the students in each class getting *A* or *B* and the other half getting *C* or *D*, and the competition was fierce. Finally I concluded that the only way to get a *B* was to work for an *A*, and the only way to get an *A* was to work to be the top student in the class. Once I started doing this my grades improved. Near the end of the freshman year, the *Greek Fraternities* recruited people to come live with them during their sophomore year. My close friends and I were not selected by any fraternities so we decided to live in a house off campus in the nearby town of Menlo Park. We facetiously had a sign made that hung over our front door which had the



Doug in R.O.T.C.

front door which had the Greek letters *sigma*, *phi* and *nu* which, we said, stood for *Signify Nothing*.



The "Signify Nothing" House in Menlo Park: 1956-1957

My house mates that second year were David Long, Tom Wheeler, Bob Gwynn, George Smith and Richard Kerr. Bob and George were active members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, whereas the others avoided religion entirely. We organized rides to and from campus every day and did most of our studying in the library and in various study halls around campus. I continued working in the dorm cafeteria even though I wasn't living there. We all loved music and some were very good at it. Richard was an amazing pianist, and Tom played the bass viol professionally. Dave and George each played the guitar so Bob and I had to play something. Bob chose the claves and I picked the bongo drums. We used to have a lot of fun playing together as a group.



Dave Long on guitar

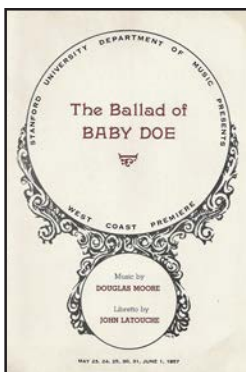
In that second year I had a significant spiritual experience with Bob Gwynn. Bob and I were studying together in a small, quiet study hall located in the basement of a graduate student dormitory. I was taking an English class in *Writing* and had chosen to write an essay which I titled, *“The Nature of God.”* Of course, I didn’t know the true nature of God, so I made it all up in my head and wrote the essay. In it I surmised that God was like a rain cloud and that we were like individual rain drops. We all came from Him and lived our individual lives until we finally hit the ground. This ended our lives (in a puddle) but we soon evaporated and made our way back to God.

Well, I was quite pleased with my paper so I showed it to Bob and asked him to read it. When he was through he asked, *“Would you like me to tell you who God really is?”* Wow! This was the question I had been asking ever since high school. So Bob took me to an empty room and told me the story of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his experience of seeing God the Father and his Son, Jesus Christ. Once he finished the story, I was touched by his sincerity and said, *“Bob, I respect your faith, but I could never believe it myself.”* I wasn’t ready yet to learn more.



An interesting experience happened in the second half of my sophomore year. My house mate, David Long, convinced me to be in a chorus. I was interested again in singing and drama so I participated in the chorus of a campus opera production called, *“The Ballad of Baby Doe.”* It was

the story of Baby Doe Tabor and her husband Horace Tabor in Leadville, Colorado in 1881. Horace was *king* of silver mining but lost everything when gold was established as the standard for American currency and silver was devalued. He died sick and in poverty but Baby Doe loved him and stayed by him to the end.



I also became friends with a fellow student who worked in the dorm cafeteria. His name was Jerry Berg. Jerry was a political science major with an intense interest in Stanford’s Student Politics. He talked me into running for the position of Junior Class President with the promise that he would be my campaign

manager. He was amazing. Jerry constantly had me speaking before groups of students about my views concerning student government. Frequently we would arrive at a girl’s dorm between nine and ten at night and he would get them all to come hear my speech.



I was the only non-fraternity person running. My main competitor was Peter Candy and his fraternity pushed hard to defeat us. To everyone’s amazement (especially mine) we won the election. As Junior Class President I would need to preside over the Junior Class Cabinet starting in the fall to plan all our big activities for the school year.





The Gas & Electric Co. Crew

In the summer vacations following my freshman and sophomore years, I worked for the San Diego Gas and Electric Company on a crew that hiked through the mountains to clear brush away from electric power poles and reduce the risk of power outages from wild fires. It wasn't much of a learning experience as far as engineering was concerned but I enjoyed my workmates, got a good suntan and was able to save up money for the following school year. The tuition had been raised to \$900 per year so I needed to save as much as possible. This job still left time for dates with Alice and activities with family and friends, especially at the beach.



Doug, Steve & Gordon



*Pops Scribner and Grandpa Johnson
Dad and Ken
Jerry, Harry, Alice, Doug, Mom & Pat*



Alice Lantz



My Junior Year at Stanford was full of surprises! Classes were hard, but I was catching on to electrical engineering concepts so my grades improved considerably. The Junior Class President's job kept me working on activities, but I had great helpers like Carol Estes, the vice president, and Ray York, the business manager. The biggest Junior Class event of the year was the Junior Prom so I asked Alice if she would fly up to attend it with me.



Well, it certainly didn't work out as I expected. She came up for the prom, but used the trip as an opportunity to end our relationship. Alice had received a marriage proposal from someone in San Diego and decided to accept it. For sure I was not ready to get married yet, but I had not realized how deeply she wanted to get married and start a family of her own. I was shattered, so it took a while for me to get over it.

During that Junior year, the *Signify Nothing* house moved its location from Menlo Park to a larger home high above the Portola Valley, about five miles from campus. From our porch, we had a view all the way across San Francisco Bay. It was sooo cool! Since the house was bigger, we added another housemate. Bill Martin and Chuck MacIntyre joined us while Richard Kerr decided to stay in a dorm on campus. It was such a long drive to school that we generally stayed on campus from early morning until late at night. We were really only home to sleep and on weekends so we tried to have a house party on as many weekends as possible. We finished out the school year here, but I knew that everything was going to be different for my senior year. I arranged to move back on campus in a dorm called Stern Hall, and went home for the summer.



Chuck, George, Tom, Bill,
Dave, Doug, and Bob



Chuck MacIntyre



Party Time - Bring out the bongos!

As soon as I reached San Diego, I started back to work for PG&E again – only this summer the job had more engineering content. We were studying the *Corona Discharge*, which occurs on high voltage lines when the insulators are covered with dust and moisture. Electric currents actually arc over the insulator because of the mineral content in the water and dust. It was definitely a desk job instead of an outdoor crew.

Since I was no longer dating Alice, I decided to phone Carolyn Smith whom I had known years earlier at the Plymouth Congregational Church youth group. She agreed to go to the beach with me and we had a fun day, but it amazed me to learn that Carolyn had gone to BYU as a nonmember and had been converted to the Mormon faith while she was there. She had not been baptized because her parents were so opposed to it, but she had a strong conviction that it was true. Carolyn asked me if I would like to go to church with her, and I accepted the invitation. This was the first time I had ever stepped inside an LDS Church. Even though it was an old rented building on 10th Street in San Diego, the feeling was warm and welcoming.



Carolyn Smith

We attended a Sunday School class and the topic was the *Plan of Salvation*. I still remember that lesson because, for the first time, I heard plausible answers to my questions about God. It was clear that the Mormons believed that God was real, tangible and living with a glorified body of flesh and bone. The teacher also explained that God also has a kind, loving, and compassionate spirit as well as omniscient intelligence. He taught us that all mankind are God’s spirit children, making the phrase “*Father in Heaven*” real and meaningful, and that as spirits we lived with him before our birth. Finally, he assured us that our spirits are eternal and will continue to live after our mortal bodies die. In short, this explanation was sure a lot better than my old *Raindrop Theory*.

This experience resonated in my mind and spirit so, when we met the missionaries after class and Carolyn asked them to come to her home, I agreed to go along and listen to their lessons. These started at Carolyn’s apartment, but soon got transferred to my parents’ home. Sometimes my mom and dad would listen to a lesson, but they did not want to pursue it for themselves. I attended church and

continued to meet with the missionaries all through the summer until it was time to return to Stanford. I promised them I would continue my investigation of the church in Palo Alto once school started again. Another pleasant surprise that happened this summer was a letter from the Stanford University Director of Financial Aid stating that I had been awarded an ALCOA Foundation Scholarship for my senior year. The Aluminum Corporation of America agreed to pay my entire tuition (\$900) for the 1958-1959 school year. This was exciting because I had already saved up enough to pay that tuition and now I could use that money for something else, like buying a car. My friend Jerry Lawrence just happened to be selling the very car I wanted for \$400. It was a classic 1952 MG-TD two seat convertible, painted red. This introduced a whole new level of excitement for my last year at Stanford.



Doug, Bob Gwynn & Gordon leaving the car park



Bob near Base Camp

The final adventure of the summer had been planned before the junior year at school ended. It was to be a week long backpacking trip with Bob Gwynn, my dad and me going into the High Sierra Mountains and up the John Muir Trail. We entered the mountains from the east side on Highway 395 and drove to a parking area at 8,000 feet elevation. The plan was to hike up to about 11,000 feet and make a base camp and then to go over Kearsarge Pass the next day and drop down to the John Muir



Base Camp and Kearsarge Pass

Trail where we could head north toward Yosemite. We had supplies to last a full week but it would take two trips to the base camp to carry them all. We found a suitable campsite so Bob and dad went back for the additional supplies while I set up the camp and cooked the dinner. When they returned, we ate and retired for the night early. Without us realizing what was happening, it snowed all night. When we woke up the whole camp was under a foot of snow and it was still coming down. We hiked up to the pass but it was snowing hard and the visibility was almost zero. It would have been a mistake to go on because we could have easily gotten off the trail and become lost. We were disappointed but we agreed that it was still a great adventure. Dad returned to San Diego and Bob and I headed back to Stanford for our senior year.



In 1958, all of the LDS students at Stanford attended the Palo Alto First Ward, which met in a chapel located at the corner of Addison and Guinda Streets in Palo Alto. This building no longer exists, but then it contained a family ward with a special *Young Adult Sunday School Class* for the students and young working singles. David B. Haight was the Stake President,



David and Ruby Haight

and he and his family were members of our ward. I was glad the church was organized this way because I could see such wonderful role models. It helped me understand how an active Latter-day Saint family should look and function. In those days the Stake Missionaries taught the same missionary lessons that were taught by the full time missionary elders and sisters. Donald C. Bennion, an attorney in a Palo Alto Law Firm, became my missionary. He was a great man – full of faith, testimony and knowledge. However, I was stubborn and lacked the humility to accept the gospel quickly. During that school year, Brother Bennion and several different companions took me through the missionary lessons three times. I attended church every week and many of the ward members thought I was already a church member.

It was during this period that I met Audrey Megerian. She was of Armenian descent and was a convert to the church herself. Audi was a few years older than I so she had already graduated from college and was teaching elementary school. We were attracted to each other and began dating as much as my studies would allow. Audi had a great testimony of the Gospel and a high level of energy and enthusiasm, but she never pressured me to be baptized. She knew by her own experience that every person must discover the truth and act upon it themselves. No one can lean upon someone else's testimony forever! We had lots of fun dates that year and grew to care for each other. Several of these dates were with my housemates from previous years. I also introduced Audi to my brother Steve who came up from San Diego for a visit. Steve was just starting high school that year so it was fun to take him around the campus. He



Audi Megerian

also went to church with me though it never occurred to me that he might someday become a Mormon too.



Audi and Doug



Bob Gwynn, George Smith, Doug, Dave Long and our dates - 1959



Steve and Doug at the Palo Alto First Ward

In addition to remaining close to my Portola Valley housemates, I made several new friends at Larkin House in Stern Halls. They include Richard Bauhaus, Tim Scheck, George Wyse, Tony Pierson and my roommate Bill Hill. Some of my old friends from the freshman year, like Jim Robertson and Gary Broemser were also in our Stern Hall dorm. Lots of fun things happened with these friends that year. For example, when I turned twenty-one, my father sent me a can of beer in the mail. Since I was trying to live the gospel principles, that can of beer sat on my bookcase for months, unopened. Finally, my roommate couldn't stand it any longer, so I let him drink it. Another funny thing was a prank we played on Jim Robertson and Gary Broemser, who were roommates downstairs from our room. They had a double date one night in San Francisco so they wouldn't be coming home until late. Since their room was on the ground floor, I went in during the day and quietly unlocked the window. Several of us came back that night after they left, opened their window from the outside and crawled in.

We brought in stacks of old newspapers, re-locked their door, crumpled up each sheet of paper and, starting at the door, literally filled their room from floor to ceiling with crumpled newspaper. Finally we let ourselves out of the window and closed it behind us. It was a riot. They couldn't get into their room that night and couldn't figure out how the trick was done.

Since I would be graduating in electrical engineering this year, the time had come to start looking for a job. I really didn't want to go back to PG&E nor to ALCOA who had given me the scholarship. My friend Richard Bauhaus had interviewed a subsidiary of the Hewlett Packard Company called Dymec and persuaded me to interview with them too. I was very excited when they gave me a job offer to join their marketing department after graduation.

At this point I could tell that the time was coming when I would have to make a decision about the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. *"Was it true or not?"* Clearly there was no middle ground. Jesus claimed to be the Christ, the only begotten Son of the living God. It was not rational to say he was just a good man and an effective teacher. Either he was the Messiah and Savior of the world, or he was a fraud and a liar. The same was true of Joseph Smith. Either he was a Prophet and Restorer of Christ's Church or he was a false prophet to be avoided at all cost. Again, no middle ground! I remember spending several Sundays in fasting and prayer. In those days Priesthood meeting was early in the morning, followed by Sunday School. Then families would go home for an afternoon dinner and return in the evening for Sacrament meeting. Sometimes I would stay at the church building between meetings reading the scriptures and the book A Marvelous Work and a Wonder, by LeGrand Richards, and pleading with the Lord that I might know if it was all true. Occasionally, I would be invited to a member's home for Sunday dinner with them. On two occasions David B. Haight and his wife Ruby invited me to their home to spend the afternoon with their family. They introduced me to the concept of family prayer by setting all the chairs around the dining room table backwards. I wondered, *"How are we going to pass the peas sitting backwards?"* until I realized we were to pray first and then turn the chairs.

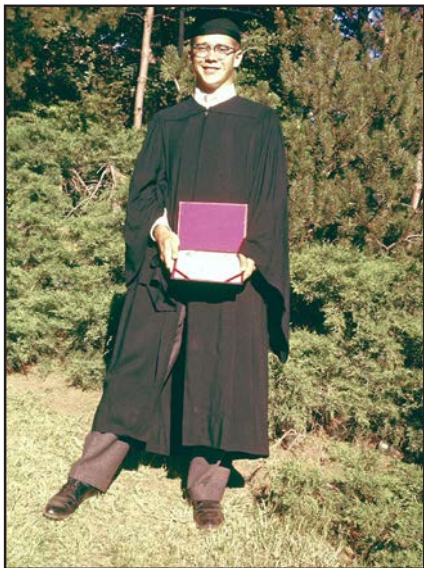
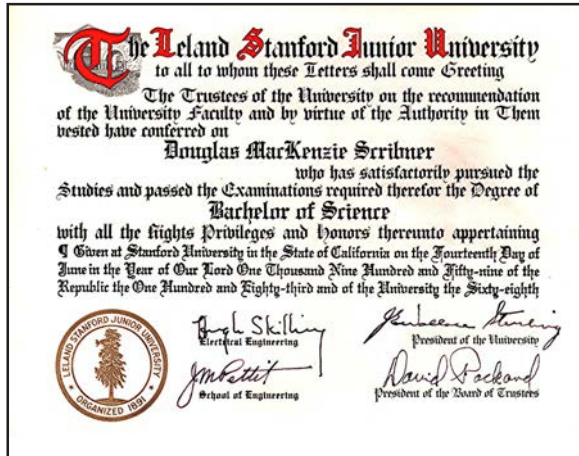
It was nearing time for final exams and I was spending a lot of time studying engineering, much to Audi's dismay. However, even more time was being spent pondering the concepts of the Gospel which I had been taught. One day I was sitting on the steps of the Stanford Memorial Library contemplating, when the following thoughts settled on my mind and heart: *"I know that God lives and that Jesus is the Christ. Surely a loving Father in Heaven would have a plan which, if followed, would bring us eternal happiness and peace and allow us to return to His presence. However, the only way mankind could hope to fulfill that plan is to know what it is! Otherwise, we would just be wandering in the dark and any success would be purely random. Certainly God has the power to reveal His plan to each person individually, but then there would be no reason to have faith. The only logical pattern is to do what He has always done in the past – to call righteous individuals to be prophets, communicate His plan to them and have them tell the people – allowing mankind to have the agency to choose if they will accept it. Having living prophets just makes sense."*



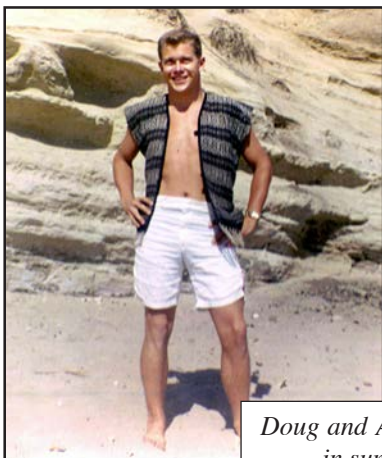
Stanford Memorial Library

A key evidence that Joseph Smith was such a living prophet, was that the Plan of Salvation revealed to him also made good sense. I believed that our spirits are more than mere synapses in the brain. Our spirit consists of our intelligence, personality, traits of character, and our capacity to love unconditionally. Joseph Smith taught that, *"All spirit is matter, but it is more fine or pure ..."* In my studies of science

I knew that Albert Einstein's equation $E = MC^2$ demonstrated that matter can not be created or destroyed, it can only change form. So it is with the greatest of all God's creations, the human soul. Our spirits must have existed before our birth and must continue to exist after our death. This realization was an answer to prayer. Suddenly I knew that the Gospel was true and that I should be baptized. I met with Bishop Sonne of our ward and the date was set for May 2, 1959. Don Bennion performed the baptism for me. Five weeks later I graduated from Stanford. A new phase of my life had begun.



Dad, Mom and Steve came to the Stanford Graduation



Doug and Audi at Santa Cruz in summer of 1959



Preparation For a Mission

The summer following graduation included several special events. Audi and I continued dating and I invited her to meet my parents, but she wasn't ready to do that. Instead we made a trip to Santa Cruz. We enjoyed the beach but didn't stay long because I was just beginning my career, and didn't yet have any vacation days.

Later in the summer, Harry Schenck and Judy Henke decided to be married in San Diego. Harry had just graduated from Pomona College in Physics and had been granted a full scholarship at Harvard to pursue his PhD Degree. They wanted to go to Harvard as husband and wife. The wedding was



Harry and Judy's wedding - 1959



wonderful, but a little awkward for me because Alice Lantz, who was then married, was one of Judy's bride's maids. Still, I was really happy for Harry and Judy - a beautiful and very significant event.

I was now living in a small house close to the Stanford campus with three other fellows - all of whom were returned missionaries. Dick Oliver, Bill Bushman and Gene McCombs were all happy to help me prepare to become a full fledged member of the church, and I was eager to learn from them.



Harry and Judy



Bill Bushman, Dick Oliver and Gene McCombs

These three housemates had a great influence on me and got me thinking about serving a mission myself. They also pulled me into a large circle of LDS young single adults. This group had some great social events, like a big barbecue at Bishop Dale Bowen's house. They even let

me plan one of these social evenings. I engaged a small dance combo from Dymec to play and asked Lund Johnson if we could use their big Palo Alto home for the evening. The Johnson home was turned over to us even though they had to go out of town. We had a great party and the fellows from work kept telling me they were amazed that no one drank, but everyone had a great time.

For the next year I was learning how to be a marketing engineer for what became the Dymec Division of the Hewlett Packard Company. My boss was Ed Morgan who was the Division Marketing Manager. Ed also happened to be the son-in-law of Frank Cavier, who was the Vice President of Finance for HP, so he had plenty of visibility in the company. Our business charter was to design and sell custom *Test and Measurement* solutions. The customers were usually government agencies or prime contractors for the Department of Defense. We had a set of standard *building blocks* for these systems and an R&D (research and development) Lab to fill in the missing pieces or make custom modifications as



needed. One of the clients I worked with was the Navy Hydrographics Lab in Washington, DC. For about six months I worked as an intermediary



*Shirley Sonne
in the food line*



*Housemate Dick Oliver (left)
and friends at Bowen's house*

between them and our lab to design a special system to go on a ship and measure many different conditions such as ship speed, water temperature, ocean depth, etc. I learned a lot from that experience.

A surprising thing happened at work concerning religion. There was a Project Manager in the R&D Lab named Bill Bert, who was a *Born-again* Christian. Bill found out that I was a recent convert to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints so he decided to *rescue me* from what he thought was a terrible mistake. He invited me to lunch and bombarded me with all kinds of anti-Mormon literature. I asked if I could have time to read his material and gather some answers to his questions, so we agreed to meet again a few weeks later. My housemates helped me prepare a response to Bill Bert's questions. Even more, they prepared me with biblical scriptures to back up my position. Of course, I soon realized that contention never brings the Spirit into a discussion. Bill and I finally agreed to disagree. However, I learned an important lesson. If you want to bless someone else's life with your knowledge of the Gospel, you can only do it through love, humility, testimony and a prayer of faith that brings the Holy Spirit into their hearts and souls.

Meanwhile, my oldest brother Dave was progressing in his career and his family was growing. Dave continued to live in Texas where he was rising to a position of prominence as a radio station general manager. Dave and Marion now had three children, Ron, Laurie and Leslie, from ages ten down to five. Occasionally, my parents, Gordon and Alice, got back to visit them in Texas, but in August of 1959, they all made a trip to San Diego to visit our parents and up to Los Angeles to see Marion's mother, father and brother Jim. I made a trip to San Diego as well so we could all be together.



Dave



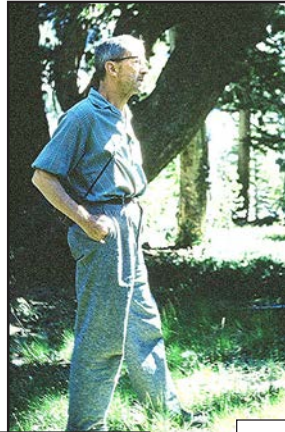
Dave and Ron



Four Generations Together, San Diego - 1959



*Marion, Laurie and Leslie
at Grandpa and Grandma
Scribner's house*



*Gordon continued his
love for the woods
and the mountains*



*By the time of Dave's visit
Steve was starting High
School and sports,
(Cycling and Swimming)*

My brother Ken and his wife Pat were not able to join us at this time. They had a son, Danny, who was nearly two-years-old and the following year Pat gave birth to a daughter whom they named Julie. They had moved to Livermore, California, where Ken took a position with the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory. This was a part of the University of California which did research on high energy explosives for the government.



Jerry and Shareen Lawrence

Another high school relationship which continued was with Jerry Lawrence and his wife Shareen. They were married before Harry and Judy's wedding took place. The three of us had been close friends in scouting and continued our friendship though college and afterward. Our dream was that someday we might start up our own company.



Kathy Van Waggoner

As Audi realized that I was seriously considering a mission, she decided she would look elsewhere for a husband. This was fine with me, and I started dating a variety of the young single adults. Kathy Van Waggoner was one of those and we had several great evenings together. She was a good friend and encouraged me to go on a mission. On June 26, 1960, I was ordained an Elder in the Melchizedek Priesthood and submitted application papers for a mission. Following our Stake Conference, Spencer W. Kimball (who was then an Apostle and was presiding over the conference) interviewed me for the mission. In those days foreign language missions were two-and-a-half years long so I explained that, even with the ward helping, I only had the money to go for two years. When the mission call came in the mail, the first page of the letter was missing, so I had a hard time figuring out where I was going. The letter I got did mention that the Mission Headquarters was in a place called Toorak, but I had no idea where that was. How surprised and excited I was to learn that Toorak was a suburb of Melbourne and that I was called to serve in the Southern Australian Mission, starting in November.

On August 20, 1960 I received my endowment in the Los Angeles Temple. This was a challenging experience for me. There was no *Project Temple* class, the Priesthood Leaders who interviewed me did not explain anything about the symbolism of the temple, there was no escort assigned, I got on a bus by myself and went to Los Angeles, I had to find the Temple, go through the endowment, and get back on

the bus to Palo Alto. . . all of it, alone. I had so many questions and no one to ask. Years later, when I was serving as a Stake President I made sure that no one in our stake ever went to take out their own endowment as unprepared as I had been. I spent an hour with each person explaining the purpose and meaning of the temple and the symbolism found there. The other conclusion I reached on that long bus ride back to Palo Alto was, ***“I will never lose faith in the things which I do know to be true, because of the things which I do not yet understand.”***



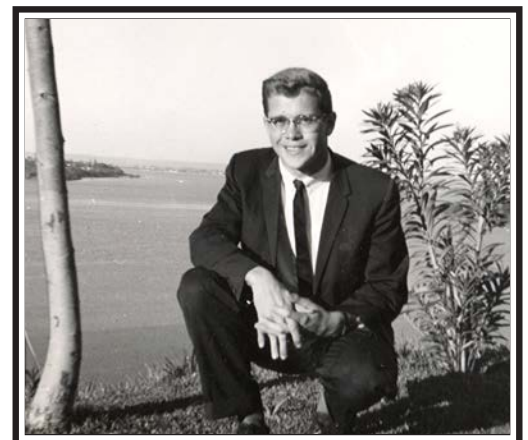
Mormon Temple in Los Angeles

David O. McKay was President of the Church from 1951 until he died in 1970. In 1956 he dedicated the Los Angeles Temple and here, four years later, I was endowed in that same Temple. I had a testimony that David O. McKay was a living prophet of God and that I would someday understand the purpose and meaning of my endowment. One thing which I have learned since then is that the purpose of the symbolism in the Temple is the same purpose we find in the symbolism of the Sacrament. Partaking of the bread and water which has been blessed by the Priesthood is symbolic for it reminds us of the life and atonement of Jesus Christ and because in doing so, **we renew the covenants which we made with Him at the time of our baptism.** Similarly, the symbolism of the vicarious temple endowment reminds us of the premortal life of the great Jehovah, who is Jesus Christ, and enables us to **renew the covenants which we made with Him at the time we first went through the Temple for our own endowment.**

On October, 16, 1960, I received my Patriarchal Blessing from the Palo Alto Stake Patriarch, David I. Stoddard. I would encourage my children to read the entire blessing. It was a constant source of strength for me during my mission and has helped me ever since. One short portion is given here because it was very specific about our family:

“... you shall find a companion who will join with you in the Holy bonds of eternal marriage for your everlasting happiness, and together you will make a home that will be blessed with lovely children. They will love you and follow your teaching and grow up in the ways of righteousness, and through them your posterity will increase and your name shall be known and honored. The privilege will be yours of being a missionary to the family of your Father and Mother and in love and patience you will teach them the true way of life, and one day they shall see and understand as you do. ...”

This portion of the blessing was a personal prophecy which has been literally fulfilled. My brother Steve eventually joined the Church, received his temple endowment and was sealed to Mary Davis. They and their posterity now see and understand the Gospel of Christ as I do. When Cecile James and I were sealed in the Holy bonds of eternal marriage, we were also blessed with great children.



Finally the day of my mission came. John O. Simonson was the President of the Southern Australian Mission. On November 3, 1960 I entered the one week Training Center in Salt Lake City and was set apart by Elder John Longdon. A week later, I was one of eight missionaries departing for Southern Australia.

The trip in those days was made on a DC-10 aircraft which had to stop in Hawaii, and Fiji, on the way to Sydney, Australia. We then took a local airline to Melbourne where the Mission Office was located. When I first arrived, President Simonson assigned me to work in a suburb of Melbourne for two weeks. Then I was transferred to the country town of Mildura, on the edge of the Murray River which divides



Elder Scribner & Elder Thueson in Mildura, Victoria

the state of Victoria, from the state of New South Wales. Mildura had been founded years earlier by the Chaffey Family from Southern California, near Pomona. They introduced irrigation equipment to pump water from the Murray River onto the dry, flat lands. The soil was fertile so they grew grapes. The Chaffey Mansion still stands in the middle of the prosperous grape vineyards. Unlike any other city in Australia, the streets are all wide and perpendicular with names like Orange Street, California Street, and San Mateo Street. My first companion was Elder John Thueson, from Murray, Utah, and we had a great time together for three months. He was then transferred and my new companion was A.J. Winkelman. I was in Mildura for a full six months and grew to love the people there. The people there still remembered how America had saved them from Japanese invasion during World War II, so they welcomed us into their homes. The Branch of our Church was very small when I arrived and met in a



Elder Thueson on "P" Day

rented building. Still there were some great members like Evelyn Rainbow and old Sister Brown, and the town had terrific potential for growth through missionary work. My problem was that I hadn't yet learned how to challenge people to be baptized, so we had



Murray River at Mildura

lots on investigators but only two baptisms before I left. These two women, Kit Singe and Donny Dashamp, traveled all the way to Adelaide at the time of a mission conference, where there was a chapel with a font, and we baptized them on April 9, 1961. Sister Singe did not stay active, but Donny remarried (now Donny Young) and has served in many leadership positions including Stake Young Women's President, Stake Relief Society President and now serves in the Melbourne Temple. We corresponded while Cecile and I were in New Zealand and Donny wrote a beautiful letter (August 21, 2005) describing her life history and testimony. In part she said,

"I suppose when I finish this letter I will remember many things that I could have told you, but right now I'd like to conclude by thanking you with all my heart for the most precious blessing of introducing me to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and being such a humble servant of the Savior. Your sincerity touched my heart, and woke in me a desire to know for myself if what you said was true. How grateful I am that I took the next step, was baptized, and received the Gift of the Holy Ghost. I am grateful for all the learning experiences which have tested my faith and have made me a better person and a devout follower of Christ."

Donny Young



Ida and Jack Baird in 1970



Ev Rainbow & Sister Brown



Sue McCloud with sister, Donny Dashamp and her son Carey

Another choice family we taught while I was in Mildura was Jack and Ida Baird and their two children, Kaye and David. They were baptized by Elder Winkelman after I left. Years later, Cecile and I went back to Mildura and met with Brother and Sister Baird. They have passed on now, but their children are still active in the church with their own families. David and his wife, Yvonne, still live in Mildura. Kaye married Ron Roccisano and moved away, but when her mother died, she wrote to me and said,

“The funeral was conducted at the Mildura Chapel. We all participated with David giving the eulogy. Her grandsons were pallbearers. . . It became clearer just how many people she assisted, in addition to her role as Relief Society President over the years. . . There would have been a joyful reunion on the other side. Mum had done heaps and heaps of genealogy and they would have all been there to thank and greet her . . . Doug, all that work for the dead is as a direct result of your missionary work in Mildura. Not only were you responsible for the conversion of a living family, but for hundreds who have passed into the next phase of our existence. . .”

Love and grateful thanks, Kaye Baird Roccisano

In May of 1961, I was transferred from Mildura to Adelaide, South Australia. My companion and I could have taken a bus, but we decided it would be far more interesting to hitchhike. We caught one ride right out of Mildura, but this person let us out when he turned off the main road to go to his station (ranch). There we were in the middle of the Outback and no cars coming by (just lots of flies). Finally a German fellow came by and stopped for us. He agreed to take us all the way to Adelaide if we didn't mind him stopping for some business at a winery in the Barossa Valley on the way. We agreed. The Barossa Valley was beautiful and so was Adelaide. However, we did get into a little trouble with President Simonson for hitchhiking.



On the road to Adelaide



Elder Winkelman and Elder Scribner - Mildura

I was assigned to the Brighton Branch which was right in the coast south of the city. I was only there for two months. One month with Elder Hales and one month with Elder Campbell. We met an interesting couple, Don and Marion Campbell who lived in the nearby suburb of Marion. They were newly wed members of the church and ran a veggie (fresh vegetable) shop in Brighton. Cecile and I saw them again years later on a visit to Adelaide. Sister Kershaw was another member who lived there and often fed the missionaries. Even though I was only there two months, my companion baptized and I confirmed three people whom the missionaries had been teaching when I arrived: Sidney Thomas Waye, Elizabeth Dawn Hombsch and Robert Kenneth Dillon. Unfortunately, I lost contact with them and have no idea if they remained active or not. My next transfer was by air all the way to Perth, Western Australia – a distance of about 2,000 miles.

My first companion in Perth was Steve Rideout and we were assigned to the port suburb of Fremantle. The nearest chapel was in South Perth in a suburb called Como. It was a long bus ride to get there so we spent most of our time in our own area except on Sundays. There was only one member family in Fremantle named Bancroft. They were quite wealthy and lived in a large home with a swimming pool overlooking the ocean. Sister Bancroft and her son were members but her husband John and her teenage daughter Lois were not baptized. John Bancroft was the head of the Power and Light Company for Western Australia and a leader of the local Masonic Lodge.



Elder Steve Rideout

The big news while we were in Fremantle was that President and Sister Simonsen had completed thier mission and were going home. A new Mission President had arrived in Melbourne. His name was Bruce R. McConkie, a General Authority of the church and a member First Council of Seventy.



*Incoming Mission President
Bruce and Amelia McConkie*



*Outgoing Mission President
John and Velma Simonsen*

Meanwhile, my companion and I were teaching two women who lived together. Melva Bond was about thirty and single, renting a room from Constance Miller who was about seventy. They had already been through the lessons when I arrived and were baptized in July of 1961. Shortly afterwards, Elder Rideout went home and he was replaced by Elder Christensen.

While I was with Elder Christensen, we had an interesting experience in Fremantle. There was a picture on the front page of the local newspaper which said, "*American Scientists on board a submarine have arrived in Fremantle. They will be doing hydrographic research in the Indian Ocean.*" There was a picture of the three (very young looking) scientists standing beside a rack of test equipment.

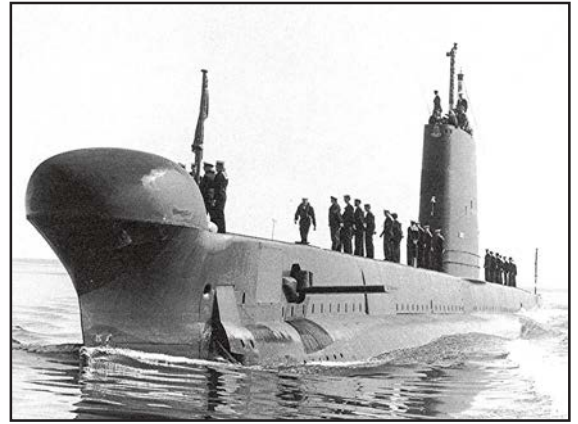


*Melva Bond and
Constance Miller
in South Perth*



*Elder Christensen
in Freemantle, W.A.*

The test equipment was the very system that I had helped Dymec design for the Navy Hydrographics Lab in Washington DC. This was amazing, so, of course, my companion and I went down to the wharf to see it. When we arrived, the “scientists” were in town and only one officer was on the submarine. I showed him the picture and explained my role with the system, so he invited us on board to actually see the equipment. There we were, down in the hold of a US Navy Submarine, looking at the HP instruments I had helped design. I asked the officer if it was working well and he replied, “*Actually we are having a problem with it.*” I answered, “*I am not surprised. They never told us this equipment was going on a submarine. It has mercury-whetted relays in it and if you dive more than fifteen degrees, they will short out.*” Well, by this time my companion was going ballistic. I offered to try and fix the equipment, but the officer, who by this time was also looking a bit strange, said, “*No, we have strict orders from Washington not to let anyone touch the system.*” Then he said something I will never forget. He said, “*That is not the real reason we are here anyway.*” I couldn’t believe it. Six months of work and over a hundred thousand dollars for this system and it was just a *cover-up* for something else, like espionage. Well, it was only a week later that I got a phone call from Melbourne and the deep voice of President McConkie said, “*Elder Scribner, what is this I hear about you and a submarine?*”



1960s Vintage Submarine in Fremantle Harbor -- (similar to the U.S. sub we boarded there in 1961)

Well, by this time my companion was going ballistic. I offered to try and fix the equipment, but the officer, who by this time was also looking a bit strange, said, “*No, we have strict orders from Washington not to let anyone touch the system.*” Then he said something I will never forget. He said, “*That is not the real reason we are here anyway.*” I couldn’t believe it. Six months of work and over a hundred thousand dollars for this system and it was just a *cover-up* for something else, like espionage. Well, it was only a week later that I got a phone call from Melbourne and the deep voice of President McConkie said, “*Elder Scribner, what is this I hear about you and a submarine?*”



Elder John Nielsen

Elder Christensen also went home and was replaced by Elder John Nielsen. There were a lot of immigrants in the Fremantle area and many of them were from Italy. So, we finally learned an Italian door approach, “*Noi representamo la Chiesa de Jesu Christo, Grazia.*” Still, we didn’t get too far with this heavily Roman Catholic group so we tracted a nice new area further away. There we met the Gummery family. Grev and Joyce Gummery had five children, Julie being fourteen and the rest younger. They welcomed us, and we started teaching them the lessons. My Supervising Elder (District Leader) at this time was Richard Marriott (who later married Nancy Peery, daughter of Taylor and Mary Peery of the Palo Alto First Ward). When Elder Marriott went home, President McConkie phoned again and asked me to be the new Supervising Elder (District Leader) in the Dianella Branch, so I had to leave Fremantle. Still, the Gummery family continued with the lessons.



*Back: Joyce, Grev & Julie Gummery
Front: Alan, Debbie, Lindy & Bill*

As a District Leader, I became very well acquainted with the Dianella Branch President and his family, Herbert and Maizy Dawson and their teenage daughter, Leslie. They were a great family and left a lasting impression on me of how a Latter-day Saint family should operate. The Dawson family has interacted with our family in many ways over the years since that time. Cecile’s father, Cecil James, came to Perth with his wife Lucie to build the Dianella Chapel. Later, Cecile’s sister Cheril also served a mission in Western Australia. The Mission Office, the Temple and the Dianella Chapel are all on the same property. The chapel is now used as a Stake Center. However,



*My companion in Dianella
Elder Jay Stevens*

when I was there, Dianella was just a Branch and we met in a school building. We did have some baptisms in the Dianella District. Evan Leewangh, Jennifer Bradstreet, and Gloria Geson were baptized in December of 1961 and Diane Bradstreet was baptized in February of 1962, but I have lost contact with them.

At the beginning of March, 1962, President McConkie phoned again and asked me to become a Regional Elder (Zone Leader) along with Elder Milton Russon. Our first assignment was to prepare a *Share the Gospel* meeting in the South Perth (Como) chapel wherein President McConkie would come and be the main speaker. The date was set for March 18, and since this was his first trip to Western Australia, the church members were very excited about his visit. The



*Elder Milton Russon
May 1962*

admission ticket was to bring a nonmember friend to the two hour, 10 AM meeting. President McConkie also asked us to schedule a baptism service and have at least one person ready to be baptized at that time. We also instructed all of the missionaries to remain in the chapel after the meeting with their investigators so President McConkie could meet them and talk with each one of them individually. Well, when that day came, our investigator, Julie Ann Collen, was ready for baptism. Once President and Sister McConkie arrived, the meeting began with prayer, music, testimonies from some in the audience, and remarks by Sister McConkie. Then Bruce R.



Julie Ann Collen's baptism

McConkie spoke for an hour and fifteen minutes on the subject of Baptism. It was the most powerful talk I had ever heard. At the end, he challenged all of the nonmembers present to *“decide that day”* to be baptized. After the meeting was over, he sat down individually with each of the nonmembers and their missionaries. The baptismal service finally took place at 2 PM and eleven people entered the waters of baptism instead of just one. It was the most powerful outpouring of the Holy Spirit I had ever witnessed. Two of those baptized were John Bancroft and his daughter Lois. He was so strongly affected by this experience that he resigned his position with the West Australia Gas and Electric Company and moved his family to Canada. A year later they were all sealed in the Cardston Alberta Temple. When we later asked President McConkie how he decided to do this, he replied, *“Well, I knew Wilford Woodruff did it once in England, so I thought why shouldn't I do it in Perth?”*

Grev Gummery and his family were out of town on the date of the Share the Gospel meeting but President McConkie returned to Perth for a District Conference in May. Once the conference was over, Elder Smith took him to the Gummery home. President McConkie challenged Grev and Joyce to be baptized and they accepted. Greville Howard Gummery was baptized on May 13, 1962, and I confirmed him a member of the church. His wife Joyce and their children, Julie, Alan and Bill were also baptized while their younger children, Debby and Lindy were given blessings. With the Gummery family in the church, a new branch was created, called the Melville



Julie and Debbie Gummery



*W.A. Mormon Basketball Team
Back: Elders Smith, Furness,
Fotheringham, and Shumway
Front: Elder Russon and some
of the Australian team members.*



Elder Ollerton, June 1962



*District President, Donald Cummings and his
Counselor President Lester with us (Ollerton
and Scribner) and Elder Bruce R. McConkie*

Heights Branch, and Elder Danny Davis was appointed the District Leader. These two visits from our Mission President brought missionary success to an all time high. Elder Russon and I had a total of fifteen baptisms between March and May of that year. Many of these ordinances were performed by members. We were starting to realize that our role as Zone Leaders was to make other missionaries and members feel the success of the work. It was not just for ourselves.

During these months in Perth, we initiated several missionary programs that brought success for other missionaries. We started a Western Australia Missionary Basketball Team to play against the best teams in Perth. Fortunately, we had

some great players like Elders Shumway, Russon and Fotheringham. One family that came into the church through this program was George Mortley and his wife and children. George was a member of our team and grew to love the Elders he played with. He was taught the lessons and joined the church on June 23, 1962. At this point, Elder Russon was transferred, and I received a new companion to be the other Regional Elder in Western Australia. His name was Elder Gerald Ollerton. Elder Ollerton and I then worked with the District Presidency to establish a Youth Missionary Committee consisting of older teenagers and young single adults. John Grincerì was the leader and Toni

Waggoner, Perry Alcorn, Barbara Hansen, Dorothy Chamberlain, Margaret Watt and Sonia Smith worked on the committee. They planned lots of fun activities to which the members could invite their nonmember friends. A number of these friends joined the church. Sonia Smith went on to serve a full time mission and became Cecile's companion in the Southern Australian Mission. She was then with Cecile's parents in Perth in 1964 when Elder James was building the Stake Center. John Grincerì went on a full time mission to Italy. When he returned he got married and later was called as a Bishop at age twenty-three. At age twenty-nine, John was called to be the youngest Mission President in the Church and was sent back to Italy. Today he is the Temple President in Perth.



The Mortley Family



Dorothy Chamberlain



Barbara Hansen



Perry Alcorn



Elder & Sister James with Sonia Smith



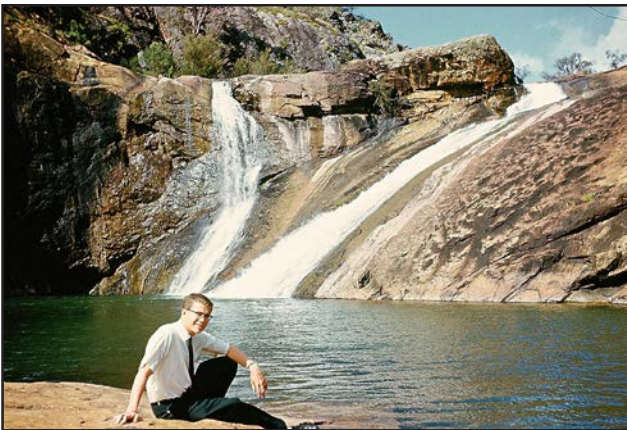
Margaret Watt



Elder Melvin Dent

Somehow I need to say that there were plenty of hard days and discouraging moments in my mission just as there are for every missionary. Not every day was a highlight, but there were enough marvellous experiences to compensate for the doors slammed in our faces and the baptisms that fell through. My last baptism in Perth was a young adult named Yvonne Bligh on July 14, 1962. I was then transferred back to Melbourne to be one of the Zone Leaders there.

The last couple of months of my mission were spent with Elder Dent. We conducted missionary training meetings and worked with various missionaries to help them be successful. It was in one of those training meetings that I first met Sister Cecile James. She was a relatively new missionary who worked very hard but was frustrated by a lack of success. My companion and I went to help her and her companion teach one of their investigator families, only to be turned away at the door. However, one interesting convert in Melbourne was Josef Szirer, who was baptized September 1, 1962. Josef was only seventeen in Hungary when his country was invaded by the Russian army. He became one of the youngest Freedom Fighters in his high school and had to fight his way out



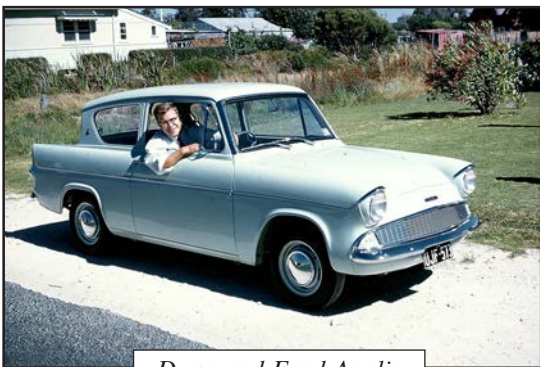
Doug at Serpentine Falls, West Australia - 1961

of the country with a sub-machine gun. He emigrated to Australia where he met the missionaries and joined the church.

The last night of my mission we were contacted by two of our missionaries, Elder Justis and his companion, to see if we could help them commit a young couple to baptism. We had to arrive late (9 PM) because we were teaching another person. The names of these investigators were Keith and Margaret Fellowes. Keith was ready for baptism but Margaret was very feisty. After teaching her and testifying about tithing and other commandments, Margaret said, *“Oh you young missionaries come out here from America and try to tell us Australians what to do. You are just kids. Why should we listen to you?”* I responded, *“Well, I am older than you are!”* She then replied, *“Really? OK then I will be baptized!”* When I asked her when she would like to have the baptismal service, she said, **“Right now!”** So, I said, **“You are on!”** It was then 10 PM, but I picked up their phone and called Sister Cutts, who was the Relief Society President of the Fairfield Ward and lived next to the chapel, and said,

“Sister Cutts, please start filling the font, we are coming in for a baptism.” The service was held between eleven and twelve at night, but the Spirit was wonderful. Of course, I wondered if their decision to be baptized on the spur of the moment would last very long. However, I did hear from time to time that Keith and Margaret Fellowes stayed active in the Church. Then in 2005, when Donny Young wrote to us, she mentioned them in her letter. Donny said,

“Do you remember when you were on your mission - meeting and trying to teach the Law of Tithing to Keith and Margaret Fellowes? Well, she remembers you very well. I think she was rather rude to you, and asked you to leave when the ten percent was mentioned. I was in the change room at the Temple the day after I received your letter and I mentioned you and Cecile were serving at the New Zealand Visitor’s Centre. Margaret said, ‘I remember him,’ and then she told me of the experience. She and her husband have served two missions and are regular Temple workers...”



Doug and Ford Anglia

The next day I entered the Mission Office to be released by President McConkie and told him the story about the baptism of Keith and Margaret Fellowes. Sister James (Cecile) was also in the Mission Office that day waiting for a transfer, so we started talking. As I recall, she said, “When I get home from my mission, why don’t you and your wife and I all go out to dinner together.” President McConkie thanked me for my service and officially released me to

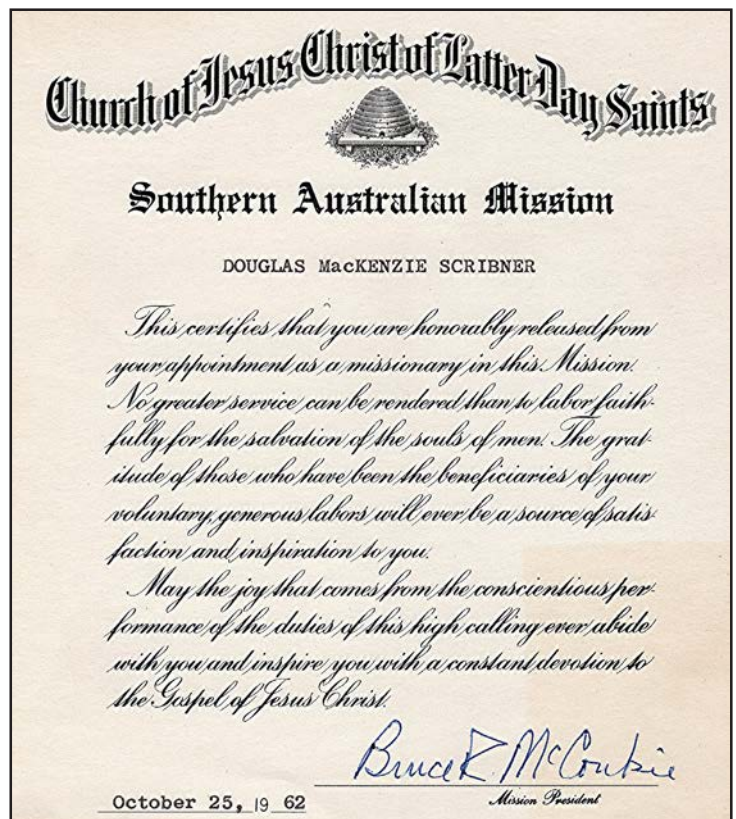


Sister Cecile James
- 1962 -

return home to America. What a great way to finish a mission. I traveled home through New Zealand and went to the Temple there, never dreaming that someday Cecile and I would marry and eventually serve a mission in New Zealand as a couple.

When I reached the city of Hamilton I inquired how to get to the suburb of Temple View and was told to take a bus. When the bus arrived, everyone got off but me because I had no idea where to go. People got on and I could tell I had better get off or I would be returning to Hamilton so asked a lady who was boarding the bus, “Do you have any idea where a returning missionary might spend the night?” She said, “Yes Elder, the third house down the street from the Temple. You can stay with our family tonight.”

This left a lasting impression on me because this beautiful Maori family took me in without hesitation. It was a characteristic that I found over and over among them when we later returned on our mission to New Zealand.



BYU. Courtship and Marriage:

Returning to America in November of 1962 was an unnerving experience. The *Cuban Missile Crisis* was in full swing with American President John F. Kennedy challenging the Russian President Nikita Khrushchev to dismantle their missile sites on that island just 90 miles off the Florida coast. Finally President Kennedy threatened to destroy a Russian ship that was headed for Cuba with a missile on its deck, until that ship turned around and went back to Russia.

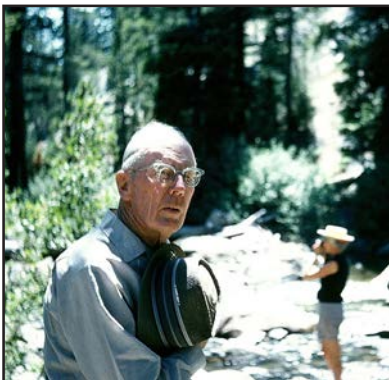
It seemed that the best course of action for me was to immediately register in the BYU Graduate School of Electrical Engineering and then apply for an academic deferment. For this reason I didn't even go home first. As soon as I landed in San Francisco, I boarded a train for Salt Lake City. The only thing I remember about that train ride was an incident in the dining car. The Australians do not give tips for service so I got out of the habit of doing it as well. After eating my meal in the dining car, I got up and walked back toward my regular train seat. As I started up the aisle, a booming voice of the waiter said, "Nothing for the poor waiter!" I just kept on going, but it was clear that there was going to be an adjustment getting back to normal American life again.



BYU Administration
Building - 1962

Upon reaching Provo, I went straight to the BYU Admissions Office. It was during the middle of a normal semester, but they had a *Block Plan*, especially for returning missionaries, which started half way through the semester. The only two classes available were undergraduate level courses in English Literature and American History, but they got me registered as a full time student. The history teacher, Richard Cowan, was a friend from the Palo Alto First Ward who had gotten his PhD in History at Stanford. This was an amazing accomplishment because Dr. Cowan was totally blind. He was a great teacher and I enjoyed his class. The English Literature was also delightful. Best of all, these two classes left me with enough time to complete the admission requirements for the graduate school of engineering. Dr. Jens Johnson was the EE Department head and he told me it would take

me two years to complete the Masters Program because at that time BYU had a five year undergraduate engineering course and I had only spent four years at Stanford. He also informed me that I would have to write a thesis and defend it before a committee in a two hour oral examination. Undaunted, I went ahead and registered for the program starting in January 1963.



Irvin A. Scribner died
May 4, 1961 in San Diego

Now, I could finally go home to San Diego to see the family. Grandpa Scribner had passed away while I was on my mission, but Grandpa Johnson was still living. Dad and Mom arranged for a family reunion in San Diego for the week after Christmas so Ken and Dave brought their families and my Aunt Florence and Uncle Henry Neergard came with their children, Karen and Phil. It was a great time with beautiful warm winter weather and clear skies. I was amazed how much the children had grown in the two years I was gone. Dad also took the opportunity of having me at home to fit me for contact lenses. He examined my eyes, gave me a new prescription, ordered and received the contacts and got me started in using them instead of glasses. It took awhile to get used to them, but my vision dramatically improved.



Dave, Ken, Steve and Doug - Dec. 1962



Uncle Henry and Aunt Florence with Karen and Phil, joined Mom and Dad and Grandpa Johnson

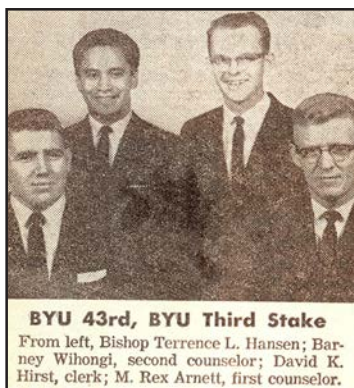


Dave, Marion and Ron Laurie and Leslie



Ken and Pat with Dan and Julie

I returned to BYU, began the Electrical Engineering course work and settled into a basement apartment. My BYU ward had some exceptional leaders. The one who stands out in my mind was a counselor in the Bishopric named Barney Wihongi, a Maori from New Zealand. When Cecile and I went to New Zealand on a mission many years later, we learned that Barney completed his graduate degree in education, married and went back to New Zealand to become the Principal of the Church College at Temple View. Unfortunately, Barney died at an early age. Today his son Shawn Wihongi lives in Tooele, Utah – friends of our son Russ and his family.



BYU 43rd, BYU Third Stake
From left, Bishop Terrence L. Hansen; Barney Wihongi, second counselor; David K. Hirst, clerk; M. Rex Arnett, first counselor.

While I was in that student ward, I was called to teach a beginning course in genealogy. I knew so little about the subject that I had to read a lot of material just to stay ahead of the class. However, I grew to love the work and became excited with the prospect of discovering my own roots through doing research about my ancestors. This ignited a fire in my heart which still exists today. Writing a history of our Scribner ancestors has become a life long passion, not just because it is interesting, but because it is a profound way to bless their lives through Temple Ordinances. When Joseph Smith was only seventeen and received a visitation from the Angel Moroni, he was told that the Prophet Elijah would come as foretold by the ancient prophet Malachi. *“And he (Elijah) shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers...”* This was certainly true for me as my heart was turned to my ancestors.

I made a lot of new friends that winter, both in my engineering classes and also in my ward. In my classes I got to know Larry Stratford and Dee Humpherys who are still close friends today. In the ward I was especially attracted to a girl named Lorna Barnhart. We became close friends and started dating frequently. She was a very spiritual young woman who inspired me to be the best person I could become. She was also an artist and often would create a picture or a poem for me.





Lorna's Artwork

She was also part of the BYU Honor Council so she persuaded me to become part of it as a counselor to help students who had become involved with some violation of the BYU Honor Code, such as cheating in examinations or drinking alcohol. I enjoyed the counseling work and hopefully was of some value in helping students change their attitude about the importance of maintaining personal integrity in their lives. When summer came, I made a trip to Oregon to meet Lorna's parents. Her family was very kind to me and took me on trips to see Mount Hood and the Oregon Coast. However, things did not feel quite right between me and her so, by the end of my visit, Lorna and I decided we would just be friends.

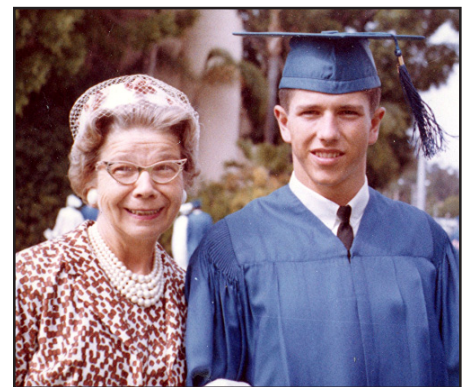


Lorna Barnhart - Winter 1963



*Lorna's Artwork
Mount Hood in Oregon*

Steve was in his senior year of high school so he was sending off applications to various universities. He was accepted at UC Santa Barbara and this interested him a lot because they had a reputation for their excellent swim team. Steve was a life guard and a powerful swimmer so this sounded pretty good. However, I encouraged him to apply to BYU. The strong Electrical Engineering program interested him (even though BYU didn't even have a swimming pool at that time). But the real draw was that he would be able to discover for himself if the Church was true. Steve had met with the missionaries a few times in San Diego, but he needed the time and environment to really study the Restored Gospel of Jesus Christ for himself. He was accepted at BYU and finally decided to enroll at the Y. Steve enjoyed that final year of high school and Mom and Dad were there for his graduation. When he arrived in Provo, Utah, Steve decided to live in the freshman dormitory at Helaman Halls, but we saw each other often on a social basis.



*Graduation Day
San Diego High School*



Steve's Senior Prom

At the beginning of the Summer, I was given the opportunity to move out of the basement apartment into a large home at the corner of Center Street and 400 East. It was owned by an old Stanford friend, Paul Salisbury, who wanted some additional housemates. So, Dee Humpherys and I moved into one of the rooms on the main floor. It had a beautiful old living room that was the original part of this Knight-Magnum home, and a great place to have a party.

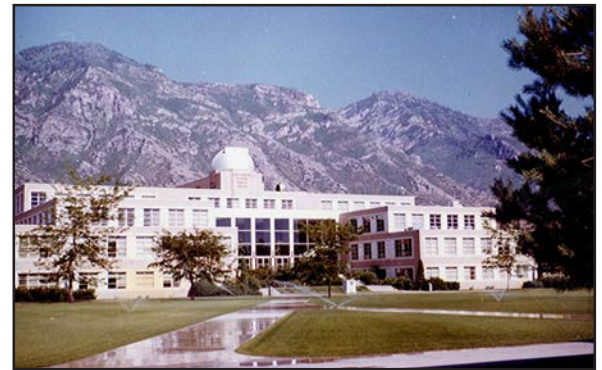


In those days the BYU campus looked quite different than it does today. It was much simpler with fewer buildings and a smaller student body. It was also less formal. This was especially true during the summer session. I spent most of my time in attending engineering and mathematics classes in the Eyring Science Center and in the smaller Fletcher Engineering Building. I met one of the granddaughters of Dr. Harvey Fletcher, the inventor of stereo sound, and she gave me a tour of Dr. Fletcher’s Acoustic Chamber Laboratory in the basement of the Science Center. We walked in on a screen floor with half of the chamber above us and half below us. When she turned away from me, the sound of her voice was completely absorbed by the cones on the walls, ceiling and floor. It was eerie!

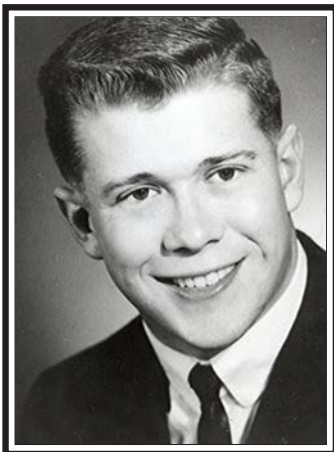


1963 - Joseph Smith Building

During the summer I was approached by the faculty advisor to the Honor Council and asked if I would be willing to be interviewed for the position of Chairman of the Honor Council for the following 63/64 school year. This was not an elected position like other student body offices, but was an appointment made jointly by the Associated Student Body President, Rich Rolapp, the Faculty Advisor, Reed Bradford, and the Dean of Students, J. Elliot Cameron. I gave this decision a lot of thought and prayer because it was essential that I complete my Masters Degree by 1964. I didn’t have a scholarship, but my Grandpa Scribner left me a stack of US Savings Bonds when he died, so I did have enough to see me through without an excessive school debt. I did want to do something which would make a positive difference in the lives of other students, so I decided to be interviewed and, if chosen, accept the appointment as Honor Council Chairman.



1963 - Eyring Science Center



Doug - 1963 - BYU

The BYU Honor Council consisted of about forty members, who were divided into two main committees – one for Education and one for Counseling. When selected as the Chairman, I was fortunate to have a wonderful leadership team to help me carry out this awesome responsibility. Jim Montgomery led the counseling group while Bea Goff and Rex Mohlman co-chaired the education group. My executive assistant was Clipper Watene. One of the counselors was Reed Ogden and another was Leon Blake, so we formed close friendships which lasted through the years. Clipper was a remarkable person – a Maori from New Zealand with a great sensitivity for people’s needs and aspirations. She also danced in the Maori Culture group known as the Kia Ora Club. This is where Clipper met Cecile when she came home from her mission, and convinced her to also become part of the Honor Council.

There were some hard *learning experiences* associated with being the chair of the Council. One such experience was a very derogatory and personally attacking letter written to the editor and published in the *BYU Daily Universe* newspaper. It was written by a disgruntled member of the Council who resigned in protest of my leadership. He accused me of being dictatorial, a “*social climber*,” and a “*status seeker*.” Such an attack certainly caused me to do some soul searching, but it also required a response. With Clipper’s help, I drafted a letter to the editor which described the purpose and objectives

of the Council without any recrimination. After outlining the framework of the BYU Honor System Constitution and the method it requires for selection of an Honor Council Chairperson, I did make this one defensive remark. I wrote, *“Criticism can be a valuable aid. However it is unfortunate that personal bitterness and disappointment sometimes enter into criticism and cloud its effectiveness.”* I never heard more from the critic and hardly even knew who he was, but I sincerely hope I did not damage his faith in the Gospel of Christ by my response.

The rest of the year went better with numerous speeches to Freshman students, firesides and a wide variety of counseling sessions. On the whole, it was a positive experience with some nice letters of appreciation from students. I do want my grandchildren to understand the principles upon which the BYU Honor System is based because they are true and important. I’ll quote from my letter to the editor:

“Our Honor System is based on two principles. The first is the concept of personal integrity. One of the most important possessions that any person can have is the self respect that comes from being honest. The second principle is that we indeed are ‘Our Brother’s Keeper.’ If we love ‘Our Brother,’ we will want to help him when he does things that will destroy his personal honor. We know that you don’t help someone by persecuting him, but neither do you help by rationalizing with him. A real friend will persuade the person to change both his attitude and behavior.”

William Shakespeare once wrote, *“To thine own self be true, and it follows as the night follows the day, thou canst be false to any man.”* Children, you must protect your personal integrity at all cost.



*Cecile in Australia - 1963
Doug, Chairman of Honor
Council
BYU - 1963*

One day in October 1963, I was walking up the stairs of the BYU Library when I met Cecile James coming down from the second floor. She had recently returned from the Southern Australian Mission and had again registered at the university in the field of Human Development and Family Relations (HDFR). She was living in her parents’ home, just north of the campus, with eight other girls. Though I was dating a couple of other girls, I remembered our parting conversation as I was leaving the mission. I phoned Cecile and asked, *“Do you remember that conversation?”* She did, so I said, *“Well there is no wife, but how about having dinner together anyway?”* We had a wonderful evening together with dinner at a Chinese restaurant, stopping for ice cream on the way to where I lived, and playing the ukulele and singing folk songs afterwards.



Cecile James - March 1964

I was very attracted to Cecile, but between my studies and a couple of other previously arranged dates, it was almost a month before I phoned again to ask for another evening out together. In November we had a date to go bowling. It was an incredible night and we were excited about each other as well as about our high scores in the bowling alley. Still, between difficult classes and the Honor Council responsibility, it was December before we went out together again. Even though we only had three dates in three months, I knew that Cecile was a very special person and that I liked her a lot. A Christmas Poem seemed like an appropriate gift so she would remember me while Steve and I went home to spend Christmas with our family.

This is the poem that I wrote:

*The night, the lights, the city
And the trees with their shimmering glow:
The toys, the boxes, the bustle,
As shoppers trod home through the snow.*

*The Christmas that we see,
With our gifts, and friends with their mirth,
Is far from Judea's plain
At the time of our Savior's birth.*

*Sometimes we do forget
That the source of this festive event
Was a humble, simple set
For the birth of the Son, Heaven sent.*

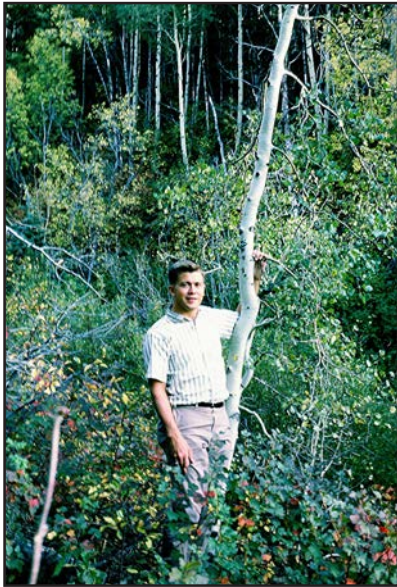
*But now the joy we share
Is our knowledge of the truth He did say.
He died that we might live,
Yet He lives, and loves us this day.*



Christmas in San Diego
1963 - Doug and Steve

As soon as we started back to school at the beginning of January, I had every intention of dating Cecile steadily. One evening several of us were studying together on the fifth floor of the library when Dave Strong, a friend from the missionfield, pulled me aside and said, "Doug why don't you back off with Cecile? Wes really likes her a lot." Well, that really set me on fire. I responded, "No way, Dave, I am going to try my best to win her." This competition helped me realize that I needed to pursue my relationship with Cecile with full intent. I stopped dating anyone else, and we were together at some point nearly every other day in January.

As I got to know more about her, I realized that she had many wonderful facets to her personality. One characteristic that really impressed me was the tremendous effort she would put forth to make other people happy. She had a knack for seeing talent in someone and then finding a way to get them to express it. One example was a party that we decided to hold for the returned Southern Australian Missionaries at BYU. After all, I was living in the perfect party house – right? We planned it together, but truthfully she had most of the creative ideas how to make it a great party. I had every intention of asking her to be my date for that evening, but it was a week before I actually said, "Since we are planning this party together, why don't we go to it as a couple?" You can imagine my shock when



she said, “I was telling Elder Fergus about the party this morning and he asked me if I already had a date for it. I had to be honest with him so I said ‘no,’ and he immediately asked me to be his date for that evening.” I was crushed, but determined not to show it, so I proceeded to invite another girl who happened to be a campus queen. We got within a day of the event when this girl phoned me and broke the date. Now I was in real trouble. Here I was planning to try and make Cecile a little bit jealous and it backfired. Fortunately, someone set me up with a last minute blind date. Cecile and I spent the whole day together decorating for the party and getting everything ready. Then we each had to go home and get ready to go to it with someone else. It was really weird. My blind date was certainly not a campus queen, but I made every effort to ignore Cecile and make this girl feel important. It was a great party, but I was really bummed that I couldn’t spend it with Cecile.

It finally became clear to me that Cecile was who I wanted to spend now and eternity with. After an evening study date in the library I asked her if I could walk her home through the snow. She said, “Sure.” It was some time later that I learned that her roommates, who were expecting a ride home from her that night after the library closed, had to walk home themselves just so she could walk home with me. She didn’t tell me she had a car in the school parking lot! Cecile, with her great sense of humor, was able to patch things up with the other girls in her house later that night. I had developed an appreciation for good poetry. This started in my high school English class but grew stronger in the BYU English class I took after my mission. One such poem, by Roy Crofts, seemed to describe well the feelings I had for Cecile so I sent it to her.

*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 the part of me that you bring out.
I love you for putting your hand
Into my heaped up heart and passing over
All the foolish, weak things
That you can’t help dimly seeing there,
And for drawing out into the light
All the beautiful belongings
That no one else had looked quite far
enough to find.*

*I love you
Because you are helping me to make,
Of the lumber of my life,
Not a tavern, but a Temple ...
Out of the works of my every day,
Not a reproach, but a song ...*



I decided to plan a special evening for January 31 (1964) to ask Cecile to marry me. I wrote a special letter to her father, Elder James, in Perth, Australia, asking his permission to marry his daughter. On a similar piece of stationery I wrote down another favorite poem that I planned to read to Cecile in front of the fireplace in the big living room of the Knight-Magnum home where I was living.

It was the love sonnet by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, which begins:

*How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace. ...*

Well, there we were in the perfect, romantic setting ... and I *blew it*. I pulled out the piece of paper to read Cecile the poem, and, instead, it read, “*Dear Brother James.*” I couldn’t believe it. What was worse, it meant that I had gotten the two pieces of paper mixed up and was about to mail her father the love poem! We laughed and laughed, and it released the tension of the moment. She accepted the offer of marriage, but then added the question, “*Does that mean that I have to break my date with Wes Hoover for next Sunday night?*” Of course I answered, “*Yes it does!*” Men have to get the final say sometimes.

Cecile and I formed some wonderful, lasting friendships with other couples during that period of courtship. One of those couples was Reed and Beverly Ogden. Reed was one of the Honor Council members and an excellent counselor for students in trouble. Cecile held a few parties at her home and the Ogdens came to one of these. Little did we know then that our paths would cross many more times throughout our lives. In my heart I know that these kind of friendships will last through the eternities. We later worked for the same company, lived in the same town, served together in a Bishopric and eventually became each other’s Stake President.



*Reed and Beverly Ogden - 1964
at a party in Cecile’s home*

The very day after Cecile and I became engaged, another memorable experience occurred when my brother Steve came to my graduate student office and asked me if I would



Steve Scribner - June 1964

baptize him. Steve had been meeting with the missionaries and attending a student ward since he first arrived at BYU, but we had not really talked much about the Gospel because I didn’t want to pressure him. I knew there would be plenty of other people who would challenge Steve to join the church. Now we could really talk about it. I bore my testimony and we shared some spiritual experiences that had touched our lives. Of course I felt honored to perform the baptism.

The baptismal service was never to be forgotten. It was a partial fulfillment of my Patriarchal Blessing as a member of my family came to the same knowledge of the Gospel that I had. But, it was also memorable in another way. Just before the ordinance was to occur, Steve pulled me aside and said, “*Doug, I want to say a prayer while I am under the water so just hold me there until I give you a tug, then bring me up.*” Well, I knew Steve was a varsity swimmer and could hold his breath under water for over a minute, but no one else knew that. So, I lowered my brother into the water of the baptismal font and just stood there holding him under water, smiling at all those who had come to see the service. You

should have seen the people start to squirm. I suppose they thought I was trying to drown my own brother. Finally, Steve gave me a tug on the wrist and I brought him up out of the water. He has been a faithful Latter-day Saint ever since and even served as a Bishop in North Carolina.

The months that followed were a time of preparation. I was immersed in completing my graduate school classes and beginning work on my thesis. At first, Cecile and I thought we would wait for marriage until I completed my school work and could get a job to support us. However, the attraction was too strong so we moved the wedding date up (twice) to the 2nd of June 1964, deciding that we could live in the tiny apartment at the rear of her family home until my graduate program was completed. We were married in the Manti Utah Temple. Cecile's mother came home from Australia for the wedding and to hold a reception in her home, but Dad James had to remain on his mission, building a chapel in Perth, Western Australia. However, he did send me a personal letter (after I finally got the right letter to him). In part he said,

Dear Doug,

We were very happy today to get a letter from you stating that you and Cecile are going to team up for a life mission together. Working in Perth here and laboring with many of the people who knew you, and after hearing the many fine things they say about you, it almost makes us feel as though we know you. We also have great faith in Cecile's judgment ... You have probably met most of our family by now so after meeting a tribe like we have and you still want to be a part of them, we gladly accept you as one of us ...

Cecil and Lucie James

Another special letter came from Australia. This one was from our Mission President, Bruce R. McConkie and his wife Amelia, dated February 26, 1964. In part it said,

Dear Cecile and Doug,

President McConkie and I were delighted beyond words to receive the news of your engagement. We certainly wish you every happiness in the future along with the Lord's choicest blessings ...

President and Sister McConkie

During the months between February and June, I made substantial progress with the thesis. Harry Schenck had completed his PhD at Harvard by doing some theoretical work in the field of Acoustics. His subject was the concept of a "Sound Level Measuring Instrument" based on the "Critical Bands of Hearing," which were first discovered by Dr. Harvey Fletcher. My thesis was to build and test such a Sound Level Meter. By the time of our wedding, the construction was complete and the test evaluation was coming along well. Harry and I, together with our high school friend Jerry Lawrence, talked often about starting a company, which we called "AcoustiLabs," wherein this meter would be its first product. The company never did materialize because, when I started working for Hewlett Packard, I learned that the HP division in Germany was already working on this very product. My General Manager, John Young, did send the German R&D team a copy of my thesis, but Harry and I were not about to try and compete with them.

As the date for the wedding drew near, there was a flurry of activity. Engagement pictures were taken, Cecile's mother flew home from Australia, and the landscape around the family home was redone in preparation for the reception. Lois, Cheril and Joyce worked hard on the wedding dress and brides maid

dresses. Her family was working themselves to exhaustion, and I probably wasn't as helpful as I should have been because of the time I was spending at BYU. I think Cecile's brothers tried to be a little overprotective of her in her Dad's absence, so they questioned whether I was really the right person for her to marry. All this put a lot of stress on Cecile so she pleaded with Heavenly Father for some kind of confirmation that she was making the right decision. I was oblivious to her quandary and was distracted by the arrival of my own parents. Mom, Dad and Steve came for the wedding reception even though they could not enter the temple for the sealing ceremony. Finally at the Manti Temple, Cecile, her mother, her sister Cheril, and her brothers Tom and Richard were there with their spouses. While kneeling at the altar to be sealed together for eternity, Cecile finally received the confirming witness of the Holy Spirit that our marriage was to be. Her face turned bright red and tears flowed down her cheeks as she said, "yes." Like an idiot, I thought, "Oh look, she really does love me," without realizing that without that confirmation she might have said, "no."



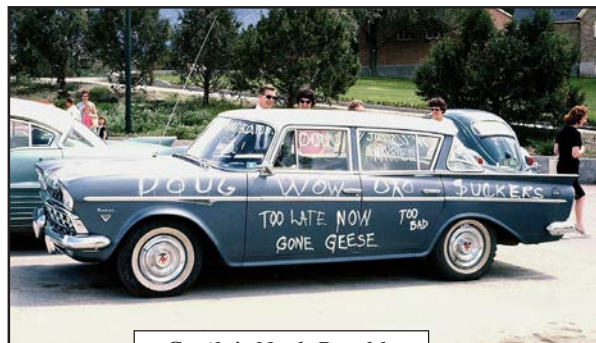
Arrival of Anne Milburn from Australia, Steve, Mom and Dad (with Cecile)



Cecile and Alice - Salt Lake Temple



Wedding Day - June 2, 1964
Manti Temple



Cecile's Nash Rambler
- Our First Car -

The reception at Cecile's home was a wonderful event. I was very glad that my parents were there and Steve served diligently as my Best Man. They had traveled a long way to be there considering that the only event of our marriage that Mom and Dad could attend was the reception. I had hidden our car to protect it from being totally ruined by family and friends on our honeymoon, but they found it. However, Steve swapped cars with us, and we were able to use his *unmarked* car for our first night, much to everyone else's dismay.



Gordon and Alice Scribner



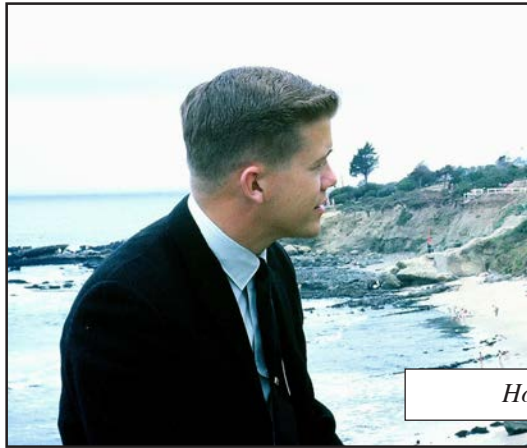
*Back Row: Gordon, Alice, Steve, Doug, Cecile, Richard, Lucie, and Tom
Front Row: Lois, Joyce, Cheril, Lorna, Roberta, and Kayleen.*



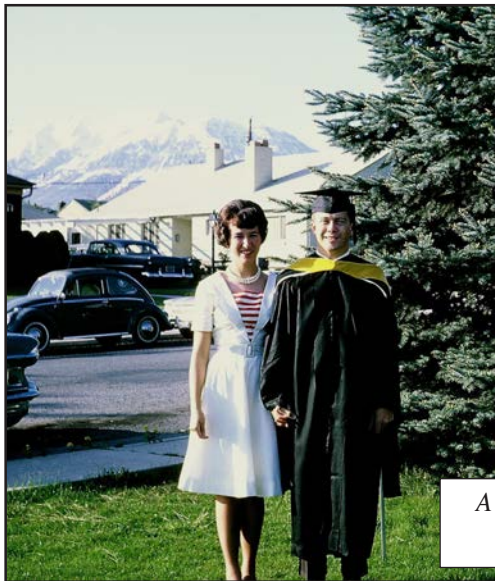
Another memorable thing happened during the reception. There was a long line of guests which stretched out of the living room, through the door and half way across the yard. In the midst of that, the phone rang and we were told to run upstairs and take the call. The voice on the line said, “*Hello Brother and Sister Scribner, this is Brother Schenck calling from Boston.*” What a thrill! My friends Harry and Judy Schenck had just been baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They had taken the lessons at Harvard University while Truman Madsen was the Mission President and had gained testimonies that the Gospel was true. It was a special moment to savor before we had to rush back to the reception line. It strengthened my faith to know that one

of the smartest men I ever knew had received the same witness of the Prophet Joseph Smith and the Restoration of the Gospel that I had accepted.

Our honeymoon trip to California included two Open House events, one in Palo Alto and one in San Diego. Farrell and Blanche McGhie were so kind as to host an open house for the Palo Alto First Ward members in our honor. Farrell was the Assistant Dean of Engineering at Stanford, and I had known him as a student before I even started learning about the church. I had gotten to know Blanche after I was baptized and together they became like a second set of parents to me. What amazed me the most was how many of the ward members came to that open house. I didn’t think they would even remember who I was. Prestigious men like Taylor Peery, Lund Johnson, Cyril Johnson, Boyd Smith, Don Bennion, Richard Sonne, Jack Wheatley, David B. Haight and Farrell McOmer and many others came with their wives to meet Cecile and to wish us well. In many cases, the children of these couples are friends of ours today. The other event was at my parent’s home in San Diego. There, old friends of our family came and were kind to us. They were more the friends of my parents than of me, but I knew them all and appreciated their support. We probably stayed in San Diego a little too long so we were relieved to return to Provo and begin our married life in the tiny apartment at the back of Cecile’s home. We lived there through the summer while I finished my thesis, (which Cecile typed), and took the oral exams. Finally in September, 1964, we were able to leave school and begin a career. I received an offer to return to the Hewlett-Packard Company, so we packed up and moved to Palo Alto.



Honeymoon



*A Thesis Complete - A Roadshow Under our belt
Ready to leave Provo - Sept. 1964*

Beginning a Career and Family:

Before mentioning my job with the Hewlett-Packard Company in 1964, it is helpful to understand some of the significant world events of the early 1960's. President John F. Kennedy had been very brave in rebuffing the moves of the U.S.S.R. and the rapid expansion of communism under Russian President, Nikita Khrushchev. However, in 1963, President Kennedy was assassinated and Vice President Lyndon Johnson took over the reins of American Government. There were many serious international problems going on at that time. One of these was the conflict between the communist government of North Viet Nam and Ngo Dinh Diem, the anti-communist dictator of South Viet Nam. America was involved in the role of military advisors until Diem was deposed by the Vietnamese military leaders in 1963 and killed in a coup d' etat. At this point the U.S. military took a larger role against the Viet Cong, which was backed by the North Vietnamese Government. Unfortunately, America was backing a brutal, totalitarian government just because it was anti-communistic. This was to become a war that we could not win. To quote our friend, Tran Van Nhon, who was there, "*The pronounced objectives of the South Vietnamese Government were freedom and democracy for the South Vietnamese people, but little was done to ensure freedom and democracy for the people at the bottom of Vietnamese society. Oppression abounded and many programs were implemented against the interests of the grass-roots people.*"

Meanwhile there were disastrous problems in Europe, especially in Germany. In the fall of 1961, East German officials took action to stop the flow of refugees to the West. In a major crackdown, workers protected by armed guards began sinking posts into the city streets of Berlin and stringing barbed wire. This was the creation of the Berlin Wall, which was to seal off West Berlin from any access. According to American Colonel Gail Halvorsen who was there, *“By 1964 this stark grey concrete and wire barrier to human contact coiled its way like a giant snake around free (western) Berlin. Its only promise was death to those on the other side who would attempt a crossing from east to west. It would become an infamous monument to a flawed plan for the utopian destiny of the human race.”*

I have always felt that I was a loyal American citizen, but I never wanted to be in the military. These conflicts in Asia and Europe were a threat to American security, but I didn't want to fight and hurt or kill people. Nor did I want my children to be drawn into military warfare. Instead it seemed that the best way for me to support the American cause was through the development of new technology. In the 1960's, the Hewlett-Packard Company was the premier provider of sophisticated electronic test and measurement equipment for the U.S. Government and, since I was entering their R&D Lab, it provided me with a *Critical Industry Deferment* from the military draft. Thus, Cecile and I were able to have a peaceful beginning for starting a family.

The first two years of my work at HP were spent in designing new test equipment for the Microwave Test Equipment Division. There were a lot of brilliant people in the lab, several of whom have been my friends for the many years since then. About ten-percent of the lab engineers were LDS. Dick Anderson, Ted Dennison, Doug Rytting, Doug Clifford, Jim Ferrell, and even my BYU roommate, Dee Humpherys were there. However, there was also the *cream of the crop* from many other universities, cultures and even foreign countries. Men like Paul Ely, Russ Riley, Siegfried Linkwitz (Germany), Hugo Viffian (Switzerland) and Harley Halverson were incredibly talented individuals and I learned a lot from them. However, I soon began to realize that being an R&D engineer was not my greatest strength. My analytical skills were good, but I really wasn't an inventor. The synthesis of new designs is a lot different than the analysis and understanding of someone else's design work. This became crystal clear to me after I had been in the lab for a year and was assigned to mentor a new hire from the University of Colorado named Rit Keiter. Rit had been repairing TV sets since he was twelve-years-old and already knew more about practical electronics design than I was ever going to know. It was his whole life. Rit was single so after working a full day, he would have dinner out and come back to the lab to spend the rest of the evening designing radio controlled model airplanes.



Doug in the HP Lab -1965



Cecile, Doug, Boots - our beautiful rented home in Palo Alto

So, after two years in the lab, I had lunch with the Division Manufacturing Manager John Doyle, who had come to HP from England. He offered me a job as a manufacturing engineer reporting to Tom Lauhon. I decided to accept and thus began a life long career in manufacturing. I loved the work because it was a combination of people leadership, technical content and business skills. This was the perfect match for me.

During our first two years at HP, Cecile and I lived in Palo Alto. The first year was a big mistake because I had arranged for us to lease a beautiful, fully furnished three-bedroom house on one of the gorgeous tree-lined streets of old Palo Alto. The problem was that the rent was \$200 per month and my total gross salary was only \$800 per month. We still had some debt from my BYU education expenses so we were definitely *house poor*. We did have room for family to come and stay with us, so there were some great visits from my folks and Cecile's parents once they got home from their mission. Still, after income tax withholding, debt payments, food and a few items of clothing, we barely had the money to survive. Fortunately, we were able to move to a smaller home, which only cost \$125 per month during the second year.



Lucie and Cecil James (on their way home from Australian Mission) with Cecile In Palo Alto - 1965



Gwen Lee, Ruth Millward, Cecile and June Robinson singing "The Ugly Duckling" in a Stake Music Festival

Cecile and I developed some great friendships in the Palo Alto Ward during those first two years. There was an active young married group of couples which met regularly and participated in lots of fun activities together. One of these activities was a singing group that participated in a stake music festival. Another was a *Master M-Men / Golden Gleaner* program sponsored by the Church Mutual Improvement Association (MIA). Our friends there included Bob and Gwen Lee, Boyd and Jill Smith, Wayne and Ruth Millward and some older couples that just loved our young married activities.

Jack Wheatley was the Bishop, and we became close friends with him and his family. I was called to serve as the Elders Quorum President, which was a scary position because I was young and the quorum contained some very prestigious older men from industry and from Stanford University. Still, the Gospel is for everyone and we had some great experiences together as a quorum. Meanwhile, Cecile was called to be the Young Women's President so we were involved in almost every aspect of ward activity. We were busy and happy.



A visit from George Smith

Still, there were some hard experiences that happened during those first two years. Cecile became pregnant at the very beginning of our marriage so, by the time we reached our first Christmas, she was definitely *showing*, and our baby was due to be born in March. Unfortunately, early in the new year, she felt labor pains and began to bleed. We rushed to the hospital and learned that she was having a placenta prevea. Even though she was only seven months along, the baby was coming early. The placenta gave birth first, but the baby wasn't yet in birth position, so he died. Doctor Voakes said that Cecile's life was also in danger, so we agreed to let him perform a cesarean section operation to remove the baby and save Cecile's life. We never saw our stillborn baby, but we gave him the name, Scott Alan Scribner. He died in Redwood City, San Mateo County, on January 4, 1965, and his tiny body was buried in the Palo Alto Cemetery near the expressway. We had only been married for seven months and yet we had



Cecile and me with Skipper
1965

to experience the loss of a child. To try and raise Cecile's spirits, I wrote her a poem expressing my tender feelings. (see Cecile's autobiography)

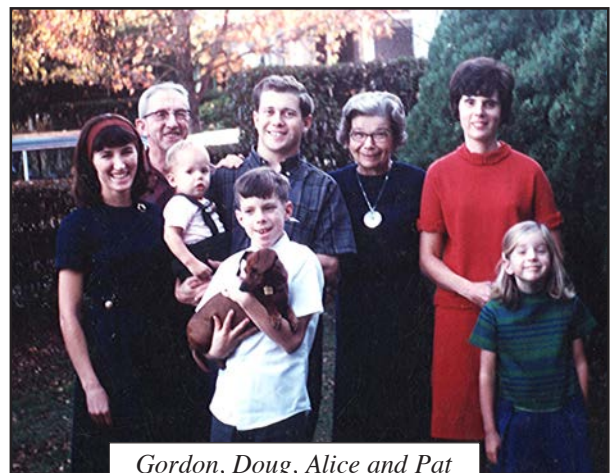
We did have some old friends come to see us in Palo Alto which also tended to boost our spirits. Clipper Watene, Dave and Phylis Barber and even some old Stanford friends like George Smith came for a visit. Larry and Carolyn Stratford also came because, after earning his MBA at Harvard, Larry also took a position with the Microwave Division of HP. He and I had been classmates at BYU in electrical engineering.

A short time later, our beautiful Brittany Spaniel, Boots, was hit by a car in the street outside our house and was killed. At this point we were wondering if we could keep anything alive. Fortunately, we were able to get another Brittany, which we named Skipper. We hoped that as soon as Cecile regained her strength, we would again try to

have a baby, but for a whole year it just didn't seem to happen. By the following Christmas we were feeling desperate to start a family. One Sunday in church, the Bishop made an announcement about a baby who was going to be put up for adoption. We got excited about this possibility. Both of our parents agreed that adoption would be a blessing and that this was the way we should go, but finally the decision was made through fasting and prayer. These experiences had been a test of our faith because we so badly wanted to begin our family. **Only by putting our lives in Heavenly Father's hands and being willing to accept His will instead of our own, were we able to find peace!** Having done that, then at the very moment we were to begin the adoption proceedings, we learned that Cecile was again pregnant. Our prayers had been answered. Russell Glenn Scribner was born on September 6, 1966.

As we were trying to begin our own family, the children of my older brothers were growing bigger. Occasionally Dave and Marion would make a trip from Texas out to California and their children would be able to spend some quality time with their cousins. Ken and Pat's children looked forward to these visits.

When we lost our first baby, Cecile and I suddenly found ourselves in substantial debt. She was already pregnant when I started working at HP so, even though they had a good health insurance plan, this pregnancy was a pre-existing condition and was not covered at all. Between my remaining school obligations and the medical bills, we found ourselves drowning in debt. So, as soon as Cecile recovered, we spread the word that we were available to care for people's children while they were away on trips. We started out with the Wheatley Family for a couple of weekends by living in their beautiful Palo Alto home and taking care of their five children. John was the oldest at age twelve, then Victoria (Tory), Elizabeth, Robert, and little Charles, who was only two. Other families also wanted our services. Ron Poelman was vice president of Consolidated Freightways and a counselor in our stake presidency. He and his wife Claire would leave home for a week at a time while we stayed in their Sunnyvale home with their children. Finally, Jack and Mary Lois Wheatley decided to go to Europe for the whole summer leaving their home, car and children in our care. We made enough money with these



Gordon, Doug, Alice and Pat
Cecile, Rusty, Danny & Julie
in Los Altos - 1967



Robert and Charles Wheatley playing with our new puppy, Skipper - 1964

child care assignments and some temporary jobs that Cecile took to pay off most of our debt and start saving for the down payment on our first home. Dad and Mom James were willing to help by lending us most of the down payment money, which in those days was twenty percent, to buy a small home in Los Altos which cost \$28,000. We were able to move into this house at 1044 Ray Avenue shortly before Russ was born.

Meanwhile, I was really enjoying my



Doug, Cecile, Skipper in front of new home - 1966

career at HP. It was exciting to get up early each day and race into the plant to see what could be accomplished in manufacturing. The business was growing rapidly as a result of our newest products which were highly desirable for the defense industry and by those NASA engineers who were trying to put a man on the moon. One of these new products was the world's first calibrated microwave Spectrum Analyzer. There was a great story about the market introduction of this new model spectrum analyzer. The HP sales manager for southern California took an early production unit out to an Air Force base in the California desert where they had experienced some *near miss* accidents because of conflicting microwave signals. The sales manager took an Air Force Colonel to a remote telephone booth on a desert road near the base, unscrewed the light bulb, and plugged in the spectrum analyzer with its antenna. Suddenly the Air Force Colonel could see every radio wave signal in the area at one time on the screen with the frequency and amplitude of each one displayed clearly. He got so excited that he was willing to pay almost anything if HP would just leave it with him, but the sales manager just packed it up and said, "*Just place your order with our office,*" and drove off.

At this point my manager, Tom Lauhon, decided to reorganize the Production Engineering Department into two product areas: Spectrum Analyzers and Signal Generators. A new hire named Doug Chance (an EE with an MBA from Princeton) was selected to manage the Signal Generator engineers, and I was asked to manage the Spectrum Analyzer engineers. It was a promotion and a job that was exciting, but our division's growth was so rapid that this assignment only lasted for one year before a lot more organizational changes took place. We got a new Division General Manager named John Young (who later became the President of HP) with Paul Ely as R&D Manager and Ron Church as Manufacturing Manager. One day Ron Church came to me and said that John Young wanted me to become a member of the General Manager's staff as a Quality Assurance Manager. I was reluctant at first because I enjoyed what



Presenting the HP Quality Award to Microwave Division GM: Bill Brown, Carl Nale, Phil Spohn, Art Fong, Paul Ely, Me, Rod Carlson, Ron Church, Paul's Secretary, and Jeff Thomas.

I was doing, but John Young came directly to me and persuaded me to accept the position. I agreed to take this *staffrole* for two years on the promise that I would be able to return to manufacturing management if I did the assignment well. Meanwhile, my friend Doug Chance was selected for a key marketing position. So, for 1968 and 1969, I was in charge of the Division Quality Assurance Department, which had about forty employees.

With the purchase of our first home, we moved from the Palo Alto First Ward to the Los Altos First Ward, which was still part of the Palo Alto Stake. The Stake Presidency released me as the Elders Quorum President, but they decided to give me another stake calling as a counselor in the Young Men's Presidency. At that time the Stake Young Men's President was none other than Henry B. Eyring who was then a professor in the Stanford University Graduate School of Business. Though I worked in the young men's presidency with Brother Eyring, I never imagined that some day he would be an Apostle and a member of the First Presidency of the Church. The other counselor was Clarence Teerlink. My assignment was to plan and carry out stake youth activities with the Young Women's Presidency. This included big youth dances like the Gold and Green Ball. Cecile helped me a lot with this calling. We were also active members of the Los Altos Ward where Murray Richardson was the Bishop. Cecile was called to work with the ward youth as a dance director. These were the days of big Stake, Regional and All-Church dance festivals so there was plenty for both of us to do. Cecile's teen age dancers included Linton Salmon, who later became a Professor of Electrical Engineering at BYU, and Rita Roberts, who later married into our family as the wife of Don James. Shortly after I was called into the YM Presidency, Henry B. Eyring was released from his stake position and called to be the Bishop of the newly created Stanford Student Ward. Clarence Teerlink then became the YM President and I continued to serve as Brother Teerlink's counselor. Brother Eyring held the position of Bishop for four years until he was asked to move to Idaho and become the President of Rick's College (now BYU – Idaho) on July 10, 1971.

One thing I learned from working with Brother Eyring was his regimen and work ethic. It was recorded in an interview when he started as President of Ricks College.

While at Stanford, President Eyring arose each morning at six to pray and read scriptures. "Then I'd get right to work on the most important project of the day. I found that unless I did this, I couldn't listen to others and help them because I had my own problems hanging over my head and I felt guilty," he said.

He would leave his office for home at 5 PM each working day. "My two boys saw me for dinner almost every night. We'd play and I would read to them before they'd go to bed...." Each night before retiring, President Eyring said he types a one paragraph synopsis of the day's events and a brief reflection on their meaning. "Getting enough sleep was never a problem," he said, explaining that he kept a small pillow and a lightweight blanket in a file cabinet in his office. "When I got too tired, I would just clear off my desk, lock the door, call my secretary and tell her I was going to bed. Then I would stretch out on my desk corner to corner, flat on my back. In five minutes I would be fast asleep," he said.

As we moved into the Los Altos Ward and Rusty was born, we began to make some new friendships with other young married couples. Bill and Pat Ashton, Elwood and Ileen Barlow and Andre and Christiane Rude were three couples who became very close to us. Bill and Pat had a new born son, Billy, who was almost exactly the same age as Rusty. Elwood and Ileen had a daughter, Rochelle, who was also the same age. Andre' and Christiane had come from France with two sons, Willie and Frankie, who were



Bill and Pat Ashton
with Billy



Elwood and Ileen Barlow
with Rochelle



Andre and Christiane Rude
with sons Willie and Frankie



Harry and Judy Schenck with
Willie, Sandra & Harry's mother



George and Camilla Smith



Our First Home - 1044 Ray Ave.



Carrie Posche
playing with Rusty



Doug, Rusty, Cecile - 1966

just a few years older than our son. Of course we continued to stay close to old friends as well. Harry and Judy Schenck were living in San Diego so we didn't see them too often and George and Camilla Smith were in San Francisco.

We loved our home on Ray Avenue in Los Altos. The street was only one block long so there was no traffic and we had wonderful neighbors. Right next door was the Posch family with Mike, Carolyn and their three children: Carrie, Michelle and Will. The neighborhood was filled with large pine and redwood trees, shrubs and flowering bushes. This was a happy time in our lives as we painted and wallpapered rooms and even remodeled our kitchen to add an eating nook with orange padded benches.

When Rusty was nearly two-years-old, his younger sister Gina was born. His birthday was September 6, 1966 and hers was August 24, 1968. We felt so blessed to have two living children who had come with natural births. We thought that the C-Section operation that Cecile had with our first baby might mean that all subsequent children might also require the same operation, but this was not the case. Russ and Gina were beautiful children but each one was born with a medical problem. Rusty was born with one foot turned inward. It was diagnosed as a *partial club foot* and we had to keep him in two shoes that were connected together with a metal bar to try and straighten the turned-in foot. Emotionally this was hard for us because we wanted to hold and cuddle this baby just like any other, but we were constantly aware this foot brace was required to be worn every day – at least while he was sleeping.

Now we realize that we should have made him wear the brace all of the time, but we couldn't bear to do it. As a result, when he was sixteen-years-old, Russ still had a badly turned in foot. Finally, our friend and podiatrist, Ralph Hoyal, performed a remarkable operation which completely rebuilt the bone and muscle structure in his foot. Ralph and I gave Russ a priesthood blessing before the operation and the result was miraculous. Once he recovered from the surgery, Russ finally had perfectly functioning ability to walk and run.

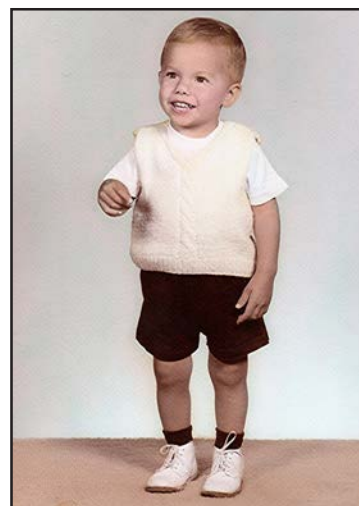


Doug and Cecile - about 1967

A short time after Gina was born, she began to have high fevers, which had to be treated with antibiotics. Cecile has told this entire story in her autobiography so I won't repeat it all here, but I need to say how I felt about it. When the doctor at the Stanford Medical Center first performed a urinary cystoscopy on Gina, he discovered from the x-ray that she had a bad kidney which would have to be removed once she reached about six-months-old. We took Russ and Gina back to Utah for a visit with Cecile's parents. Dad James and I gave Gina a priesthood blessing. You can imagine my feelings when we returned to the Stanford Hospital a few months later so Gina could have a second cystoscopy, and the new x-ray showed a third kidney that had not been apparent in the first examination. I know that Heavenly



Gina at one-year-old - 1969



Rusty at two-years-old - 1968

Father performed a miracle in Gina's body that has blessed her throughout her life. The bad kidney was surgically removed and she has two functioning kidneys left. We did have a few tense moments after the operation because for about six months, Gina had a rubber tube coming out of her side which drained urine into her diaper. On two occasions she pulled the tube out and had to be rushed back to the hospital to have it reinserted. Once the healing was complete, the tube was removed and she became a normal, healthy little girl.



Steve by our back yard cabin - 1967

When Rusty was about nine-months-old, my brother Steve came to Los Altos to stay with us for the summer while he worked at an engineering internship job with the Fairchild Semiconductor Company in Palo Alto. This was June – August 1967. Steve had only been with us for about one month when the Los Altos Ward held an activity at a local park. It was a picnic with games, food and entertainment. Though Cecile and I knew Frank and Hattie Davis in our ward, we had never met their daughter, Mary, who had been away at university. When Steve and Mary met at that picnic, they couldn't seem to take their eyes off each other. They dated several times throughout that summer and continued developing a relationship after they went back to school. Steve Scribner and Mary Davis were married June 11, 1968, in the Oakland Temple. What a blessing Mary has been to our entire family. Heavenly Father must have had this in mind when we felt inspired to purchase a home within the boundaries of the Los Altos Ward.



Hattie & Frank Davis, Gordon & Alice Scribner, Doug, Steve and Mary, bridesmaids and Cheryl Davis



Mary Davis at BYU - 1966

During this period, I found myself becoming more involved in various forms of community service. I was asked to serve as chairman of the United Fund Campaign for HP. Our campaign committee organized a Fair with booths for each of the agencies sponsored by the United Fund and a few agency representatives as speakers. HP employees who volunteered as campaign workers were given time off work to attend the fair so they could evaluate the work of the various agencies and communicate the information to their fellow employees as they asked them to make a financial contribution. A Hewlett-Packard newsletter summed up the event saying,

“Chairman and speakers inspire plant leaders: Capacity audiences in Hewlett-Packard’s Page Mill Road auditorium heard stories of humor and heartbreak as representatives from nine United Fund agencies told why employees should be more than willing to give their fair share through the payroll deduction plan. . . Hewlett Packard United Fund Chairman this year, Doug Scribner, inspired his plant leaders in a kickoff speech, saying, ‘The old time good neighbor policy of bygone days was as American as apple pie, but is inadequate today. Present neighbors are not more than a few miles away (closer in fact than our ancestor’s neighbors) but their circumstances and problems are totally different from our own. As such we find it harder to relate to them, and to really help them . . . This is our opportunity to do so.”

In the area of Church service, Clarence Teerlink was called to another position and our Stake President, Richard B. Sonne, asked me to become the Stake Young Men’s President. This was quite a challenge



Standing in front of our Rambler - 1965

because I was young and the Stake Young women’s President, Doris McKinley, was in her fifties and very staid in her ways. However, we managed to get along, and I had some great experiences in this calling. There was one occasion when we sponsored a huge Stake Gold and Green Ball. Sister McKinley wanted to send some girls home because she felt they were inappropriately dressed and immodest. Fortunately, Cecile was able to help the girls modify their attire, and we convinced Doris to let them stay. This experience helped me realize that people are more important than programs, and that we would have done damage to the faith of these young women by sending them home.

An incredible, unusual incident happened during the summer of 1970. Cecile was pregnant with our third child (Craig) and we were driving our new light blue car (traded in the dark blue Rambler) to Utah to see Mom and Dad James. We decided to travel on Highway 50 through Ely, Nevada, and Delta, Utah, rather than the normal route on Highway 80. We got a late start and it was evening when we reached Ely, but we decided to push on and drive through the night. We made a bed in the back seat of our car and both Rusty and Gina were asleep. (This was in the days before car seats and rear seat belts were required.) By 11 PM we had climbed to a high elevation in the mountains east of Ely. This two lane highway was not fenced so occasionally a jack rabbit would enter the road. I noticed that when our headlights would shine on one, the jack rabbit would freeze in its tracks, so I could generally miss them, though I did hit several. On top of the plateau, a cow suddenly walked onto the road, directly in front of us. I remember thinking, *“Is a cow like a rabbit?”* Assuming it would also freeze, I swerved across the road to the oncoming lane, but the cow kept walking and we hit it full force. There were no other cars in sight but everything was a mess! It was a clear, starlit night so we could see the cow moaning in the ditch. The front of our car was destroyed and the children were frightened and crying. Fortunately, none of us were seriously injured but the car could not be driven.



Rusty and Gina in 1970

Occasionally, a car would come along the road headed in the same direction that we had been going, so I tried to flag them down. Each time they would slow down, look at our situation, and then keep on going - there we were with two little children, a smashed car, a dying cow and a pregnant wife, and no one would stop to help! It was now midnight and we were worried. Finally, an old pickup truck going back toward Ely appeared and stopped to see if they could help us. The two men who got out were Arabs who looked a little scary, but they were kind enough to offer us a ride back to Ely (forty miles). Cecile, Rusty, Gina and the driver squeezed into the cab while the other man and I got into the back of the truck with our luggage. It was about 2 AM when we finally checked into a hotel in Ely. Before going to bed we phoned Cecile's parents in Provo. When we woke them up, they wanted to start driving to Ely to pick us up.

One amazing aspect of this experience was that the two Arab men were graduate students in Geology at Stanford University doing a summer internship in the Nevada mines. They actually lived very close to us in Palo Alto. Another twist was that one of them, who looked a bit frightening (he had a very pocked face), had run out of gas a few weeks earlier and no one would stop to help him, so he had to walk about twenty miles. Still, they were willing to stop and pick us up. Nonetheless, the most incredible part of the story was yet to unfold.

We woke up about 10 AM and Mom and Dad James were just arriving so we all had breakfast together at the hotel. The two men met us and offered to buy our breakfast! Then we loaded everyone and our bags into their car and started back to the spot where we had the accident. Dad mentioned that they had seen our car and then later they saw another car racing past them going east at a very high speed. Then a short time later they saw three police cars race past them with lights and sirens blaring, going in the same direction as the previous car. When we reached the base of the plateau where our car was abandoned, one of those police cars had the road blocked off. When we explained our situation, he said that a desperate, armed man was somewhere up ahead, but that he would lead us to our car. When we got to the place where our car and the cow were, we also saw the other two police cars and the desperado's car. The police were then chasing him on foot, so we were able to collect a few more things from our car and continue on to Utah.

I know in my heart that if those two men had not felt impressed to pick us up that night and take us to Ely, that we would likely been taken captive by this fugitive. I have a strong testimony that God knows who we are and what we need to be safe. His promise is that, if we will keep his commandments, we will prosper in the land. Surely the Holy Spirit moved upon these two unlikely men to preserve our lives. For this blessing, I will be eternally grateful. Two months later, when we were again home in Los Altos, these two were back at Stanford, so we had them come to our home for a Thanksgiving dinner and a heartfelt expression of our gratitude.

Our car was completely destroyed in this accident with the cow, so we stayed for a while in Utah with Grandpa and Grandma James and then returned to California by train. Once home we acquired another car and I returned to work.

In the months that followed, Cecile prepared for the birth of our third (living) child and Craig Douglas Scribner was born on October 10, 1970. He was a healthy, strong and very active baby. Craig soon became an integral part of the family and the three children became each other's best friends. A year later we were back at the James home once again with all three of our *musketees*. Being the oldest, Rusty was a very responsible child, but he also loved to tease Craig. Gina was the peacemaker who tried to solve the conflicts between these two. Craig was a pure *expressive* personality who always let everyone know exactly what he was thinking or feeling at any moment. Together, they were a load of fun for everyone around them (except for those moments of exasperation).



Russ, Craig and Gina in 1971



HP Microwave Division
Strategic Council member

During 1970 and 1971, I was given a different assignment at work. The previous job – two years on the Division General Manager's staff as Quality Assurance Manager – was now complete, so I was able to return to manufacturing. Paul Ely, who had taken John Young's place as general manager of the Microwave Instruments Division, asked me to become the production manager for a new business called Microwave Test Systems. HP had just completed the design of their first computer and we used it to make *Error Correction Calculations* on measurements made by our test instruments. The result was greatly improved accuracy for the measurements.

This was an exciting assignment. Each system was customized to the customer's requirements so our production process included three parts. One part was a material procurement group which was headed up by Reed Ogden. Another was an engineering group led by Ted Dennison and the third was a production assembly and test group headed by Bud Edgar. I divided my time between my staff and my counterpart managers in R&D (Dick Hackborn) and Marketing (Brian Humphries). It was like having our own business nestled in the larger domain of the Microwave Test Division. I loved the strategic planning as well as the tactical implementation of this rapidly growing business. Dick, Brian and I were also expected to participate in the overall division's Strategic Council. Sometimes these meetings were held at Paul Ely's mountain cabin in the Sierra Nevada range.

One of the key people in Reed Ogden's materials organization was Roger Swan. Roger and I became good friends and he expressed an interest in learning more about the Mormon Church. He and his wife

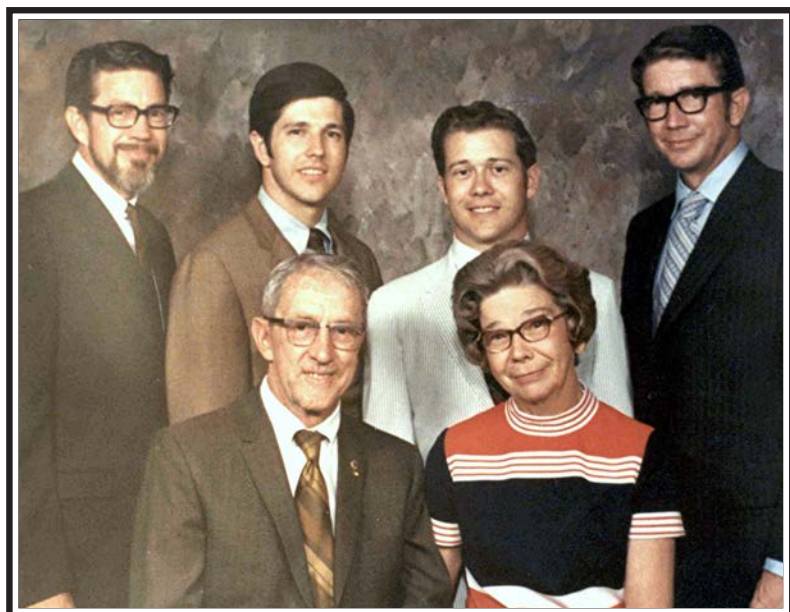


*Roger and Joyce Swan and Family
(day of their sealing in the Oakland Temple)*

Joyce invited Cecile and me to their home for dinner and asked us to teach them about our religion. Joyce was Roman Catholic but was dissatisfied with her own church. Roger had been impressed by the faith and life-style of several of his LDS co-workers at HP including Reed, Ted and another engineer in our group named Jake Egbert, so they were both eager to hear what made us *different*. Cecile and I spent many evenings with Roger and Joyce, both in their home and in ours. They began attending church and had the missionaries teach them the lessons. Eventually they were baptized and began preparing to go to the Temple where they could be sealed together as a family for eternity.

Meanwhile, my church calling was changed again. Boyd Israelson had been called as the new Bishop of the Los Altos Ward, replacing Murray Richardson. Bishop Israelson requested that I serve as his second counselor in the Bishopric. So, on May 15, 1971, I was ordained a High Priest by our Stake President, Richard B. Sonne, and set apart to serve in the Los Altos First Ward Bishopric. Boyd Baugh was called to be the first counselor and the three of us had some great experiences together. I had so much to learn, especially with the Aaronic Priesthood young men and the young women of corresponding age. This assignment only lasted for one year for me because of our move to Santa Rosa in 1972, but it was a delightful experience.

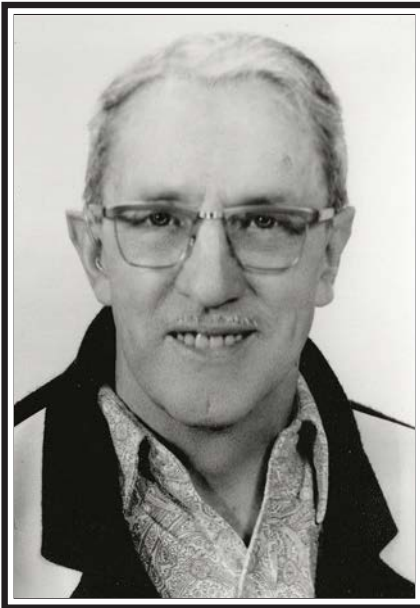
Cecile wanted to expand her service as well. Even though she was the ward dance director and was training youth for dance festivals and floor shows, she decided to start up a nursery school in the little cabin behind our home in order to bring in more income. It was a fun job for her but it was also



*Gordon and Alice Scribner with sons
Ken, Steve, Doug and Dave - 1970*

challenging because it included our three children, the two Rude children, Frank and Willie, and the children of an Italian family whose father worked with me at HP.

A life-altering experience happened to us on February 27, 1971. My father, Gordon Raymond Scribner, died suddenly of a heart attack. Dad and Mom had visited us in Los Altos just a few months earlier and had enjoyed playing with Russ, Gina and Craig. It was the first time they had seen Craig, so they really loved getting to know him. Dad seemed fine at that time. In February, they decided to take a trip to the Yucatan Peninsula in Mexico. They arranged to stay in the city of Chichen Itza to see the Aztec pyramid there.



*Gordon Raymond Scribner
1970*

Mom went to the hotel to rest while Dad climbed the steep steps of the pyramid. There he had a severe heart attack and was rushed off in an ambulance to a nearby town with a hospital. Mom didn't know what had happened until she woke up and found that someone had slipped a note under her hotel room door. She got into a taxi and raced from town to town until she found him, shortly before he died.

Once Dad's body was flown back to San Diego, a closed casket funeral was scheduled for March 3rd. I phoned mom and asked her who was going to speak at the funeral. She mentioned the name of a local minister who Dad knew through the Lions Club and liked very much. I asked her if I could also be a speaker, with equal time as the minister. She agreed, so we took our family down to San Diego. My brothers and mother were in a side room where they could watch but not be seen as they were very emotionally upset. I did my best to teach the large audience about the Lord's *Plan of Salvation* and my testimony that, after death, life continues in the Spirit World. Once the service was over, it became apparent that people were leaving without being able to speak to the family. Cecile and I dashed out the back door

and raced around the building to the front to shake people's hands and thank them for coming. Some of them had traveled great distances to be there and seemed to appreciate being able to express their love and appreciation for Dad's life. It was almost humorous when some officer from the funeral home tried to make us leave by saying that we were blocking people's exit from the building. However, we ignored him and continued greeting the people. Many of them thanked us for doing so. Fortunately, Mom lived for another fifteen years so we were able to have many more family gatherings with her.

At the time of Dad's passing, my older brother's children were nearly grown so they could remember him clearly, and they loved him dearly. Dave and Marion's children were the oldest. Ron was twenty-one, Laurie was eighteen and Leslie was sixteen. Ken and Pat's two children were old enough to understand that Grandpa Scribner had died, though they probably didn't fully know what that meant. Dan was thirteen and Julie was only ten. A few years after Gordon's death, Ken and Pat's relationship had deteriorated to the point where they were divorced. Dan and Julie suffered emotionally from the divorce of their parents, but were strong enough that they matured into wonderful adults. Our three children were too young to even remember Grandpa Scribner and Steve and Mary's oldest child Troy was only a baby.



Julie and Dan Scribner in 1971

During 1971, the HP Microwave Division management team decided to establish a new location to accommodate their growth. After considering several alternatives, the location finally chosen was Santa Rosa, California. It was about a two hour drive north from the plant in Stanford Park so the move would be manageable. The Microwave Division would eventually split into the Santa Rosa and Stanford Park Divisions so employees could decide where they wanted to live, but for now it would start small. Initially the plan was to create a manufacturing operation in a temporary facility in Santa Rosa and then to add some R&D and Marketing to it.



Steve, Mary and Troy in 1970



Andre and Christiane Rude, Bishop Israelson - 1972 - our newly painted red piano (which had belonged to Israelsons and we bought for \$200)

The Division General Manager, Paul Ely, asked me to become the Plant Manager for this start-up operation, and we were excited about the opportunity and about moving out of the Bay Area into a less crowded town. During the last half of 1971 and the first half of 1972, I worked all week in the new facility and was home on weekends. Cecile was pregnant again so we decided to wait until the baby was born before we moved. I was released from my calling in the bishopric, and we prepared our house to be sold, but there was still time to have some great parties at our Los Altos home before we had to pack up and move. One of these parties was an *Americanization* party for Andre and Christiane Rude. They had just become American citizens. We did locate a home on Bridgewood Drive in the Rincon Valley of Santa Rosa, so by the time that Scott was born, July 8, 1972, we had sold our home and were ready to leave the Bay Area.

Our Life in Santa Rosa:

Moving to Santa Rosa was an exciting new experience for the whole family, but the actual moving day, July 17, 1972, was a bit scary. Northern California was having a heat wave that week and the temperature in Santa Rosa got up to 117 degrees F. Our new house at 6572 Bridgewood Drive could have been a shelter from the heat, but it was kept wide open so the moving company workers could carry our furniture from the truck into the various rooms of the house. Our son Scott was only nine-days-old and he seemed to wilt in the heat. However, once we moved in, things started to get much better and our baby recovered. The weather cooled off and the whole family started



Bridgewood House in 1972

to enjoy our new surroundings. Our house was near the end of Bridgewood Drive so there was relatively little traffic. The back yard bordered on a creek bed with a *see through* wire fence to keep the children safe. This was heavily treed, which provided wonderful shade in the summer time. This house was 2,500 square feet, which was much larger than our Los Altos home, with four bedrooms, three bathrooms and a curving staircase to the upstairs floor. We loved this home and owned it for the next sixteen years.

Our home was within the boundaries of the Santa Rosa First Ward where Blair Scofield was the Bishop. The Yulupa Avenue church building where we had our meetings

was about two miles from our home, but we didn't mind the drive. In those days there were three separate meetings each Sunday with Priesthood meeting early in the morning, Sunday School later in the morning and Sacrament meeting in the evening. The Relief Society, Primary, and MIA (Young Men / Young Women) meetings were all held during the week, so we definitely racked up the miles going back and forth to church. Fortunately, HP provided me with a company car because of my work assignment, so we did have two automobiles.

The job at HP was exhilarating! Starting with a small team of managers who transferred from Stanford Park, we grew rapidly so that by the end of the first year we had about 100 employees. Years later, a commemorative issue of the *HP Grapevine* magazine recounted this start-up operation as follows:

“A group of adventurous Palo Alto transferees was busily transforming a leased building on Airway Drive into a makeshift HP manufacturing facility. Leading the wave of Microwave Division employees into Santa Rosa were plant manager Doug Scribner and personnel manager Jack Grout. Realizing their start-up operation lacked a couple of vital ingredients, the managers immediately hired two secretaries, Ernie May and Judy Day, and a receptionist, Sue Bailey. . . ‘We had thousands of applications in the first few months,’ Scribner said. Between 1972 and 1974, twelve thousand applications were processed in the tiny personnel department.”

One experience that happened just one year after the beginning of the plant was a visit from the company president, Bill Hewlett. As plant manager I gave Bill a tour of the manufacturing operations in our temporary buildings. He had a particular interest in the microelectronic assembly process, which is mostly done under microscopes. I still remember that Bill asked me the penetrating technical question, “Why do you use gold mesh to bond to the high frequency transistor chips?” When I explained that the tiny wire mesh had lower electrical inductance which is important at high frequencies, Mr. Hewlett challenged me saying, “No, it’s not!” Suddenly I had visions of me taking on the company owner over a technical issue, getting fired and not being able to feed my family. Still, I felt I was right and had to stand firm. As I explained it further, the clarification helped him understand it technically so I could then relax and complete the tour.

On November 1, 1973, a year and a half after starting, we officially became the Santa Rosa Division of HP with Doug Chance as General Manager. I was asked to be the Manufacturing Manager while Bill Wurst headed up Marketing. The large R&D lab had two managers, Rit Keiter and Cyril Yansouni, while Jack Grout led the Personnel department, Don Wolf managed QA, and Larry Welty was the Controller.



Gina, Russ, Scott and Craig
1973

Meanwhile, our children were growing up, each with their own personality. Rusty (7) loved to read books and tease Craig (3). Gina (5) was super responsible and her mother’s helper, Craig was pure energy that had to find some release, even if it was overreacting to being teased, and little Scott just loved people and saw only the good in everyone. Earlier that year, Cecile wrote her feelings about each one. In part she said,

“At age six, Rusty was very ill with over 105 degree temperature and wanted so much for Doug and Andre’ to give him a blessing. They both arrived about eleven p.m. and went up to his room and blessed him by the power of

the Priesthood. Rusty couldn’t even sit up because he was so hot, shaky, and dizzy. However, within just minutes, he started to perspire and his fever broke completely. By the next morning (Sunday) he was a whole new person. Rusty never doubts the power of the Priesthood and even on other occasions knew that Heavenly Father would bless him and make him better. Rusty can also give talks in church that just amaze people. The great

thing is that he makes most of them up himself with only a little help from me. He never forgets to pray asking for help.”

“Gina, age four, is quite a shy one, but has such special qualities. At home she is talkative, happy, loud and cheerful. She and Rusty really enjoy playing together. She also enjoys Craig and is patient with Scotty. One of the things I enjoy most about her is the detail with which she explains things. She thrives on praise. Gina tries so hard to do things right and then demands my immediate inspection of them. She’s a watchful ‘little mother’ and takes special care of Craig and Scotty. She called me twice today in order to save Craig from burning himself on the stove and to save Scott from falling out of his highchair. I couldn’t help but feel that the Holy Ghost prompted her and worked through her to warn me of these dangers. She is protective of these little ones and has such a love for people. She especially loves grandmothers. Gina did a marvellous job last Christmas when she sang ‘Star Bright’ with Rusty and two other children in the big Sunday School.”

“Craig at two years is truly a special little boy. Not only has he put us in embarrassing situations like his ‘Help me, Help me’ at church as I was taking him out for being naughty, but he has also put himself in many dangerous situations. Had it not been for us getting to him just in time, he could have been seriously hurt. Things like climbing to the top of a ladder ready to go onto the roof or pushing a stepladder to the stove and turning on the burners or today when he was crawling on top of the stove with one of the burners on. Truly the Lord is keeping him on this earth for something special and sends his Holy Spirit to guide and prompt us to keep him from danger. We’ve often said he is a twenty-year-old spirit in a two-year-old body and that’s why he is so active.”

“Scotty at six months is just the best, most precious thing on earth who thrives on the love of his brothers and sister, attention from dad, and kisses from Mom.”



Cecile on Temple Square - Oct., 1972 with Craig, Gina, Scotty and Rusty

In 1973, there was a change in the Bishopric of the Santa Rosa First Ward. Blair Scofield continued to serve as Bishop even though he had already been doing it for eight years. I was called to serve as his first counselor and Jim Sanns was called as the second counselor. Blair Scofield was a wonderful Bishop. He had been doing it for so long that he knew every member of the ward and loved them deeply. He was a great teacher and example for me and for our family. We loved Blair, his wife Beth and their youngest daughter Jan. Their son Craig no longer lived at home so we didn’t know him as well. Cecile was again called to various ward activities, especially those involving dance programs.



Blair and Beth Scofield - 1973

As HP started moving product development, marketing and finance operations to Santa Rosa that year, several of our Mormon friends moved there and bought or built homes in the Santa Rosa area.

Families like Ashtons, Humpherys, Ryttings, Stratfords, Ogdens, Wheelwrights and others joined us and added considerable strength to the wards of the Santa Rosa Stake. They filled key jobs in the company but they also accepted church callings and helped to build Zion. We also became very close to many of the long time Santa Rosa church members. These friendships have continued for many years since then. They are still our friends today.



Larry and Carolyn Stratford



Lynn and Melva Wheelwright



Bill and Pat Ashton in 1973 with David, Billy, Becky and Elizabeth

Several of the long term members of the Santa Rosa First Ward were older than we were, but we were drawn to them and grew to love them dearly. Two of those couples were Harry and Rhoda Orcutt and Frank and Nettie Clark. Their children were grown and gone. Another family was Hal and Shirley Taylor. Their children were mostly still living at home but were all older than ours. They were an extremely musical family with Shirley as the pianist. Hal was both the scriptorian and comedian. Out of this group, Shirley Taylor is the only one who is still alive (2011).



Reed and Beverly Ogden in Santa Rosa - 1973



*The Taylor Family
Becky, Robin, Hal, Mark and Paul
Shirley at piano, Rich on the banjo*



Frank and Nettie Clark



Rhoda and Harry Orcutt

We found amazing and interesting talents in these older couples. Rhoda had been a Relief Society President and knew everyone. Nettie was an experienced drama director and could do wonders when pulling together a play or a musical. Harry was a plumber and Frank was a carpenter and both men were active High Priests. Not only was Shirley the ward music chairman, but she too had been a Relief Society President. Hal was a salesman at Sears who served as the High Priests Group Leader and as the Gospel Doctrine teacher. These stalwart families and several others like them were the backbone of the ward.

Other families were more our own age. They became close friends with children about the same ages as our own. Three of these couples were the Michelsens, the Hoyals and the Bunnells. Each couple had a unique effect on our family in a totally different way.



Chuck and Loye Michelsen



Ralph and Mona Lisa Hoyal



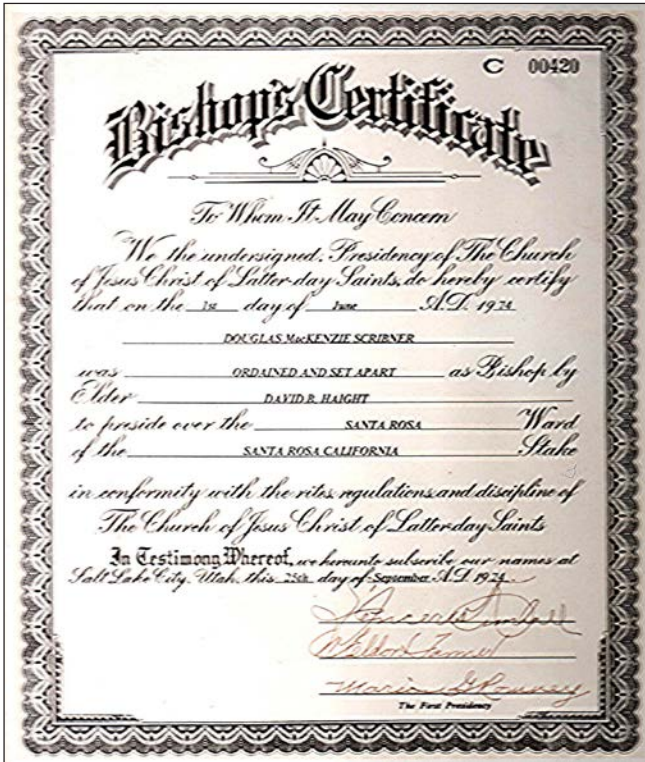
Gary and Jackie Bunnell

The ward also had some wonderful couples who were younger than we were, who also became close friends. As I look back over the years, it is apparent that every one of these families shown here have gone through some very painful life experiences. Some have lost spouses or children to premature death and others have gone through divorces. Some have gone through excommunication and others have simply lost their testimonies. Still, we love each and every one of them and treasure our association with them. The experiences we had together have brought happiness and sadness, but have been an important facet of our lives and have helped us become better people.



*Dave and Robin (Taylor) Platt
and Jed and Kalleen Cooper*

Three important spiritual experiences happened in our family during 1974. In April, I was called to serve as the Bishop of the Santa Rosa First Ward. I was only thirty-six years old and felt totally unqualified for such a weighty church assignment. Our Stake President, Sidney Henderson, issued the call by asking Cecile and me to meet with him in his office. He explained that the calling was from the First Presidency: Spencer W. Kimball, Nathan E. Tanner and Marion G. Romney, and that a Bishop is actually an office in the Priesthood. It included being President of the Aaronic Priesthood, being the presiding High Priest in the ward, and becoming a *Judge in Israel*. We immediately felt overwhelmed. We had four little children and Cecile was expecting our fifth. My job at HP was very demanding as the new Manufacturing Manager of the Santa Rosa Division, and I was working in the community as a member of the Board of Directors of the Santa Rosa Chamber of Commerce. Still we knew that the calling had come from the Lord. Like Nephi



of old, I felt, “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” (1 Nephi 3: 7). Cecile felt the same way. Somehow we knew that the Lord would help us through the next five years as I served in this position. On the first of June 1974, I was ordained a Bishop and set apart as Bishop of the Santa Rosa First Ward by Elder David B. Haight, who had been my stake president when I joined the Church fifteen years earlier.

The second amazing experience happened one summer evening as I was preparing to leave for a Bishopric meeting. Our family ate an early dinner and I gathered up my things to use in the meeting. Scott was two-years-old and walking so I gave him a big hug before he and his older brothers and his sister went off to play. Cecile was in the kitchen



Scott - age three in 1975

making a big batch of powdered milk and mixing it with whole milk. I kissed her good-bye and went out to our car, which was parked on the gentle slope of the driveway in front of the garage. Suddenly, Cecile felt a strong impression from the Holy Spirit! In her mind she saw Scott running after his dad for one more hug, standing behind the car, and then falling under the wheels as I backed down the driveway. She screamed, dropped the container of powdered milk on the floor, and ran through the front door yelling my name at the top of her lungs. The car was already in reverse but hadn't moved yet when I heard Cecile scream. I slammed the gear shift into park. Cecile and I reached the back of the car at the same time, and there was Scott, standing with his forehead against the rear bumper. Another second and he would have been crushed under the car. I know that Heavenly Father doesn't always intervene to save his children when their lives are in danger, but he certainly did this time. I can only conclude that Scott must have some important purpose to fulfill in building up the Kingdom of God on earth. I do know that when we are baptized and confirmed as members of the Church of Jesus Christ, we are promised the Gift of the Holy Ghost. One important aspect of this gift is that we may receive strong

impressions from God as long as we keep his commandments and listen for his still small voice. I will be forever grateful that Cecile was so in tune with the Spirit that she felt his warning, and acted upon it without hesitation.

The third spiritual experience came on September 15 of that year with the birth of Christianne Scribner. Christy was born with a partial cleft palate and was unable to suck milk from her mother or from a bottle. She was losing weight and we didn't know how to help her. We pleaded with Heavenly Father to help us find a way to get nourishment into her body. Grandma James was there for the birth and stayed to help. Cecile went shopping because the hospital didn't have any solution for her. She found that something called an *infant feeder* (a plunger with a nipple on one end) could be filled with milk, cereal and bananas, so we could literally push food into her. We named Christy after our dear friend, Christiane Rude, with a slightly different spelling and pronunciation to her name. At the time of Christy's blessing, the Rude



Christy with Christiane Rude

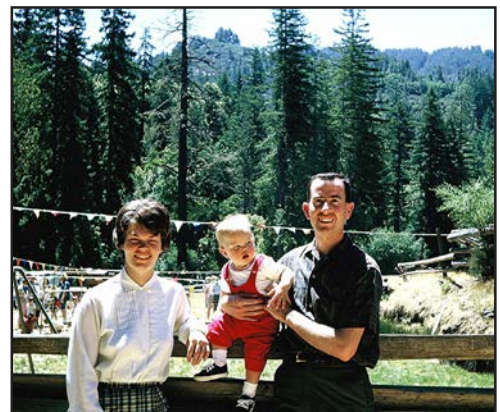


Cecile and Christy in 1975

family came to our ward. I was concentrating so hard on pronouncing the first name correctly that I named her Christiane Rude instead of Christiane Scribner, so our friend said, “*She’s mine!*” Fortunately, I realized what I had done and was able to do the blessing over again. Christy was a loving child but incredibly independent. Even from a very early age it was clear she had a mind of her own, and was very determined to get what she wanted. She had her first cleft palate surgery when she was only six-months-old and other surgeries followed later. The real miracle with Christy’s speech wasn’t fully apparent until she was twenty-one years old. She had gone through years and years of speech therapy with modest success, but when she spoke at her own missionary farewell, I was thrilled because she spoke with perfect clarity.

Two events happened just prior to my becoming Bishop of the Santa Rosa First Ward. The first was the move of our friends, Dee and Susan

Humpherys, to Santa Rosa with the HP research lab team. Not only had Dee and I been roommates at BYU, but we had both received Masters Degrees in Electrical Engineering there when the graduate school program was very new. He got degree number *seven* and I received degree number *nine*. Then we both ended up by working for the Microwave Division of Hewlett-Packard. The difference between us was that Dee was a much better R&D engineer than I was ever going to be, so he stayed in that part of the company. They stayed in Santa Rosa until HP opened up yet another new division in Spokane, Washington. They then moved away, but our friendship remained.



Dee and Susan Humpherys with Eric at an HP picnic in Little Basin

The other event was a joint effort of the Santa Rosa First and Second Wards to produce the Broadway musical, *Fiddler on the Roof*. Our family became quite involved with Cecile helping



The Rabbi’s Son

the costume director by making beards and by becoming the *Fiddler* when a little man could not be found to do it. I was selected as the Rabbi’s son and had one scene where I had to stagger across the stage in a drunken stupor. Our closing performance on Saturday night was the very day before I was to be sustained as the Bishop of the First Ward, but no one knew it except me and Cecile. I really played the part to the limit that night so it really came as quite a shock to the ward members the next morning when Bishop Scofield was released and I was sustained in his place. There was one man who didn’t even want to sustain me because I was so young, but he came to our home the next week with a change of heart. His previous bishops had all been much older with white hair and I didn’t fit that mold. After we talked it through, we were able to get along very well and I really liked him. In the beginning, my counselors in the bishopric were two older men, Jim Sanns and Richard Albretson. However, Jim Sanns moved away because of his work. Reed Ogden, who had also moved to

Santa Rosa with HP, was called to serve as my first counselor. We had known Reed and Beverly at BYU while he was getting his MBA degree and serving on the Honor Council. It was amazing just how many members of the church were hired by HP during those years of rapid growth.

In 1975, the war in Viet Nam was coming to a tragic end. The last refugees to flee were finding any way possible to leave the country. One of these refugees was Tran van Nhon, who later added the anglicized first name *Peter* and became known as Peter Tranvannhon. Peter and his family had been converted to the restored gospel of Jesus Christ in Saigon four months earlier. They were active members of the Saigon Branch, but everyone there could see that they would have to leave the country or be imprisoned for being part of a church that was pro-American. He had a wife named Bich and their six children plus



Cecile and Brother Tran in our backyard - 1975

two older children from a previous marriage of Bich's. They miraculously managed to escape on the last air flight out of Saigon with Viet Cong soldiers shooting at the plane as it took off. Once they landed in Guam, Peter was allowed to make a phonecall to someone in America so they could meet him and his family at Camp Pendleton in San Diego, California. Brother Tran spoke four languages including English and French so he placed a call to the only Mormon he knew in America, President Spencer W. Kimball. Amazingly, his call went through and President Kimball agreed to meet them at Camp Pendleton. The story of this

event appeared in the Church News along with pictures. After reading the article, I felt impressed to ask our ward members if they would be willing to sponsor one of these refugee families, and they agreed. I was also able to secure the promise of a job at HP in our stock room as a material handler, so I phoned Camp Pendleton. Brother Tran answered the phone, so I explained our plan and asked if he knew of a family that might be interested.

He replied, "Yes! Would you accept my family?" We were thrilled! My counselor, Reed Ogden, and I drove two cars to the San Francisco airport to meet them. Since Brother Tran was the only one in the family who spoke English, he went with Reed and half the family. Cecile and I had the older children in our car so we needed to find a way to



Hoa and Nga

communicate with them. Finally we started to sing church songs and songs

that are familiar in other languages like, "Are You Sleeping, Brother John." They taught us the Vietnamese words and we taught them the English words. Peter Tranvannhon later wrote a whole book about his life, which Cecile edited and produced for him after he died in 2008. When they first arrived, we were fully occupied helping them settle into an apartment big enough for a family of ten, getting him to work and placing the children in schools. The whole family learned to speak English and became active members of our ward. The stories of their conversion and their escape from Viet Nam were truly miraculous and can be read from Peter's book. The adjustment to American life was not easy for them and there were *bumps in the road* along the way, but we loved this family dearly and are still close to them today.



Back: Hoa, Nga, Bich with Christy, and Lap
Front: Thuy, Van, Phuong, Anh, and Trung

Special Days with Dad became one of our family traditions. Between a demanding job at HP and an equally demanding church calling, it would have been very easy for me to not spend enough time with my family. We did have Family Home Evenings, family trips and vacations together, but these were group



Gina after special day at Snoopy ice-skating rink

events and what was needed was individual time and attention. Cecile and I needed some time alone without the children, so we scheduled a Friday night plus Saturday morning *get away* once every month. Usually we went to a nearby town like Sonoma or Healdsburg, stayed in a motel and explored the area the next day. However, one of these Fridays was filled with so many interruptions that we couldn't get away from home until about 10 PM, so we decided to stop at a motel in Santa Rosa, near our home. The motel clerk had a very quizzical expression when he looked at the home address on my driver's license and could see it was only a mile away. I was sure he thought this was an illicit relationship and Cecile kind of confirmed it by giving him a big wink.

The children also got two special days with Dad each year. I would take one child alone for almost an entire Saturday to do whatever things they would like to do the most. The children would take weeks to plan their day to the hilt. Sometimes they chose a movie or a shopping trip. Other times it was a roller skating or ice skating event followed by a lunch out with lots of ice cream. Gina and Russ also had opportunities to fly to San Diego alone to visit their Grandma Scribner, so on his special day with Dad, I took Craig down to visit Grandma. He was too young to go alone so, on December 1, 1975, we boarded a plane together and went to spend a weekend with my mother. These special days gave me a chance to bond with each child and have conversations on any topic of their choice.



Craig - five years old



Grandma Scribner - 1975

These are wonderful memories because each of our children were so uniquely different that we could celebrate their individuality and build their self-esteem.

The first two years as a bishop were the hardest because it was difficult to get the balance right between my career, church calling and family. As a result, my boss at work, Doug Chance, gave me a somewhat critical performance evaluation. There were more things he felt I should have done to control the cost of transferring the manufacture of products from Palo Alto to Santa Rosa. I felt discouraged for I knew I could not afford to spend more hours at work and still keep a balance in my life. Celie was already carrying more than her fair share of work at home to raise the children in my frequent absence. At this critical point in my life, I prayed for inspiration. Part of the answer to these prayers came from the Book of Mormon. When Ammon and his brother Aaron spoke of their missionary efforts among the Lamanites, Ammon said,

“Now when our hearts were depressed, and we were about to turn back, behold the Lord comforted us, and said: Go amongst thy brethren, the Lamanites, and bear with patience thine afflictions, and I will give unto you success.” (Alma 26: 27)

I knew that I must not give up! The second part of the answer came in the realization that I should determine in advance how many hours each week I should devote to my employment. For me, it was forty-five hours per week, or nine hours per day. Then I should always be sure I was working on the

most important issues. Sometimes this required the agility to change my focus rapidly from one issue to another, but it did not need more hours of time. Probably the biggest part of the solution simply came



Doug and Cecile about 1976

from Cecile. She wrote a letter to me at this critical time which was a great comfort. In it she expressed her love and confidence in a way that no one else could do, and it encouraged me to move forward. In part she said, *“I’ve just been thinking of the critique that Doug Chance gave you, and just thought I’d give you one of my own. He has seen such a small side of you. Your ability as a father is amazing - the only thing wrong with the kids is that they crave to be with you as much as I do. Everything is exciting when you are here and life becomes a lot more fun to live. ... you’ve got kids who love you as much as they love life itself.”* How could I not succeed with backing like this!

1976 was a special year in the history of our country! It was the two hundred-year anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. We decided as a bishopric that we should sponsor a Bicentennial Pageant to celebrate this legacy from our Nation’s Founding Fathers, and invite the Santa Rosa Second Ward to participate with us. I served as the priesthood leader for the event and took the



George Washington
- in 1976? -



Cecile Director
of Finale

part of George Washington, but an advisor was selected from each of the bishoprics to coordinate the efforts. Bill Ashton and Dee Humpherys were the two advisors. The Lord blessed us when a very talented couple moved into our ward named Gene and Inez Urie. Sister Urie was experienced at directing and producing church pageants. She accepted a calling as the overall director with Brad Lowder as producer, Melva Wheelwright as music director, Joan Bingham as dance director, Gene Urie as technical director and Cecile as finale director. Cecile and I supplied lots of ideas and suggestions, but Sister Urie wrote the final script. Of course our children were also involved in the cast.

The name of this pageant was, **“There is Liberty,”** which was taken from the scripture written by Paul to the Corinthians saying, *“Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.” (II Corinthians 3: 17).* The pageant portrayed our conviction that the discovery of this land, the colonization of its shores, and the

creation of its constitution were all inspired by God. Also, that the future destiny of the United States of America is not to become another Carthage or fallen Roman Empire, but to become the sacred place of the Second Coming of the Messiah, Jesus Christ, who will set up a kingdom that cannot be destroyed. The pageant all came together in June. Over a two week period, there were five performances with a total of over 2,000 people attending. Many of those who came were not members of the church as we had made a great effort to involve the entire Santa Rosa community. It was a great way to share our Latter-day Saint perspective of American history. A nonmember couple named Pat and Sandy Travis agreed to participate in the cast. They had a great experience and decided to have the missionary lessons after the show ended. They were baptized, and Pat Travis eventually became a bishop in the church.

As soon as the pageant was over, our family took a three week vacation to the East Coast to immerse ourselves in an American history experience. Steve and Mary had recently moved there from California on a work assignment and were living in the small town of Wilton, Connecticut. Grandma James said she would take care of Christy, so Scott, Craig, Gina and Rusty flew with us to Boston, arriving June 21, 1776. We met Andre and Christianne Rude and their two sons for an interesting tour of the historic parts of Massachusetts. This included Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Plantation, the port of Boston with *Old Ironsides*, the cemetery where Paul Revere was buried, Concord, Lexington and Sturbridge Village.



Russ & Hal Taylor



Craig & Lola Payne's Family



Scott by the grave of Paul Revere



Craig



Gina at Sturbridge



Doug and Rusy in "Stocks" in 1969 trip



Scott, Craig, Gina, Russ at Independence Hall



Craig and Scott at Plymouth Rock Plantation



George Washington at Valley Forge



Gina, Russ, Troy, Chad, Lara, Scott and Craig at Walden's Pond in Connecticut

After we left Massachusetts, we then went to Connecticut to stay with Steve, Mary and their children, Troy, Chad and Lara. When we went to church with them, we learned that their bishop was Rod Haws, whom I had known at Stanford. Rod had been part of my cabinet when I was Junior Class President, but neither one of us were Mormons then. He was converted several years later and was now living in Wilton. We finished the trip with a few days in Philadelphia and an evening in New York City to hear the Tabernacle Choir in Carnegie Hall. We returned home on July fourth, having had a wonderful exposure to the origins of our nation.



Gina at eight in 1976

At the end of August, Gina turned eight-years-old and wanted to be baptized. I had performed the baptism for Rusty two years earlier, but Gina wanted her Grandpa James to baptize her. Cecile called Grandma and told her about Gina's request. We didn't hear anymore until the day before the baptism. Grandma called and said that Grandpa was on his way. He left Utah and drove by himself and got there just in time. Gina was very happy to become a baptized member of the Church and especially to have her Grandpa James there to baptize her. I performed the confirmation and gave her the Gift of the Holy Ghost. Our whole family was thrilled with the event.

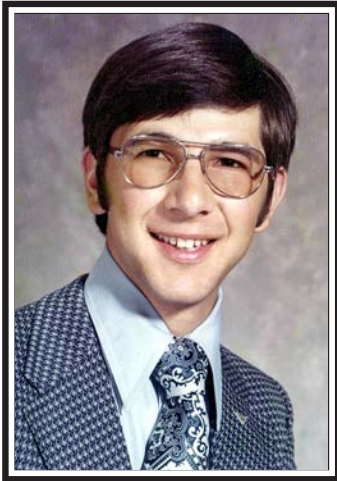
We were also in and out of hospitals several times that year. In March, Christy had surgery for her cleft palate even though she was only two-years-old. The operation took about an hour-and-a-half as the surgeon cut the roof of her mouth and pushed back the skin, leaving the bone exposed and then he repaired her split uvula. We expected her to be in the hospital for a week, but she was out in two days. Heavenly Father blessed her with a rapid recovery. She had to wear braces on her arms to keep her from putting her hands into her mouth but these were only needed for a week or so. This was only the first of several operations for Christy, but it was a great beginning.



Christy at two in 1976

Meanwhile, my own vision problems had worsened and had been diagnosed as nuclear sclerosis - a hardening of the lens of the eye. Dr. Paul Archambeau performed an operation to remove the natural lens and fit me with a contact lens to wear in its place. The following year the same operation was performed on the other eye so I got used to this solution and was able to keep working as before.

The other hospital visit in 1976 was a joyous occasion as Cecile gave birth to a son whom we named James Daniel Scribner. Everything seemed fine with the birth and with Jim's health at first. But within days we were aware that Jim couldn't hear. He was fitted with hearing aids. We didn't know then that Jimmy was going to also need open heart surgery before he turned five. Jim's middle name was chosen in honor and in remembrance of his cousin, Daniel Jensen, who died in an automobile accident on May 2, 1975, shortly before his nineteenth birthday. Joyce's son Danny had completed his first year at BYU and had returned to Pennsylvania for the summer. He was a wonderful young man, an excellent student, and a faithful member of the Church. In fact, he had been interviewed for his

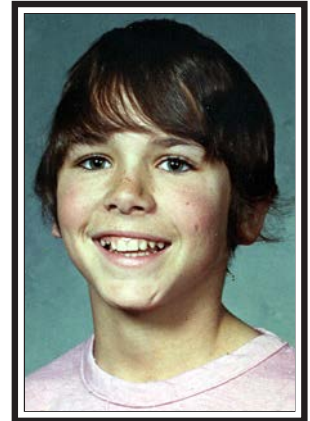


Daniel Mark Jensen

mission on the Sunday before the accident occurred. Dan and his friend temporarily parked on the side of a road while the friend got out of the car to adjust the radio antenna so they could listen to a ballgame. Suddenly a truck went out of control and swerved over to the side of the road and ran over the top of the car. His friend was not injured but Danny was killed. Now his name would be carried on by our son Jim.

Then in January 1977, another family death occurred when Cecile's brother and his wife, Tom and Roberta, lost their fourteen-year-old son, John Arthur James. Johnny died in an accident when he filled an empty CO² cartridge with gun powder and tried to put it into a model car right after school. The model car exploded and a piece of shrapnel went right through Johnny's heart. Cecile and I attended his funeral and were impressed that Johnny was so well known and loved by old and young people alike. On the night of the viewing, over

900 friends came to pay their respects and visit with the family. It was amazing to see the line of people wind back and forth through the funeral home, out the door, and half way down the block. It was clear that Johnny had touched the lives of many individuals with acts of friendship, kindness and service. We kept



John Arthur James

hearing stories from those neighbors whom he had helped by removing the snow from their driveways or by visiting them when they were sick or discouraged. His schoolmates loved his big smile and positive attitude. Johnny was an Eagle Scout, a member of the school wrestling team, and had a room full of trophies won in Arabian Horse Shows. His life was an inspiration to us all. We didn't know it then, but our next son to be born would have John as his middle name to honor and carry on the memory of this great young man



Our Family in the Summer of 1977

In August of that year, we were blessed with a miracle from heaven. Our son Jim was nearly one-year-old and was scheduled for a hearing exam at the Marin Speech and Hearing Clinic. He was



Jimmy at Marin Speech and Hearing Clinic - 1977

tested monthly to see what changes might occur. They said that he had a serious defect and would need to wear hearing aids all of his life. Earlier that year in January at the time of Johnny's funeral, we gathered the family together and I gave him a Priesthood blessing. The words which came into my mind at that time was that Jim would hear all the sounds he was meant to hear. In August, after returning from a visit to Utah, Cecile took Jim back to the Marin clinic for his monthly exam. The audiologist was astounded to discover that his hearing was perfect. She could not explain why, but she removed his hearing aids and sent him home. To this day, Jim is a teacher and a pianist who clearly hears all the sounds he was meant to hear.

Things were going pretty well at work during these years. We had completed construction of the first two permanent buildings on the Fountain Grove site and had started construction on the third. We were growing rapidly, both by transferring people and products from Palo Alto, and by inventing new products of our own. In 1978, the *Industrial Research and Development* magazine named our new model 8568A *Spectrum Analyzer* as one of the year's most significant technical products. The manufacturing team that I was managing had grown to over 1,600 employees. Best of all, my boss, Doug Chance, had regained full confidence in my ability to manage manufacturing operations. Doug Chance was then promoted to be a vice president and the worldwide marketing manager for the HP Computer business. In his place, our new general manager for the Santa Rosa Division was



Doug Chance - 1978



Hal Edmondson - 1978

Hal Edmondson, who came to us from the Colorado Springs Division. At that time, the general manager's staff consisted of Bill Wurst (Marketing), Rit Keiter (R&D), Jack Grout (Personnel), Don Wolf (Quality Assurance), Bill Ashton (Finance), and me (Manufacturing). It was quite an adjustment for us all to get used to Hal Edmondson's management style. Doug Chance had always been very well organized, but had the appearance of being quite casual. He was knowledgeable about our products, our people and our customers. Hal, on the other hand, appeared to be totally disorganized and didn't seem to know much about our products or our people. His first couple of staff meetings were very short because he didn't have an agenda. Then, as Don Wolf and I talked about it, we realized that we had better come to the next meeting with issues to discuss, or Hal might assume that we were not doing anything. This idea caught on and from then on the staff meetings were great.

On April 9, 1977, Ralph Hoyal was called to be the new second counselor in our ward bishopric. Dick Albreton and his family had moved away from Santa Rosa so he had been released from that position. Bill Ashton was my other counselor. This new bishopric was wonderful. Our three families were such close friends and enjoyed each other's company both at church and away from church. In November of that year, the three couples planned a *get away* to the Heritage House on the Northern California coast close to the small town of Mendocino. Bill and Pat Ashton were expecting another baby before this trip,

but all three families were expecting baby boys after our stay at the Heritage House! Benjamin Ashton was born first. To all of our surprise, he was a Downs Syndrome child. Accepting Benjamin's condition was a huge adjustment for Bill and Pat, but they soon took full responsibility to help their son progress as much as he was able. Their positive attitude was an inspiration to their other children and to all of us as well. Our son was born next. We held lots of discussions at home with our family about what to name this new baby boy. Finally it was our seven-year-old son Craig who was the most persuasive. Craig said, "Why don't we honor our prophet like the Nephites did?" When we asked Craig what he meant, he said, "They loved the prophet Nephi so much that they named their leaders after him - Nephi I, Nephi II - so why don't we name our baby 'Spencer' to show how much we love our prophet Spencer W. Kimball?" And so it was! Spencer John Scribner was born July 12, 1978. His middle name was after his cousin Johnny James. All seven of our children were born just two



Ralph and Mona Lisa Hoyal with Mike, Tina, Danny, Rachel, Mark and youngest baby called Tuggy

years apart. Mark Hoyal was born in August. As little boys growing up, Mark and Spencer were inseparable. Two years later the Hoyals had one more baby. It was a boy named Paul but he somehow got the nickname, Tuggy.



Spencer

Family Pictures in 1979 - Jimmy, Gina, Spencer, Doug, Craig, Cecile, Scott, Rusty, Christy



Bill and Pat Ashton in 1978 with their children: Billy, Becky, David, Elizabeth, Steven & Benjamin

At this point we thought our family was complete. We had seven beautiful children with a wide variety of personalities and interests. In September of 1978, Rusty was given the Aaronic Priesthood and ordained to the office of a Deacon. This was a turning point in his life. Russ had just started at the Rincon Valley Junior High School that year, so he and I started an early morning scripture study class at 6:30 AM so he would be ready for seminary when he turned fourteen. I noticed a real change in Russ as he began to take more responsibility for his life and his relationships with the family. He set a good example for his younger siblings to follow.

Another family of close friends in the ward was Jim and Sherry Moore. At that time they had three children with ages similar to ours named Jenny, Josh and Jake. Scott and Jake became close friends. They later had another daughter named Amanda who was closer in age to our youngest daughter Lora.



Jim and Sherry Moore and their children, Jenny, Josh and Jake



Steve, Ken, and Doug in 1978

My older brother Ken had gone through a divorce a few years earlier, but in December of 1977 he remarried a wonderful woman named Doreen Price. At this time his son Dan was twenty-years-old and Ken's daughter Julie was seventeen. Doreen was a gentle and kind person who was also very artistic. We have a couple of her original sketches in our home. Steve and Mary were in the Bay Area for a visit that year, so we got together with them and with Ken and Doreen for a family outing to celebrate their wedding. It was a happy time for our family. Doreen has a great sense of humor and we all enjoyed the times our families got together. From time to time she and Ken would come up to visit us in Santa Rosa, but they bought a home in Livermore, near Ken's work, so we often made the trip down to see them there as well.



Mary and Doreen, soon after Ken's wedding

A spiritual highlight took place in April of 1978, when the young men and young women of our ward, together with Lola Payne, their advisors and the bishopric took a bus trip to Salt Lake City for the General Conference of the Church. Chuck Michelsen was a professional bus driver who volunteered to be our driver for the trip and even found a bus we could rent. Twenty-nine youth and six adults were in the bus and three families went by car. Our travel went smoothly until we passed Wendover, Nevada, and drove out onto the Salt Flats of Utah. Suddenly there was a loud noise from the left rear axle and the bus went into a three hundred yard skid. I looked out the window and saw one of our rear wheels rolling past us down the road. Brother Michelson kept the bus on the highway and nobody was injured, but we were stranded beside the road for the next four hours until another bus came out from Salt Lake City to take us on to Sandy, Utah, where we were staying. Cecile and I stayed with Bob and Dorothy Haight. Bob was the son of Elder David B. Haight, and we had known them earlier when we both lived in Palo Alto.

The General Conference was wonderful. We were able to get into the Tabernacle on Saturday morning and on Sunday afternoon, but the most exciting thing happened on Monday. The youth and their leaders hoped it might be possible to meet the Prophet. They had made a beautiful quilt for him depicting the scenery of Northern California, and they had read a book of his life. I tried to arrange for us to see him



*The Priest's Quorum who went to General Conference:
Mark Taylor, Garth Steever, Will Turner, Greg Woodard,
Jan Payne, Roy Francis, Trung Tran and David Stockton*



President Spencer W. Kimball

and President Kimball entered. The young people said, "Oh!" And many broke into tears. A prophet of the living God was in their midst. He spent twenty minutes with them talking to each one, shaking their hands, smiling, challenging them to serve missions, and telling them how much he loved them. As we left the room, President Kimball pulled me back and said, "Bishop, tell the saints how much I love them." Then he pulled me into an embrace and kissed my cheek with a holy kiss. He said, "Bishop, I love you more than you will ever know!" Brother Hoyal was the only one left in the room to see this happen, but it was one of the most spiritual experiences of my life. Cecile was also deeply touched that President Kimball and President Romney

were both so gracious and friendly to her. President Romney and her father, Cecil James, had served a mission together in Sydney, Australia in 1918, so he and Cecile reminisced together about that experience.

As 1978 drew to a close, our friend and neighbor, Brad Lowder, returned from his mission to Germany. Brad had become engaged before he left on his mission. His fiancée was Amy Schulz, who was the daughter of Charles Schulz, author of the popular cartoon series *Peanuts*. Amy was a lovely girl. Though not a member of the church, she waited faithfully for Brad for the two years he was gone. On October 10, Amy and her father came to our ward Sacrament Meeting to hear Brad give his homecoming talk. Shortly before Brad completed his mission, Amy began quietly to learn about the church, but she didn't tell Brad. Much to his surprise, she became converted and Brad performed her baptism in March of 1979. Even though her

but to no avail because he was to be in meetings all that day. We went over to the Relief Society building and were able to meet with Sister Barbara Smith, the general president of the Relief Society. She was so gracious - she met with us for a half hour and accepted the quilt in President Kimball's behalf. She also arranged for us to meet President Marion G. Romney, a counselor in the First Presidency. We went over to the old Church Office Building on South Temple street and were ushered into the room where the First Presidency meet with the Council of the Twelve Apostles. President Romney came in and was very friendly with our youth. After about ten minutes, Brother Haycock came into the room to speak with President Romney and said, "The President wonders if you need reinforcements."

A hush filled the room. The door opened



Quilt for President Kimball



Brad Lowder with Gina, Christy, Becky Ashton and Kirsten Kenfield (before leaving on his mission)



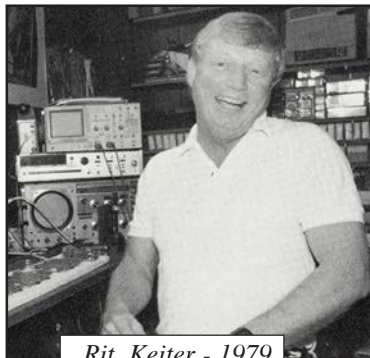
Amy and her father,
Charles Schulz

father was world renowned, Amy was also a celebrity in her own right. Having ice skated professionally for several years, she and her sister Jill starred in a nation wide television special, *Snoopy's Musical on Ice*. When asked about her decision to be baptized, Amy said, "I wish I had learned all this before, when I was growing up. One significant change that I have made is my belief in God and Jesus Christ. I understand them better now, and that makes me happy."

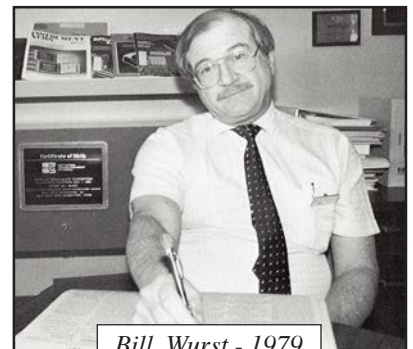
Eventually, Brad decided that he and Amy should not marry so he broke off the engagement. At first she was devastated, but as we counseled together, Amy decided to serve a mission herself. She was called to serve in England and her father came to speak at her mission farewell. She met a missionary there who was ready to return home. Once he did so, they started to write to each other and he proposed. Her mission president counseled her to complete her mission early and go back to Utah to be married in the temple. Amy Johnson now lives in Alpine, Utah with a large LDS family of her own (eight or nine children).

Just before Christmas, 1978, my appendix ruptured. The doctors didn't get the appendix removed until two days later so the poison had affected most of my abdomen. It was a serious situation and could have become fatal, but I received a beautiful priesthood blessing from Reed Ogden, Ralph Hoyal and Jed Cooper. Dr. Reed and Dr. Frazier were superb and sutured the damaged tissue even though it was mushy. After several weeks of recovery at home, I was gradually able to return to work in January.

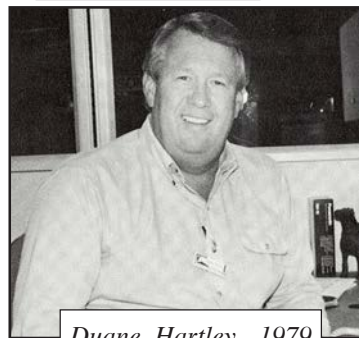
In March of 1979, HP reorganized the Santa Rosa Division by creating two separate divisions in Sonoma County. Two new general managers were chosen from Hal Edmondson's staff, Bill Wurst and Rit Keiter. Bill was an excellent marketing manager so I chose to work for him in the Network Measurements Division. Rit Keiter was a brilliant engineer, but a terrible manager. Nonetheless, he took over the newly created Signal Analysis Division, and Duane Hartley, from my staff, became Rit's manufacturing manager. Duane later became the general manager when Rit Keiter was asked to leave the company. Though I felt a little disappointed at not being promoted, it would not have been a good thing for me and our family at that time. I was prepared to decline had the promotion been offered to me.



Rit Keiter - 1979



Bill Wurst - 1979



Duane Hartley - 1979



Doug Scribner - 1979

In May of that year, we had another change in our bishopric. Bill Ashton and his family moved back to Los Altos because Bill accepted a new job in the HP Corporate Office. It was a promotion, and Bill had worked hard as division controller for the last ten years, so we were happy for him. Still, it was a sad day for our families. Billy and Rusty were best friends as were Gina and Becky. The friendships continued, but it was harder with them living so far away.

The newly called first counselor in our bishopric was Gary Lamar Bunnell. Ralph Hoyal continued as my second counselor. I felt strongly that brother Bunnell was the Lord's choice. He was a doctor of psychiatry with a very interesting background. Gary Bunnell and Cecile had gone to school together from the second grade through graduation at Orem High School. However, Gary then went through a long period of complete inactivity in the church. He and his wife Jackie moved to Santa Rosa at the same time that we arrived there, and moved into a home just a few blocks where we lived. Cecile and I visited them in their home and were surprised to see Gary with long hair and a long beard. In her typical humor, Cecile said, "*Gary, I hope that is you under all that hair.*" After becoming a Medical Doctor of Psychiatry, Gary had studied most of the world religions. But soon he was rediscovering that the real source of religious truth could be found in the teachings of his youth. He was especially eager to go to the temple, so he and Jackie returned to church activity. We watched a gradual but steady transformation until he was now prepared to become a leader in our ward.

As our HP business was expanding internationally, I needed to visit the three Test and Measurement divisions in Europe. They included manufacturing operations in Scotland, Germany and France. I asked Cecile if she would go along with me and we could add a few weeks of vacation time to the trip. It was the first time in fifteen years of marriage that we had taken a vacation without the children. It was like a second honeymoon. Between my work and our vacation, we were gone for nearly a month. Cecile first went to Utah and got the children situated with her family, Lois, Tom, Joyce and Cheril and with her mother. Then she met me in Los Angeles and we flew to London. Our first week was in Scotland. We met Mary and Jim Paton and stayed with them in their home near Glasgow. We took Mary to church in the Paisley Ward. Cecile taught Mary the Gospel when she was on her mission in Perth, Australia, but Mary and Jim had returned to their home in Scotland and Mary had been less active since then. Still, we had a great visit with them.



Mary and Jim Paton in 1979



With Mary at the Paisley Ward

We also had some great genealogical experiences while we were there. I located the records of my great grandparents, William and Isabella MacKenzie, at the Edinburgh Genealogical Library. Then we visited the church in Dalkeith where they were married. Six miles south of Dalkeith was the little village of Temple where Cecile's great grandfather was from. He worked in the coal mines just as my ancestors did, so we wondered if they might have even known each other. The next week we drove down through England and had another genealogical success in Chester. There we found the records of my mother's great grandparents, the Johnson family. After leaving England, we flew to Germany and met Katie Sturner who had been Brad Lowder's landlady when he was a missionary there. Katie created homemade spetchula that was outstanding. As well as working at the HP plant in Boeblingen, we also visited the ancestral home of my mother's Stumm family ancestors in and around Saarbrucken, Germany. Our last stop after working at the French plant in



Cecile in Temple near Odette's house



Katie Sturner's kitchen and home in Stuttgart



Snow in the summer in Switzerland

Grenoble, was to vacation in Switzerland. All in all it was a memorable experience to see these places of beauty, learn more about our ancestors, and draw even closer to each other. Of course we were also very excited to see our children again when we returned to America.



Gina at eleven-years-old

When we arrived in Utah, we found that Grandma James had given Gina her first *perm*. It looked so pretty that we decided to have some studio pictures taken. One pose was with three generations of the women in our family. It was similar to a picture taken when Lucie was the young girl with her mother and grandmother but now it was our daughters' turn.

On Sunday, October 22, 1979, there was a special sacrament meeting held for all four wards in the Santa Rosa area. Apostle Gordon B. Hinckley presided over the meeting. The four wards were dissolved and six new wards were created in their place. I was released as Bishop of the Santa Rosa First Ward and our family became members of the Santa Rosa Sixth (Brush Creek) Ward. Raymond L. Smith was called to be our Bishop, and Gary L. Bunnell was called to be the Bishop of the Santa Rosa First (Rincon Valley) Ward. The other new bishops were Richard Wiseman, Roland Simmons, Al Willets and Lee Beckstead. This change brought a mixture of poignant feelings to my heart. I was excited about the prospect of spending more time with my family, and yet I also had a feeling of loss. I had served as bishop for five-and-a-half years and now felt like a shepherd without a flock. However, I was immediately called to serve on the Stake High Council and put in charge of the Stake Activities Committee. Cecile was also called as the Stake Cultural Arts Specialist and a member of our activities committee. This began a whole new and different era of church involvement for our family.



Lucie, Cecile, Christy & Gina - 1979



Released as a Bishop

The last important event of 1979 for our family was a second surgery on Christy's mouth. The doctors added a pharyngeal flap to the roof of her mouth to create a larger air pocket when she speaks. Without this she would have always had a serious speech impediment. She also had tiny tubes inserted in her ears so any fluid could drain. Christy had great faith that her Heavenly Father was real and He would bless her and keep her safe during the operation. It was a great success.



Christy at six

Our Love for Cultural Arts:



Cecile watching a Polynesian Floorshow

Cecile is a beautiful woman with a great deal of talent, boundless energy and a lot of faith. Most of all, she loves having a good party! In her new calling she was eager to create a whole new level of Stake Cultural Activities, and to start them right away. With 1980 being the 150-year anniversary of the restoration of the Church, she decided to have a series of Stake Family Dance Parties and a stage production titled, *Within These Walls*. The dance parties were a new concept because parents could bring young children to the party if they wished to do so. Families were encouraged to come and participate together. Each party had a theme and a floorshow of dances that followed the theme. Cecile worked with Steve Bown as our disc jockey to play a wide variety of music so everyone could dance to something they knew. Of course, with this kind of activity, we could involve our children with us as well - they were on the floorshows, helped Cecile find the music, and even helped create some of the floorshow numbers. Our kitchen floor became a *dance hall* for creating floorshows.



Stake President Sid Allsop and his wife Louise at Sesquicentennial Grand Ball



Cecile and Hal Taylor's father at Mardi Gras - 1981



Ray, Donna and Tamara Smith at Halloween Dance Party - 1981

The idea of musical drama productions was not new to the Santa Rosa Stake. We had lots of talented people to help us make it a success. However, this particular play was written to highlight the 150- year history of the Church. It told of three generations of people who lived in the same house. The first family bought the home from the first owner in pioneer times. The second family was living there in the early part of the twentieth century and the third was contemporary. The play, which ran for four nights, was directed by Jennifer Hedgpeth. Her architect husband, Warren Hedgpeth, designed and supervised the

construction of the sets. Cecile was the producer and responsible for finding the director and cast, including dancers, singers and actors. Our nine-year-old son Craig was particularly excited about acting in the show. He had been in a school play a few months earlier and had learned everyone's part, not just his own. Now he was playing the part of one of the children of the first family to live in the house. Gina was a dancer and Russ helped backstage by moving the sets and props around. For Gina, this was the beginning of a lifelong passion for dancing. As usual, I had a small *bit* part so I had a good reason to be at all the rehearsals.



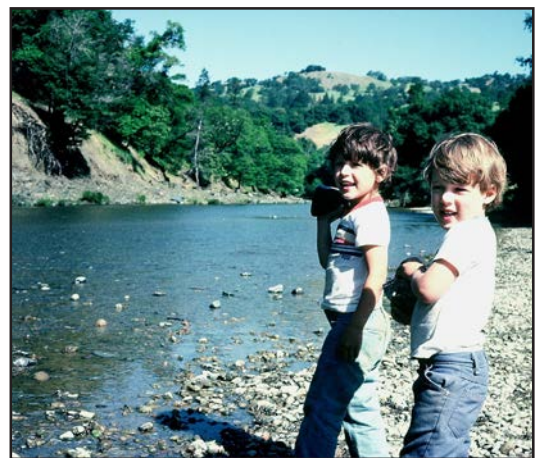
Above: Kenna McOmber and Dave Platt
Below: Jennifer and Warren Hedgpeth



Craig and Gina in *Within These Walls*



Outside of church programs, our favorite activity was family camping trips. Ever since my days in scouting, I loved to camp-out in some of the national or state parks. Fortunately, we had a number of these within a few hours drive from Santa Rosa. The best one was Richardson's Grove on the Eel River in Northern California. It contained a beautiful stand of giant redwood trees and the river was shallow enough for the children to play safely. Sometimes we would take the children from another family with us. In 1980, we took Brent and Jill Thompson so Russ and Gina would each have a friend there. Sleeping in tents so we could hear the river, cooking on a camp stove, and enjoying the hikes and camp fires made for great family fun. Spencer was only two-years-old on this trip, but we couldn't keep him out of the river. All he and Jimmy wanted to do was to stand in water up to their knees and throw rocks to see them splash.



Jimmy and Spencer on the Eel River - 1981



Spencer - 1980



*Doug, Cecile, Cecil,
Lucie, Joyce and Alf
1980 - on our way to
the All-Church
Sesquicentennial
Grand Ball (150-year
celebration of the
organization of the
Church)*

A highlight that year was a trip to Utah to celebrate the 80th birthday of both Grandpa and Grandma James. The party was held at the home of Cecile's sister Cheril and her husband Richard Snow. Our kids had cousins galore and the party was full of fun activities. Just five years earlier we had gathered at Joyce's home (Cecile's sister) for a fifty-year celebration of Mom and Dad James' marriage (1925-1975). These were wonderful celebrations!

On July 26, 1980, my uncle Henry Neergard died. I only had one uncle because my father was an only child and my mother had just one sister. My mother's sister, Florence Johnson, married Henry Neergard a year after I was born and they had two children, Phil and Karen Neergard. It seems ironic that I have just two cousins when my children have so many. Florence and Henry lived in Monrovia, California, all the years I was growing up in San Diego, so we would occasionally drive up to see them. Most often we would meet half way at the ocean in Laguna Beach for a picnic. Though Phil and Karen were three and six years younger than I, Karen was almost the same age as my brother Steve, so we all had good times together. After their children were grown and Henry retired, he and Florence moved to a tiny town to live, called Desert Hot Springs. It was close to the resort Palm Springs, but in a completely different economic strata. Florence and Henry lived in a trailer house surrounded by others their age who were also trying to survive on their social security checks. I liked Henry and observed that he had always had a positive attitude and worked hard to support his family.

Earlier this year, Russ, Gina and I drove to San Diego to help my mother pack and move to a smaller house. It had now been nine years since my dad died, and Mom was finally able to let go of her tie to the house where she had lived for nearly forty years. Our family home was certainly too big for her to keep up alone. Still, it was hard for her because so many memories were tied up in that home and neighborhood. Russ and I completely cleaned out the garage, filling a three quarter ton pickup truck with wood and metal pieces of every size and shape (which my father was always sure he would use someday), and taking them to the dump. It was nostalgic for me too as we went through every room of the house which brought back so many memories of growing up there. For the time being, Mom had decided to move to Colorado and live with my brother Dave and his family. This was not a permanent arrangement, but it would give her time to adjust and then look for a new place in San Diego. At that time, Dave and Marion were living in Colorado Springs where he owned and managed a radio station. Their children were all grown and had left home so there was plenty of room for Mom



Dave and Alice in Colorado

to stay there. Dave's son Ron Scribner and his wife Kay were living in Texas with their son Jonathan. Laurie was pursuing her own career in radio and television in Arizona, while the youngest, Leslie, had been recently married to Jim Cole. Mom didn't stay in Colorado too long but it was a nice time for her to be close to Dave and Marion. After she stayed there for a few months, she was able to find a very nice small home to rent on the canyon edge near her old neighborhood in San Diego.

For Cecile and me, raising a family of seven children was not always *peaches and cream*. Sometimes contentions would arise between the children. At this particular time, Craig was being a bit rebellious while Russ was being quietly subversive. Maintaining harmony in our home took a lot of work and attention. When Craig would let out a blood curdling scream, we would go looking for Russ to see what he was doing to instigate Craig's overreaction. The most effective way we found to deal with the problem was to hold a family council. When we did so, it became obvious that we shouldn't keep treating all the children exactly the same way. There was too wide a range in their ages. At that point we took Russ off the chore wheel and gave him an ongoing job to keep our cars washed and clean inside and out. We also sent him on his first Boy Scout *50-mile hike* with his scout leaders and no parents along. With Craig and Scott sharing a bedroom, we assigned them each to clean it on alternate weeks. This ended the conflict about what was fair. We also helped Craig get a job delivering newspapers in our neighborhood so he would have some income that was all his own. We had been praying about this problem, but the family council approach reminded me of the experience that Oliver Cowdery had when he tried to translate the gold plates and failed. The Lord said, "*Behold, you have not understood; you have supposed that I would give it unto you when you took no thought save it was to ask me. But behold, I say unto you, that you must study it out in your mind; then you must ask me if it be right, an if it is right, I will cause that your bosom shall burn within you; therefore you shall feel that it is right.*" After study and discussion, we felt this was a solution. Then as we prayed about it there was a peaceful feeling that this is what the Lord would have us do.

As 1980 drew to a close, we realized that Grandma James was not recovering well from a series of headaches which began when she had a bad fall down the stairs of her home. Cecile went back to Utah to see her in the hospital just before Christmas and to say "good-bye" to her. She came home to have Christmas with the children knowing that she would probably not see her mother alive again. Lucie

Howard James died on December 27, 1980. Cecile was in charge of a huge stake sesquicentennial ball that same evening in Santa Rosa, so the next day we drove our van back for the funeral so our whole family could be there. Cecile spoke at the funeral and I dedicated the grave. I was reminded of a poem that Lucie had written seven years earlier.



Lucie Howard James
1900 - 1980

Encircled - A Sonnet

*Encircled was I in my spirit home
By the glow of Heavenly Parents' love
But this I left, took my journey alone
While my spirit kin watched from above.*

*Encircled was I in my home on Earth
By the bright luminous rays of the sun
As I entered with pain, new life through birth,
My family unit had now begun.*

*Encircled was I when my death drew nigh
By the 'Soft Radiance of His Glory,'
Earth's stressful cares and trials passed by
As in peace my mind told my story.*

*After eons of work and expectation
Encircled at last by exaltation.
(by Lucie H. James - 1973)*



*Our ruined van off Highway 80
Near Wendover*



On January 2, 1981, we were driving our van back to California following the funeral for Cecile's mother. We left Provo early in the morning and drove to Wendover, Nevada. It was foggy and cold but the road was dry. I had the van in *cruise control* at about fifty miles per hour and it seemed perfectly safe. Two miles past Wendover, the road was covered with black ice, and we began to skid. The cruise control pushed the wheels faster so, as we reached patches of dry pavement, the van lurched forward out of control. We skidded off the road, flew over an open drainage culvert and hit the ground nose first. The van flipped over on its top, blowing out all the windows and crushing the roof. It then

rolled over on its side and came to a stop. The children were screaming and some were bleeding. I climbed out of a broken window and started lifting the children out, but Christy and Craig were trapped under broken car seats and Cecile was afraid that Craig was dead. He was pinned down and covered with blankets. However, he was very much alive and ran when we finally lifted him out.

A kind family from Washington State stopped to help us. They drove Cecile and six of the children back to Wendover to a medical center while Russ and I stayed with the vehicle so we could meet the highway patrol and protect our possessions.

We unpacked the van of all our stuff and set it on the edge of the road, but it was very cold so we couldn't stay there. Another car stopped with a family of church members headed for California. They took Russ and I, together with our luggage, back to the Wendover clinic. The paramedics at the clinic put our whole family in an ambulance and drove us all the way back to Salt Lake City to the LDS Hospital. Brother and Sister Wright, who stopped to help us, put all our luggage into their car, turned around (changing all their travel plans) and followed the ambulance all the way back to Salt Lake. I was so grateful for their kindness. Even more, I was grateful that all of us were alive and well. There were cuts and bruises, but no broken bones. A few days later we were able to take a train back to California where we were met by friends who took us home.

Our son Jim was not injured in the accident but his body kept getting weaker as a result of having been born with a hole between the chambers of his heart and also a defective valve. He would run across the front lawn of our home and say, "*Dad, I'm tired.*" Our pediatrician, Dr. Donald Meyer, first diagnosed this problem when Jim was only a baby, so he helped us make the arrangements for the operation. Finally in March, Jim was scheduled to enter the Presbyterian Hospital in San Francisco for open heart surgery. We fasted and prayed for Jim and for the doctors who would perform the operation, and I gave Jim a

priesthood blessing. Open heart surgery on a four-year-old boy seemed overwhelming to us, but Dr. Popper, Dr. Tsarnaki and their surgical team had done many of these operations before. They assured us that it was not a routine procedure, but they were confident it could be done. In this operation they first reduced the temperature of his body. Then they opened Jim's chest and rib cage and disconnected his heart from the arteries and veins. They placed his frigid body on an artificial heart machine so they could then operate on his own heart separately, sewing up the hole between the chambers and repairing a cleft valve. When this was completed, they reattached the heart to his body and restarted the pumping action before closing up his chest.



A family portrait taken the day before Jim's operation in April 1981

Prior to the operation, we spent time with Jim in his hospital room. A few of the older children were there with us and helped him color pictures in a book and do puzzles. Grandma Scribner came for two weeks to care for the family so Cecile could stay with Jim in the hospital for the whole time. We all knew that



Jim after his recovery

Jim had a sweet and trusting spirit with faith that his Heavenly Father loved him and would guide the doctors in their work. He was pure and had no fear! As a result, the operation went very well. After ten days of hospital care and recuperation, Jim was allowed to come home with us. However, within a few weeks it was apparent that Jim was in trouble. The sack around his heart had filled with fluid until it became so enlarged that it put pressure on the heart and caused him great distress. His skin was turning gray, his liver was enlarged and he had a constant cough. We rushed him back to the San Francisco hospital where his doctors put a drain in the sack, and over the next couple of days several cups of fluid drained from the sack that surrounded his heart. Finally he began to heal in a permanent way. Then it seemed that he instantly felt better. He had such a positive attitude that he was a joy to be around. By the end of April, his life was like any other normal four-year-old.

No sooner had we gotten past Jim's medical problems, than we had another traumatic experience. In May, Russ, Craig, Scott and I were at a Stake fathers and sons outing. It was a campout in an area which is now under the water of Lake Sonoma because of the construction of Warm Springs Dam. I took Scott and Craig out of school on Friday, May 15, so we could arrive early and help set up the camp site. The overnight camping was fun, with good food, and the events on Saturday included races for all age groups. An interesting highlight was a rattle snake that the boys discovered. One of the fathers killed it and cut off the head and tail, but Craig got the body. He persuaded Al Willets to skin it and show him how to cook it. Then Craig and his friend, Mike Hoyal, ate it for dinner. They said it tasted like chicken.

However, on Saturday, during the races, I suddenly lost vision in the corner of my left eye. It just went black! Then as the day progressed, this black curtain kept getting larger until it covered over half of the vision of that eye. As soon as we returned to Santa Rosa, I called my ophthalmologist at his home.

Fortunately he was there, and he agreed to meet me immediately at his office. His examination revealed that I had a detached retina, so he rushed me to the hospital and contacted Dr. Jim Harris, a retinal specialist. By nine o'clock Sunday morning, Dr. Harris operated on my eye. Bishop Ray Smith and Jim Moore gave me a priesthood blessing before the surgery began. Dr. Harris was able to reattach the retina by placing a plastic strap around the eyeball and tightening it until he pulled the retina back into position. Then he spot-welded it to the inner surface of the eye. Had we delayed this operation, the retina would have detached completely leaving me blind in that eye. Once again the Lord had blessed our family and helped us through a difficult physical problem.

Scouting had become an important part of our family life. A year earlier, I had been appointed as the BSA Sonoma/Mendocino Council Commissioner. This was a great opportunity for community service, but I needed some training. The Council executive recommended that I spend a week in New Mexico at the Philmont Scout Ranch where there was a training program for LDS Scout Leaders. We decided to go as a family and take some vacation time on the way home. Also, Russ had earned the privilege of attending the National Scout Jamboree in Valley Forge, Virginia. So, at the end of July, Russ left with a Jamboree Troop from our area. They spent a



Neckerchief designed by Charles Schulz for Council and District Commissioners



Grandpa James, Rusty and Cecile at the Philmont Scout Ranch

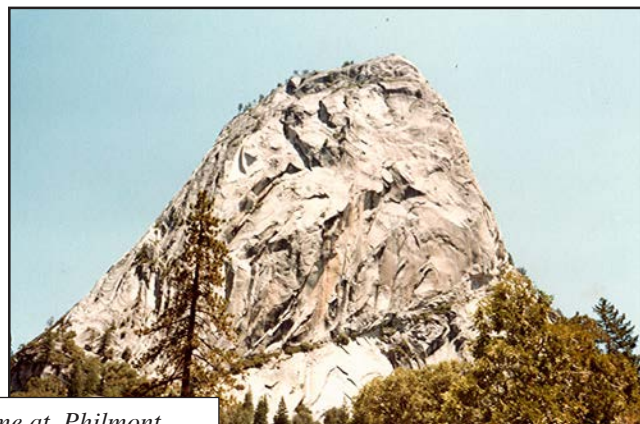
week touring points of historical interest on the East Coast and then a week at the Jamboree in Virginia. He was only home for a week when the whole family got in the (new) van and drove all the way to the north eastern corner of New Mexico. Grandpa James came with us. While I was in commissioner training, Russ went on a five day, fifty-mile hike with other scouts his age.



Gina was in a group of thirteen year old girls called the *Muchachas*. Craig and Scott had cub scout activities all that week and there were also programs for Christy and Spencer. Best of all, Jim could run and play with a group of boys his own age without getting tired. On the way home we stopped at Mesa Verde and the Grand Canyon as well as Bryce and Zions National Parks.



Spencer and Jimmy having fun



The Tooth of Time at Philmont

The final major activity this year was a big one for Cecile. She was the producer for our stake to put on the Broadway play, *Annie Get Your Gun*. It was a huge production with a large cast. Nettie Clark was the director and Nena Payne played the part of Annie. Of course all our older children were in it and, again, I had a small part in the play.



Nena Payne as Annie, Frank Clark as Buffalo Bill and Ralph Hoyal as Charlie Davenport

*George McCrea
Master Builder
-
Sets and Stage
Extension*



Donna Smith as Dolly Tate



*Gina as a
Dancer and
Dad as the Conductor*



Russ as an Indian

Nettie Clark and Cecile



Craig getting makeup



As early as 1982, Cecile began writing inspirational stories. They began as *talks* given in youth conferences and other special occasions, but then they became a hope that might someday lead to becoming a published literary work. At first we thought the title of such a book might be, *Never, Never Give Up*, taken from Winston Churchill's famous slogan for the British people during World War II. Then as time went on we considered the title, *Roots and Wings*, which was taken from her mother's poem by that name. Eventually these became the titles of chapters within the final book, which wasn't completed until seven years later, titled, *Every Life With a Purpose*. Cecile has a wonderful free-flowing style of writing such that her dialogues sound much like her own kind of conversation. They are both humorous and perceptive, sprinkled with frequent spiritual insights. Her stories were delightful to read, and I enjoyed being her proofreader. We met an author on a trip to San Diego who encouraged her to develop her own unique writing style rather than be schooled in traditional literary techniques. We felt this was good advice. We even purchased our first-ever computer, an HP-125 with a primitive word processor, so she could type her manuscripts and store them on floppy disc drives.



Cecile - 1986

Meanwhile, we decided that Scotty and Christy were old enough to have an adventure of their own. After all, Scott was ten-years-old! We put them on an airplane flight to San Diego by themselves so they could visit their Grandma Scribner. She was then living in a newly rented home on the canyon edge in the Kensington District of San Diego. It was Easter Week so they were out of school and were free to spend time getting to know their Grandma better. Of course, she spoiled them by taking them to the zoo, Sea World, the Wild



Scotty at age ten



Scott and David Ashton at Marriotts Great America

Animal Park and the beach. At this point in his life, Scotty was pure enthusiasm without any guile. He was active in Cub Scouts, had a paper route to earn money, and loved going places *fast!* He loved life and being with friends like David Ashton and Jake Moore.



Christy at age eight

Christy was turning eight and was looking forward to her baptism in September. Russ would be sixteen and ordained a Priest so he could baptize her. Christy was *little Miss Inquisitive* with lots of questions that were impossible to answer. These were

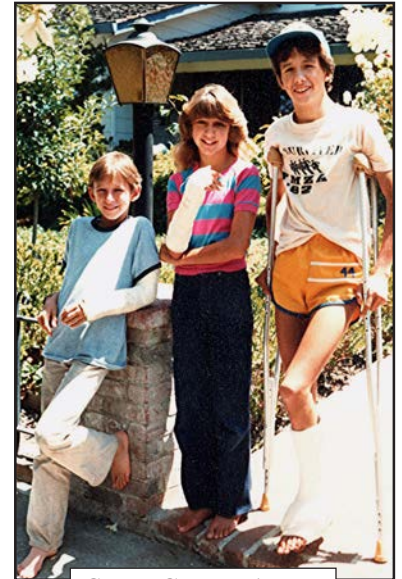
questions like: "Who was Heavenly Father's father?" and "Why can't I feel it when I grow?" She was also very loving and was especially attracted to her grandmothers. She missed Grandma James so she now put lots of attention on her other grandmother. Christy's ability to speak clearly was improving and she had enough self confidence to ignore children who might try to tease her about some of her words which were not yet understandable. She loved to read and literature opened up a whole new world for her. When the date of her baptism arrived, her friend Jennie Guthrie came. Another friend, Jared Cooper, was also baptized that same day.



Rusty Baptizing Christy

1982 was also the year that Russ, Gina and Craig were all in plaster casts at the same time. Russ had major surgery on his foot to correct a birth defect which had not been completely fixed when he was young. Dr. Ralph Hoyal performed a three- hour operation with five separate surgical procedures, including bone removal, a bone graft, and shortening some tendons while lengthening others.

Craig, on the other hand, fell out of a barn in Corvallis, Oregon, while we were visiting Elwood and Ileen Barlow and their family. We were having a great time as our older children became reacquainted.



Craig, Gina and Russ in plaster casts

Russ and Rochelle had been friends when we lived in Los Altos, before we moved to Santa Rosa. The Barlow’s barn had an upper floor with an open doorway that was about ten feet above the ground. The barn had a slippery wooden floor that had been polished by years of dragging bales of hay across its surface. Of course, Craig was running when he slipped on the floor and couldn’t stop, so he sailed out the doorway and fell to the ground, breaking his arm in two places.

Gina broke a bone in her wrist and dislocated her finger by falling off a trapeze. We were setting up and decorating for a Stake Family Dance Party which had a theme called, *Under The Big Top*. We mounted a trapeze from the ceiling of the stake center recreation hall and placed soft pads below it. Gina wanted to try it out but unfortunately she slipped and fell, completely missing the pads. I rushed her to the hospital where the emergency room doctor decided they needed to operate on her finger. I told him to remember that Gina was a pianist so he must be extremely careful with her fingers. We had a prayer and she went immediately into surgery. We eventually returned to the church where the dance party was in progress, but Gina was now in a cast with a bad bruise above her eye.

Our children were blessed and their bodies all healed by the time school began in the fall. In fact, all these three entered sports during the new school year. Craig was on an all-city track team, Russ was on the ward basketball team and Gina was on a girls soccer team. Gina was younger and shorter than the other girls but an excellent player and very determined to compete.

The big home remodeling project this year was the expansion of our kitchen. We replaced the wall between the kitchen and the family room with a brick lined archway. Then the back kitchen wall was pushed out several feet into the yard with new cabinets. A large redwood deck was added to the rear. George McCrea was in charge of the project, and he had to hold up the second story of our home with a jack while removing the kitchen wall and putting a beam in its place. It was hard to live at home that summer with sawdust in the kitchen all the time. However, when the job was done, it was beautiful and we loved the openness of it. Grandpa James came in July for Scotty’s birthday and we enjoyed eating together in our new kitchen and family room.



Grandpa James at Scotty’s birthday dinner

An exciting event happened on August 14th when our friend Bill Sullivan was baptized into the church. Dr. William T. Sullivan had been coming to church for a long time, but had never been baptized. His wife, Mary Lou, was a member and so were their four children. In fact, his son Dan had just received a call to serve a mission in Switzerland. Bill was my personal physician and a good friend, but it took the persuasion of his own children for him to take this step. He had been reading the Book of Mormon every day since he was challenged to do so by our Stake President, Sidney B. Henderson. He knew it was true and just had to get the courage to change from the Catholic faith to the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ. They posed here in front of the Oakland Temple when Dan took out his Endowments before leaving for the MTC on his way to the mission field in Europe. Bill was endowed and sealed to his family when Dan returned two years later.



Bill and Mary Lou with their four children: Tom, Scott, Dan and Sharon



Steve, Ken, Alice, Dave and Doug

In September, my mother came up to the Bay Area and my brother Dave flew in from Phoenix, Arizona where he and Marion were then living. Steve and Mary also flew in from the East Coast. We arranged for a family dinner and evening together at a very nice restaurant in Oakland. Marion was unable to come but the rest of us enjoyed the chance to be together. This was the last time that our mother would be together with all four of her sons at one time. Dave had been diagnosed with cancer. He died a year-and-a-half later, in 1984.



Steve and Mary, Doug and Cecile, Ken and Doreen, Dave - 1982

Cecile's niece, Jerilynn Jensen had stayed with us in Santa Rosa for a couple of summers and there she met Dave Goepel. Dave was a convert to the church and worked at HP as a microelectronics assembly technician in our manufacturing organization. They fell in love and were married in 1982. After their marriage they moved to Provo, Utah, where Shane and Julia were born. Then they spent five years in Pocatello, Idaho, where Rachel was born. Eventually, they moved back to Santa Rosa and HP where Dave worked as an electronics technician.



Wedding Reception for Dave Goepel and Jerilynn Jensen August, 1982

Ralph Hoyal as Mr. Dougan

Doug as Capt. Coombs and Paul Benzmiller as Ebenezer Carver



Mary Ann Taylor as Chastity Dougan and Janette Hoop as Duty Dougan



This play by Joan Oviatt portrayed the emotions created by his message as some believed it and others (particularly Mr. Dougan) did not. It was a powerful experience to realize that those who believed the message of the restoration had to sacrifice much, even family relationships, to accept the gospel.

Two significant events happened at work this year for me. The first was a world wide conference of HP Manufacturing Managers held at the Silverado Country Club in Napa. Managers from all over the U.S. and from many foreign countries were together to share ideas and to learn new insights from guest lecturers. Bill Hewlett and Dave Packard both came for part of it. The most interesting person to come as a guest was Steve Wheelwright from the Harvard University Graduate School of Business. He is Lynn Wheelwright's cousin and an active member of the church. Steve impressed me greatly! I was the senior manufacturing manager present, having been in my job for nearly ten years. I felt strongly that I needed to accomplish something important enough at work to be promoted to a General Manager's position. If I wasn't going to progress in my job, I would retrogress because it isn't possible to just stand still when younger managers are eager to have your job. After the conference was over, I decided to invest HP's money in a new kind of manufacturing engineering program for our division. This was before Universities had created the field of *Manufacturing Engineering* as we now know it, and those who were interested in it were called *Industrial Engineers*. Traditionally HP had only hired electrical engineers and a few mechanical engineers to introduce new products from the R&D Labs and support the production of existing products.

I won the approval of my boss, Bill Wurst, to hire a new team of Industrial Engineers who had been specially trained on how to increase efficiency and reduce costs in manufacturing. I promised him that investing the money to do this would make it possible for me to significantly reduce our manufacturing cost and increase profit within one to two years. It worked!! During the period from 1982 to 1984, this team lowered costs from forty-five percent to forty percent of revenue, adding five million dollars per year to the division's bottom line. By the beginning of 1984, I was offered the promotion I was seeking. However, this promotion took our family to Scotland.

The other event was an experience that taught me to not only resist evil, but to resist the very appearance of evil. I call it the "Little Green Bottle" story. Bill Wurst decided to take his whole staff out to a nice lunch to celebrate our HP success in growth and profits. All the others at our table ordered beer, which came in little green bottles, to go with their lunch. I ordered *Perrier Water*, which also came in a little green bottle. Half-way through the lunch, a woman stood up across the room and came over to our table. She looked vaguely familiar, but I couldn't place her in my mind. She came right up to me and said, "*It looks to me like there is one too many little green bottles at this table, Bishop!*" I grabbed my bottle of water and held it up to her and said, "*Perrier Water!*" A huge look of relief came over her face. I remembered then that she had been a member of my ward several years earlier when I was serving as the Bishop. She then thanked me and left the restaurant. "*What was that?*" exclaimed my boss. When I explained, he responded, "*I'm glad no one in my church would ever say that to me!*" But I thought afterwards, *what if she had not come up to me?* She would have left thinking that I was a big hypocrite, and it might have damaged her testimony. From then on, I was more careful to avoid the very appearance of evil.

As winter came on, our favorite family activity was to go skiing in the Sierra Nevada mountains. Each member of the family could ski at their own level at the same time, so everyone had fun. Sometimes we would rent a cabin at Tahoe, or a condo at Northstar. Our friends the Hoyals had a cabin at Tahoe so sometimes we stayed there. Each winter we found a new place to go skiing so the variety added to the family fun.



Ralph Hoyal in front of his cabin



Doug, Craig, Cecile and Gina Skiing while overlooking Lake Tahoe



Gina & Scott on a Fast Snowmobile



Christy, Spencer and Jim on a sled instead



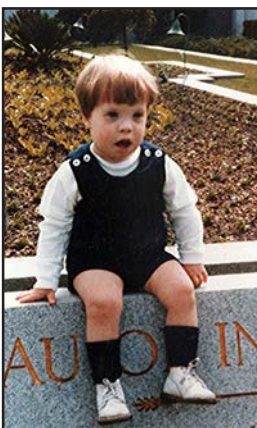
Russ - about to show off before an audience

We continued these winter ski trips every year and the children's ability continued to increase. I was never better than just an average skier so they soon passed me up and loved to tease me as they swooshed by. On one trip to Squaw Valley, I really learned my limitations. I got separated from the family and ended up on the wrong chair lift. I spoke to the fellow on the chair next to me and asked if this was an intermediate slope. He said, "You're crazy! This is KT-22. It takes twenty-two kick-turns to make it down the headwall." I was never so scared in my life. The drop was vertical! It took almost an hour as I traversed the headwall, sat down to reverse direction, and gradually made my way down from the mountain peak.

During the time that I was making plans to reduce manufacturing costs at work, it became necessary for me to hire a new administrative assistant. The person selected was Jean Bachowsky. She was very professional with excellent qualifications and she also happened to be an active member of the Church. Since Jean was a young single adult, she became a close friend to our whole family and was a great help to me, both at HP and also when we were preparing to move the family to Scotland. In addition to Jean, I had an excellent team of managers on my staff. Jeff Gomer and Sam Scott were both later promoted to become manufacturing managers themselves.



Jean Bachowsky with Spencer and Dave Goepel at a Church Pioneer Day Bar-B-Que activity



Benjamin Ashton

A tender moment happened in February 1983, when Benjamin Ashton died. In addition to having been born with Down's Syndrome, Benjamin also had other health problems - he contracted leukemia. At four-and-a-half-years-old he caught a cold, but because of the damage that all the chemotherapy had done, he wasn't able to get better. He died, but his sweet spirit had a profound affect upon everyone who knew him. In fact a young biochemist named Stan, who was working at the Stanford Children's Hospital, became very attached to Ben. Pat Ashton convinced Stan that he should attend the LDS Young Single Adult Ward to find the kind of girl he wanted to marry. Stan did so and learned about the life and mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith in restoring the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He was baptized and then

moved to continue his biochemistry research at the University of Utah. There he met and married the kind of girl that Pat had described, a returned missionary. So even in his short life, Benjamin was a missionary!

March 31, 1983, was my mother's 80th birthday, so we had a big party at our home in Santa Rosa. Alice's sister, Florence Neergard, and Florence's daughter Karen Jones came up for the party as did my brothers Ken and Steve with their families. It was a grand celebration.



Florence, Karen and Doreen



*Alice at Eighty
With the Grandchildren*



In April 1983, Cecile and I bought an option on a piece of land in Montecito Meadow and started planning to build a new home. On a foggy day early in January I had been driving to work over Chanate Road and realized I had never explored a street off to the left called Montecito Meadow Drive, so I turned in to have a look around. When I reached the meadow and looked across the street, I saw a small, hand painted sign nailed to a tree that said, "For Sale," followed by a phone number. I walked over the property and through the fog could see that it was a beautiful site to build a home. So, I ripped the sign off the tree and took it with me while I phoned the number. We immediately gave the owner enough money to buy an option on the purchase and went on to arrange for the financing for the rest. The price was \$90,000, which seemed very high, but we had fallen in love with this perfect location for our growing family.

At that time, Warren Hedgpath was working for another architect and did not yet have his own license so he came to our house once a week in the evening to design our new home. What an amazing experience! As we would describe how we liked to live, he would sketch his design ideas. His floorplan ideas soon grew into a model and finally into an incredible set of detailed architectural drawings. We were thrilled with his work. Of course Warren was in shock when we told him we might move to Scotland for three years so our house construction might have to wait. We paid him for his work and put the drawings into storage where they would be safe.



Cecile and Doug at the Banquet

In June of that year, we found out the incredible news that Cecile was expecting and that the baby would likely be born in late November or early December. We thought that our family was already complete with seven children who were all just two years apart. But now, after a five year break (and at ages forty-three and forty-six), we were going to have a baby. We were pretty excited!

An exciting event that happened in May was a family trip to Hawaii with Dad James and most of Cecile's brothers and sisters together with their spouses (but no kids). It was a blast! There was a Boy

Scout Leaders Conference for a few days followed by two weeks of sight-seeing. The nine of us visited four islands and were amazed by the beauty and variety of the terrain. It was especially fun getting to know her brothers and sisters better. Of course there was a pecking order and we were the youngest, so we had to sit in the back of the rented van and go do whatever the older ones decided to do. Fortunately, we agreed with all they had planned.



Polynesian Cultural Center



Lois, Joyce and Cecile



Cecile and Lois

After the Hawaii trip, Cecile drove our van to Utah so she could put our children into BYU Summer Camps and Workshops. Gina took two of her friends along so they could attend a dance workshop with her. Tina Hoyal and Stacy Jorissen were a delightful addition to the trip. Meanwhile, Russ and I stayed home because we both had to work. At BYU, Craig spent a week in a basketball camp and Scott spent the week in a baseball camp. The younger children all spent the time with Cecile at Grandpa James' home in Provo. They all had a great time in Utah and were driving back home to California on July 9. It was on the way home that Cecile had a terrible automobile accident.

She had just driven past Battle Mountain, Nevada, with the van in cruise control when she was distracted by one of the children in the rear of the vehicle. There was sand on the shoulder of the highway and, as the van drifted onto the side of the road, the wheels spun faster seeking traction. When Cecile pulled back onto the highway, the van shot forward out of control. It flew across the highway into the median strip and rolled over three times before coming to a stop. The children went flying out of the windows as it rolled over because these were the days before seat belts were required in the rear seats. It was very much like the accident I had two years earlier, except this time



Scott - Baseball Camp



Craig - Basketball Camp

Craig was pinned underneath the van and was being slowly crushed. Several truck drivers stopped to help and it took a few men to lift our van enough to get Craig out. He was lifeless until he was pulled out, and then he became delirious in the ambulance on the way to the Battle Mountain Hospital. All nine people were taken to the hospital with severe cuts and scratches but no broken bones. One of the truck drivers phoned me with the news, so I went to the Hoyal's home and we decided to all go there in their motor home. Meanwhile our van and all our possessions had been taken to a wrecking yard to keep them safe from vandals. Ralph, Mona Lisa, Russ and I arrived in Battle Mountain at eleven the next morning to find that the Priesthood brethren from the Battle Mountain Ward had already administered a blessing of healing to each one. Cecile was extremely emotional because she blamed herself for hurting the



Our van in a Nevada wrecking yard



Russ, Craig and me backpacking

children, even though it was an accident and was partially caused by the cruise control. It was a huge emotional trauma for her realizing that all the children could have been killed, including our unborn baby, Lora. These children must have great things to accomplish in building God's Kingdom because Heavenly Father has protected them so many times.

Though Craig had the most serious injuries, he was feeling well enough by August to go with the scout troop from our ward on a fifty-mile backpacking trip into the Yolla Bolly Wilderness. He still had a deep gash in his back from the weight of the van, but it was healing from the inside out. Russ and I went along on the hike so I could treat Craig's wound with salve each day. Near the end of this week-long hike, we finally came to a stream of clear water that was so refreshing I dunked my head under the surface to cool off. Then I took out my contact lenses to clean them and put them back in. Suddenly it was apparent that the water in my eye had washed one of my contact lenses out of my eye. Though I searched for the lens through the sand beside the stream, it was to no avail. I was desperate, so the boys and I knelt in prayer that we could find it. I recorded the words of that prayer in my journal. I said, "*Heavenly Father, I know that you know where the lens is, and that you can show it to me. I really need it Father. Please show me*

where to find it." After the prayer I went back to the area I had already searched, brushed my hand across the sand and saw sunlight glint off the lens. Unfortunately, it was broken, as I must have stepped on it earlier. I realized that I hadn't asked that the lens be intact, but only that I be able to find it! Again Heavenly Father taught me to be more humble in praying for his help.

Heavenly Father's perspective of the potential that each child has becomes evident in each of their Patriarchal Blessings. Each blessing is unique to the individual receiving it. Sometimes they are very specific. Both Russ and Gina received their Patriarchal Blessings this year from Patriarch Thomas Byrne. A portion of each of their blessings is repeated here to illustrate the extent of God's love and expectations for each of our children. To Russ he said,

"... In thy premortal period, you were one of our Father's outstanding sons. You were one who was highly favored because you accomplished all of your works fully and completely, always endeavoring to do a little more and a little better. You had an inclination and a desire to work toward achieving some degree of perfection in every thing you did and our Father placed great responsibilities on you then, in the work that pertained to that period of your existence. He shall (yet) place upon you great responsibilities in connection with his work as it is carried forth in mortality...."

I have to admit, when I first read these words, I put the blessing down and told Cecile, "*This is too much revelation for me!*" At sixteen, Russ wasn't there yet, and I had too little faith to realize that he soon would be. To Gina the patriarch said,

“... Today you are walking in the pathways that He designed for thee to walk in. Today you are one of His chosen daughters, as you were before you came here. Today He is well pleased with thy life.... As you came to mortality, He planted in thee many seeds and you are capable of doing many things with considerable excellence, but there is one seed that will be especially effective in thy life, and that is the seed of love. In your premortal life you were one who was always welcome in His presence, and you came many times pertaining to the welfare of others, and this shall again be true in your mortal life, for again you will go to our father with the needs of many others in your mind, and He will bless them and thee...”

Even at fourteen, Gina had demonstrated that she was more concerned about others than herself. She was completely unselfish and willing to do any thing she could to help them and to please us as her parents. Patriarch Byrne went on to say to her,

“Our Heavenly Father has chosen thee to be one of his special servants in the earth in several capacities. One is in preaching and teaching His holy word... If you will pray, study and work to this end, you will be amazed at how much and how quickly He shall give unto you these qualities. Yea, there will be many of thy contemporaries who will listen to thee with rapt attention. They will learn much by the words that flow from thee, and by your actions and your personality, and they will change their lives for the better. Many will walk in thy footsteps and find greater peace, happiness and security than they had previously known....”

Gina has the great potential to be this kind of an influence for good among her fellow beings!



Russ and Gina in Roadshow

In the fall of 1983, Russ began his senior year of high school and Gina started the tenth grade. A lot of things were coming together for Russ. He was then driving and had access to our 1964 Ford Mustang, which I bought for our kids to use. He was in the Santa Rosa High School Choir and Chamber Singers under the direction of Dan Earl, and they were scheduled for a European Tour for the summer after graduation. Russ and Gina also had lead roles in our ward road show.

As the school year progressed, a lot of things were happening for Russ. He and Mark Norman received their Eagle Scout Awards. His Eagle Project was the installation of a flag pole in front of the nearly completed Rincon Valley church building. He was accepted to BYU to enter in September. He was also doing exceptionally well with his piano music, so we had this picture taken to remember this moment in his life.



Russ at seventeen

In November, my boss Dick Anderson convinced HP top management of his idea to create a new division of the company in Scotland, to be called the Queensferry Microwave Operation. He told them that it was his intention to



Cecile close to delivery

ask me to be the manager of this new entity. Executive Vice President Bill Terry approved the decision so Dick came to Santa Rosa and asked me to take the job. Cecile was very pregnant at this point so I requested a two month period before giving our answer so we could be sure that our new baby, Lora, was going to be born healthy and strong. Lora's birth was a wonderful experience for all of us. Her name came from Cecile's Aunt Lora who died at age twenty-two of tuberculosis, and her middle name from Michelle Jensen, her cousin, who lived with us some summers. Gina and I watched the birth, and then the rest of the family came in. They let Lora stay on her mother's stomach for a long while before taking her away to be bathed.



Lora at six weeks old

By mid January we were confident that Lora was going to be fine so Cecile and I met with the family and we decided to make the move to Scotland. Russ would only be there for the summer before entering BYU and part of the time he would be on tour with his Chamber Singers. Gina was the most concerned because she was completing the tenth grade and she would miss her friends and high school activities. The younger ones were eager to go. We talked about every aspect of the experience and prayed for a confirmation that we were doing the right thing. We felt at peace with the decision so, on January 15, 1984, I accepted Dick's offer and committed to move in June.

In March 1984 Cecile and I left the family in the care of Mike and Terrie Ginn and flew to Edinburgh, Scotland to look for a place to live. We soon discovered that most Scots have small families so it was hard to locate a place for our family of ten people. There was only one spot that felt right for our family. It was a small estate in the village of Ratho, about ten miles west of Edinburgh, called Kirktonhill. Hewlett Packard was willing to buy the property, but it was difficult because of the strange rules in Scotland for selling large properties. We were told it would be sold in a closed auction that would be held one week after we were scheduled to leave the country. The owner would not even tell us how much money he wanted for the home. He gave us a low figure where the bidding would start, but he made it clear that he would not accept that opening figure. He said it would have to be significantly more, but he would not tell us how much more he wanted. I finally got an idea how to settle the deal so I went to the HP Controller and we agreed on a price. Then I went to visit the attorney in charge of the auction and asked, "Have you ever dealt with HP before?" He responded, "No," with an arrogant air. I explained, "I don't know if HP will place a bid for this home or not, but I do know this. If the company does decide to make an offer, they will never, ever place a second (higher) offer." Then I left and went back to the plant where I instructed the controller to wait until one half hour before the bid closure time, and then enter our bid. Finally, Cecile and I flew home, not knowing what the result would be. When the auction time came, the owner decided he would have to stop playing games with us, so he accepted the offer. Kirktonhill was to become our home for the next three years.



Kirktonhill, Ratho, Midlothian, Scotland

In April, we were saddened to hear that our friend, Rochelle Barlow (same age as Russ), died in Corvallis, Oregon. At the same time, my brother David died of cancer in Las Vegas, Nevada. The funerals were to be held on the same weekend, so Cecile and Russ flew to Corvallis while I flew to Las Vegas. These were very emotional events. Rochelle had come home from school, was taking a shower and fainted. After arriving in the hospital they finally diagnosed her with meningitis. This disease destroyed Rochelle's body little by little every day for two weeks. Organs started to shut down, her teeth would fall out when they put tubes in her mouth, and finally her toes and fingers started to turn black. They would have to amputate. And this was a girl who was a musical genius - a child prodigy on the organ. Even at age eleven years she had played some famous organs throughout Europe. This was such a sad occasion. Dave's death was also a sad occasion as he was only fifty-six years old. He left this life much too early.



Rochelle Barlow



After the funerals we all had to rush back to Santa Rosa because there was one more big Church activity we were responsible to carry off. This was a Regional Dance Festival which was to be held in Santa Rosa with the Ukiah and Eureka Stakes participating with ours. *Moods of America* was held on May 9, 1984 - only one month before our departure to Scotland. Cecile was the producer and had choreographed the entire event for over 300 dancers, and it was to be put on in the Piner High School gymnasium. This was a magnificent production. We were participants and so were many of our children, but the entire program was inspirational

for us as well as the participants and audience. It was our last big "Hurrah" before moving and as it turned out, it was also the last big event for our Stake Presidency. On May 27 and 28, Elder L. Tom Perry came to our Stake Conference to release President Allsop and his counselors and call a new stake presidency. We were thrilled that our friend Reed W. Ogden was called and sustained as the new stake president. He chose Richard Wiseman and Jack Hershey as his counselors.

Russ graduated from SRHS on June 13, and the movers arrived two days later. All our furniture was put into storage along with the 1964 Mustang. Everything else was packed into twenty-four suitcases, sold or just given away and our family moved into a motel. HP held a *roast* to send us on our way. All was going well with everyone, except for Gina, who was worried about leaving school and friends. I could tell that she was feeling desperate. She had avoided thinking about moving away until the time had come and now she felt panic. It was emotionally stressful for everyone, but especially for her. Finally the day came and Grandpa James went with us, so all eleven of us boarded a commuter bus to the airport and we were on our way.



Russ on graduation day