



The Story of Our Lives

RICHARD ALAN JAMES

AND

LORNA MATKIN JAMES



THE STORY OF OUR LIVES

RICHARD AND LORNA JAMES



RICHARD ALAN JAMES (1926 -)

LORNA MATKIN JAMES (1928 - 2006)

*Compiled from Dad's notes written in 1975
and conversations and memories recorded by
Don Reed James.*

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RICHARD ALAN JAMES

PERSONAL HISTORY

EARLY LIFE



I was born July 8, 1926 in Rock Springs, Wyoming. I was born at our family home on Walnut Street. Soon after, our family moved to 813 Young Avenue where I lived for the rest of my youth. The city streets were dirt for most of my young memory. We mostly accessed the house from the back alley.

Some of my early family memories included playing *King of the Chair* with my brothers and sisters. I also remember standing by the gas fireplace to get warm while I dressed and putting wet clothes on the radiator to dry. When we had sore throats Mother would put mustard and hot onions around our necks. On Christmas Eve we would lie awake for Mother and Dad to go to sleep so we could get up and see our presents.

When my sister Cheril was born at home, I remember hearing her first cry.

Thanksgiving dinners were usually at Grandma and Grandpa James' and included Uncle Sam, Aunt Viola, and Uncle Eddie's families.

I also recall sitting behind the steering wheel of a car and pretending to drive. It was also a memorable day when Dad brought home a new DeSoto automobile. I also recall a ride to Kent's Ranch in the lumber yard's Chrysler Roadster.

We frequently played hide and seek at night. Other boys and I would often go exploring some of the old coal mine openings. My first bicycle was a Hawthorne and later I had a Schwinn which I kept through college. I recall riding my bicycle to the old Rock Springs Airport (about four to six miles) on bicycle paths where the Debernardi Redi-mix plant was later built. I continued to ride a bike through high school unless the snow was too deep.



My mother Lucie James, with Lois, Tommy and Richard



Lois and Richard



Lucie and Cecil, Richard, Lois, Tommy and Joyce



Lucie with Lois, Tommy, Richard and Joyce

SCHOOL YEARS

I attended Yellowstone Elementary School on C Street. I always walked back and forth to grade school. I remember one time running home to tell Mother some exciting news. Unfortunately, I forgot it was just recess and had to return to school. I learned to tell time from my Mother prior to first grade. I was one of the few who could tell time at the start of first grade. There was no kindergarten.

I feel Miss Maurel, my fifth grade teacher was the most inspirational teacher I had in grade school. My other teachers included Miss Eastman (1st grade), Miss Dilthey (2nd grade), Miss Burroughs (3rd grade), Miss Repasky (4th grade), and Miss Brooks (6th grade).

My early school mates included Edmund Jefferies, Carolyn Lee, Rosemary Anselmi, Irma Jean Fedel, Robert Landeen, Alvia Rauzi, and Koshio Ota. Koshi was a great marble player and we won many marbles together. My favorite shooter was an agate.

My junior high school was on B Street, which is now the District Education building. The only teacher I recall was Miss Fanslow. The high school was at the same school where my children attended junior high school on Gobel Street. The teachers I recall were Miss McCall, Miss Roessler, Ms. Agnew, Mrs. Boucher, Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Brinegar. I graduated in 1944. I liked school except having to take English every quarter in high school. I always liked mathematics especially since I never had to take any work home. I could always get the homework done in study hall. For most of my years of school I was the smallest in my class. When I was a senior in high school I was only 5 feet 4 inches.



Cecil with Tommy, Lois, Richard, Joyce and Cheril

I often worked after school at Superior Lumber Company. I bought my first car in high school for \$150. It was a 1935 and was pretty much a pile of junk. I didn't keep it long. I drove deliveries for the lumber yard after getting a driver's license.

CHILDHOOD PRANKS

I have always loved fireworks. We were shooting off some bottle rockets off a mausoleum in the cemetery one night. Officer Kruegar showed up looking for the fireworks perpetrators. We weren't worried about him. We knew we could outrun him. Most of the time, no one bothered us at the cemetery. We found out later Mrs. Davies was the one who reported our fireworks display to the police.

Once we were setting off firecrackers out south of town. One fire rocket went up, did a u-turn and came right back down starting a fire between the roads at Four-Mile Junction. The fire department was needed to put out the fire. We got a lot of our fireworks from the lumber yard. Even as an adult, I was guilty of having fun with firecrackers, cherry bombs, rockets, and M-80s.



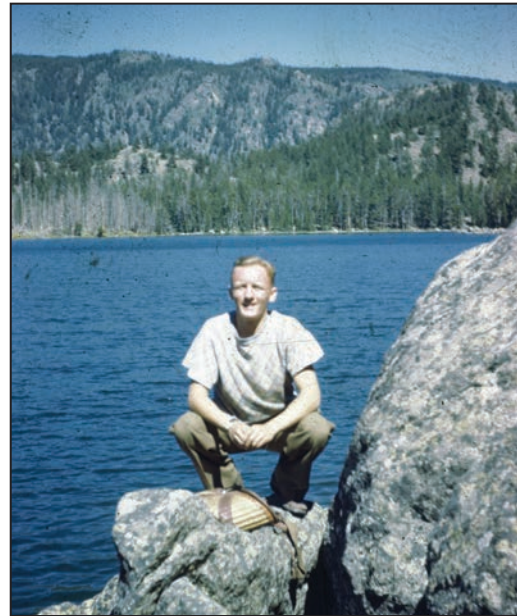
Back: Ray Reese, Richard, Joyce, Lois and Tommy James, Sam, Shirley and Leah Phelps, Elaine, Edwin, Carol, Marge and Joan James. Front: Viola ad Gwen Reese, Lucie, Cecil and Cheril James, Grandma and Grandpa James, Irvin James

There was an outside window in a room above the church above the cultural hall. We would open the window and throw fireworks from the window to cars passing down below. We enjoyed the confusion of the drivers checking for what caused the noise. One day we took a portable siren and would start it up from the window. It also got some great reactions from the drivers. When the police showed up looking around the area, we closed the window and watched from the corners of the window.

When in junior high I rode Tom's bicycle to school. When I came out of school the bike was missing. I went home and told Dad that someone had stolen Tom's bike. Later, when it was time for baptisms, the bike was found in the baptismal font.

EARLY VACATIONS AND TRIPS

Our family spent a lot of vacations at Fremont Lake. My Dad would take us up on a weekend and my mother would stay all week with the children in the tent. Later Superior Lumber purchased a trailer in which we would stay at New Fork Lake.



One summer Tom and I spent the whole summer at New Fork Lake. We collected tires for the war effort. We were paid \$0.01 per pound for the tires and got a cash award of \$100 for the most collected tires. It was fun and we earned a lot more money than we could make at any job. The tires were dumped in the lake by a CC camp. We snagged them with our trolling gear. We would snare the tires and drag them to shore. We took in about seven pickup loads of tires.

On one trip to Fremont Lake, I was driving. We were about 20 miles from Pinedale. Cheril leaned forward to look at Cecile who was a new baby. Cheril hit the door handle and went out of the car at highway speeds. We searched for her for a couple of hours before a passerby, who stopped and was aiding in the search, found her under a sage brush. He gently picked her up, put her and mother in his car and headed to Pinedale. We followed in our car. The Pinedale doctor cleaned and stitched her up and told us to take her to Rock Springs for x-rays. The personnel in the Rock Springs hospital commented how well the Pinedale doctor had cared for her. They found nothing broken and sent her home. She was unconscious and remained that way for three days. She had a friend who would come over and read to her. On the third day, Mother realized that it wasn't someone reading that she heard, but conversation. What a happy time for all of us.

One of my most embarrassing experiences was on the dock at Fremont Lake. I was taking all the fishing tackle to the boat. There were some girls, in swimsuits on the beach, who caught my eye. I walked right off the end of the dock into the lake with all the fishing tackle. Dad made me dive after all the gear. It was probably about a 12' dive in very cold water and in front of the girls.

On one trip to Fremont, there was an aquaplane contest. My father convinced me I should enter the contest. He would pull me behind his Thompson boat with a 33 hp motor. The water was frigid. I took first place. It was helped by the fact that I was the only one who entered the contest. I won \$100, a significant amount in those days. I didn't know there was a prize until I received the check in the mail.

I also remember some family trips to Salt Lake City. We usually visited the Buckmillers.



Aunt Jessie and JoAn, Cecil and Cheril, Lois, Grandpa Howard, Joyce, Roger, Tommy, Richard, Lucie and Cecile, Howard, Grandma Howard, Donna, Jack



Howard, Roger, Cheril, Tommy, Joyce, Richard, Donna, Jack, Lois and Grandma Drucilla Howard

EARLY EMPLOYMENT

I remember one of my early chores was taking care of the Syme cemetery plot. I would put the hose on my bicycle and water and weed the plot. My first paying work was sweeping my grandparents' sidewalks and washing the windows. I was paid a dime. I spent most of one summer being with my Uncle Irvin James who was disabled. I spent many hours after school with him also.



Dick in front of the old Superior Lumber Company

I worked at the Superior Lumber Company during high school driving deliveries to customers and to construction jobs. On one trip in the winter I was overloaded and blew out two tires. I emptied the truck so that I could drive into Wamsutter on single tires. The tires were repaired in Wamsutter where the job was. Joe Hoff helped me unload the truck at midnight. I didn't get back to Rock Springs until 2 a.m. I also ran a laundry dry cleaning route in the owner's old Chevy.

While in college I worked for BYU. I did snow removal, landscaping, cleaning and other tasks. I enjoyed driving their small dozer.



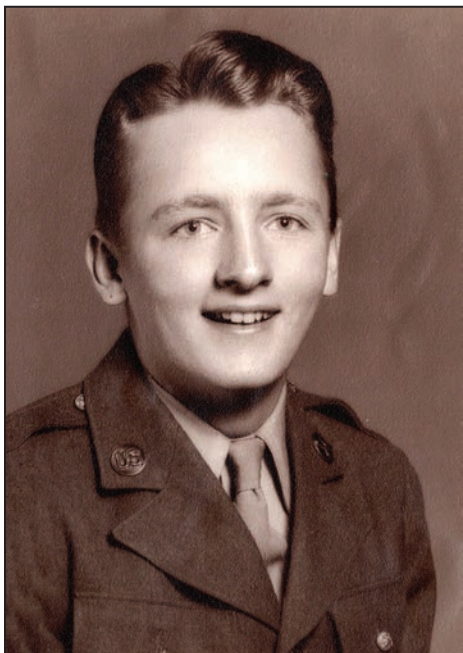
The Old Joseph Smith Building

MILITARY SERVICE

I enlisted in the Air Force while a senior in high school. I was inducted as an Air Cadet January 1944 after one quarter at BYU. I qualified to become a fighter pilot, a bomber pilot (B-25s), a flight engineer, a navigator and a sheet metal worker. I spent approximately four months at Kessler Field, Biloxi, Mississippi for Basic Training, then three months at Smyrna Field, Tennessee. This facility was the B-24 Base Training Center for M.P. and the site for sheet metal work on planes. My score on the navigation exam enabled my final assignment of three months to be at Chanute Field, Illinois as a private 1st class teaching navigation. My teaching responsibilities increased my pay significantly.

I enjoyed my leave time spent in Chicago and St. Louis. I enjoyed seeing major league baseball, visiting the Science and Industry Museum and the Planetarium. I also enjoyed the stage shows at the USO Center and seeing Lake Michigan.

In October 1945 the Japanese surrendered. I was in charge of Day Room when a colonel came in and saw me typing a letter. He offered me an office job which I accepted to get out of K.P. My job was to process discharges for cadets. I put my own name in the first batch (with permission). This helped give me a slightly early discharge to be able to enroll at BYU for the upcoming quarter.



SCOUTING EXPERIENCES

I went to New Fork Lake scout camp with my father when I was nine, ten and eleven. I attended scout camp in 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943 and 1944. Scout camp was usually two weeks long.

While a junior leader on one of the first trips in the Spring to New Fork Scout Camp, Dad pointed out a rock that would be a good fishing spot. I protested that I didn't have a fishing pole. The next trip he brought up a fishing pole. I fished from the dam to the first farm catching fish all the way. I caught over one hundred fish. When I told my dad how well I had done he stated, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself." My feelings quickly melted from pride to shame. However, all the fish were eaten by many scouts at camp.



Tommy and Richard

I remember being sent to the commissary to retrieve a left handed wrench – I fell for it. I believe I earned forty-six merit badges, but never got my Eagle rank because I struggled at swimming and never got the swimming merit badge. My highest rank was Life Scout.

I hiked to Slide Lake one year with Bill Gibbs. We stayed overnight. It was quite a challenging hike. I think Bill Gibbs was one of the best Scout leaders I ever worked with either as a youth or as an adult. The later years at scout camp I was a junior leader. One year dad left his boat up with me. It got a lot of use.



Richard on the far left

In 1944 I went on a Bridger hike to Hobbs Lake, Island Lake, Cook's Lake, Junction Lake with my father and Bob Landeen. I led hikes to Upper Lake, Rainbow Lake and Snake Lake in 1946. I also enjoyed a Wind River Mountain hike with my brother Tom. I went on several *Mountain Men Hikes* in the '50s and '60s. Blaine Richards was usually with me as a partner in the '50s and '60s.



Tommy is third from the left, Richard is fourth from the left

I was a scoutmaster in Provo in 1950–1951. I was a District Commissioner in Provo in 1952. I was also a scoutmaster in Rock Springs in 1953. I also served on scout committees at various times. Other scout positions that I held were: Explorer Advisor 1960–1965, Stake Explorer Leader 1965–1970, District Chairman 1975, Council Vice President Finance 1976 and Council President 1977–1978. I was awarded the Silver Beaver Award in 1973.

One of the boys in the Explorer Post had a non-member father, Frank Toole. His mother was a member of the Church. The parents had been married for twenty years. Frank had met with the missionaries once in a while over that time. One weekend, we had scheduled an overnight excursion for the Explorer Post. We needed another vehicle. The Toole boy said to call his father, so I called Frank. Frank stated he has been waiting to be asked to help and would help in any way he could. Frank helped with the transportation and agreed to stay for the campout. Being a mild night we didn't set up any tents, just a ground cloth, and slept under the stars and a full moon. Frank had never been out with a scout group. Frank and I stayed awake most of the night talking about the boys, chores and responsibilities. We awoke early. The young men, 40-50 of them handled their assigned duties. Sunday, following the campout, as the boys came to church, Frank Toole was in the congregation. He told me that he came to church to ask me to baptize him. I offered to have the missionaries handle the baptism. He said, "No, I want you to baptize me." He was baptized in 1956. The service was overridden with humility and the Spirit of our Father in Heaven due to the nature of the circumstances. Brother Toole stayed active in the Church up to his death. He served on Scout Committees, in Bishoprics, on the High Council and Stake Presidencies. He became President of the Coalville Stake. His last residence was in the Coalville Ward. He maintained a firm testimony of the gospel. He regrets not becoming active sooner. This is an example of the power of asking a person to serve at the right time.

CHURCH EXPERIENCES

My family attended church at the Baptist Church, which was also being used by the LDS Church, until a new church was built on Blair Avenue. I was baptized July 8, 1934 in the Blair church by Martin Botero, a counselor in the Bishopric. My dad was the Bishop. There was no heat for the water and it was a cold water baptism. The font was filled the day before so it did get a little warmer. I was confirmed the next day in church.

I remember giving a talk as a youth in stake conference at the old Lyman church, and in 1944, I was ordained an Elder by my Grandfather, Thomas Alma James, before going into the Air Force.

In 1954, I was called as second counselor in the Bishopric of our Rock Springs Ward. I served from 1954 to 1960 with Bishop James A. Sines, Kenneth Bateman, and Adrian Clark as ward clerk. In 1961, I served as counselor in the Rock Springs Stake Mission until 1965 when I was called as Stake Mission President. I served in that position until 1966. During the years from 1960 to 1965 I also served as Explorer Advisor and as Stake Explorer Leader from 1965 to 1970. In 1969 I served as Sunday School Superintendent.



LDS Church in Rock Springs, Wyoming

In 1970, I was called to serve as first counselor with Bishop Donald Stevens and Blaine Richards. In that same year I was called as Bishop of the Rock Springs Fourth Ward. During the five years I served as bishop I presided over sixty-one funerals. On one occasion I performed a wedding in the chapel with a Catholic priest joining me on the podium. Always at my side was Lorna who welcomed many people into our home when they were stranded or needed a meal and a bed. Our home also welcomed those wanting to hear the missionaries. One such investigator, Tom Patton, joined the church and now serves in Utah County as a judge.

I served as a home teacher for most of my adult life. While home teaching Sister Elnora Bertoncej, I asked Andy, her husband, “*Why haven’t you joined the Church.*” He replied, “*No one ever asked.*” Andy went on to ask, “*How do I tell my Catholic friends that I am going to join the Mormon Church?*” I told him he didn’t need to tell his Catholic friends. They would find out soon enough. He had gained a testimony from his wife. He asked me to baptize him; he lived long enough to take out his endowments and died soon after.

I also was called once to teach the gospel doctrine class - my calling came from my son Don who was serving in the Sunday School presidency. I also served on the stake high council for about five years.

The most rewarding experience that I had in my association with President VanVaulkenburg started when I was called to be the Bishop of a newly-organized single ward. Most of the singles in this ward were between eighteen and twenty-eight years old. A few exceptions were made to this age group. The membership was initially about 160 members. The ward was organized similar to a conventional ward only without children. Activities included skiing excursions, sand dune trips, rafting the Green River below Flaming Gorge Reservoir and overnight camping. All activities were planned and carried



Vernal Utah Temple

out by the members. From the members of this ward there were fifty-eight marriages with fifty-two of the marriages sealed in the temple. During my tenure I interviewed ninety to ninety-five percent of the ward. The success of the ward was a result of excellent peer relationships. I served as the single ward Bishop for nineteen months.

Lorna and I enjoyed working in the Vernal Temple for about seven years. We rented an apartment on property owned by the Chamberlain family. The Chamberlains often invited us to eat with their

family. They never cashed the last five of our rent checks. While traveling between Rock Springs and Vernal there was often some ugly weather on the roads. However, we never missed an assignment even though the roads at times were hairy.

My brother Tom's son, Johnny, died as a result of an accident when he was about fourteen. Tom asked me to speak at his funeral. I was concerned about getting too emotional and expressed this to my family. The talk went smoothly until I stopped for a long, a very long, pause. Cecile thought I was struggling with my emotions, which in part was true. After the meeting Cecile asked me about the pause. My response to her was that the Mapleton White Church was not only filled front to back. It was filled top to bottom. We lost Danny Jensen, a nephew, Johnny James, a nephew and Camie Schlueter, a granddaughter way too soon. I have often wished I could have been taken and they could have been spared. Ron Hirschi is another nephew who is deeply missed.



Daniel Mark Jensen
1956-1975



John Arthur James
1962-1977



Cami Parker Schlueter
1977-2007



Ronald Gene Hirschi
1947-2004

EXPERIENCES WITH UNCLE IRVIN JAMES (DAD'S BROTHER)



Back: Edwin, Cecil (Dad), Irvin Front: Grandpa Thomas Alma James,
Leah, Viola, Grandma Margaret (Syme) James

As a teenager I spent considerable time with Irvin. I constantly tried, but usually failed to match wits and talents. A fascination that was common to both of us was our interest in working with numbers. We tried to outfox each other. I am sure much of my interest in mathematics and challenges associated with numbers can at least be traced to this association. This comradeship started with playing games like Monopoly and gradually advanced to more complex games such as chess. When I first learned chess, Irvin would spot me the queen.

There is no doubt in my mind that Irvin's knowledge largely came about because of his own efforts. I do not believe there was any mental challenge that he felt was too great for him. We corresponded while I was attending Brigham Young University. Once Irvin sent me a complicated advanced calculus problem (my major was Mathematics).

I worked on this problem a considerable time and arrived at an answer with approximately six pages of calculations. When I came home and reviewed my calculations with Irvin, he had the result with about one-half the calculations. I don't believe Irvin attended school after the 10th or 11th grade so he would not have been exposed to calculus.

The summer that Grandpa Thomas James was in the hospital, I spent considerable time with Irvin. Much of the time Irvin would tell me what to do in building and remodeling radios. We would constantly add switches, resistors, condensers, rectifiers, all with the idea of improving reception, cutting out interferences or extending range. Irvin's last radio was custom built to his specifications; but even so, we did much work on this radio after he received it. This radio is in the possession of Don James (2016). The radio was used to monitor Cecil's transmissions from his plane, telling us when he was in the area.

Irvin taught me many card games. Irvin was able to answer many questions about school work and the gospel. I have never done much with genealogy work. If Irvin had lived longer I am sure he could have created an interest in this work for me. I was very receptive to his teaching principles. Many of my conservative views, I am sure, are the product of Irvin's reasoning. Had his physical health permitted, Irvin would have excelled in many professions such as engineering, teaching, electronics or programming in today's world. I was working for Spear Lumber Company in Provo when Irvin passed away. I remember traveling to his funeral on icy roads.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

In high school I didn't date much. My mother arranged my first date with the Bucho girl. My mother had her phone me. I asked her for a date and took her to the junior prom. She was the prettiest girl in my high school. The prom was in the high school gymnasium and we went to eat after the prom at the Howard's Café. I also dated Sheila McGarvie and Irma Jean Faddel. Dad asked me why I didn't go out with a Mormon girl? I told him the ones my age did not have high standards as they should have. Several of them drank. I did not.



While attending BYU in 1947, I saw Lorna at dances with other guys. She was popular. Several times after I asked her out, she would say to try asking her again at a later time. I schemed a group date with

seven boys and seven girls at the Paramount Theatre, and I convinced Lorna to join in the group date. I arranged to sit by Lorna and hold her hand. She agreed to go on a full-time date with me. I then dated her almost every evening for about a month. When I suggested we take the relationship further, she said she liked the relationship with only holding hands and would only get serious with someone who would take her home to get married in the temple.





We went to Rock Springs that Thanksgiving. Lorna said she liked my family. I then drove her up to Cardston with my mother as chaperone. She was still “thinking about” my proposal to take the relationship to the next level by planning to be married. Dad picked up Mother in his plane (I believe this was the first time Mother was in Dad’s plane – she was a little apprehensive). Lorna stayed in Cardston to help her father following his heart attack. I returned to Provo several days later. Shortly after, I phoned the Cardston Temple and made a wedding date without telling her. She was hesitant when I gave her the news. We had to change the date but were married July 7, 1948.



*Dick and Lorna - married 7 July 1948
Cardston Alberta Temple*



We moved into my parents' house right after being married. I finished shingling the outside of the house. One day a bird came down the chimney into our apartment. It was flying around the room. Lorna and I went on a hunt for the bird. We caught the woodpecker with a sheet. This was good practice when an owl came down our chimney later. Luckily it escaped through an open door. While in Provo at my parents' home, I put in plumbing, put on the siding and built out the kitchen. We then moved to an apartment in Provo.



While living in the Provo house Alan was born. One day I was put in charge of watching the toddler. He had just learned to walk and didn't go very fast. Shortly I realized I hadn't seen him in a while. I checked around the house, then around the yard. No sign of him. What a panic feeling. Sue the dog came over to me barking. I didn't have time to play. I was looking for Alan. I finally decided the persistence of the dog was for me to follow her. She led me right to Alan watching the water go by in an irrigation ditch. Go Rin-Tin-Tin.





PROFESSIONAL EMPLOYMENT

Following my graduation at BYU with a degree in Mathematics, I went to work at Spear Lumber. I never pursued a job in my major. Most jobs would have required a teaching certificate or other additional education. I had dreams of becoming an architect. After children started arriving, I never did apply to a school. I had taken drafting and some engineering classes which allowed me to work on the side drawing up house plans. At Spear Lumber Co. I lined up work for their carpenters and supervised the work. I enjoyed working there. I left Spear and went to work for Superior Lumber Company. However, I returned to Spear when the pay

at Superior Lumber Company was not what I was expecting. Spear was running into problems and I went back up to Rock Springs and got my job back at Superior Lumber Company. I continued to draw plans for homes and small commercial buildings. I usually charged \$0.08 per square foot for a whole set of plans.



I handled the bidding at Superior Lumber Company and supervised several jobs. We remodeled the Rock Springs jail now part of the Rock Springs museum. We moved houses into and developed the Bellvue, James and James II subdivisions. We built the Rock Springs Post Office, built a medical clinic, added a new wing on the Rock Springs High School, remodeled and added to Lincoln Elementary School, constructed the Green River Library, remodeled the Rock Springs Library, modernized the

Sweetwater Community Hospital, built the Rock Springs National Bank building, installed a park in Green River, a bank building in Mountain View, remodeled fish hatcheries in Boulder and Saratoga, constructed and remodeled buildings at the trona and fertilizer plants, gas stations, restaurants and many other commercial and residential jobs. The farthest jobs were a gas station in Dry Piney for Chris Bunning and a gas station in Jackson, also for the Bunnings. These jobs were about 150 and 177 miles from Rock Springs.



Post Office, Rock Springs Wyoming

After Dad went on his mission building churches in Australia, I was in charge of the construction at Superior Lumber Company. John Johnson, then Joe Hoff, worked in the lumber yard shop. Some of our carpenters were my cousin Ray Reese, Phil Zaversenic, Frank Selensic, John Legerski and Stan Kouris.

My son, Alan James, worked as a carpenter for about a year. Another son, Don James, worked as a laborer, a store clerk and posting clerk for several summers. Sam Phelps, an uncle, was the bookkeeper and inventory manager. Vern Sather was the store manager. Louise Russell was a posting clerk and secretary. Several teachers worked summer work. When Sam retired Darin Dewey and Joanne Dewey and their children, Steve, Scott and Bruce came into several positions.

FAMILY HOMES

Our first home in Rock Springs after school was at 822 Rhode Island Ave. This was a basement apartment owned by the Menghinis. I believe their first names were Rudolph and Fanny. It was a one-bedroom apartment. Alan slept in a room (closet) under the front porch. It was small, but it was a nice apartment. When Kayleen was born we needed a larger apartment and moved to 826 Connecticut Avenue. This was a larger upstairs apartment. We moved to our home at 1405 Yalecrest Drive in 1957. I designed the plans. My father and I did some of the work. We stayed at this home until I sold it to move in with Don and Rita.



*Dick and Lorna James Family - about 1952 - Provo, Utah
Alan: born 1949 Don: born 1951*





Thanksgiving 1956 - Dick, Lorna, Don,
Kayleen, Alan



Don, Alan, Lorna, Dick, Kayleen

Dick and Lorna James
Family
New Home in Rock
Springs, Wyoming
Kayleen: born 1954
Kent: born 1961



1405 Yalecrest Avenue - New Home in 1957 - Mom and Dad Matkin



CAMPING

On an early camping trip to Yellowstone Park, Lorna stayed up most of the first night. She was afraid of being visited by a bear. The second night Lorna slept well. I heard a noise at the door of the tent. I turned on the flashlight and pointed the light to the tent entrance. A bear was sticking its nose into the door of the tent. I quickly picked up one of my boots throwing it at the bear. It hit the bear right on the nose and out he went. It was my turn not to sleep.

On another family trip, many years later, we placed our tents and tent trailers in a circle. This time it was not a bear. It was a bison that decided to join us by sleeping in the middle of our tent circle. Kayleen's dog indicated it needed to go out of the tent, but wouldn't go. I don't blame the little dog.

I took one non-scout hike with Alan, Don, Blaine Richards, Ben Hash, Kerry Richards, and Alan Hash. We went in at the Big Sandy Openings. It was a good hike except Don got ill. We left him at Big Sandy Lake for several days. He was quite gaunt when we got back to him, but he hiked out fine.

We spent many Memorial Days camping and swimming at Granite Hot Springs or Astoria Hot Springs. I loved the warm water. I remember one night at the Granite Hot Springs camp ground spotting Echo I, the first U.S. satellite, speed across the sky.



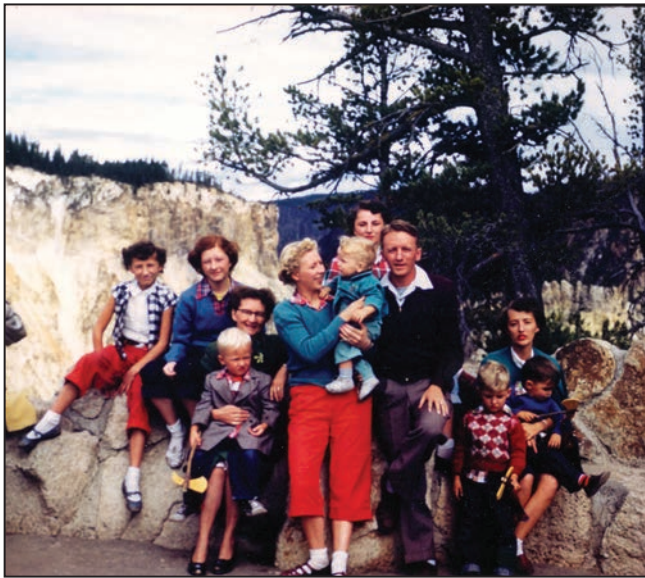
Lorna and Kent at Granite Hot Springs

I enjoyed hiking in to Glimpse Lake to fish. I made several trips there with my boys. One trip was to help the eleven-year-old boys with their five-mile hikes. The girls didn't want to be excluded so, we took the whole class to Glimpse Lake plus Don and Rita and some of Kayleen's children. Kayleen and her family lived close by us for many years. We had many good activities with them. Cami often enjoyed going places with Lorna and me.



YELLOWSTONE

After I was married, many of our vacations consisted of driving to Cardston dropping off Lorna and the children for a month or so and returning to bring them home. Many of those trips involved trips through Yellowstone Park. I love Yellowstone Park.



Yellowstone 1952 - Cecile, Cheril, Lucie with Alan, Lorna with Donny, Joyce, Dick, Lois with Ron and Dave



Dick overlooking Yellowstone Falls

On one trip through Yellowstone Park, Kayleen was holding my hand. She was probably four or five. There was a bear on the approach to the view of the Yellowstone lower falls. It was enjoying someone's food in a brown paper bag. While I was talking with someone, Kayleen dropped my hand. It took a few moments to notice she was off to pet the bear. I made a mad dash catching her arm as she started petting the back of the bear. The bear swung around just as I was grabbing her away. The bear's claw caught and tore a corner of her coat. A second later, the result could have been so different. While driving through the Park, we saw many bear along the road. They would beg for food. It was common to bring food to feed the bears from the cars. We benefited from this foolishness until feeding was outlawed with stiff penalties.

On one trip with Kayleen's family I was talking about catching fish. All her children wanted to go fishing. I saw the fish planting truck dumping in fish. We went to that spot after the truck left. All the children caught fish. Lorna cooked a lot of fish that evening.

Once Lorna showed me some cute moose calves. She wanted pictures but warned me not to get too close. Mamma moose was grazing a *safe* distance away. I was getting close to the calves when mamma moose thought I was too close. There was nowhere to go except for a dense stand of saplings. I ran into the saplings. The moose did not follow me in but would not let me out until the calves started wandering away from where we were. That's an experience I don't want to repeat.

FISHING



Fishing with Grandson, Conrad James



Dick fishing with granddaughter, Jennifer James

I liked to go fishing on Saturdays with my boys. We fished streams until I got a boat. After that we did a lot of trolling. We went fishing in Fremont Lake, New Fork Lake and lot of time in Flaming Gorge Reservoir. I took Alan fishing when he was five in New Fork Lake. He caught a bigger fish than I did. In his prayers that night, Alan asked to bless dad to catch a big fish like his. As the boys got older we would add water skiing to our fishing trips. One Saturday, when the fishing got slow, Alan started water skiing. He skied all the way from Firehole to the dam stopping only to change gas tanks.



Alan's first fish - July 1954



New Fork Lake



Fremont Lake

I went on one fishing trip with my brother Tom to Christina Lake. We went in on Tom's custom Jeep. The road was very rough. We lost a battery on his jeep, but a girl on an ATV took us out and back with a new battery. We fished from float tubes. The others used flippers. I couldn't get the hang of flippers so I just kicked with my feet. I hooked the largest trout I ever caught. It was a 22-pound lake trout. It pulled me all over that lake. After landing the fish, the wind blew me faster than I could kick without flippers. I ended up on the far side and had to walk with my tube and fish around the lake.

One day I talked Kent and Don into driving with me up to Little Sandy Lake trail head. I drove a 2-wheel drive Ford Courier pickup. We put Kent's motorcycle in the back and headed out. To get to the trailhead we had to drive up block and tackle hill. Prior to getting to the hill the truck was having engine problems. It took a flip of a lever under the hood to fix the issue. While we were stopped, a man and his wife came by. He looked at the little truck and told us when we get the truck running we should turn around. He stated that there was no way a 2-wheel drive truck would make it up the hill. I assured him I had been up the hill before and felt I could make it. He scoffed and drove off. With the truck running properly, we proceeded on. We soon came to block and tackle hill. We unloaded Kent's motorcycle which he drove up the hill with ease. With Kent and Don pushing, we made it up the hill after several tries. We soon caught up with the skeptic. His wife saw us behind them. She smiled as she turned to report our presence to her husband. We were laughing as he jerked around to see us behind him. It made the trip worthwhile.

Tom brought me with him to Alaska to go salmon fishing. We weren't successful in the bay. There was a guide operating the boat, another fisherman, not Tom, and me in the boat. The guide decided to take us up a river. The boat got caught on a snag and capsized in the river. Wow, was that cold water. I grabbed some willows and was able to pull myself to shore. The other fisherman and guide found handholds and got themselves out. However, my camera and all the tackle were lost. Even though that day was a bust, later I caught my largest fish ever. It was a greater than fifty pound salmon!

HUNTING

The first time I went hunting was to the upper Green River. Neither Dad nor I got an elk. However, since then I have harvested about twenty-nine elk, a few deer, many pheasants, sage chickens and ducks. I shot my first elk on Mt. Nebo. I went with Leland Wells. I shot a cow elk. Leland thought I should wait for a bull. He never got an elk that year. All the other elk I harvested were taken in Wyoming. I shot one royal bull elk, one with seven points.



Lorna did not like the smell of deer meat cooking so most of my hunting was for elk. Lorna went hunting with me a couple of times. One trip I had an “any deer” permit and shot a young deer. Lorna was sad when she saw the deer. Alan looked at his mother and said, “Don’t cry, it died with a smile on its face.”

The largest deer I harvested was a huge atypical buck with 33 points. It was not very good eating. My hunting companion from Spear Lumber wanted the head. I also went deer hunting with my sons a few times. I think our dog ate a lot of the deer meat.

On one elk trip my hunting companions left before me. I came up later. It was late in the day and snowing heavily. Driving to the camp I got stuck. It wasn’t too far from the camp so I grabbed my gun and started walking. I soon came across a large bull which I shot. When I arrived at the camp I was told I might as well go home. There were no elk in the area. No one had seen any fresh sign let alone an elk. They were quite shocked to hear that I had one elk down walking to camp. I think I have been very fortunate to have taken so many elk. I also think that when I hunt I often separate myself from the others and this helps. A lot of the elk were harvested in the Willow Creek drainage southeast of New Fork.

One year Ernie Winfield shot an elk. Don was cleaning the animal. I was walking over towards them when I saw another elk. I took a shot. The elk flinched like he got hit. I handed Don my gun and told him to go check it out. He tracked the wounded elk around Flat Top Mountain over to the New Fork Lake area. The wounded elk entered the New Fork Boy Scout camp through a damaged fence. Don shot him close to the water front area. We were looking for Don back in the Willow Creek area. Kent went to get dinner ready at the scout camp cabins where we were staying. Don was at the scout camp cabins cooking fresh elk liver and onions, many miles away from where we were.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

Lorna and I had many friends living in Rock Springs. Some of the families from our early years were the Oliver family who lived next door on Young Avenue. We also were friends with the Culver family, the Landeen family and the Dixon family. Several of the West families were also in our circle of friends. Rulon West and his brother Owen and Blanche and their sons’ families - Larry and Verna West and Keith and Margene West.



Lorna trying out a gun



I think my neighbors and I enjoyed pranks. Larry West let us know when we were out for malts that he didn't have his wallet. When he was in the restroom, we all left telling the Chinese proprietor that Larry would pay for the refreshments. We also told him that Larry would try to wiggle out of paying the tab and not to let him do it. We watched the drama from across the street.

One time Keith West found a rattle snake. He killed it, brought it home and late at night coiled the dead rattle snake on my truck seat. I got up extra early and was quite startled by the snake. However, the kids had mentioned that Keith had killed a snake. I went on to work and called a nurse at the hospital to call Keith and ask him to get someone to come and give a blessing to me at the hospital as I was suffering from a heart attack.

Another time I placed an elk head on a 2 x 4 and propped it up in Larry West's second story bedroom window.

One year the scouts collected discarded Christmas trees one year. Instead of taking them to the trash we piled them in Bishop Weed's front yard. There were hundreds of trees.

ADVENTURES WHILE WALKING

I found an early escape and exercise program by going walking. I walked five to seven miles a day several times a week. I would usually walk on different dirt roads south of town. One time I noticed a car pull up. The individuals in the car stopped and got something out of the car then drove off. I went over to see what they took out of the car. I didn't see anything. The following day curiosity got to me so I drove back to the site to look around in the daylight. There was a cooler in a tree. Looking in the cooler were packages of what appeared to be marijuana. I drove back into town and talked to deputy sheriff Ed Cantrell (later to be written up in *Life* magazine and featured on "60 Minutes"). It was quite a while before he went with me to see the spot. When we arrived, it was apparent that the cooler had been retrieved quickly. There were skid marks from a vehicle leaving quickly. I wondered if the delay by Ed was intentional.

On another occasion I had some teenagers throw rocks at my truck doing damage while I was out walking. I was returning as they were using my truck for a rock target. I yelled at them. They jumped in their vehicle and sped off. In frustration, I threw a rock at their vehicle hitting and breaking their tail light. They were later identified from the piece of tail light I recovered from my rock. The boys and their parents agreed to make restitution instead of having charges filed against them.

One night driving into town I noticed a lady walking into town without any clothes. There had been an incident between her and her date. Her date left her without any clothes. I gave her a blanket and drove her to her home.

Once I had a herd of horses stampede past me. I was relieved when they were past and none of them had knocked me over. I had to get Lorna or one of the boys to come and get me unstuck several times. Lorna was not too happy with the time I spent walking, especially when I came in later than expected. Don has stated that he had to come looking for me for coming in late way more than I ever had to worry about him coming in late.

In spite of my walking, in April 1974 (forty-eight years of age) I needed to have a heart bypass surgery. I checked into Holy Cross hospital the day before the surgery. I had a bid opening that afternoon.



Dick after surgery - 1974 - 48 years old



Lois and Dick - 2009 - 81 and 83 years old

The doctor was not very happy when I left the hospital to go to the bid opening in Wyoming. I was successful on the bid. I needed a new job for the carpenters. As far as I know, the heart surgery was successful also. Lois (my sister) and Ernie Winfield took me to a follow up appointment with the heart surgeon. I asked the surgeon how long I had to live. He replied "five to ten years." I asked him, "How do I make it ten years?" He said, "Walk." I asked him "How many miles?" He replied, "How long do you want to live." Since then I took my walking to another level and have walked many miles. Lois also started the regimen of walking. I made it well past the ten years. (I am now ninety-one years old and Lois is eighty-nine - 2017)



*Dick's 90th Birthday - 8 July 2016
Alan and Sandy and Family, Don and Rita and Family, Kayleen and Family, Kent and Susie and Family*

TRAVELS

Lorna's sister Eva and her husband Bill Thompson invited us several times to their house in Hawaii. I enjoyed playing chess with Bill, ocean fishing, touring, attending the temple and snorkeling in the ocean. Bill would play chess with me. One day I took a walk through the lava fields. It was rough going. Bill chastised me, telling me I could have fallen in a crevice and not been found.

I went on a Caribbean cruise with Lorna. I remember visiting Jamaica, Caymen Islands, St. Thomas and St. Kitt. Lorna wanted to go on another cruise, but her health prevented us from going.

As a result of the number of Boise Cascade homes we sold, Lorna and I were rewarded with a Spanish vacation. Lorna rode a camel in Morocco. I tolerated the Spanish food.

Lorna and I were flown up to Alaska with Don and Rita for Conrad's marriage. We flew up on Christmas day. Don came in late at night excited about the northern lights. I didn't go but, Lorna went and watched the lights with Don. Seeing the northern lights with her son was a very special event for her.



Dick and Lorna in Spain



Lorna on Camel in Morocco



Eva and Bill Thompson



Bill and Eva Thompson and Lorna - 1991



Dick and Lorna in Hawaii 1983



Lorna, Ernie and Lois, Dick - Alaskan Cruise



Dick, Cecil and Lorna in Hawaii 1983



Lorna, Tom and Roberta on Caribbean Cruise - 1988



*Dick on trip with
Tom
Moab/Colorado
Jeeping*

FAMILY TRIALS

In 1980 my mother, Lucie, had a couple of strokes. The second stroke took mother's mind but her doctor told the family that her heart was strong and she could possibly live three more months in this comatose state. My father, Cecil, asked me to give Mother a blessing and release her from this mortal life. I did and she died three hours later.



Dick with Cecil and Lucie at their 50th Wedding Anniversary - 1975

(A Note from Cecile Scribner: I was in California when the family circled Mom in prayer as Dick gave her the blessing to release her from this life, but Dick talked to me about the experience. He said that he gained a greater knowledge of the power of the priesthood at that time. He didn't want to release Mother when Dad asked him to, but as he had his hands on her head, he felt very strongly that if he asked for her to be healed, that Heavenly Father would honor his priesthood and do that, but he also received the very strong impression that it was her time to go, and that he should release her. That is why the blessing was so hard for him to give. He said he'd never understood how great the power of the priesthood was until that time.)



*Cecil James Children and Spouses at Cecil's Funeral - 1988
Alf and Joyce Ridge, Doug and Cecile Scribner, Dick and Lorna James,
Richard and Cheril Snow, Roberta and Tom James, Lois and Ernie Winfield*

One of my saddest times was the loss of Cami Parker Schlueter, Kayleen's daughter. She had spent so much time with Lorna and me. She was often at our home in Rock Springs. She accompanied Lorna and me on many trips. I wished that I could change places with her. I wished I could be with Lorna and that Cami could stay with her family.



Dick with Jack Parker (Nathan and Kelly's son) taken after Cami's burial



Cami and Kayleen at Dick and Lorna's 50th Wedding Anniversary

Cami died on the 3rd of December 2007, North Logan, Utah



Lorna and I had good children. They each had their problems. Some problems were more difficult than others. We enjoyed having fun together. Family gatherings were often. Lorna loved having her children around a table or two. I wish Lorna was here to organize some more gatherings. It was a sad day when we had to let Lorna go to her parents and family on the other side. She died January 28, 2006.



Don, Dick and Lamont Matkin



Dick Landeen and Tom James



Jessica, Julianna and Amanda James



Jenny and Michael Webb



Shelly James, Jarrod and Karen Cain, Alan and Sandy James



Doug & Cecile Scribner, Cheril Snow, Alf & Joyce Ridge,
Tom & Roberta James, Ernie & Lois Winfield,
Dick, Lamont Matkin, Eva Thompson



Kent and Dick James



Kayleen's Children and Grandchildren: Nate & Kelly,
Bruno & Cami Schlueter, Joshua, Kyle, Austin



Susie James and Rita James



Dick and Lorna's Grandchildren



Don & Rita's Family: Michael & Jen
Webb, Julianna and Reed

Kent and Susie James Family:
Jessica, Chris, Amanda



Eva Thompson

I married Thomasina Fratt, a neighbor of Don's, on September 8, 2007. I took Tommi and her daughter Toni to Yellowstone and went with them to Lake Powell on a houseboat with Don, Rita and others. Tommi and Toni loved being in the water. Tommi was a great lady. We lived in her house with her daughter Toni until April 2011. We were divorced due to friction between Toni and me. Tommi and I were discussing getting remarried when she died on her birthday on March 3, 2012. Toni died one year later.



*Alan, Kayleen, Toni, Don
Dick and Thomasina*



Dick, Lois, Cheril, Joyce, Cecile, Tom

LATTER YEARS

One evening I was leaving to walk to Don's house to watch a BYU game. There was some ice on the stairs. I slipped on the ice and was knocked out for some time. I came to and went to Don's. The next day the doctor said I appeared to be okay but to watch for unusual symptoms. Several weeks later I had headaches that wouldn't go away. Returning to the doctors, I was given a brain scan. I was told I needed to have some brain clots drained. Two operations were needed. I believe this injury adversely affected my memory and coordination.

I now enjoy trips. I especially like the trips that involve family. Going to Shelly's wedding was great with Don and Rita, Reed, Camie and Boyd and Don's grandchildren Spencer, Nicole, Ashley and Mika.



Shelley Kidd and her dad, Alan James



Alan and Sandy James, Dick James



Jarrod Cain and Dick



Jameson and Karen Cain

We went through South Dakota, had a bison shake the car, spent some quality time with Alan's family and returned through Yellowstone Park. It was a great adventure.

I spent some time with Kent, Susie and their family in Dallas. It was so good to get reacquainted. I love being visited by my children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. I wish I could keep them all straight. Kent, a long time ago, would sometimes complain, "Not another family gathering." I think he now enjoys them as much as I do. My family is my best joy. I love going to the temple. I try to go weekly. It's one chance I have to have purpose in my life by serving those who have died before me. I also enjoy going to Cecile's home on many Fridays for lunch with those siblings and their family members who attend.

I believe I could not have had a better wife than Lorna. Lorna was a great wife and mother.

I have had a good life. I have a wonderful family. My one wish is that I had spent more time with Lorna and my children.

Notes:

Due to Lorna's health following her back surgery she and I lived with Kayleen and Lou for a while. Then we moved in with Don and Rita for the seven months prior to her passing. I then moved back to Rock Springs. I was not happy by myself. I accepted Don's offer and moved back to his and Rita's home. I put the Rock Springs home on the market. It was sold in the summer of 2006.

Marriage to Tommy Fratt: September 8, 2007 to April 2011

Entered Cove Point Apartment: April 2011

Left Cove Point and returned to live with Don: December 2011



Dick at his 50th Wedding Anniversary

FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY - 1998 - ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING



Alan & Sandy, Kent & Susie, Don & Rita
Kayleen, Dick & Lorna



Lorna and LaMont and Ruth
(Matkins)



OUR CHILDREN



ALAN RICHARD JAMES



Alan and Davey Hirschi



Four generations: Alan Richard James, Richard Alan James, Cecil Syme James, Thomas Alma James



Alan, Dick, Cecil and Shelly, Karen, Sandy



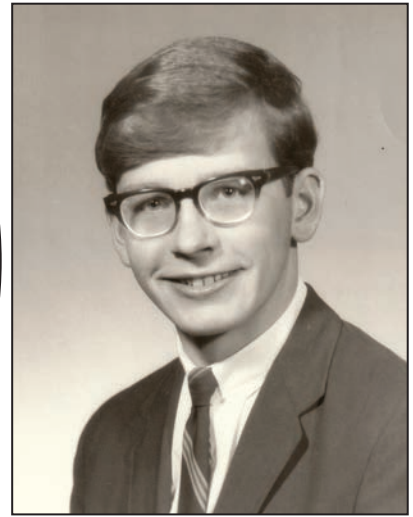
Alan with Karen and Shelly



DON REED JAMES



Alan and Donny



Alan and Don



Don, Lorna, Dick and Kent



Don and Rita, Jennifer, Richard and Conrad

KAYLEEN JAMES



Lorna and Kayleen



Dick and Kayleen



Kayleen with Lorna and Dick, Josh, Kyle, Cami, Nate

KENT LLOYD JAMES



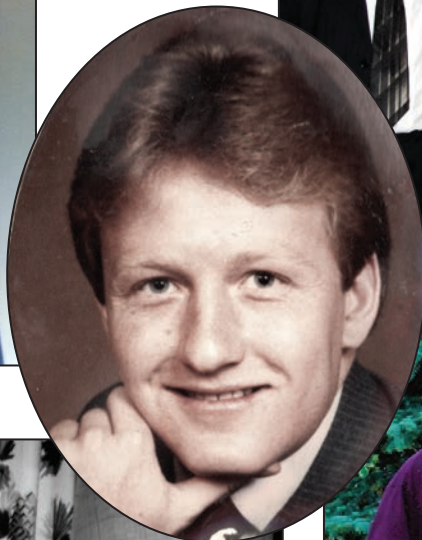
Lorna with Kent



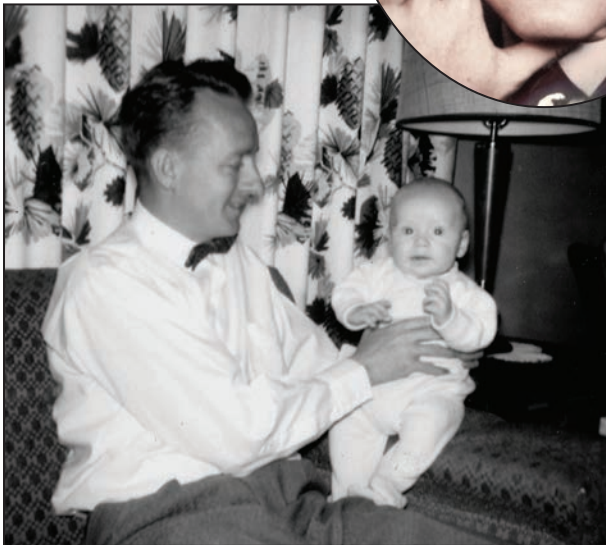
Kent with
Grandpa (Heber)
Matkin



Dick with Kent



Don, Kayleen, Kent, Dick



Dick and Lorna with Kent and Susie and family,
Jessica, Chris and Amanda

RICHARD ALAN JAMES

BY HIS MOTHER, LUCIE HOWARD JAMES

On a windy summer day, July 8, 1926, I lay in bed with my first born, Richard. Outside my window neighbor children were playing 'London Bridge is Falling Down.' Each time the bridge fell and captured a child the child was brought right under my window by the two captains and asked, "Which would you rather be, the richest man in the world and have all the gold and silver, cars, planes and houses or be like God?" Every child without exception chose the latter, and as I looked at my baby I hoped in my heart that he too would choose enduring values.



Richard started to talk before he was a year old, but what a difficult language. He and I put in many a tedious hour trying to establish a means of communication. As the other children came along, Richard was always there to interpret to me what the baby was saying. Then the day came when Richard started to school. In true Wyoming style the bigger boys beat up on him, not once, but every day for a week. I used to stand at my dining room window and watch, not knowing what to do. Finally he came home a hero. He had beat up the biggest boy in the class. He

said, "Mama, when Toshie had me down, Rose Mary said, 'You lay off of Richard.' But, when I had him down she said, 'Go to it Richard.' And I did!" Thus ended all school fights for Richard. Twelve years later they held one of their graduation parties at our home and most of the original first graders were there.

One member of the class, Robert Landeen, was a close pal to Richard for fourteen years. Their mutual interests in ping pong and scouting kept them away from many of the temptations and pitfalls of youth.

When Richard was about fourteen years old he started to work at the Lumber Yard and has been practically self-supporting ever since. One February when the temperature was thirty degrees below zero, he was sent with an overloaded truck to deliver some lumber in Rawlins, Wyoming, a distance of over 100 miles. His father and I were in Salt Lake but Lois stayed up to wait for him. When it got to be two o'clock and he hadn't returned, she called their uncle and some men set out to look for him. About half way there, three tires had blown out and knowing that he would freeze if he didn't keep active, he unloaded and loaded the lumber all night long. That same night just seven miles away a man in a stalled car froze to death, so we were very thankful that he had had scouting.





Richard
and
Tom



All of the children love camping and used to look forward to summer when we would load the car and boat and take off for the lake. Richard and Tom were both good boatmen and fishermen. Fremont Lake was just seven miles from Pinedale, Wyoming. One day the scout leader from there, who was half Indian, asked Richard if he would take a boat-load of scouts up to the head of

the lake. When the day arrived it was storming, and it was six o'clock before the leader arrived. I didn't worry because I knew that no one would start out in such a storm, but he loaded up the boat and off they went into the storm. We heard the motor stop several times but Richard made it safely.

One day one of his high school teachers called and said, "Mrs. James, I hate to keep Richard off the honor roll but he isn't doing 'A' work in English. Will you try to find out why?" To my inquiries Richard said, "Mom, there is a war on. Who cares who wrote *Thanatopsis*?" When one quarter in college he did make an 'A', he proudly sent his grade home accompanied by fifteen dollars which he said he did not need. I returned the money saying, "Now take your fifteen dollars and get yourself a date. You'll remember your dates longer than you will your 'As'." Part of the money was squandered on a long distance telephone call in which he said, "A fine thing - A fine thing. I slave to get an 'A', and then you, etc. etc." It eventually paid off however, for a couple of years later he met, dated, proposed to and went up to Canada to ask Lorna's father for his daughter's hand in marriage - all in the space of two months.

They now have three sons and a daughter, Alan, Don and Kayleen and Kent, which their grandmother thinks are extra special.

Richard and Tom were real scouts when the family camped at Fremont. They would burn all the cans and smash them before putting them into the garbage and our camp was always neat. One week while camping, we ran out of food and money. Richard immediately took charge. Taking the truck he gathered up all the spare tires that he could find on the lake shore and took them into Pinedale to sell. He not only got the money, but since there was a drive on to bring in rubber, he also got the prize for bringing in the most rubber. He then took the money, about three dollars, and bought groceries which he apportioned to us for each day. He and Tom caught fish to help fill us up. We didn't starve, but we sure ate a lot of fish.

Richard's love for scouting has grown with the years. For even though he is now a counselor in the Bishopric, he still has a scout troop to take up his spare time. He was always quick on the "pick up." In the army he was one of the top seven who qualified for pilots' training.

When meeting a friend, he generally repeats their name and this with a lilt in his voice. However, when he comes home, he bursts in like an adolescent with a loud, "Hi mom!" gingerly banging the door and poking anyone who might be handy, but somehow it wouldn't be Richard any other way.

PS. *Thanatopsis* was written by William Cullen Bryant





LORNA MATKIN JAMES

LORNA MATKIN JAMES

PERSONAL HISTORY

EARLY LIFE

Lorna Matkin was born November 3, 1927. She was a cranky baby. Her siblings would ask her parents to make her quit crying. Heber was on a mission and Loreen had her hands full. In later years Lorna asked her mother why she would let Heber go on a mission to England even though she knew she was expecting. Loreen explained she had had several miscarriages after Lamont was born. She further explained to Lorna that the Lord could have taken him forever, but he only asked to have him for two years.

Heber received his mission call to England soon after he had purchased a new business. The sale of the business was profitable enough to support him on his mission. Loreen would often take the children and visit Uncle George and Aunt Margaret. When Heber came home from his mission, Lorna was not comfortable with the stranger with a moustache. Lorna wanted Uncle George to be her dad. Lorna soon came around to accepting and loving her father.



Heber Matkin with his daughter, Lorna

Heber bought back the store after returning from his mission. The family lived down by Lee Creek below the hills in the old Matkin house. The house had an outside privy. There were two bedrooms. Heber, Loreen, Eva and Lorna slept in one. Mont and Grant and sometime Uncle Joe (Heber's brother) slept in the other. In the summer Uncle Joe farmed the old Matkin farm. The rest of time he would spend at the old Matkin house. Lorna remembers her mother sweeping the floor around him as he sat in front of the stove.

Eva said Lorna was sick a lot when she was little. It's been reported that the attention paid to Lorna when she was little resulted in her being a little spoiled, especially when she was sick. Heber fixed up her mother's wicker sewing stand with a cloth on it. A bell was placed on the stand. Lorna remembers that she would ring the bell a lot and that her mother would always come. Eva confirms that Lorna would ring the bell quite a lot. Lorna remembers that her mother was always kind and patient when she was sick. Lorna in later years worried that her mother was running her legs off. Lorna liked her father and Brother Schow, a neighbor to give her blessings.

Lorna remembers as a little girl getting stuck in the mud out by the old outhouse and not being able to get out. She remembers crying and crying until finally Elsie Aldrich, a neighbor, heard her cries and came and rescued her.

The family would often go for a car ride after Heber came home from work. On one ride Lorna's mother said, "I wish I had gone to England with you, Heber." Lorna started to cry and said, "Then I would have been born here all alone." Heber enjoyed telling that story to everyone, much to Lorna's embarrassment.

In 1932 Lorna's family moved to the house by the temple. The house had an inside toilet. They could look out the big dining room window and have a great view of the temple. Lorna started first grade in the new home. School was about two blocks from the house. The temple was a block away.

Lorna remembers her first grade teacher, Miss Schofield, as a crab. Lorna remembered the teacher banging her head against the blackboard one day. The teacher also threatened Lorna that if she was late one more time she would be given the strap. Lorna liked her second grade teacher (Miss Hinman) much better.

When Lorna was in the second grade, her brother Grant decided he would make some lead book ends like a pair their parents had. They were Indian chief heads. He was using sand casting and lead. A small coal stove was in the basement. It was used to heat water. Grant was using it to melt the lead for the castings. Grant was carrying molten lead to pour into his sand molds. He dropped the lead. The hot lead splashed on Lorna's right knee and the inside of her left foot. Lorna screamed. She was placed on the kitchen table. The lead could not be pulled off. It was melted to Lorna's thick brown socks. Unable to make it to school in her usual manner of riding with Mont on his bicycle, Lorna camped out on the couch until she could make it to school again. Her teacher Miss Hinman came over to the house several times. On Easter, the bandages were removed from her leg and foot. One day she wore short red stockings. The dye from the stockings got into the burns causing blood poisoning. She spent more time on the couch away from school.

When Lorna was seven, Ruth was born. When Lorna's mom and dad went to the temple, she would go down and stay at Sister Anderson's home. Lorna said she was surprised that one time on returning from Sister Anderson's a little baby girl was home with her parents. Lorna would often have the task of rocking Ruth back and forth in the buggy until she would fall to sleep.

Lorna loved playing and spending time with her older brother Mont. There was an old abandoned car not far from Lorna's house in which she and Mont played. They pretended they were driving and going great places. One day Mont and Lorna found Eva's Eaton Beauty Doll with real hair and eyelashes. Mont said, "Pretend you're the mother and I'll be the barber. You bring your baby in for a haircut." They took the doll around to the back of the house and Mont clipped the doll's hair. Dolls with hair were rare at that time. They broke Eva's heart and got into a lot of trouble.



Lorna and Ruth

One Friday in the fourth grade on her lunch hour, Lorna went to pick up some produce from her dad's store. She became unbearably ill on her way home. Mr. Nielson, a teacher, saw her agony and gave her a ride home. She went to bed and her mother called Dr. Darby.

The doctor took her right to the hospital to have her appendix removed. The memory of the chloroform and the mask was upsetting. Lorna remembers being very thirsty and not given any water. The night after the surgery was most miserable. A week after the surgery, the doctor came in and removed the stitches. After the doctor left Lorna complained to the nurse that the surgery site felt so strange. The nurse assured Lorna the strange feeling was just the removed stitches. When the nurse checked under the dressing, blood was spurting from the wound site. The nurse ran and retrieved the doctor. Lorna begged the doctor not to give her any more chloroform. She promised not to cry. It was very painful; the wound was reopened. An artery was against a stitch, which had rubbed and weakened the artery and broke through when it was removed. Lorna went home, but she needed to have the wound reopened and repacked several times. She missed a lot of school this year also. Miss Gregson was her teacher that year.



Lorna, Loreen, Eva, Heber

Lorna's home was always a church-centered home. Service to others was always important. Heber served as a bishopric counselor to N. Eldon Tanner who later became an Apostle. Owen Brown, a brother to Hugh B. Brown, dealt with Heber in the store. It wasn't too unusual for a General Authority to visit at the Matkin home.

About her ninth grade Lorna began working at her dad's store, the Cardston Trading Co. She stocked shelves and filled orders. She worked on and off most Saturdays and summers. Lorna enjoyed working in the store. The majority of the customers were Native Americans. This began a love and appreciation for the Native American culture. She passed on several Indian phrases and words to her family.

Lorna remembers taking summer vacation trips to Kalispell. The family would stay in a motel and go shopping for school clothes. Sometimes the summer trips would take them over Logan Pass to Belton (West Glacier) to pick up Grandma Hansen who would take the train from Weiser. Sometimes she would bring Lorna's cousin Jackie with her.

Lorna's grandmother came to live with them after her stroke. Some of her grandmother's care was up to Lorna after she would come home from school. Even though Lorna didn't always enjoy taking care of her grandmother, she always got the job done. Because of this Lorna was always worried about becoming a burden to her family. In spite of Lorna's health problems, she was never a burden.



Lorna

Although she claimed she wasn't fluent, she knew enough to help the individuals when they came into the store. Lorna collected several examples of Native American crafts including some bead work, dream catchers and sand paintings. She also preferred non-boring colors.

Lorna was quite social in high school and college. In high school she often had dates two to three Saturdays in advance. At that time a dance involved dancing with several individuals, not just the one you had a date with. Lorna loved to jitterbug. Gold and Green Balls were always a good time. Lorna loved being in the floor shows. One year she was voted queen of the Gold and Green Ball. Cardston had an outdoor dance place down by the creek. Many summer nights Lorna was down there dancing. Several summers Lorna, her mother and Ruth would go to Waterton and stay in a motel. There was a big dance pavilion in Waterton. On Saturday nights Lorna enjoyed dancing with boys from all over. Lorna served as class President in the eleventh grade and as vice-president her senior year of high school.

Lorna told a story of ice skating on the flooded frozen field and being on the end of a whip of skaters. She went flying and hit hard. She said that was the start of many hip and back problems she would be afflicted with.



Lorna

BYU and Marriage



Dick with Lorna sitting right in front of him

At BYU Lorna roomed with five other roommates. She became good friends with Donna Nye and Beverly Washburn. Because of the war, females outnumbered males by a large margin. However, this didn't seem to bother Lorna. She had a "HIM BOOK" to keep track of the boys she met. It took quite a bit of intrigue for Dick James to get her attention during the last quarter of her first and only year at BYU. After being put off for a single date, Dick arranged a group date with her roommates and some men to the Cinema Theatre. He made certain he was sitting by Lorna to be able to hold her hand.

After that Dick kept asking her out and showing up at her apartment to eat the chocolates brought to her by other men. During a “*define the relationship*” discussion when Dick mentioned that they had fun together and ought to get more serious, Lorna mentioned she would only marry someone who would take her home to get married. Dick agreed. They were engaged in November. Dick flew up to Rock Springs on a commercial flight with Lorna to meet his parents at Thanksgiving. Lorna picked out the engagement ring at a jewelry store in Provo. Dick then went down and purchased the ring. Then at Christmas time, Dick and Lorna drove up to Cardston to meet Heber, Loreen and Lorna’s family. Lorna stayed in Cardston to work at the store due to her father having heart problems. Lorna had quite an intense quarter of schooling at BYU.



Dick and Lorna were married in the Cardston Alberta Temple on July 7, 1948 by President Edward Wood. The wedding was delayed waiting for Cecil to fly in. They finally had to go ahead with the wedding. After the ceremony, there was a sit-down dinner catered by Jean Card. Lorna said the wedding night was not the most romantic. They sped around Cardston to avoid the shivaree group, then headed for a marathon ride to Banff National Park. It was quite late when they arrived. There was wood already for a fire in the fireplace. Dick lit the fire but failed to open the damper. They were driven out by the smoke; not the best prelude to a romantic night.



Best Man (?) Dick, Lorna, Ann Schmidt, Beverly Washburn, Ruth Matkin. Children are Jim Matkin and Linda Thompson



Lorna and Dick with the Washburns, Lucie and Cecil James, Heber and Loreen Matkin



Tom James, Lorna, Susie (dog)

Dick and Lorna lived in Dick's parents' Provo home. Dick worked on some remodeling instead of rent. He also started work assembling furniture. Dick soon found a better job with Spear Lumber Company. He had hopes of going to Architect school, but when Alan came along the plans changed. Lorna worked for a while at JC Penny's but morning sickness put an end to that. Lorna said that the first year of marriage was a hard year. Dick bought his first car. He also was given a car to use from Spear Lumber. It was good to have some freedom to get away from the house. They then moved to an apartment on 5th North in Provo. Dick invested in some property at the top of the road going from Provo to Orem. They moved to a home they rented in south Provo.



Lorna and Alan

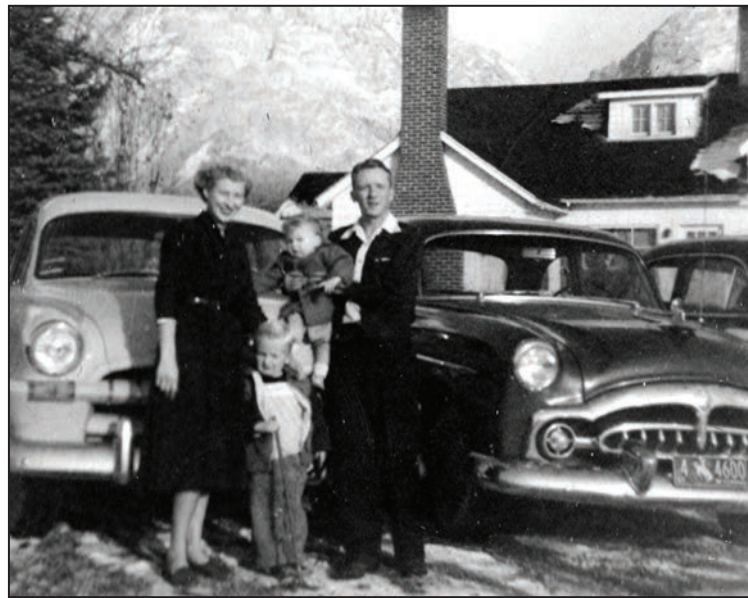


Dick with Alan



Alan Richard James

Lorna and Dick, Alan and Don in Provo



After becoming pregnant with Don, Lorna found she had a tumor on her spinal column. It caused a lot of pain. She was given morphine to help deal with the pain. They wouldn't operate on it until after Don was born. Lorna had to sit up in a chair to sleep. It was a most uncomfortable pregnancy. The birth was even worse. Don was breech. They used forceps to aid the birth. Lorna lost a lot of blood. She had to recover from the birth and then have the tumor removed. After the tumor was removed Lorna was paralyzed from the waist down. Lorna's mom and dad came down from Cardston. Heber gave her a blessing that Lorna would walk out of the hospital on her own. She did.

Grandma James and Dick's sisters watched the boys until Lorna came home and recovered from her operation. After her recovery, she was with only minor back pain for the next fifty years. Since Alan was still bald, Lorna was happy that Don was born with hair.

Dick and Lorna made trips to Bryce Canyon, rides around Nebo Loop and long rides to Canada. Lorna loved to return and spend time in Cardston.



The Matkins - Ruth, Grant (holding Alan), Loreen, Heber and Lorna

The couple moved to Rock Springs living in an apartment owned by Rudy and Fanny Menghini on Rhode Island Avenue. It was a basement apartment. They parked and entered from the alley at the back. The apartment was a small one-bedroom. Alan slept in a closet, Don slept on a bed in the back porch area.

When Don and Rita visited the Menghins many years later, Mr. Menghini in his Italian accent said. "Donny, you were the best little boy." And, "Your mother is the best Canadian I ever knew."



Alan and Donny with Grandpa and Grandma Matkin



Donny about 1952



Davey, Ronnie, Alan, Donny



Alan and Donny about 1953

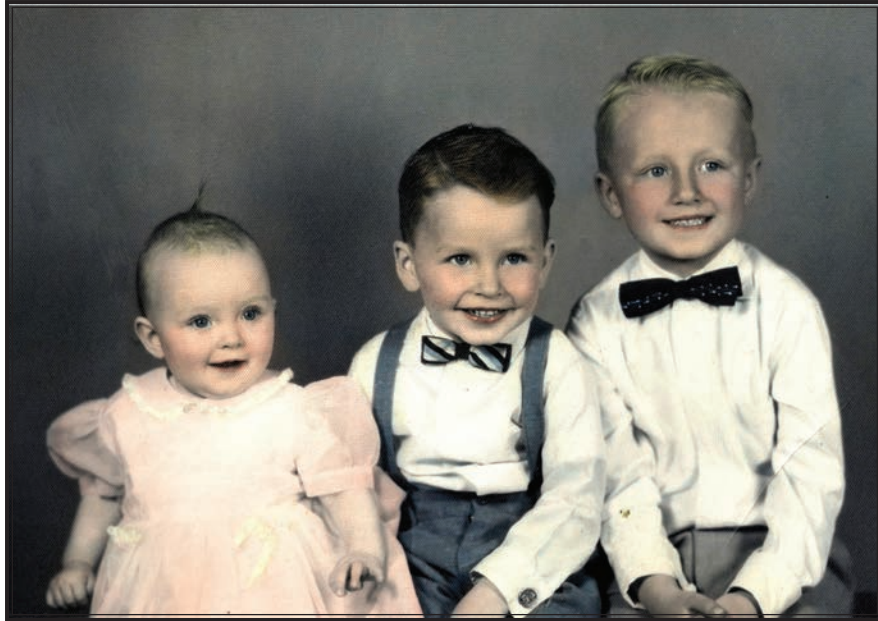
When Lorna was expecting Kayleen, Lorna and Dick moved to an upstairs apartment on Connecticut Avenue. Don and Alan give their mom a lot of first-aid practice. Alan fell with a plate of cookies cutting his chin open on the broken glass. Don smashed his fingers in the hinge side of a door, got run over by a sled on Rhode Island Ave, cut his arm in the sewing machine cabinet when he dropped the sewing machine and he needed his stomach pumped after drinking an unknown amount of insect repellent. She was lucky no first-aid was needed one day when Don disappeared and was not able to be found. Luckily Lorna saw the top of his stocking cap in a smoldering garbage can. Garbage was burned in 55-gallon drums at that time. Another close call, not needing first-aid, was when Alan pushed Dad's truck out of gear sending the truck precariously close to Don and stopping on top of a retaining wall. That incident happened on Rhode Island Avenue, a San Francisco-steep street. If it wasn't first-aid, it

was two little boys that tracked in a lot of mud usually right after the floor was mopped (or so it seemed to Lorna).

Alan received a bicycle for Christmas. It was a full-size Schwinn. When Alan was having a difficult time learning to ride it, Lorna had to give him a demonstration of how to ride.



Alan, Kayleen, Donny



Kayleen, Don, Alan

Lorna had Alan take Don to his first day of kindergarten. Soon he was back at the house and didn't want to go back to school. Lorna had to carry him all the way over to Yellowstone School. Then she needed help from Miss Young, the teacher, to peel Don off of her. The next day Lorna made arrangements with the neighborhood girls to take him to class. He walked with Diane Deneley, Sue McCurtain, Janet Jackman and Antoinette August for the rest of the school year. Lorna was a great problem-solver.



Don, Kayleen, Alan



Lorna, Alan, Don



*Dick and Lorna's Family
Alan
Don
Kayleen
Kent*



Lorna became friends with Verna and Marjean West while in these apartments. These would be long-lasting friendships. This was a time when Lorna followed in her mother's footsteps of church service and loving others.



*Afton Bateman, Deann Wood, Elinor King, Lorna
Relief Society Presidency 1961*

Dick and Lorna's finances were lower than they expected when they left Provo and moved to Rock Springs. They were trying to save for a house. Lorna bought few clothes for herself and obtained second hand clothes from friends and relatives for her boys.

In 1957 Dick and Lorna moved into a house Dick designed and Superior Lumber Company built. It was one of the first homes in the James addition. As new homes were built, Lorna did the final cleaning in several of them. When Individuals moved in Lorna tried to make them feel welcome. Marjean West and Verna West and their families moved in as neighbors. Other neighbors were the Paias, Kershisniks, Arambels, Bettolos, Koses, Bensons, Debernardis, Parrs, Reeses, Ruffinis, Dupapes. Lorna and her family had wonderful interactions with these and other great families over the years.



Dick and Lorna in front of new home



*Lorna's parents, Loreen and Heber Matkin,
in Rock Springs 1962*

Trips to Canada were some of most enjoyed excursions by Lorna. She loved spending time with her family. Dick enjoyed Yellowstone. Many summers he drove the family to Cardston and returned to retrieve them several weeks later. Most trips were in the summer. However, there were several white-knuckle trips in the winter. On one trip, it was a long wait to have the road opened by a snow plow. The trip was always worth it. It was always great to come home. And, Lorna was pleased that her children became acquainted with their Canadian grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins.



Lorna, Heber, Kayleen, Loreen

On a trip from Rock Springs to Casper one spring Dick was driving the families 1958 Pontiac Super Chief he had purchased from his dad for \$600. It was early morning and coming around a corner a patch of black ice was on the road sending the car off the road down the embankment. The car landed on its roof. The children were in the back and were unhurt except for Alan's bloody nose. Lorna, however, suffered a broken pelvis. She was on crutches for several months. Dick would take the children

outside the hospital so that Lorna could see them from the window until she could be released. Poor road conditions were not Lorna's friend after this. Taking the roads to the Vernal temple were especially a test of faith and service.

Lorna loved activities with her family. She put a great amount of effort in preparing for camping trips, extended family gatherings and trips to Utah to visit her and Dick's relatives. She had a special affinity for Granite and Astoria Hot Springs. While Dick loved taking off in the boat or hiking the hills, Lorna enjoyed the comfort of staying by camp. The camp often gave great companionship and bonding opportunities with others. Other times the camp gave Lorna solitude. Camping trips must have reminded Lorna of trips she so enjoyed as a youth to Waterton National Park with her family.



Lorna in Yellowstone

Dick and Richard Snow - fixing our grub



Dick, Joyce, Lorna, Kayleen, Jerilynn, Tommy and Kent



In San Francisco 1965 - Dave with Michelle, Danny, Jerilynn, Cecil, Joyce, Shauna, Lorna, Cecile



Lorna with granddaughter, Karen



Lorna and Dick at Fremont Lake



Lorna, Ernie and Cheril

Dick loved hunting and fishing. Lorna found cooking and eating elk or pheasants weren't too bad. Her filleted and breaded trout was fabulous. However, she found ducks a mess of plucked feathers with poor eating when done. Deer meat, well, if it didn't smell so bad when cooking it. she could at least feed it to the dog. One deer was left to be smoked at the smokehouse. It tasted pretty good. After that she asked Dick to hunt elk instead of deer. Her least favorite wild meat to cook was probably sage chickens. When asked why she put in so much effort in getting Dick ready for the hunts and cleaning up after he came back. Lorna replied it was worth the quiet time.

When Lorna cared for her grandmother she often found the tasks objectionable. However, she was diligent in helping with her grandmother. From the example of her mother, Lorna learned service. The joy of service was learned later through many hours of loving service. Lorna prepared and delivered many meals. Visiting teaching assignments were seldom missed even if she had to tag a child along with her. Many meals were prepared by Lorna for others. Some meals were Relief Society assignments others were just because she was concerned. She was always concerned about those who were distressed.

She spent extra time with her children whenever they were ill. Lorna said her children liked her comfort when they were ill except for Don, he just would want to be left alone. One illness took the most effort. To keep Don from having to be hospitalized, Lorna brought him home. She would put him in a little red wagon and haul him to the rest room or the living room. She would bring him meals and haul him to the hospital for tests. This lasted for months. Kayleen took some extra attention after breaking both her arms. With Kent it took a lot of attention after losing his front teeth from an accident with a swinging stick. Dick brought many suffering souls home for Lorna's help. Dick was Bishop. He was often called when people needed assistance. She kept two daughters at her home after their parents were hospitalized from a car accident. As adults they searched out Lorna to express their thanks. Another time Lorna had a young husband and his baby at the house after a car accident which was fatal to his wife. One Christmas eve Dick brought home an unemployed hockey player. The police couldn't contact another "minister" for this individual to talk to after an apparent suicide attempt. He moved on Christmas day. One of the greatest services she performed was reaching out through many cards and letters she sent. Those who knew Lorna knew they were loved. Included is a transcript of a letter Lorna sent to Cecile.

Jan 24, 2003

Dear Cecile,

I just read your book - congratulations - you did a terrific job. I'm going to make a copy for each one of my kids.

The wild December just carried into January and I'm having a free 2 days from the temple. We have been down here to the temple the last 2 weekends to work and I was looking forward to a weekend at home alone to get a lot done, but Dick insists on going down to Southern Utah to one of the parks - so here I am.

Cami was sealed in Logan the 5th of December and I probaby told you she had worked so hard on her worthiness and Heavnyly Father let her know she was all right. Zac was just beaming when they brought him in to the sealing room and the net morning he said, "Good morning my

forever Mom, my forever Dad and Brow.” Bruno has really been a good dad to him.

Then Nate was the 18th and we went to her endowment here in Vernal and then to their wedding in Manti and their reception in Rock Springs.

Christmas day we flew to Anchorage with Don, Rita, Richard, Melissa, Spencer and Julie for Conrad's doings. That was our Christmas present from Don. I got to see the northern lights one night again - I hadn't seen them since I got married so that was really a high point for me. We use to go out and say, "The northern lights are bright tonight." Not realizing what a great show we were able to see.

As of February we will have worked in the temple here for 5 years. We do two mountain passes & the Uinta Forest - so it's over the mountains and thru the woods to the temple we go. A lengthy newsletter.

I was so proud of you to go back to college and graduate when you are such a mega busy lady. I soo admire you for that you do - you are remarkable. I'm sure your grandfather is grateful to you for clearing his name.

Take care my dear,

Love, Lorna

Lorna's mom and dad wrote quite often sometimes weekly. It appears she responded with regular letters to them. One letter written in 1963 from her mom chastised her for working too hard with her back. Her mother told her to "*Take care of herself.*" Loreen's letters often spoke of temple work, a weather report, illnesses and funerals, news of family members and concern for her grandchildren. Some of the comments were a reflection of Lorna's concern for her children. Discussions of their health, friends and participation in Family Home Evenings were repeated topics. In many mid 1960s springtime letters Kent and the pea patch were mentioned in the writings.

Lorna's neighbor put a cinderblock wall up that she thought looked hideous. Several months later a strong wind (even by Rock Springs standards) blew the wall over. Lorna was teased by her children that someone wouldn't want to cross her or she would put the hex on you like she did the wall.



Lorna, Kent, Kayleen, Dick, Alan, Don in Rock Springs, Wyoming



Lorna and her sister, Eva Thompson



Lorna and her brother, Grant Matkin

Lorna loved traveling with her sister Eva and Eva's husband, Bill Thompson. Eva and Bill had a home in Kona. Dick and Lorna would fly over to Hawaii and stay with them. Dick and Bill would play chess, go fishing and snorkeling in the ocean. Lorna and Eva would spend time together with sister talk and shopping. The couples would also visit places of interest including a visit to the island of Moloki where a leper colony once existed.



Riding a camel was the highlight (lowlight) of her trip with Dick to Spain. Lorna was fascinated by the children she saw. Some were beggars; some had trinkets to sell, and others were playing and walking. The trip also included an excursion to Morocco where the camel ride probably happened. This was Lorna's only trip to Europe. Lorna and Dick also went on several cruises. These included a cruise to Alaska and two cruises to the Caribbean. Dick and Lorna also traveled to Mesa Verde and around Colorado. The trips that Lorna talked about the most were ones that involved family especially her children and grandchildren. She enjoyed recalling trips to Lake Powell, of visiting Alan and Sandy's home in Montana. She worried when Kent and Susie moved from Colorado to El Paso that she would see their family less often. When she heard Don was going to Houston on a business trip she said he should drive over and visit Kent in El Paso. Don explained that Houston is almost as far away

from El Paso as Rock Springs is from Cardston. Lorna loved having a grandchild or two travel with them. Camie Parker enjoyed adventures and loved to tag along with them.



Lorna with Ernie and Lois Winfield at Crater Lake, and with Roberta James in front of their Cruise Ship

Dick and Lorna were called as temple workers to the Vernal Utah temple. They drove between Rock Springs and Vernal every week. In the winter the trip was often through freshly fallen snow with a few snow drifts to break through. Of course, they always made it. After arriving in Vernal they would stay at the Chamberlain's. They had an apartment to rent. However, the Chamberlains never cashed any of the rent checks Lorna and Dick gave to them. Lorna got quite close to the family. She would often babysit the children on Friday nights while the parents went out. Whenever they arrived they were greeted by Rodman, a colorful show rooster. Lorna loved the time she worked at the temple. It was like a mission to her. It also brought memories of the many years her father and mother served in the Cardston temple. Lorna's testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the eternal nature of the soul and family was expressed by words and her church and temple service.

Lorna started suffering from a lot of back pain about the year 2000. Dick and Lorna moved in with Kayleen in 2003-2004. Lorna felt she wasn't making much progress with her doctor and followed up with a specialist in Jackson Hole in September. Dr. Mary Neal told Lorna her back was in bad shape. Osteoporosis had greatly weakened her vertebra. The doctor suggested filling the vertebra with a plastic cement to keep them from collapsing further. A surgery was performed cementing three vertebrae together. Prior to a second surgery to cement some more vertebrae Lorna had a mild heart attack. Dr. Neil would not operate without heart surgery. Lorna's oxygen was too low. Lorna was off to the University of Utah hospital where a heart valve was replaced the day before Thanksgiving. Dr. Stringham was her surgeon. Her back pain prevented her from lying down and she spent her recovery sitting in a chair. After her release she returned to Kayleen's to be cared for.

In January 2005 Lorna was back to Jackson Hole and Dr. Neil's for the remainder of her surgery. The surgery went well. She was so happy for the prospect of reduced pain. In recovery, an aid named Gary came to draw some blood. Lorna said that Gary was irritating. Then he pulled the CPR lever instead of the down lever. The CPR lever dropped the bed abruptly to the floor causing unbearable pain. Lorna said that pain was far worse than any labor pain.

Lorna moved back to Kayleen's home. Kayleen quit her job to spend more time caring for her mother. Kayleen and Lou got Lorna a hospital bed. A few months later, Lorna and Dick moved in with Don and Rita. Lorna spent a lot of time going to pain management. Dick was traveling to the Vernal temple, then to Rock Springs to check on the house and back to Spanish Fork.

Lorna soon lost a lot of her mobility. It was good that Don worked close by. He was able to carry her to vehicles and around the house, payback for when Lorna had to transport Don up and down the hall when he had rheumatic fever. The remaining months of her life included trips for pain management. She had a morphine pump put in to replace the drug patches she was using. The treatments did not give her much comfort. Don and Rita enjoyed the close time they could spend with her.

On a visit to the University of Utah Hospital, Lorna suffered a stroke. The medical professionals treated the stroke with a blood thinner. The blood thinner started some internal bleeding. The hospital said they could try a surgery to stop the bleeding. Lorna and her family decided against another surgery.

One of Lorna's last conversations, as recorded by her husband Richard, was as follows:

Richard: *"Lorna, what would you like more than anything else in the world?"*

Lorna: *"To watch you"* repeated several times.

Richard: *"Would you like to go on a trip?"*

Lorna: *"Yes, where are we going?"*

Richard: *"Would you like to see your father, your mother and your oldest brother?"* All were deceased at this time.

Lorna: *"Yea, can I go now?"*

Richard: *"Yes"*

Soon after that she was gone.

Lorna had funeral services in Rock Springs and a graveside service in Springville. She is buried in the Evergreen cemetery in Springville, Utah. She is missed by her family and friends. Her love of her family and service to so many will be eternal.



FAMILY PHOTOS



Alan and Sandy James Family (2017)

Back: Karen Ann James Cain, Jarrod Alan Cain, Alan Richard James, Sandra (Sandy) Kay Miller James, Shelly Lynn James Kidd, Ashley Kay Kidd, Jeremiah Jon (JJ) Kidd Front Row: Jillian (Jill) Ashlee Cain, Jameson (James) Adam Cain, Nickolas (Nick) Alan Cain, Matkin (Mack) Andrew Cain



Don and Rita James Family (2017)

L-R: Conrad and Lisa James Family (Ashley, Mika, Lincoln and Caleb), Joseph and Julianna Lucie (James) Wing Family (Mason, Eli and Corbin), Don and Rita James, Jennifer (James) and Michael Webb, Reed Howard and Kami Jo James Family (Boyd, Lilly and Isaac), Richard and Melissa James Family (Spencer, Nicole and Luke)

Kent and Susie James Family (2017):

*On left: Chris and Tiffany James (Clay on lap, Landon in front, Aubrie behind Landon),
In Back: Jessica (James) and Travis Day (twins: Hudson on left and Harvey on right),
Al and Amanda (James) Strange (Andrew on Grandpa's knee and Skyler waiting to join the gang),
Susie and Kent James in the Center*



*Josh and Amber Parker,
Avaya and Kannon Parker*



Austin, Sam and Ronan Parker



*Kayleen (James) McClure's Children
and Grandchildren*

*Kyle and Kylee Parker with Qynn
and Davis John*



*Cami's Children: Zac, Broc, Janie and
Shaylee Schlueter*



*Kayleen with
Kannon and Avaya*



*Nate and Kelly Parker
Lily, Calvin, and Jack*

MEMORIES

From Conrad James:

Grandma was always welcoming to me. When I was seven, I spent a week with her during the summer. She never complained when I switched back and forth between bedrooms. When I was newly married, Lisa and I were in Park City and last minute decided to drive two more hours to visit Grandma. We ate with her and then turned around to go back to Provo. On another trip, I made a surprise late night visit, during a trip to Denver, and crashed the night with a friend on the downstairs bed.

Grandma's pantry was always full of treats as well as the freezer. There was often ice cream from the Schwan man's truck.

Grandma had fantastic fingernails and was very soft. Sitting next to grandma during church was a coveted position. You could lean on her and get a fantastic back scratch.

There are other fun memories such as circling Christmas presents in the JC Penney catalog or receiving \$1.00 for Valentines Day, but sitting next to Grandma during church is my favorite.

Playing "Oh-heck" with Grandpa was a staple for when we visited. I can hear Grandpa's laughter when more fingers pointed outwards than there were tricks to be played or when someone won more tricks than they guessed. The most epic card game with Grandpa was when Uncle Kent introduced *PIT* to Grandpa and it overwhelmed him. I can't remember if Grandpa walked out early, but he was nearly frozen as everyone was furiously trading around him.

Grandpa took us hunting to scout camp and fishing to Glimpse Lake. After the fishing trips, Grandpa would ask Grandma to make popcorn fish from the trout we had brought home. Thank you, Grandpa!

From Reed James:

Growing up, whenever we visited Rock Springs, Grandma always had the *good* cereal, you know the kind with sugar in it. Lucky Charms was a constant. Grandma also made apple turnovers often. The only way I would eat fish, was Grandma's breaded brook trout. Nearly every trip involved a fishing excursion. Glimpse Lake holds a lot of memories as does the Gorge (Flaming Gorge). One time fishing, Grandpa got his line all tangled. He put the knot in my dad's face and asked for help. My dad agreed, noting all of the times the tables were turned as a youth.

When we would go out to eat at Lou's Chinese Restaurant, I remember Grandpa showing me my first \$100 bill and Uncle Alan having me try what seemed to be a spoonful of hot mustard. A trip to the Park was Yellowstone, one of Grandpa's favorite spots. Snowmobiling and summer time were so magical. My dad wouldn't ever order breakfast as he knew there'd be plenty of leftovers from the kids ordering too much food. My mom and I went to do a session in the Vernal Temple before my mission. Grandpa and

Grandma were temple workers on the then new temple. As I proceeded to the Celestial Room Grandpa was the veil coordinator and it was great to see him there.

In my adult life I'd introduce the girls I dated to Grandpa. They needed to know what they were really getting into! In 2015 I had a turkey tag. It was Memorial Day weekend. I invited Grandpa to come with me. I stopped and told Grandpa I wanted to check out the area. I sat down and called in a group of tom turkeys. Two shots were fired and within fifteen minutes I was returning to the truck with the turkey over my shoulder. The one thing Grandpa taught me was that *time fishing* wasn't really about the fish.

From Alan James:

It took many good shepherds to bring this lost sheep back to the fold. One couple who had been working with us as I began my trek back from my rebellious years was John and Collene Hill. They were working in the Billings Temple, and virtually every week John would relay a message from Leland Wells who was the Patriarch in the Billings Montana Stake – we belong to the Billings Montana East Stake. Brother Wells always wanted to know how I was doing. I met Brother Wells a couple of times and spoke to him over the phone on several occasions. Sometimes he would call just to learn Dad's phone number. At some point, I learned that Dad had drawn plans for Brother Wells while he was going to school at BYU. Brother Wells was now living in Billings and was building homes under the business name of "*Wells Built Homes.*" All of the homes I have seen that he built are definitely in the upper class of homes. My personal guess would be that all of them would be \$500,000 and up. About a year or so ago we were in Billings for Stake Conference and Sandy learned from FACEBOOK or the newspaper that Brother Wells had passed away. We drove by the Stake Center and noticed the parked cars stretched farther than I had ever seen before. One of the speakers at our Conference mentioned that there were over 3,000 relatives at the funeral. I would guess you could double that or more with nonrelatives. I'm sure they couldn't have gotten all the people into the Stake Center.

I was in third grade when we moved to our home on Yalecrest Drive. Mom would do the dishes and I would dry them, sometimes sitting on the counter. More importantly was the fact that we used to visit during this time, and I think I became very close to Mom during these opportunities. She also attempted to teach me to iron clothes. Boy, am I grateful for permanent press. I'm not sure who wrote the statement on page 48 that says: "*After her recovery, she was with only minor back pain for the next fifty years.*" My understanding is that the pain was never "*minor.*" Mom was in constant pain, but because she virtually never complained and always served others, most people never knew. Mom went through enough aspirin to ruin every stomach in the State of Wyoming. She had one leg that had no feeling at all in it, and it was frequently bruised, but Mom didn't know where the bruises came from. Although Mom seldom complained, she was constantly in pain and I would contend that it never was *minor*. Her first service was to her family, but after that it extended to neighbors, ward members and seemingly every stranded motorist on I-80. Mom was only one of a very few people that I can honestly say I have never heard a bad word about from anyone.

From Julianna James Wing:

Visiting Grandma and Grandpa in Rock Springs was one of my favorite trips. My beloved memories are ringing Grandma's bell collection, sorting through their collection of dozens of National Geographic magazines, playing *Pick Up Sticks* and other games above the washer with Parker cousins, and fighting over the elephant cup. I remember Grandma in the kitchen either making delicious food or doing the dishes by hand. She always worked so hard to make everything comfortable when we stayed there. Grandpa would let us play his *Playboy* that he kept on the top of the couch when it wasn't falling down on our heads.

Grandma was so thoughtful and would send us a dollar bill with a sticker on it for holidays like Valentine's Day and Halloween. Once when I remarked how excited I was that she remembered that I wanted an Elephantz stuffed animal, she said, "*An elephant never forgets.*" As Grandpa moved in with my parents, he has spent time around my sons. When Eli was a new baby and I needed to take care of Mason, I would just set Eli on Grandpa's lap as he watched TV and was so content with with his "*Papa Great.*"

From Kayleen James McClure:

Mom was a spotless housekeeper until her health failed altogether. She had lots of practice. She told me that every Saturday she and her mother would clean seven widows' houses, and she would clean her mom's seven canary cages. She would rise long before us kids awakened, and the house was always clean when we got up. She also learned frugality which she carried forward. To her horror, she came home as a teenager to find that her mom had spread wet kotex on the lawn to dry after their basement had flooded.

Grandma Matkin ironed for a time for a living, and Mom taught me to iron, as well as keeping Dad's shirts starched and ironed, so he always looked good. I then was asked to iron for someone who had fired the person who ironed for her. I continued this for five years. Mom sprinkled the laundry with water, then put it in the fridge until she was ready to do it. Mom taught me to fold anything imaginable into a diaper, so I was never left without one. Mom also supported me in sewing, and I made most of my clothes in high school. One prom, I told my date I couldn't go on a date Friday night because I had to start my formal. He wouldn't hear of that, so we went on the date, and I cut out my dress about midnight. I sewed as fast as I could through the night, and by that afternoon, my sweet mom offered to assist, and we had both machines going, and the dress was done in time. She also knitted, and made a beautiful sweater for Dad.

My favorite story was "*Little Bent Knee*" - a story of bravery, and how one person can make all the difference. Don reminded me of "*Match Girl*" as well. "*Little Robin Red Breast*" was sung generationally, and was a soothing rocking chair song, continuing with the grandkids.

When I was five, we hit black ice on the way to Casper. I was on Mom's lap, and the boys were in the back. I still remember Dad saying we were going to crash. I remember having a bad nose bleed, but the attention had to be on Mom who was in severe shape. The car was covered in gas, and Dad was

trying to get her out of the car. Dad put us kids in a farmer's car, but didn't get his name, and Mom was so upset in the hospital, not knowing where we kids were.

Trips to Canada were always an adventure. One trip, we encountered a freak snow storm in May in Montana, which disabled cars for as far as we could see, and a snow plow as well. A man in a convertible was behind us and stayed in the car with us, since we always had food and sleeping bags. We were practically buried in snow, and it seemed like many hours before a couple more plows came to free us.

Our Christmases were always filled with tradition - always turkey dinner and all the trimmings, potica, and lots of homemade goodies. It was preceded with Dad bringing home a fresh tree, and then cutting off and reinserting branches to fill in any holes. The tinsel always had to be carefully placed - one by one, and then removed - one by one, and carefully put back to be reused all the years we lived in Rock Springs. Every holiday, my children, then grandchildren would excitedly go to Grandma's to see the well-placed end table and bay window decor.

I am grateful for all the years our families went camping together - New Fork Lake and Scout Camp, Yellowstone Park, and Fremont Lake. Again, I marvelled at the efficiency of cooking, packing, unpacking etc. that went into those trips. I was grateful Mom didn't like deer meat when Dad went hunting as it accompanied me to college so I didn't starve. Dad was told by the doctor that he could no longer go to Glimpse Lake for fear he'd have another heart attack, but he had me go with him. I took all the kids but Austin. He was still a nursing baby, so I left him with Mom. It wasn't an easy day, and I was very afraid that if Dad did have a heart attack, I would never be able to get us out of there. I marvel at Dad's sense of direction, which I don't have.

Mom was a fabulous and consistent cook and baker. There were always meals to awaken to, have for lunch and dinner, and always on time. I don't know how she always did it. In between, there was homemade bread, cinnamon rolls, and other goodies. She worked tirelessly doing Relief Society and ward dinners, and was always taking food to anyone in need. We're not only talking turkey and roast beef dinners, but one time she, with assistance, made deviled eggs for the entire ward. When dad was assigned to be transient bishop, we constantly had people *in need* in and out of our home, always with hot meals and clean sheets. Dad never used church funds to assist with any of those people in those years of service. One of the recipients did a write up in the newspaper of the people she was able to find out about who benefitted from their selflessness. I was born with an incurable immune deficiency, which resulted in poor health most of my life. When I was called to be Primary President, it was very difficult for me having a new baby on the way and contracting Scarlet Fever with residual effects. Mom started feeding us Sunday dinner then, which continued until her health wouldn't allow. She also did other meals, and we combined holiday dinners as long as I lived in Rock Springs. Also, during that time, Mom broke her back again. I believe she had at least nineteen major surgeries. I believe Dad's first calling as bishop resulted in his paying off a \$27,000 ward debt in a year, with many of the members being widows. His later calling as bishop again to a single ward resulted in about sixty-four temple marriages, which dissolved the ward. They have done many incredible things, besides Dad working tirelessly around the clock doing bids, drafting house plans, and covering concrete when temperatures dropped perilously low.

Mom never had a moment to rest, and she always was in a hurry to get where she was going. One day Josh was with her as a young teen. A teenager was along side them revving his engine waiting for

the light to turn. Mom was oblivious, but when the light turned green Mom pulled ahead and left the revving car next to them in the dust. Josh was very impressed. There are countless stories of those who did some unkind thing toward a member of our family, and shortly thereafter some act of karma would come upon them. It was unbelievable. We would always kid Mom that it was her special powers, and she would always say she didn't do it. That went on for many years. We felt she became even more powerful after she passed on. There were so many instances, that Lou asked me what would happen to him when he left me. I shrugged my shoulders and reminded him of how powerful she was. It was a fun ongoing series of events for our family.

When I married Lou, I was obsessed with planting flowers galore in his neglected yard. I wondered why I kept pushing when I was beyond exhausted - tulips and day lilies across the front, Grandma Matkin's tiger lilies, and other brightly colored flowers every place possible. When Mom and Dad drove up the driveway to stay for about three years, with trips back and forth to Rock Springs, to the Vernal Temple etc., Dad first asked if those were Grandma Matkin's tiger lilies. Everything was in full bloom. I had no idea that's why I was supposed to work so hard on the yard, and have never been able to do anything close to that since. Mom would stand at the door often and look out at all the beautiful flowers. I know I could have never worked that hard without the Lord's help, and they would have never been so beautiful had I done that for me. Dad had a second open heart surgery, then two months later Mom had open heart surgery preparatory for another back surgery. Dad and I drove back and forth to Salt Lake every day to see Mom. It was beyond belief for her to have to lie on that hard table with broken vertebrae. I felt like she was being subjected to a torture camp. Mom had a bad feeling when she then had the back surgery in Jackson Hole, and we were so grateful when all went well and the surgery was successful. Then when the lab technician released the emergency drop, I was never so horrified. It was by far the worst night of my life. No one will ever know the unbearable pain Mom went through that night, nor any time thereafter, as she had to again sit up to sleep the rest of her life. Mom had already been in terrible pain for thirty years, wishing she could be taken home for relief, but she continued to endure endless pain made even worse the rest of her life, without complaining - always cheerful, appreciative, and thoughts and actions only for others. When I saw Mom's MRIs, they about made me sick to see the effects of her back compressing against itself as she went from 5'6" to 4'10". Her back looked worse than the Hunchback of Notre Dame. She was a saint of all saints, and it's no wonder that when I went back to Rock Springs for the funeral, every chair was piled high with hundreds of cards from those who loved her. I'm grateful for our family and for the incredible examples of endless acts of service and love, and pray that our family will be together eternally. I'm grateful she was there to intercept Cami when she passed on. They were incredibly close, and I'm grateful she and Dad gave Cami a full life before she was also called home.

From Don James:

When I moved from the Boy Scout Troop to the Explorer Post, my father was my first Advisor. One of the lessons he gave was on goals. He started with a short lecture with some quotes from Earl Knightingale and others. He then passed out 3 x 5 cards. We were instructed to first take one card and write down our lifetime goal on it. We were to write on a second card our long term goals like college, vocation, mission, Eagle Scout Award and such. On the third card we were to write down goals for the coming year. I have no recollection of what I wrote on cards two and three. On card one I wrote, "To

be happy by helping others to be happy.” I carried that card in my wallet for years. I have tried ever since to be true to my goal. I’m not always successful, but I keep trying. Thanks for the lesson, Dad.

When I was bedridden with rheumatic fever I did a lot of reading. I read many science fiction, world war and mystery books. I asked my mother to pick up some new books at the library for me. She asked if I had ever read the Book of Mormon. I had not, but knowing the Pearl of Great Price was thinner, I asked her to bring me the Pearl of Great Price first. I read it and then started on the Book of Mormon. After reading the title page and Testimonies of the Witnesses, I was feeling very challenged in my testimony and understanding of the gospel, particularly the Godhead. Being bedridden I not only had a chance to read, I also had opportunities to pray and have long discussions with my mother. I am so grateful for the testimony of my mother and her guidance through a dark, confusing period. I began to learn that prayers are answered. Her challenge to me to read the scriptures has had a lasting effect on my life.

From Kent James:

Memories of Dad:

Growing up, my dad and I spent many Saturdays at Flaming Gorge Reservoir fishing. We had an older boat, so the first couple of hours on the lake were spent trying to get the motor running. When we were finally able to fish, it was always a contest to see who could catch the biggest fish.

Many times we would take some of Dad’s friends fishing. My dad taught me how to sneak behind his friends and tip the back of their fishing pole just enough so they thought they had a fish. When they reeled in their lure with excitement, they would find nothing on the hook. Dad and I would chuckle, knowing we had tricked them.

As I got older, into my late teens, our fishing trips moved from Flaming Gorge to Glimpse Lake, near Pinedale, Wyoming. We would often drive from Rock Springs to Pinedale to the end of the dirt road on Friday night. We would pitch a tent or sleep under the stars, and hike the four miles into Glimpse Lake on Saturday morning and be back in Rock Springs by Saturday night. The dirt road leading to the trail to Glimpse Lake was steep and rugged. I spent a lot of time trying to push Dad’s truck up steep hills while he drove, or digging the truck out of mud pits. I think we caught fish every time we went to Glimpse Lake, many times on the first cast.

When I was about thirteen, Dad and I were driving from Rock Springs to Southern California for Kayleen’s wedding. Somewhere near Central Utah, Dad decided he was too tired to drive and needed to rest, but was concerned we wouldn’t make it on time if we stopped. He asked me to drive, so he could sleep in the back seat. I had never driven. It would be three years before I got my driver’s license. He gave me a brief lesson on what to do, then crawled in the backseat and slept as I drove about four hours. When I got to Las Vegas, I panicked with all the traffic and pulled to the shoulder and woke up Dad to take over.

Dad was always proud of my accomplishments, which encouraged me to always do my best.

Memories of Mom:

My mom was so much more than the typical definition of a mom. She was my friend, supporter and president of my fan club. When I was about fifteen, we took Alan's truck for a drive on some dirt roads. She let me drive, and I tried to climb a hill that was way too steep. The truck stalled in the middle of the hill, and we began to slide sideways. There is no explanation for why the truck didn't roll. Afterwards, Mom told me she said a prayer. Her spiritual guidance kept me on the straight and narrow path many times.

I wasn't very athletic, but Mom encouraged me to participate in sports. Even though I was never the star of the team, she would sit on the dusty sidelines to watch my baseball games, or come to the gym to watch me play basketball.

During my teenage years, there were several years where she needed to work. Many days I didn't like going home after school to an empty home, so she would let me come to her work and hang out in the backroom until work was over.

Mom didn't always enjoy the camping trips and outdoor activities, but she always acted like she enjoyed them as much as everyone else. She was very compassionate towards others.

When I got married, I told my wife I wasn't a picky eater. I didn't think I was. I didn't realize I wasn't a picky eater because Mom was such a good cook. When Susie, my wife, started cooking I found myself not really liking her meals. She learned that I was a picky eater except for my mom's food. Susie called my mom many times to get her recipes, which was always hard for Susie because Mom would say, "*Put in a little of this or a little of that,*" not knowing exactly how much she used.

Whenever I made bad decisions, (I won't give specifics here) Mom always encouraged me to do better without ever lecturing me. She always said with her lips and showed with her actions how much she loved me. I have never met anyone else on earth who demonstrated more charity and showed more love than my mom.



Dick and Lorna James Family





Cecil, Lucie, Richard,
Lois, Tom, Joyce,
Cheril, Cecile
Mother's Day abt 1960

Cousins at
Don and Rita's:
Back: Sandy and
Alan, Susie, Gina,
Mike and Chris, JoNell
and Curtis.

Middle: Lora, Don,
Kent, Kayleen, Bob.

Front: Spencer,
Jenny, Scott, Dave
and Deann, Lori and
Kevin, Rita



Richard and Lorna,
Don and Rita
Alan and Sandy
Susie and Kent

Back Row:
Ron Anderson,
Richard and
Lorna James,
Heber J. Matkin
(90th Birthday),
Doris Matkin,
Ken Thompson,
Bill Thompson,
Dale Anderson,
Miriam Matkin
Middle:
Gary and Ruth
Anderson,
Kent James,
Eva Thompson,
Valarie Matkin
Front: Nolan,
Sam and Paul
Anderson



Front: Tom and Roberta, Dick
and Lorna, Ernie and Lois

Back: Richard and Cheril, Alf
and Joyce, Cecile and Doug

Reunion at Rocky Ridge,
Wyoming



Dick - February 21, 2014 - 88 years



Lorna making even campfood
taste delicious!



*James Family about 1952
Carl, Lois and Dave Hirschi, Lucie, Cheril,
Cecile, Dick with Donny, Lorna, Alan,
Ronnie*

*James Family about 1957
Cecile, Cheril, Joyce, Tom, Dick,
Lucie and Cecil*



James Family 1980 - Doug and Cecile Scribner, Alf and Joyce Ridge, Tom and Roberta James, Dick and Lorna James, Richard and Cheril Snow, Ernie and Lois Winfield, Cecil and Lucie James



*BYU/Wyoming Game
When BYU Tuition was only \$50 a semester!*



Dick and Lorna



Lorna, Heber Matkin, Kayleen, Cecil James



"Will You Be My Girl????"



Hubba Hubba Ding Ding



*Dude Ranch at Jackson Hole
Could there ever be a better reunion than that?*

United States of America

STATE OF Wyoming, COUNTY OF Sweetwater
THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

RICHARD A JAMES
HAS FILED FOR RECORD AN HONORABLE DISCHARGE
FROM U. S. Army
ON THE 16th DAY OF July 1946
AND SAME IS RECORDED IN VOLUME I-F ON PAGE 150
Luke Harrigan, County Clerk
NAME AND TITLE OF RECORDING OFFICER

FORM 1520 THE GEO. D. BARNARD COMPANY, ST. LOUIS By Marv Scott Deputy





THE STORY OF OUR LIVES

RICHARD ALAN JAMES AND LORNA MATKIN JAMES