

Thomas
Arthur
James

An Autobiography



AUTOBIOGRAPHY

THOMAS ARTHUR JAMES

BORN: MAY 11, 1930
ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING

COVER DESIGNED BY SCOTT H. SCRIBNER

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THOMAS ARTHUR JAMES - AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

THE EARLY YEARS

I was born on May 11, 1930, to Cecil Syme James and Lucie Howard James in Rock Springs, Wyoming. A brother Richard Alan and a sister Lois Joan preceded me, and a sister Joyce and a sister Cheril and a sister Cecile followed me. A brother Edwin, the second born, died at birth.

applied for a job with the U.P. Coal Company as a stenographer in Rock Springs, Wyoming, where she and Dad met. They were married in 1925 in the Salt Lake Temple. They continued to live in Rock Springs and raised their family there.



THOMAS ARTHUR JAMES



THOMAS ALMA JAMES

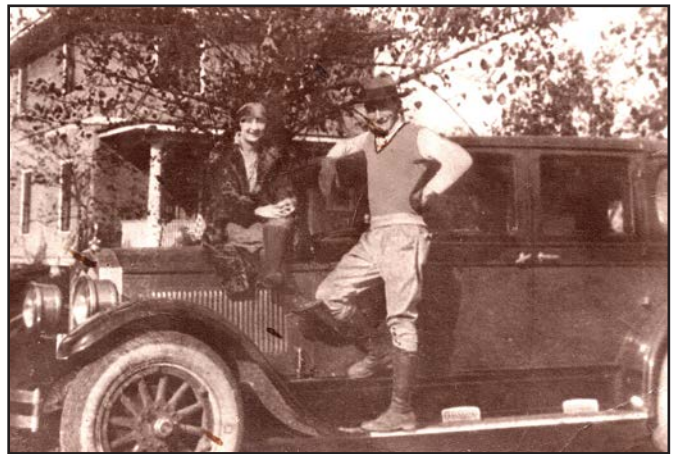


LUCIE HOWARD AND CECIL SYME JAMES

I am named after my grandfather, Thomas Alma James. You will see that there is a difference in that our middle names are different but the middle initial is the same. My middle name is Arthur.

Because of this, when Grandpa James died, I acquired a couple of his stock certificates. One was for fifty shares of Dream Mine Stock, above Spanish Fork. It is my guess that he bought this from Quayle Dixon when he came to Rock Springs to find work. The other certificate is for an Oil Company that drilled several test holes behind Maple Mountain and other places. It is worthless but fun to own. Quayle probably sold this to him also. Grandma would not let Grandpa waste his money investing so he bought it through a Mr. Brown who hung onto it for many years. After Mother died, Dad would visit with Brown's widow periodically. She found the stock certificates one day in an old trunk and gave them to Dad. He was going to destroy them, but I talked him out of them and still own them.

My mother was born in Sandy, Utah, and my father was born in Rock Springs, Wyoming. My mother



CECIL AND LUCIE JAMES - 1925

My father was born in the Army Barracks which were built earlier to house soldiers brought in to protect the Chinese who were involved in a riot brought on by the whites. The pit bosses in the coal mines were getting a *kick-back* from the Chinese on pay-day, so they were getting the better rooms to mine in. They were also better workers than the whites. My grandfather came to Rock Springs in 1885 to help rebuild China Town. My grandmother came to Rock Springs with her family to work in the mines.

Around 1908, my grandfather, for whom I'm named,

started a construction business called the Superior Lumber Company. My Father grew up close to this business and eventually he and his brother Edwin purchased it from Grandpa (Thomas Alma James).



When I got to Jr. High, my Dad figured I was old enough to have a job. He started by having me come down to the Lumber Yard after school and sweep the floors and dust shelves. I enjoyed doing this job, and once in awhile they would send me out with the truck driver to help unload lumber, bricks, cement and sometimes cabinets. They paid me thirty-five cents an hour. Eventually, after a few years I worked my way up to seventy-five cents an hour, which I thought was good money at the time.



TOM, LOIS, RICHARD, FRONT: JOYCE, CECIL, CHERIL
ABOUT 1940

I also delivered papers. I started with an old bike that was not much fun to ride. I complained to Dad, and he told me that if I wanted a new bike I would have to go to the bank and borrow the money to buy it. So at ten years of age, I went down to the bank and asked for the President of the bank as per Dad's instructions. He took me into his office and sat me in a large leather chair, and he proceeded to question me. *What did I want to buy? How much is it? How did I want to pay for it?* I told him I wanted a Schwinn bike with a light on it. The cost was \$27.00, and I would pay for it from my paper route. I think I made about \$12.00 a month so I told him I would bring it all in until it was paid off. The banker said,

"No, why don't you pay \$5.00 each month so that you will have some money left over for other things."

He then explained that I would have to pay some interest, which I remember to be about 3%. This was my first lesson in high finance, and I have never forgotten it to this day. I learned to hate debt. Even to this day, if I borrow for a house or car, I pay it off ahead of schedule. We used this bank account for the next seventy years and only recently changed banks to a local one because the first bank was bought out by another bank from another town.



I remember as a teenager my dad made a deal with a couple of us to unload a train carload of cement. It contained 1000 sacks of cement, and he agreed to pay both of us two cents a sack. By working hard, we were able to unload the car in one day—about eight hours. We made \$20.00, or \$10.00 each, which was the most money I had ever made. By the time I graduated from High School, my hourly wage was \$1.00/hr.



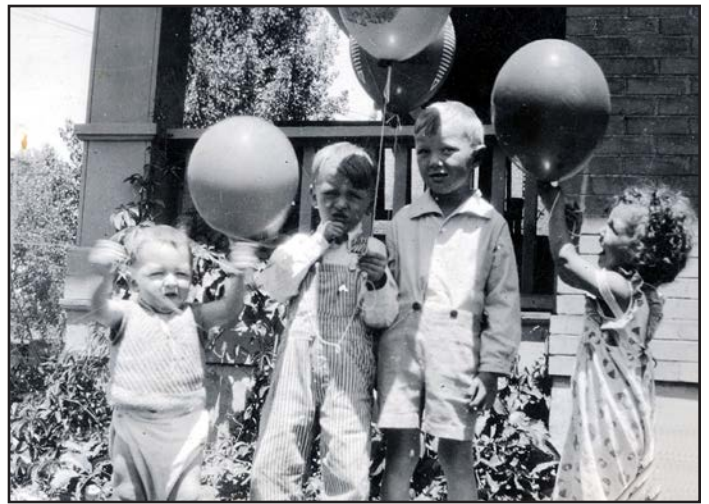
RICHARD, LOIS, TOMMY, JOYCE



LUCIE WITH LOIS, TOMMY, RICHARD, JOYCE



LUCIE WITH LOIS, TOMMY, RICHARD



TOMMY, RICHARD, A FRIEND, LOIS



TOMMY



JOYCE (IN CAR), TOMMY, CHERIL AND LOIS



SUE AND PUPS



The first home I lived in was on 813 Young Avenue in Rock Springs, Wyoming. I lived there until we moved to Provo, Utah in 1948. I grew up during the Great Depression. Our family did not suffer much but there is one thing I remember. The railroad came through town and this brought many who were out of work and going from town to town looking for something to do. When they came to our house, Mother always treated them with respect. They wanted something to eat but always asked if there was something they could do around the house to earn their food.

Mother always found something out in the yard to do. When they were done she always fed them a good meal and sometimes paid them a little money when she had it. My Father would never admit to being poor. Even though money was tight, Dad would say,



HISTORICAL MUSEUM IN ROCK SPRINGS
(MUSEUM USED TO BE POLICE STATION)

“Poor people have poor ways and we are not poor—just do not have enough money sometimes.”

I have always made the same statement. *“I have never been poor, just did not have enough money sometimes.”*

Our grocery shopping was done at Safeway. Mother used to feed all eight of us on \$5.00 a week. I can still remember when Mother went to Dad and said she now needed \$10.00 a week. There was a heated discussion about what she was doing with all the

money, but she got the increase. It wasn't long before she needed \$15.00, and you know what it takes today. I remember she always bought a case of canned milk each week. She used a lot of canned milk even though we were getting home delivery. During winter, if we didn't bring the milk in quickly, the cream would push the lid off and rise above the bottle. We liked to break this off and suck on it.

During the War Years (which followed the Depression), goods were pretty scarce. Since gas was rationed, tires were difficult to find, some foods were scarce, and no one had much money, many of our activities were either eliminated or considerably shortened. One activity that there seemed to be plenty of was dancing. Everyone danced. Dances were sponsored by the churches, schools, private organizations and others so there was always some place to go and

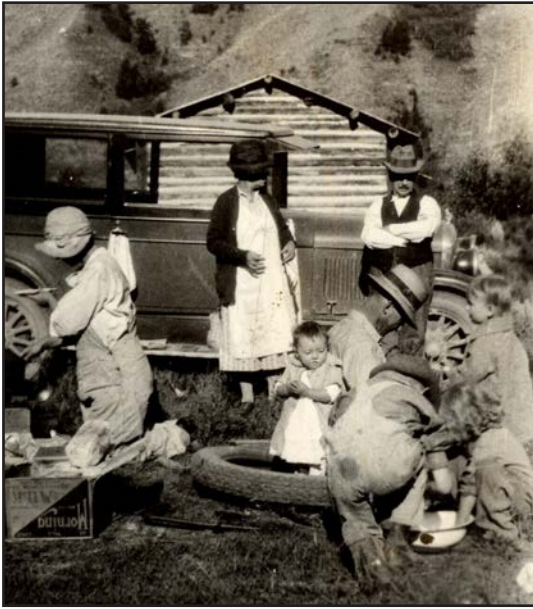


dance. At one time, I even thought that I was a pretty good dancer. We jitter-bugged, did the three step, and even knew how to waltz. My specialty was jitter bugging. I got pretty good at swinging the girls. That was sixty years ago. I have not danced much since.

Being a second son, most of my clothes were hand-me-downs. This didn't bother me because I knew most of my friends got their clothes the same way. Mothers were all very clever about repairing clothes and making them do.

Most babies in the early days were delivered at home. This was true with our family except for Joyce. She was born in Salt Lake City. I'm not sure why she was born there. Doctors always came to the house for any medical problems. The treatment of health problems was interesting as I look back. They were mostly old home remedies that were passed down and around. Interestingly enough we usually got better. The worst thing I remember was taking castor oil by spoon. A chest cold was treated with a mustard plaster on your neck. If you were sick enough, the doctor would come

to your home and treat you. I broke my arm when I was ten trying to ski on barrel staves. The doctor came, pulled on the arm to reset it, then asked mother if she had an orange crate. She did and he asked her to bring in slats of wood which he used to keep the arm stiff and wrapped it. I survived.

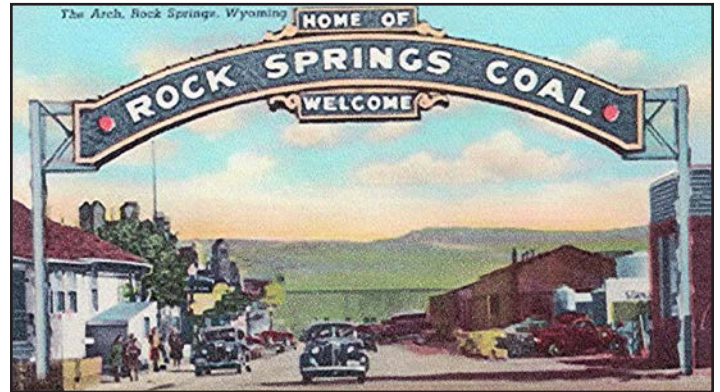


GRANDMA AND GRANDPA JAMES, CECIL AND CHILDREN
PLAYING IN THE TIRE (LOIS IN MIDDLE OF TIRE)

Mother had a typical washing machine with a wringer on the back side up high. It was a favorite activity of us kids to stand on a chair and take the wet clothes from Mother and stick them in the wringer. On one occasion I was doing my job without watching what I was doing and my hand continued through the wringer leaving some ugly marks on my arm which stayed for some time. Since dryers were not invented yet, clothes were always hung outside on the line. When no one was looking we would play games running through the clothes hanging on the line. Sometimes we unintentionally snagged the clothes dragging them on the ground. You can guess who was not happy with our fun and games.

Rock Springs was a coal mining town and by any standard was pretty wild. I remember open prostitution, saloons-a-plenty, and gambling. Even so, it was a safe place to grow up. We never knew words like *child abuse*, *wife abuse*, *abductions* or *rape*. There might have been some of that around,

but we never heard about it. Even divorces were not something we heard of much. Rock Springs had a pretty successful business district because it sat out in the middle of nowhere and it became the shopping center for people from miles around.



ARCH IN ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING

When I was young, one of my favorite sounds was the sound of the trains going by and their whistles. One day, Dad took me down to the round house where engines were waiting to come in and be serviced. An engineer was still sitting in the cab waiting for his turn to enter the round house. We walked across the tracks to the waiting engine and Dad called up to the engineer and asked if I could be lifted up and see how the train worked. He opened the fire box and let me shovel in a scoop. He then let me pull the cord to blow the whistle and he showed me where the throttle was. I wanted to drive this engine into the round house but, of course, this was out of the question. For a little kid, this was a thrill of a lifetime.

Rock Springs had two main streets. One was on the north side of the tracks and one on the south side. On one end of town, there was an overpass and on the other an underpass. I also remember that we sometimes had to wait for trains in order to cross over the tracks to get from one side to the other. One day, when I had saved thirty-five cents, I ran down town which was quite a ways from our home on the south edge of town. We never had much candy in our home but I remembered eating an orange stick once. When I got to the drug store I bought a box of orange sticks and ate the whole thing before I returned home.

Growing up in Rock Springs was a great experience. We lived in a good neighborhood and I always had

good friends. For the most part, my friends were of another faith but, no matter, we all got along great. It wasn't until I got in High School that I finally had a good Mormon friend named Paul Canfield. This friendship lasted through our missions and marriage, until Paul died of a hereditary disease.

In Rock Springs we lived on the edge of town and the only thing beyond us was the cemetery. The cemetery was always a fun place to play, particularly at night. You couldn't find a better place to play hide and seek. We had to restrict the game to a smaller area or no one would ever be found. I learned to drive in this cemetery. If no one was home, I would sneak the family car out and drive through the cemetery. The turns were sharp and there were plenty of turns. The cemetery survived and so did I and so did the family car.



TOM AND DICK IN A WYOMING WINTER

As a youth, I did not like doing yard work because I used to get hay fever every summer. Dust, weeds, some plants would cause me all kinds of stress. My father also suffered from the same problem. Hay fever caused sneezing and caused my eyes to bug out. It was a good excuse, at least, to avoid yard work. This excuse still works during married life.

This is a comment about a special smell I remember. As kids, we spent a lot of time playing in the out-of-doors on the edge of town. Since there were no homes out of town a lot of things took place out there. People dumped their garbage, scraps from building whatever, lawn clippings, etc. One thing we found

out there were lots of wild onions. I loved onions so I ate them all the time. There were so many foreigners in town, we accepted a lot of smells. Onions were just one more.

However, on two instances I had an interesting experience. One day I took a bag of wild onions to school and shared them with several friends. The teacher was not impressed and sent all of us home. On another occasion mother was cooking with some garlic. Just before Sacrament Meeting in the evening, I saw the garlic in the frying pan and quickly snatched it and went to church. Soon mother and everyone else started looking around to see where the smell was coming from. Mother soon narrowed it down to me, so I started breathing out of the corner of my mouth. It didn't change much and finally she grabbed me and marched me out and took me home. I still like onions.

My first crush (Joan Botero) was in the first grade, and I considered her my girlfriend until I was old enough to date. I never dated her and never held her hand. She never knew that I was a secret admirer. I never went steady until I was a senior in high school. Elsie Kussick was a Catholic but had very high standards. When I graduated, I went to BYU and she worked and later married another man who was a carpenter and worked for Dad at the Superior Lumber Co. I have not talked to her since. I did not have another steady until I married Roberta.

A favorite place to picnic outside of town was Three Patches about fifteen miles south of town. There were three patches of quakies with tables and fire pits. On one such picnic, we were there on a spur of the moment wiener roast. I was there with my girlfriend, Elsie. Even though she was not a member of our Church, she knew and respected my standards. Some of the kids brought beer and, of course, many smoked in this coal mining town. After a few beers, my friend decided I should participate. Bill started by trying to get me to smoke a cigarette. He called me many names trying to embarrass me. I finally said,

"All right, if it will make you happy, give me your cigarette and I will take one puff."

The next thing I remember is picking myself off the ground. I said,

“That cigarette sure packs a whallop!”

Everyone was laughing. My date was not going to let me take my first puff. She clenched her fist, blind-sided me and smacked me in my nose, breaking it. So if you ever think you want to try smoking, watch out for Elsie!

I had a great youth. Dad had a small power boat and he took us many times up to Fremont Lake and he took us hunting every year. Dad loved to go boating. I have many great memories going to Fremont Lake and New Fork Lake. Dad made this board and we called it an aqua plane—it was pulled by the boat with a long rope. We were the first ones to experiment with this. We all got pretty proficient on it. Mother even got on that board, and this was even recorded on 8mm film. We were sure proud of her that day. Dad was involved in the first boat race ever held on Fremont Lake. He didn't win but he finished in grand style as far as we were concerned.



DAD, GRANDMA AND GRANDPA JAMES

We would go up to Fremont Lake for a month at a time. Dad had to work, so he dropped Mother and all us kids in the camp ground where we lived in a tent. These were good times. The war was still on and every town had *scrap drives*. My brother Dick and I located a lot of old tires and scrap metal which we gathered. We talked Dad into leaving his truck and we started hauling this stuff to town where it was gathered and eventually sent to the war effort. There was a prize for the most stuff brought in and we won it. I remember it being about \$300.00 dollars which was big money to us.

We remember the night Dr. Chamber's cabin burned down. The sound of his boat with the Chrysler engine

made a distinctive sound. It had a drone all its own. When we went up the lake to look, all that remained was the chimney. Maybe the fortunate thing was it did not cause a forest fire. The chimney remained for many years after.

On one of our trips to Fremont Lake, Dad went ahead in the truck to pick up his boat out of storage, and the rest of the family came later in the car—a 1939 Dodge, which Dick was driving. This car had the *suicide doors* in the rear which means they open to the front. If they were to be opened while moving, the wind would catch the door and whip it open. While traveling, I was giving my sister a hard time while she was leaning over the front seat singing with mother. Mother told us to stop but because of the close proximity, I continued to tease. My sister Cheril grabbed the door handle for leverage, which opened the door and she was flipped out in the sage brush while we were going sixty miles an hour. We looked and looked back along the road but couldn't find her. A man stopped to help, found her several yards further back along the road, loaded her into his car with mother and sped into Pinedale. The Doctor worked out of his home and patched her up the best he could. She was unconscious and remained so for five days. She was put into Dad's car and he drove her to Rock Springs for X-rays at the hospital. There was nothing more they could do, so she was sent home to recover. She regained consciousness after five days and suffers no lingering effects to this day.



CHERIL

My Dad was president of the Jim Bridger Council so we spent a lot of time at the Boy Scout Camp at New Fork Lake. The Lake was a double lake with a rocky narrows between. It was a bit tricky to navigate but we always managed to do it without incident. Another favorite spot for the family to visit was the Granite Hot Springs in the Hoback Canyon outside of Jackson Hole.

On the 1st of January, 1940, Dad put Dick and me into the 1939 Dodge and without saying anything about

where we were going, we headed north and ended up in Jackson Hole. I still remember the frame hotel we stayed in. The rooms were quite plain and the toilets and showers, which everyone used, were at the end of the hall. Often you had to wait in line to use the toilet or shower. Dad then took us over Teton Pass which eventually goes to Idaho. I remember how deep the snow was at the summit. It was well over our heads looking up.

While living in Wyoming, Dick led a few of us through the Wind River Mountains on a back packing trip. We caught lots of fish, but the highlight of the trip was when we got to Fremont Peak, the second highest peak in Wyoming, and we decided to climb it. It was not a technical climb but nevertheless it proved to be quite a climb for a bunch of amateurs. I remember climbing up Hogs Back and up a rock slide and then through the rocks. When we finally got to the top there was a tin box to write our names in along with others who had written their names. Going up was difficult but going down was more dangerous, I thought. It seems it would be easier, but a misstep would send us down a few thousand feet the hard way. At the top we could look directly over to Gannett Peak, which is fifty feet higher. It would be a technical climb to climb that mountain and we, of course, were not trained to use ropes, carabineers and such.



DICK AND TOM IN WYOMING

One scout trip into the Wind River Mountains was quite eventful. A large scout spotted a porcupine up in a tree. He decided to climb up the tree and knock him to the ground. As he was reaching out to swing, he lost his balance and fell to the ground. He was hurting bad and it appeared he may have broken his back. *How will we get him to a hospital?* The decision was made to hike out, find a phone and call for help. They went to call Dad for help in Rock Springs. He said he would see what he could do. In the meantime, a couple of us hopped into the car and drove back to Rock Springs. Dad called Salt Lake to see about getting a helicopter. They told him their helicopters would not operate at high altitudes. So he called Hill Field. They had an experimental helicopter they were testing for high altitude work and were anxious to give it a test. They flew it to Rock Springs and sent a gasoline truck up as it took a higher octane than was available at the Rock Springs Airport. It arrived, and shortly thereafter the gas truck arrived and they were soon ready to head into the mountains. I was the guide, so flew to a base location where the gas truck rendezvoused and they flew on to the camp site. A doctor came along and soon we were there. The kid was looked at and stabilized and soon the chopper took off for the hospital. X-rays showed he was not hurt as bad as we thought and everything turned out all right. Everyone involved donated their services so there was no cost to the injured boy.

Years later we took a bunch of scouts into the Uintas. The kids all walked, but we took in several horses to haul all the gear. We put hobbles on all of the horses except mine. One morning the horses spooked and took off running. The hobbles stopped most of them but one horse could run with hobbles on. My horse went with that one and we looked all day for them. Towards evening, I climbed a tall peak and saw the horses on the Skyline trail headed towards Mirror Lake. We took off running and caught up with the horses as they stopped to eat.

On another trip, we got into the Grand Daddy Lake in the Uintas and unpacked the horses. The horses spooked and took off down the trail back to the trailer fifteen miles away. I took off immediately down the trail. When I got all the way to the truck, the horses were quietly eating close by. I hopped on my horse and got to ride him bareback all the way back to camp. I was plenty sore when I got there. I could tell

a lot of stories about horses and taking them into the mountains but they would only interest me, I think.

Our latest scout adventure is to take the large donors to the scouting program on a jeep trip through Canyon Lands. We do this every year in April. The men and their wives are no jeepers so they prove to be very entertaining as they do the obstacles. We make sure everyone gets home safely.

My mother was a very clever woman when it came to staging plays or skits or parties for the church. Her clever touch seems to have been passed down to the girls in one way or another. It never surprises us at the clever things they do. I heard someone say that Mother worked in the MIA for over forty years. Dad and Mother were both great youth leaders. Much of our activity was church related and I remember nothing but good times. One thing stands out about my mother. When we were young and playing outside somewhere in the neighborhood, she would stick her head out the door and yodel to call us home. When we heard this sound, we knew it was time to go home now.



MOTHER WITH OUR DOG SUE

My father was bishop for quite a few years. During that time, there were many General Authorities who stayed in our home during conference time. This was always a treat for us kids. I remember on one occasion, Elder Thomas E. McKay called from the railroad station and asked if this was the James home. I told him it was. He then asked if Bishop James was

home. I said, “No.” He then asked if my mother was home. I said, “Yes.” He then asked how many kids in our family. I said, “Six.” He said with that many kids there is always room for one more. He then told me to tell my mother that he was at the station, needed a ride to our home as that was where he wanted to stay while visiting the Lyman Stake Conference. I told Mother. She screamed and started to tear through the house straightening things and hiding things and then said,

“Call Dad and tell him to go to the station and pick up Brother McKay—and tell him not to hurry home. I need time to get things ready.”

Because my father was Bishop, there was a steady stream of couples coming to get married. These were not necessarily members of the Church. But since Dad did not charge for weddings, many came to him. As children, we found it interesting to peek around the corner and watch them kiss.

My father was a quiet man but very efficient in what he did. I don’t think I ever heard him raise his voice. One experience I remember was when I was a fairly new driver and we were going to Salt Lake. Back then the roads were two lanes and not much room on the barrow pit. We came to a place where a gentleman was changing a tire on the outside near the barrow pit. Another car was coming, hugging the center line, and I had very little room to get by. Probably due to lack of experience I was unable to gage the space properly and slightly side swiped the parked car. No one was hurt. We stopped, and Dad got out and handled the situation. I’m sure he arranged to pay for the damage. When he came back, I was sure he would remove me from the driver’s seat and give me a good lecture. He got in and said, “Let’s go,” and never said another word. Did I learn something? You bet I did!

Dad introduced Scouting into the Rock Springs area. Even as a boy too young to be in scouting, Dad always took me to the scout camp when he went and also took me to the annual Boy Scout banquet held in February every year. On one occasion, Elder Kirkham was the speaker. After the meeting was over, Dad was talking to him casually and I walked up. My father introduced me to Elder Kirkham, which made me feel pretty important. Then Elder Kirkham looked me in the eye and said,



“I can tell by looking into your eyes that you will never drink or smoke.”

Years later, when I entered the Mission Home, Elder Kirkham set me apart for my mission to Japan. Three years later when I got home from my mission, I was invited up to Rock Springs to give a report. Elder Kirkham was the

visiting authority. When I got up to speak, I mentioned what happened twelve years before. He stood up, put his hand on my shoulder and in front of everyone, asked me, *“Well, what about it?”* I answered him in the positive, and he said to the group, *“Am I a Prophet or not?”*

My father was a quiet man with a keen intellect. He ran a successful business, was a Bishop for many years, became one of the first men to be President of the newly organized Scout Council, was a good Scout Master, served two missions for the Church and raised a good family, all of whom are active in the Church. Many of his grandchildren have served missions and the boys became Eagle Scouts. He was respected by all who knew him.



CECIL RECEIVING
THE SILVER ANTELOPE

About my neighbors growing up. An old widow lady lived on one side of us. I remember one day my dad came home from the desert and brought a large blow snake home. During the night the snake wiggled out of the box he had it in and crawled over to the neighbor's. When the widow started to leave her

house she saw this snake curled up at the bottom of her steps. She called us next door to see if we could come over and get rid of this snake. My dad smiled and without saying anything went next door and picked the snake up. The neighbor was horrified to see this and screamed thinking Dad was going to get a life threatening snake bite. Dad put the snake back in the box and took it down to the lumber yard and turned him loose in a rat hole. The snake stayed around there for a long time looking for rats and mice.

The neighbor on the other side was a barber. One Saturday he invited me over to haul some junk away. I borrowed Dad's truck to do the hauling and spent about half a day over there. I wouldn't take any money so he invited me down to his shop for a free hair cut. This may not sound like much to the reader of this, but I had never had a professional hair cut. My Dad had cut my hair from Day One. I was really looking forward to getting what we used to call a smelly hair cut. His shop was way on the other side of town but we were used to walking everywhere we went so I took off to get my free cut. As I walked home, I was sure everyone was looking at my new haircut so I didn't put my cap on. We later moved to Provo as did the barber, so Aaron Zumbrennen became my regular barber. His son Glee bought the old Heaps-a-Pizza Restaurant in Provo and started selling pizzas under the name of The Brick Oven—the best pizzas in town.

One Christmas activity I recall is that on Christmas Eve Dad would borrow chairs from the Church and the adults would go out caroling. I always thought this was dumb because it was always so cold. Yet, when Dad loaded us on his homemade toboggan and pulled us around the city streets, we thought it was great. They never used snowplows in those early years so the streets were well packed and perfect for tobogganing. Dad also took us out to a dry lake east of town and would pull us lickety split round that lake. Once in a while we would tip over and thought that was great fun.

We have a picture of my father when he was a youngster holding a cornet in his hands. When I got in Jr. High I started playing this very same horn. It wasn't long before I talked my Dad into buying me a new trumpet. During high school, I did not participate in any of the competitive sports but I did enjoy playing in the band.

I eventually qualified to play in the high school band and eventually in a dance band. During my Junior and Senior years, I played first chair in the trumpet section and then during my Senior year they also asked me to be the drum major in the marching band. This proved to be a great challenge as I marched in front with the large baton, strutting and starting the band to play music. The big marching competition for all schools to compete was always held in Kemmerer, Wyoming, and in my Senior year we took first place in the state.



CECIL WITH HIS CORNET

The one memory about that event I will never forget is when I went to my dad and asked to borrow his black shoes that were required for the uniform. I didn't try them on until we got to Kemmerer for the competition. They were too short but they were all I had, so I wore them anyway. Needless to say, they killed my feet as I spent my time strutting on the balls of my feet. I was certainly surprised to find out that my feet were longer than my dad's!

I enjoyed school and always made pretty good grades. My closest friend was Paul Canfield, a good member of the Church and David Kershisnik, a good Catholic and a great guy. When we graduated from high school, Paul and I went to BYU and Dave went to the University of Wyoming. On our Twentieth High School Reunion, Dave called me over to his table and told me to sit down or take a chance of falling over for he had something to tell me. He had married a Mormon girl, and he was now a Mormon Bishop and had a son on a Mission! It's a good thing he had me sitting when I heard this information.

While in high school, the only swimming pool was in Green River, fifteen miles away. We wanted to go swimming once in awhile, so we would hop a freight train going through Rock Springs, ride on top of the freight cars to Green River and when they slowed, we would hop off and head for the pool. When we were through swimming, we headed for the rail yard to hop

another train back home. Sometimes we shared the space with hobos who were also riding the rails. They were always interesting to talk to because they had been everywhere. If there was an empty boxcar, we rode inside.

When we walked home from high school, we had to cross a large drainage ditch and a railroad track which always seemed to have a slow moving switch train going by. We would hop on the train, cross over the hitch between cars and jump off the other side. One day someone didn't make it, which put a stop to that.

We had excellent teachers in Wyoming, and when we graduated we were educated pretty well. We had to study and do well or the teachers got on our case. I remember Miss McCall. She taught all of us who went to Rock Springs High School. She even taught Dad, so she was there a long time. If you were not prepared, she didn't hesitate to give you ten or twelve E's. I think I had about sixty E's but still passed her class with a B plus. She was not LDS, but when I went on

a Mission she wrote to me and answered every letter I answered. She was an amazing teacher.



Upon graduating from high school in 1948, Dad moved Mother and all of us kids down to Provo to be near the Brigham Young University. Dad then commuted from Rock Springs to Provo flying his own airplane for the



next fifteen years. He would leave Rock Springs on Friday, come to Provo and return on Sunday evening. I got my pilot's license when I was eighteen years old. This worked out great because when Dad was down on the weekend, I could borrow the plane and court girls by flying them around in his plane.

The home Dad bought was a large home north of town (1815 North 651 East). I lived there until I got married, and we continued to live there in the apartment back of the house until I graduated from BYU in 1957.



LUCIE AND CECIL JAMES

After graduating from BYU, we bought a home on 1070 Briar Avenue in Provo and lived there for about ten years, and then bought a home in Mapleton, Utah at 341 South Main St. along with four acres of ground. I bought several other pieces of ground but always sold them. We bought a home two doors north of ours with three acres of land. Our son Bill now lives there with his wife and three kids.

We kept our horses here on the four acres and have enjoyed the neighborhood. The town has changed from an agricultural community to a community of many houses. There is still some ground being farmed but the farms are almost all too small to make a living on just doing farm work. We have lived here for over forty-five years and watched all of the old timers die, and now we are the old timers. When we moved here in 1966, we were the first outsiders to move into town and now the town is made up of more outsiders than insiders. (2009)

One of my Saturday chores was to dust our round dining room table. I hated this old oak table because it had four intricately turned legs connected with stringers instead of a simple pedestal base. It was difficult to dust. This table was purchased by my mother's parents when they got married. They bought it from a used furniture store. Roberta and I ended up with it because mother threw it out and bought a new one. It was still outside when we got married. The only thing that saved it was the numerous coats of paint on it. Roberta meticulously removed all the paint and restored it to its natural self. I think it was a piece of furniture that no one else wanted. So if you want to inherit it, let us know.

Now, about my six siblings. As of 2007, Dick sold his home in Wyoming and moved in with his son Don in Spanish Fork, Utah. His wife died two years ago and there was no further reason to stay in Wyoming. Lois continues to live in Perry, Utah with her second husband, Ernie Winfield. Joyce lives next to the folks' home in Provo with her second husband Alfred Ridge. Cheril lives in Centerville alone as her husband died several years ago. Cecile continues to live in Santa Rosa, California, but has purchased a home in Elk Ridge near Salem, Utah, and plans to make that their major place to live in 2008. Dick plans to marry again this Saturday, Sept 8, 2007. Dick is eighty-one and his bride is the same age. I do wish them a long and happy marriage.

Many changes have taken place since I was born. I grew up during the Great Depression when everything was scarce. I lived through World War II but did not see duty because I was too young. I remember when Pearl Harbor was bombed. I remember when President John Kennedy was shot. I can remember when you could consummate a contract with a hand shake, when you

could pray in school, when there were fewer divorces, when most people went to a church, the first modern car with a water pump—the model A (I owned several of these.) I remember when men took their hats off when entering a building, when few women smoked and most were stay-at-home moms, when kids had no electronic gadgets, there were no cell phones, there were no cars with automatic transmissions, there was no air conditioning, there were no microwave ovens, no television (only radios), no mini skirts, and most people were honest, and morality and modesty were in vogue. There are many more differences, too many to list in this paper.



DICK, JOYCE, CHERIL, CECILE, TOM
CECIL, LUCIE, LOIS - ABOUT 1970



CECIL, LUCIE, DICK, LOIS, TOM, JOYCE, CHERIL, CECILE
ABOUT 1960



JOYCE AND TOM IN
PROVO - 1950

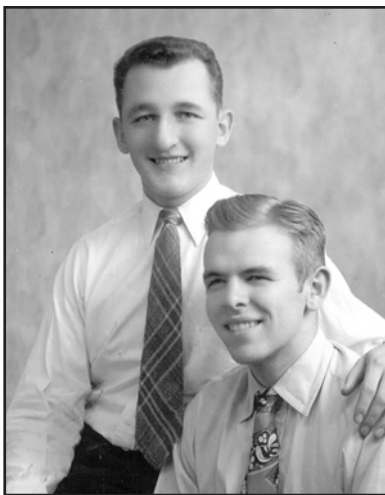


CECILE AND DOUG, ALF AND JOYCE, TOM AND ROBERTA, DICK AND LORNA,
LUCIE AND CECIL, RICHARD AND CHERIL, LOIS AND ERNIE - 1980

MISSION TO JAPAN - 1950-1953

I don't remember as a youth anyone in the Ward going on a mission. It didn't seem to be a subject many talked about so I didn't think about this subject very much. We moved to Provo the year I graduated from High School. I made new friends and soon they were leaving on missions. I dragged my feet, but upon completing two years of college, I soon found myself in the Bishop's office being interviewed for a mission.

My mission call came to go to Japan for three years. When the call came, I was shocked because I was hoping to go to Australia or some other foreign place. We had just finished fighting a war with Japan and I immediately recalled all of the nasty things we used to call them. I was also afraid that I would not come back home alive. I went to my Bishop and told him I was not going. He sat me down and we talked about all of the opportunities there would be in going to Japan, a former enemy. I did not buy into his philosophy at first because there was still some hatred in my heart. He finally gave me a blessing and by the time he finished, I was ready to go and was even excited to go. My buddy, Paul Canfield, also got his call to go to Japan. After a few smart remarks we both decided we were pretty lucky to be going there so near the end of the War. It proved to be a great mission and we both enjoyed it very much. The Japanese treated us so well it did not take long to learn to love them. Paul and I didn't get to serve in the same areas but the rumor mill kept us both informed about each other's activities.



TOM AND PAUL CANFIELD

I think the biggest shock to me on my mission was when I found out that we were the only religion that understood the Resurrection. Growing up, I always thought all the Christian religions believed as we did.

I guess it was also the first time I understood the importance of revelation and a Prophet to guide the Church. There was no seminary when I went to school. I had never read the Book of Mormon from cover to cover so I had a bit of catching up to do. There was no Missionary Training Center either so we had to learn the language off of the street. We did have an early text to study from but it was nothing like what they have today.

When I arrived in Japan as a brand new missionary, we were met at the boat by Elder Paul Andrus. He took us by train to the Mission Home but on the way we stopped to hold a couple of street meetings. We only knew English and knew nothing about Japanese.

Elder Andrus spoke for a while then turned to me and said,

"Okay, Elder James, it's your turn."

"What do I say? I don't know any Japanese."

"Just bear your testimony and I'll translate."

I stammered out a few words which took Elder Andrus ten minutes to translate. Had I said that much? This was not fun but interesting to say the least.



My first assignment was in Ogikubo (in Tokyo) and my companion was a Japanese from Canada. He already knew the language and was patient with me as I stumbled around. His name was Elder Shimbashi. I was treated extremely well and quickly learned to love these people.



I was later transferred to Yokohama and served with Elder Atkins. He had red hair and two different colored eyes. He was a great missionary and I progressed quickly while with him. Elder Atkins was released to go home and my next companion was Elder Kwak. He was an interesting companion who wanted to marry one of the Japanese girls he had been working with.



AT A RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL, THE BRANCH BUILT A PIONEER VILLAGE TO TELL THE MORMON STORY IN AN EXHIBIT.

Every morning he would get up and try writing her a letter using katakana, a form of phonetic spelling for the Japanese language. At the end of his mission he did go home and then returned to marry this girl.

I then spent a short time with Elder Kanahale from Hawaii and we were sent to the top of the Main Island in Akita Prefecture to open a new branch in a logging area where people were able to homestead land. We did not have much success and closed this area after a couple of months. We were sent down to Sendai to get our health back as we drank bad water and lived in difficult circumstances. They made me a Senior Companion and sent us to Niigata Prefecture where we had a beautiful, new apartment connected to a brewery. This was a great assignment while serving with Elder Crane from Logan. My next assignment was in Takasaki, not far from Tokyo. Today, this town is part of Tokyo. My companion was Elder Imai, the first native to be called on a mission from Japan. We worked in two towns, the other being Maebashi, about a forty-five minute bike ride away. This was my favorite spot I think because I had better control of the language and serving with a native was a very strong experience.

My last companion was a new Elder from Logan, Elder Haslam. He did not like anything about Japan from the first day and refused to work. I called the President and he came up and took him back to the Mission Home. I worked alone and with members for another three weeks until it was time for me to go home. I was told that I would accompany Elder Haslam home. I came to the Mission Home to check

out, but Elder Haslam decided to give it another try. This also failed, so he came to the Mission Home to wait another three weeks for the next boat as that was the way we traveled. I heard nothing more until I returned to Japan in the Army a year later. I went to the Mission Home to see the Mission President, Paul Andrus, and while there I inquired about Elder Haslam. He told me he was in Shibuya, a senior companion and doing great and suggested I go and visit him, which I did. I could not believe it. He was eating Japanese food and had good language skills. He returned home at the end of three years and soon became a Bishop and later a Stake President. Never question the Lord.

In 1950, the Japanese were still quite poor which made mission work a bit easier. I baptized fifteen people, mostly teen-agers. I wondered if any of them would stay in the Church after I left. The Korean War was on so the number of missionaries continued to shrink making it more and more difficult to keep all of the Branches open and operating. Because the mission was new, those members who showed any drive at all were given church responsibilities immediately. One of the first baptized male members, Kazuo Imai, became my companion while serving in Takasaki and later when Wards and Stakes were organized, he became the first Bishop in Japan. Another member, Kenji Tanaka, who, as a youth, showed great promise in my second branch became the first Stake President

later on. Still another, Shozo Suzuki, whom we met in Yokohama, became a Bishop, served in a Stake Presidency, became a Mission President and in 2004, served another mission in Salt Lake City with his wife, Masako Kato Suzuki, in the Genealogy Department. He had a large family, all active in the Church, and he tells me that his family numbers fifty-seven with spouses and grandchildren. Masako gives me credit for encouraging Shozo to propose to her.

Forty years later (1993-1995), Roberta and I returned to serve a Mission in Kichijoji (Tokyo South Mission) for one and a half years. I was the financial secretary, which meant I paid for all of the apartments and deposited the Missionaries' money into their personal accounts. Several of the missionaries that I knew in the 1950's were also returning to Japan with their spouses as missionaries at this time, but we were all assigned to different missions.

While in Japan on this second mission one of my early converts set up a reunion of all those I baptized forty years before. Some we could not find and a few were inactive. Out of fifteen, we had about half of them show up. I figure there are now between 150 and 300 members of the Church counting everyone in their families as a result of baptizing those fifteen people during the years between 1950 and 1953. I would like to report to my Stake President what a great missionary I was!



STANDING LEFT TO RIGHT: KENJI TANAKA (FIRST STAKE PRESIDENT), NOBUKO MUSASHINO, HIROKI MUSASHINO (PATRIARCH), _____, TANAKA (SHIMAI), CHIE SUZUKI, MARIKO SUZUKI, MASAKO SUZUKI, SHOZO SUZUKI (BISHOP, STAKE PRESIDENCY, MISSION PRESIDENT) SITTING: MICHIKO NAGUMO, _____, SHIMABARA (SHIMAI) (FIRST STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENT), ROBERTA JAMES, TOM JAMES, YUKIMI AKIMOTO (PICTURE TAKEN OF THE REUNION OF THOSE FIFTEEN CONVERTS - 1994)

Well, I did finish my mission in November 1953, and left for home by cruise ship. My father, mother and sisters (Joyce, Cheril and Cecile) came to Hawaii to meet me, and the Canfields came to meet Paul. We visited many interesting places on the main Island of Oahu as well as the big Island of Hawaii and the Island of Maui. But the highlight was when we visited many of the missionaries I had known in Japan.

We have kept in touch with many of my missionary companions through missionary reunions. Our Japanese Missionary Reunion group is the longest meeting reunion group in the church - sixty years (Spring 2011) meeting twice a year all that time— never missing. Our group is starting to get old so we note several deaths each year but we still get a pretty good group out.



LON WALLACE, PAUL CANFIELD,
TOM JAMES IN JAPAN 1952



ELDER PAUL CANFIELD AND ELDER TOM JAMES



BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP IN SHIBATA,
JAPAN - JANUARY 1, 1953



MEETING THE FAMILY IN HAWAII - 1953



CECIL, JOYCE, CHERIL, LUCIE, CECILE, SISTER KANAHELE, TOM
 SISTER KANAHELE WAS THE MOTHER OF ELDER GEORGE
 KANAHELE, TOM'S COMPANION. THE FAMILY ALSO VISITED THE
 PARENTS OF ANOTHER COMPANION, ELDER KEKAOHA.



TOM DEEP SEA FISHING



TOM, LUCIE, CECIL, CECILE AND
 CHERIL WITH THE
 KETCHLEY'S IN CALIFORNIA
 ON THE WAY HOME



LUCIE AND CECIL ON THE GROUNDS OF THE
 HAWAIIAN TEMPLE



TOM AND CECILE AT
 AIRPORT



JOYCE, CECILE, TOM (IN SAND) AND CECIL AT WAIKIKI BEACH

MILITARY AND COURTSHIP

My father served in the Navy during World War I, and my brother Dick joined the Air Force in World War II, but since it was the end of the War, he didn't serve very long. He may have soloed after attending flight school in Alabama, but the War ended and he was discharged early. When he got home, I inherited all of his army clothes, which I managed to wear out.



CECIL S. JAMES



RICHARD A. JAMES



THOMAS A. JAMES

Upon completing my three year mission in 1953, I immediately returned to college (BYU). The Korean War had ended but the Draft was still on, so I knew that I would be hearing from the Draft Board anytime. During the first quarter back to school, I met a girl by the name of Pat, and with the encouragement of our MIA Young Men Instructor, Bob Patch, got engaged one Friday night. The next day I went rabbit hunting with our Teachers Quorum and since hunting was good, we stayed longer than planned. I called Pat as soon as we got home and got a severe tongue lashing for not being back when I said I would be. I decided I was rushing into something I wasn't too happy about so got unengaged that same evening!

Within a week, a friend from Rock Springs who was boarding at our home while attending BYU, Brent Rowse, set me up on a blind date with Roberta Stevenson. I was so impressed with this girl that I proposed on the first date. She turned me down, but we continued to date every chance we got for the next ten days until I left for the Army, March 11, 1954.



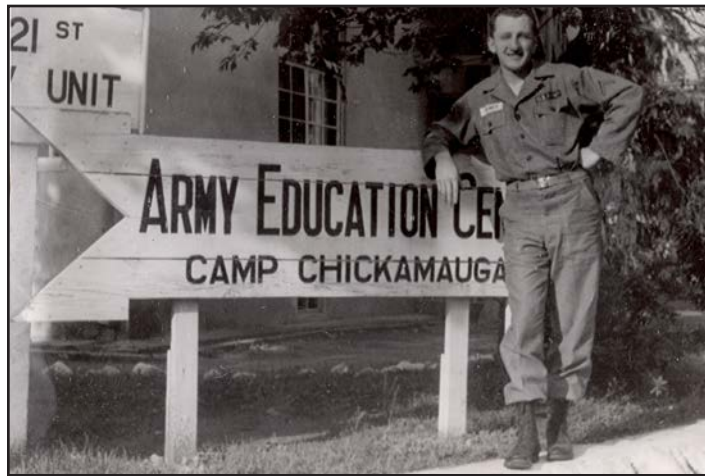
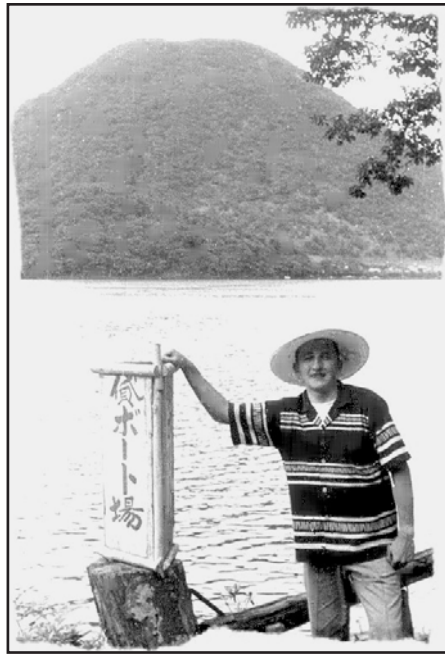
ROBERTA STEVENSON

I really enjoyed being in the Military. I was drafted for two years and sent to Fort Ord, California for basic training. They gave us a battery of tests and found out I spoke Japanese so they put me in the Army Security Agency where I could make good use of the language.



They then sent me to Ft. Devins, Massachusetts, for processing and then to Camp Gordon, Georgia, where I attended a six-month training program in Communications Intelligence. Those graduating in the top ten percent had the opportunity to pick any area in the world where the U.S. military served. Naturally, I chose Japan. They wanted to send me back to California to attend Japanese language school so that I could read and write the language. I would have done this except I would have had to extend for another twelve months. I wanted the education, but I did not want to spend another twelve months in the service.

Upon graduating from this school, I went home for a couple of weeks before shipping out. After the leave, I went to Ft. Lewis, Washington for processing, then endured a twenty-seven hour flight to Japan. Upon arriving in Japan, I went to the Mission Home and met with President Paul Andrus, who had met me at the boat on my first mission. President Andrus set me apart as a Group Leader, which meant that wherever I went in Japan in the Military, I was authorized to organize a group of Latter-day Saints.



The Military sent me to Sendai, which was the Headquarters for the Army Security Agency. Two weeks later, they transferred me all the way down to Kyushu to a base close to an *onsen machi* (hot springs resort) for duty. This was a great assignment.

After being there three weeks, I got a call from Spencer Palmer, an LDS Chaplain in Korea. He had called the Mission President first and he gave him my name. He wanted help in setting up the first R&R for LDS military in the area. Up until this time, if we went on an R&R we had to join with the other Protestant Churches. I got permission to fly to Tokyo to a place called Oiso City where these events took place and met with the officials there. The officer in charge was a former Baptist preacher. He was gracious and made it easy to set up. He told me that half of our group would come, check in, and leave for Tokyo to chase girls. I told him our group would be different, but he did not believe me.



TOM IN NAGASAKI - THE SECOND ATOM BOMB WAS DROPPED HERE.

A date was set and advertised, and on that date we had 225 GI's show up. No one left. On the second day, we asked the Baptist preacher to speak. He noted that no one left, and with tears in his eyes he called us the best behaved group he had ever seen at one of his R&R's.

I stayed in Beppu for the rest of my time in Japan. It was a beautiful place to be and the weather was great year around. This was good duty and I didn't have a single bad day while I was serving. The General of the Post used me to translate when he would invite the local politicians on base for a banquet. The MPIS (Military Police Investigating Section) also used me to translate whenever they had a problem in town involving GI's. I was released after twenty-one months

and returned home on a troop transport ship through the Bering Sea to Adak, Alaska, then on to Seattle. The bunks on the ship were stacked three high. While on ship, I volunteered to help the chaplain, so my duty there was in the Officer's Quarters each day where they held daily Bible studies. He was a Catholic, so on Sunday, Mass was held, and my job was to place the wafer on the tongues of each man participating. We arrived at Ft. Lewis, Washington, on December 19 after ten days of the roughest seas I have ever seen. We received our "Honorable Discharge" papers on December 22 and were home in time for Christmas.

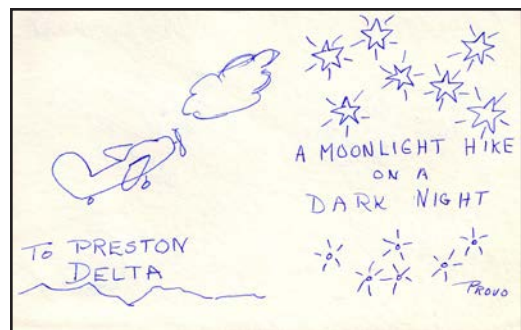
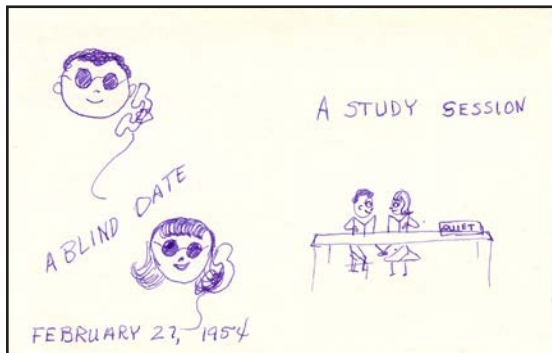
I flew home on Christmas Eve and immediately went over to see Margaret Hayward. I had been writing to her and thought maybe I would propose to her. She

told me she had been seeing Bruce Taylor, another boy in the ward, and had decided to marry him, so I said, "Good-bye," and went home.

Shortly thereafter, I got a telegram from Roberta (the *blind date chick* from two years earlier) telling me she would be in Provo on New Years Eve. I picked her up at the bus station and spent New Years Eve with her. That evening I proposed to her for the second time. My dad had an airplane and I had a pilot's license, so later, to make sure she was really committed, I took her up in the airplane and told her to either marry me or get out. It may surprise you to know that we are still together after fifty-four years (2010).

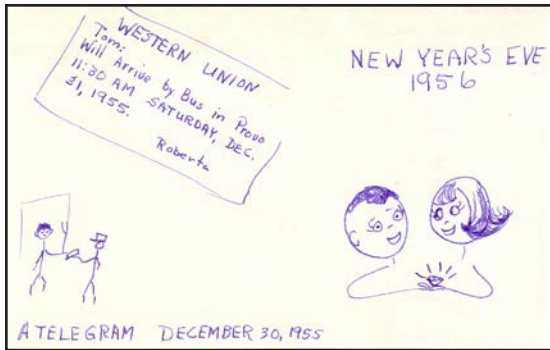


LILLIAN TANNER (CRANE), BOYD CRANE, TOM JAMES AND ROBERTA STEVENSON (JAMES)





YC OFFICERS:
FRONT: PAT EDWARDS, ROBERTA STEVENSON, CAROL MICKELSON, BONNIE BERRETT (AND DATES)



ROOMMATES: COLLEEN BROWN, PEG ?, MARLENE MITCHELL, BEVERLY BLASONGAME, ??, ??, TOM AND ROBERTA

MARRIAGE

S-J

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stevenson
 request the honor of your presence
 at the wedding reception
 of their daughter
 Roberta Ogene
 and
 Thomas A. James
 son of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil S. James
 of Provo, Utah
 Monday evening, the fourth day of June
 nineteen hundred and fifty-six
 Oxnard Ward Chapel
 260 East Elm
 Oxnard, California

Married in the *Receiving*
 Los Angeles Temple 7:30 to 9 p. m.



ROBERTA
 WINONAH
 (ROBERTA'S SISTER)
 CECILE
 (TOM'S SISTER)
 LOIS
 (TOM'S SISTER)



4 JUNE 1956
 LOS ANGELES,
 CALIFORNIA
 TEMPLE



Marriage Certificate

STATE OF CALIFORNIA
 COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

This Certifies that

THOMAS ARTHUR JAMES of PROVO in the State of UTAH
 and ROBERTA OGENE STEVENSON of CARMARTILLO in the State of CALIFORNIA
 were by me joined together in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony according to the
 Ordinance of God and the Laws of the State of California, at the Temple Los Angeles in said
 County, on the FOURTH day of JUNE in the year of Our Lord One Thousand
 Nine Hundred and FIFTY SIX

In the presence of
 Robert Stevenson Witness Benjamin L. Bowring
 Cecil James Witness The Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

License issued by the Clerk of VENTURA County, 21 MAY 1956

Roberta has been a wonderful wife and very patient. She would have to be to put up with me this long. She was an honor student and has been the spiritual backbone of our family. She still studies hard and keeps up on all kinds of information in the church and the world. She has also served as a Mapleton City councilwoman and been active in other city endeavors.

Roberta graduated from high school when she was sixteen and went directly to college. I first met her when she was a freshman and I was a junior. When we got married, she was a senior and I was still a junior. She was nineteen and I was twenty-six. It took me nine years to finally earn my bachelors degree. That's four years of school, three years on a mission to Japan, and two years in the Army.



ROBERTA AND TOM - 1956 - PROVO

We were married in the Los Angeles Temple June 4, 1956. I had sold my car and ordered a new Volkswagen Bug to be picked up at the dock in San Francisco on the way to the wedding in Los Angeles. As luck would have it, there was a dock strike and I could not pick up the car. We looked on the travel board at college and made arrangements to ride to LA with another student. When my folks came down for the wedding, Dad let me take his car for the honeymoon. When we got home, he sold me the car—a fairly new Packard hard-top convertible, red on the bottom and black on top. We were never able to remove the image of the “Just Married” slogan that someone put on the car with shaving cream.



DAVID HIRSCHI, ROBERTA, RON HIRSCHI



CECIL JAMES, AUNT METTA COOMBS, CARL HIRSCHI, GRANDMOTHER SADIE STEVENSON, TOM AND ROBERTA, GRANDMOTHER BELLE ROSSMAN, WINONAH CLARK



Since we were married between semesters at BYU, our honeymoon took place on our way back to school. We headed for the Grand Canyon, but when we got there, all the rooms were taken so we worked our way back along the highway looking for a place to stay. We finally found a cabin. The mattress was so lumpy, I grabbed it and pulled it outside on the ground, and that's where we slept.

We then worked our way through the Indian Reservation towards Mexican Hat. In the middle of nowhere the car came to a stop and wouldn't start again. I opened the hood and soon discovered the battery cable had rotted through. I asked Roberta to take the lace from her shoes, which I used to cinch up the cable to the battery post and we were on our way. This worked until the acid ate through the lace so I asked for her other lace, fixed it and continued on. We stayed that night with Charlie Redd at his ranch in La Sal, Utah. He put us up in the bunkhouse and also fixed the battery cable. The next day he gave us a tour of the ranch including his prize cattle and prize quarter horse stud.

We then continued on to Roberta's Aunt Margaret's in Lawrence near Huntington. That night we wanted to take a bath so she brought out the #10 wash tub, placed it in the middle of the kitchen floor and filled it with water from the reservoir on her wood burning stove until she had the right amount and temperature. You bathed standing up with someone scrubbing and rinsing. This was a new experience for me, but that's the way you do it when you have no running water in the house. From there, we came home and back to school.

When I got married and met Roberta's father, he gave me the best advice I ever received for a newlywed. He said,

"Tom, I perceive you would like to be rich. Live within your income, pay your tithing, pay your bills, and pay yourself something for future retirement."

I lived by this philosophy, which works and when retirement came, I had put enough away to retire with dignity. We are now (2009) in a severe recession and the money I put in the stock market has dropped about 40% but I am hoping it will recover and I will not lose my money.

MAKING A LIVING

When I went to college, I looked at several careers like medicine, engineering, teaching and even civil service, but I always came back to business and banking and that was my major. I stayed pretty much in this career most of my life except for ten years working at BYU.

The first job I had after we were married was with the Western Auto Store in Provo, Utah. I assembled toys and sold appliances. My wage was \$1.25 an hour.



After completing college, I went to work for the Patterson Sales Clinic, which was like a short Dale Carnegie course. My job as *set-up man* required that I travel all over the country to set up and promote these salesmanship training seminars. I would spend five to six weeks in each city contacting and selling businesses on the idea of enrolling their employees in this three-day course taught by Frank A. Patterson Sr. I was responsible for filling the auditorium. I could work anywhere I wanted so my travels were extensive. Roberta traveled with me some. This was a great job, and we made good money, but the traveling soon became hard on the family. I think we moved seventeen times in two years. The bedroom in one apartment was so small we had to crawl over the bed to get to the closet.

Next, I got a call from BYU and was hired as the Chairman of Special Courses and Conferences. I set up all of the non-credit programs on campus. I was a pioneer in this job and was there for ten years. I found it very enjoyable. I built the department to one of the top five programs in the country. One of my successful

programs was the Wilderness Survival Program that Larry Olsen developed under the sponsorship of our department. Larry believed that learning to live off the land when left to your own resources built character and self confidence. He brought along with him One-eyed Zeke Sanchez to help, and we started a program that later received national honors. It was a great program to help students who were struggling to find themselves and move along comfortably in school and society. I participated in many of their activities and all of my kids went through this program. It continued long after I left BYU.

I started many other youth programs that are still run at BYU. In addition to the Wilderness Survival Program, the youth sports camps and “Especially For Youth” programs were also begun at this time under my direction.

While working for BYU, I got my Masters Degree in Recreation Education in 1966. I started to work on a Doctors Degree but did not complete it.

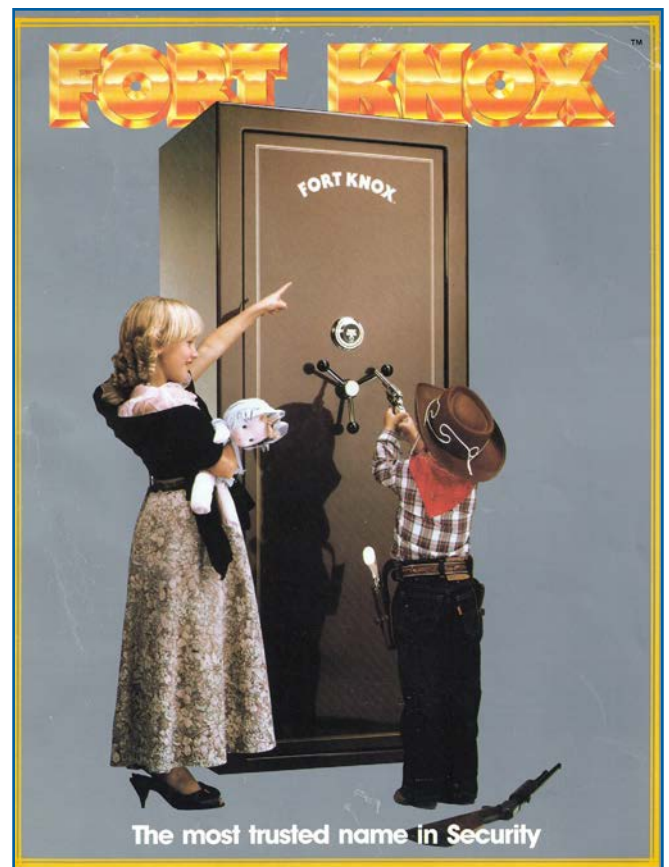


TOM
AND
ROBERTA

When I left my job at BYU, I went on the road again selling a correspondence training course for diesel mechanics. This was Interstate Training Services out of Portland, Oregon and was owned by Con Green. It was lucrative, but I didn't work more than a couple of years. Traveling was too hard on the family. I quit, came home, and looked around for a business to buy.

I ended up buying the local bowling alley which I ran for five years. Art City Bowling Lanes was the local recreation center. It had six lanes, pool tables, pin ball machines, and a lunch counter. I ran a pawn shop and sold sporting goods and hunting and fishing licenses. It was also the bus stop for Greyhound and Continental bus lines. It opened at five in the morning and closed at midnight. I made pretty good money as long as I was willing to put in long hours. The bank next door wanted the property and was willing to pay cash for the price I requested. I sold out.

I next started to look around for a building to open up a pawn shop. But before I found a building, the local steel fabricator, Shorty Shurtliff who owned Provo Steel and Supply, wanted to start making gun safes and asked me to help market them. This was the first time upright gun safes were made on a production scale. I did this and stayed for five years then left to start my own gun safe business. I was fifty-two years old. I named the business Fort Knox Security Products. I applied for and received exclusive rights to use this name in this category. We quickly became the official safe company of the NRA because of the excellent quality of our safes.



Celebrity type personalities who were naturally sportsmen were easily wooed to become sponsors of our product. People like Chuck Yeager, Roy Rogers, and John Elway became not only endorsers but personal friends. Today, we probably have close to four hundred big name hunters and celebrities who have traded the use of their name for a safe of their choice. TJ continued to add more and more of these endorsers when he took over the reins of the business. A wall in the office is full of pictures of these men and women signed to either TJ or me. We have met a lot of interesting people as a result of being in this business..

We did well and after ten years, I sold out to my son TJ who is still doing very well with this business. It is a good feeling to see the business I started still going after twenty-five years.



MISSIONS

Since my retirement Roberta and I have served several missions. In 1993 we were called to return to Japan for eighteen months and work in the mission office of the Japan Tokyo South Mission in Kichijoji. We enjoyed this experience very much. Japan had changed a lot since I was there in the '50's. On our way home we spent a few days visiting our friends, Larry and Priscilla Haines, who were serving as Mission Presidents in Cebu, Philippines.



During the winter of 2002-03, Roberta received an appointment to teach the BYU students at Nauvoo, Illinois, for two semesters. She taught American Literature on a college level. I went without any responsibility so had to fend for myself which wasn't too difficult.

I worked at the temple two days a week and the rest of the time I spent conducting tours outside of Nauvoo. During our stay there, I probably conducted over sixty tours. Each tour, covering historical sites on both sides of the Mississippi, would last approximately seven hours. Most of the people who took this tour were missionaries who wanted to see something beyond the center of Nauvoo. Of course, I didn't charge for this service nor did I ever require anyone to pay for my gas. I enjoyed every minute of it. Although this was not an *official* mission for the church, but was under the direction of BYU, the pay was the same, and we count it as one of our choice missionary experiences.



TOM TAKING DOUG, CECILE, JOYCE AND JENNIFER (HILL) THROUGH A CEMETERY - NOVEMBER 2002



NAUVOO STUDENTS AT ISAAC GALLARD SCHOOL MONTROSE, IOWA



NAUVOO - NOVEMBER 2002



TOM, JOYCE RIDGE, CECILE AND DOUG SCRIBNER NAUVOO TEMPLE - NOVEMBER 2002



JESSICA MARETT AND ROBERTA AT LIBERTY JAIL

In 2004 we served a six-month mission at Martin's Cove, Wyoming. We lived in our motor home at the Missionary Village, ten miles from the historic site of Martin's Cove where the Martin Handcart Company was stranded and nearly perished in the blizzards of 1856-57. Many youth of the church come to Martin's Cove to pull handcarts over the trail and reenact the pioneer experience. It is a faith promoting experience, and we were glad to be a part of it. Our duties were varied and included being site interpreters, janitors, gardeners, camp hosts, guides and advisors to stake and ward youth groups to help them make the most of their visit to the cove.



ELDER LARRY WALKER AND ELDER TOM JAMES AT MARTIN'S COVE - 2004

While at Martin's Cove as missionaries we met every morning at 7:30 to receive our assignment for the day or week. One assignment took us to the Cherry Creek Campground where the youth and leaders stayed while visiting this Historical Site. We arrived early to make sure the campsite was clean and ready. Soon I saw a large group coming down the trail and hurried over to greet them. I immediately heard my name called out and discovered two kids who knew us when we were in Nauvoo. They wanted to know where their Nauvoo teacher was. I told them to walk over to that green building and when you get close, call out her name and she will come out. They did so and soon Roberta came out of the outhouse where she was scrubbing the toilet. They were happy to see their Nauvoo professor who was now cleaning toilets.

In January 2008, we were called to serve a local mission for eighteen months working with Employment Resource Services in Spanish Fork and Springville. We lived at home during this time and were assigned to two stakes. We tried to attend at least

two wards each Sunday to encourage the bishops and ward employment specialists to help their members become economically self-reliant. We served at the local LDS Employment Center two or three days a week interviewing individuals who just walked in for help. We helped those out of work find jobs.

We tried to teach these individuals how to network - that is, to rely on family, friends and acquaintances to provide leads for employment. Twice in my life when I was out of work, local people called me either offering me a job or telling me about one. One was to work at BYU as chairman of a department, which I took and had a great experience. The other was a man who hired me and it led to the opportunity to start my own business which my son TJ is still running successfully.

With the economy in the dumps we interviewed a lot of people. In some cases, it's a real tragedy with both wage earners losing their jobs at the same time. We didn't give them jobs but we improved their resumes and taught them how to be more effective in their interviews. The system is quite effective and productive. In some situations the candidates had to change careers and work at jobs that they never thought of before. We also engaged in helping people apply for scholarships. They tell us there are eight million scholarships out there and only about two million are applied for. It is a testimony to know that the Church already had a plan in place to help members who might be struggling during this recession.



OBTAINED SOUVENIR HORSE WHILE SERVING OUR MISSION AT MARTIN'S COVE IN 2004

HOBBIES

HORSES

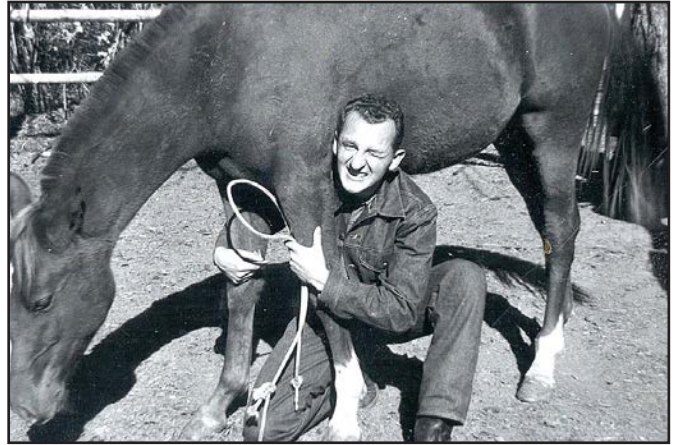
While living in Rock Springs when I was still in High School, the telephone rang. I answered it, and the man said he was Roy Rogers and was passing through with a couple of horses and needed a place to put them up for the night. Upon inquiry he had learned that Dad had purchased a riding stable that was not used for some time to store some of his lumber supplies.

The stalls were not being used, and I would go down and clean them, thinking that one day I would own my own horse. I even kept fresh straw in them so that when Roy Rogers called, I was ready. I raced down where he was parked and led him to the stables. He seemed happy with the facilities and wanted to know how much I would charge. He then wanted to know if I wanted to sit up on his favorite palomino horse, Trigger. He legged me up and for a few minutes, I was the new Roy Rogers. He had a back-up horse that looked exactly like the first one.

This was a life changing experience for a young kid that I will never forget. Now, I really wanted to own a horse. I got up early the next day and ran down to the barn to be there when Roy Rogers arrived to load up the horses. Well, he came and fussed around a bit along with his helper, loaded up and was ready to go. Roy gave me a big hug, thanked me and slipped a silver dollar in my pocket. I still have that silver dollar.

The barn was close to the Mountain Fuel Supply Company, and as the horse trailer pulled down the lane, I saw a pick-up truck coming down. The road only goes to the barn. A man got out, came over and started asking questions about the barn - like who owned it, etc. He asked me if I owned a horse. I told him, "No," and then he said that if he could keep two horses there, I could use one anytime I wanted. He took me for many rides.

When we moved to Provo, our neighbor, Doc Williams, sold me a horse which I kept in the back yard until I built a corral over at my parent's place.



TOM - ABOUT 1963

While working at BYU, I became close friends with Les Long. We discovered we had many interests in common.

One summer Les was working on the Timpanooki Trail which runs from a trailhead in American Fork Canyon to the top of Mount Timpanogos. He called from near the top of the mountain needing more supplies. He told me where they were so I gathered them up and prepared to take them up to him. I needed a pack horse, so I pulled out my pack saddle and loaded the tools in. I left after work around 5:00 PM, loaded the horses in the trailer and took off for the trail head. I used my young horse to ride and packed my older horse to make sure there would be no problem.

The trail all the way up was being worked on so I ran into many detours. In a couple of cases, a switch-back was out of service, meaning I had to cut straight up to the trail through the trees. This was no problem but proved to be a bit steep. After a few hours, I finally arrived at their camp and unloaded the tools from the pack. The next problem was the time of day. The sun was setting and I still had to make my way back down the trail. Les suggested I take his flashlight as there was no moon and parts of the trail followed along steep ledges with a thousand foot drop if you fell off of the trail. I thought for a minute and decided I did not need the flashlight. Horses have large eyes and can see in the dark so I changed horses so that I would be riding the older and maybe the smarter horse, and off I went. There was no moon and it was pitch black. I could hardly see the head of the horse. I loosened the reins and decided to enjoy the

ride hoping all would go well. I put all my faith in the horse, hoping his vision was good.

After about an hour of riding at a pretty good clip going downhill the horse came to a complete stop. I could not see my hand in front of my face and wondered why he had stopped because I did not know where I was on the trail. I just sat there and left it up to the horse to make a decision. *Did he smell a bear? A mountain lion?* I did nothing but sit there quietly. Finally the horse turned around and went back a few feet and turned off of the trail. This worried me at first, but then I remembered the switch backs and felt better. He did this a couple more times, but we finally made it to the trailer, loaded up and headed for home. This was quite an experience - I mean quite a learning experience. *Would I do it again?* You bet I would, without batting an eye.

We used to take BYU students into the Uinta Mountains on camping trips. On one occasion, we were just about in camp when one of our pack horses fell while crossing a creek, which put a large nasty gash in his under belly. We took the pack off and examined the wound. It looked bad and needed stitches. We had rented this horse from a rancher at the bottom of the trail. We worried about what to do because we were not doctors. I finally decided to twitch him, throw him down and play doctor. Someone had some sewing thread and a needle so I proceeded to stitch this four-inch wound.

I mentioned that we used a twitch. This device consists of a small piece of rope hooked onto a stick or hammer. We put the loop of the rope around the horse's nose and start to twist. When we get it tight enough, the horse can feel no pain because of the twist on the nose. This is not cruel and is a long accepted method to divert pain when you don't have the medication to do the job. When you let go, the horse is fine and does not suffer any ill effects.

In the meantime another group came into our camp and said they had lost their valuable stallion that took off with another gelding. While we were up there we found their two horses and were excited because they were offering a \$1,000.00 reward. Well, we brought those horses out with us and returned them to their owners, but they never did give us any reward. We returned the horse that we had sewed together and the farmer was not too mad. We saw this farmer a year

later and asked about the horse with the wound. He took us out to the pen he was in and you could hardly see the scar. He thanked us for doing such a good job in sewing him up. Thank goodness for the good work nature did to make us look good. I have never tried to sew up another horse.

About this time, I was asked to be on the Fourth of July Parade Committee where I served for many years. I still ride my silver saddles in that parade after almost forty years (2008). I still have horses today but do not show anymore.



TOM AND LORI IN PROVO FOURTH OF JULY PARADE



From time to time we have to learn to put our trust in someone else or something else. It's best if we are prepared ahead of time for these kinds of events. I have been riding horses in the Provo 4th of July Parade for about forty years. One year I was riding a young horse

and carrying an American flag at the head of the parade. I figured this would not be a problem as I already had a flag pouch to carry it in. Everything went along fine until about 500 North on University Avenue. At this point someone threw out a popper fire cracker that exploded under my horse. He did not like that as it was his first experience with fireworks. He decided to buck me off in the middle of the parade. I could feel him hunching his back so I quickly dug my foot into his left rib and made him fall on his side. He let out a big groan and scrambled back up on his feet. I remained on his back all this time holding the flag upright. He did not like this experience so he was good for the rest of the parade.



on the sidelines ran out and grabbed the lead pony by the head and bulldogged him to the ground. He must have had some farm experience with animals because he did a professional job of taking that pony down showing no fear.



PHILIP IN MAPLETON PARADE
BELOW: CECIL AND TOM IN ROCK SPRINGS PARADE



On another occasion in the Parade a couple of years earlier, I was positioned behind a wagon that a grandfather was driving with a team of Shetland ponies. He had a load of his grandchildren in the back. The ponies spooked because someone had thrown a popper and hit one of the ponies. They took off at a run down the parade route and the grandfather started to fall out of the driver's seat. A big football player



LORI AND JOHNNY IN PROVO PARADE

When I worked at BYU I met Verl Shell, who was heavily involved with breeding and showing Arabian horses. He got me involved and soon I was buying Arabians.

We would attend the National Arabian Horse Shows and soon found the horse we wanted. It cost \$75,000! The owners were willing to finance it because we did not have that kind of money. To raise the money, we got an auction license and started auctioning horses every Thursday night in Salt Lake City. Later, we switched to auctioning only Arabian horses. We called our company Beehive Arabian Sales and ran our first Arabian auction in Richfield, Utah, in 1967.



TOM AND CECILE - 1970's

Horses were sold on consignment, and the auctioneer and all the ring men wore tuxedos. It was a first class event. Before we quit running auctions, we were holding yearly auctions in Salt Lake City, Eureka, Missouri (just outside of St. Louis), Richmond, Virginia and Santa Barbara, California. At some of these, we sold over one hundred animals during a two-day event.



TOM
DOUG
(SCRIBNER)
ROBERTA -
1974

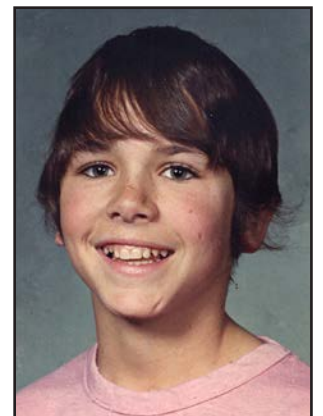
We bought this horse from a partnership in California. Our horse was named Gai Adventure. He was bred by a man in Arizona by the name of Dan Gainey so he named all of his horses *Gai* something. This all happened before the word "gay" became known as a negative.



GAI ADVENTURE

We campaigned Gai Adventure to three national top ten honors, and the fourth year he became Reserve National Champion. Finally, on the fifth year, 1974, Gai Adventure became the International Champion Stallion in the world. This was a great honor. He was also the first horse to ever win five top ten awards in succession. We did it with very little money or political pressure, which are usually required to win in this game. After standing this horse as stud for several years, we sold him to a doctor back East for \$250,000.

The day he flew in to give us his check was the same day our son Johnny was killed in a school ground accident. He was fifteen years old and had just earned his Eagle Scout Badge. The day was the 13th of January 1977.



JOHN "JOHNNY" ARTHUR JAMES



TOMMY, PHILIP, JOHNNY

Gai Adventure was later sold to another doctor in Canada, where he died at the age of twenty-nine. The average age of horses is around seventeen years. After selling this horse, I continued showing horses for another few years, during which time I personally campaigned a gelding to forty-five consecutive blue ribbons.



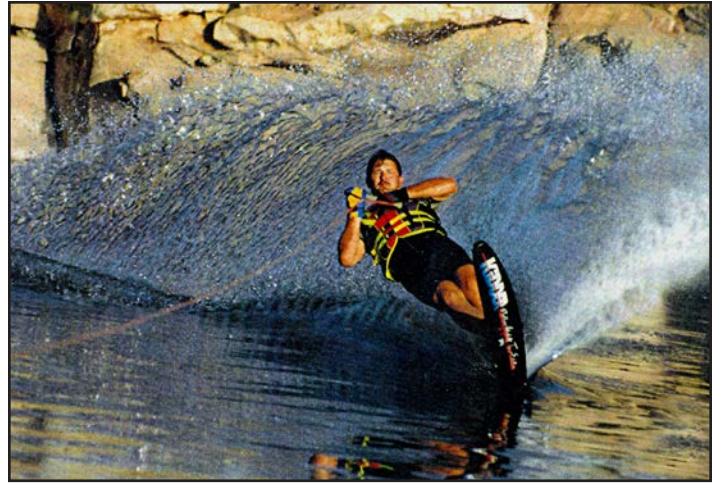
DON JUAN AND TOM



LORI, TOMMY, BILLY

BOATS

While raising my children, we spent many good times on the lake with our boat. The kids still do a lot of boating and are all excellent water skiers.



BILL WATERSKIING AT LAKE POWELL

Les Long and I both liked boating so we started taking our church youth to Lake Powell for about thirty-five years until the Church program changed. We both had boats and were more than happy to use them for Church purposes. One year Les built a pontoon boat that was pretty good size. We were down to Lake Powell one time and took this boat out to go fishing. We went down the lake quite a ways when we stopped and started fishing for the stripers. We caught a few and decided it was time to head back. We were almost all the way down to the Hole in the Rock. When Les hit the starter the engine cranked slowly but did not start and then the battery died. I told Les I would flag down the next boat to see if they had a jumper cable to help us out. There was no traffic. Les soon got out a rope and took off the fan belt, gave me a pair of gloves and told me to hang on tight as he pulled it through the pulley on this air-cooled Corvair inboard engine. The engine sputtered but did not run. We did it again but still no luck. We did it again and it ran. But now we had another problem. The fan belt on this motor went around one pulley, turned 90 degrees and hooked around another pulley. With the motor running this is no easy task to replace the belt. I started watching to see if Les was going to lose a couple of fingers. Not Les. He finally got it hooked up and tightened and we went back to the boat landing.



THE JAMES FAMILY AT LAKE POWELL
 DAVID HIRSCHI, TOM, RICHARD SNOW, DEANN HIRSHI,
 CHERIL, LUCIE



TOM

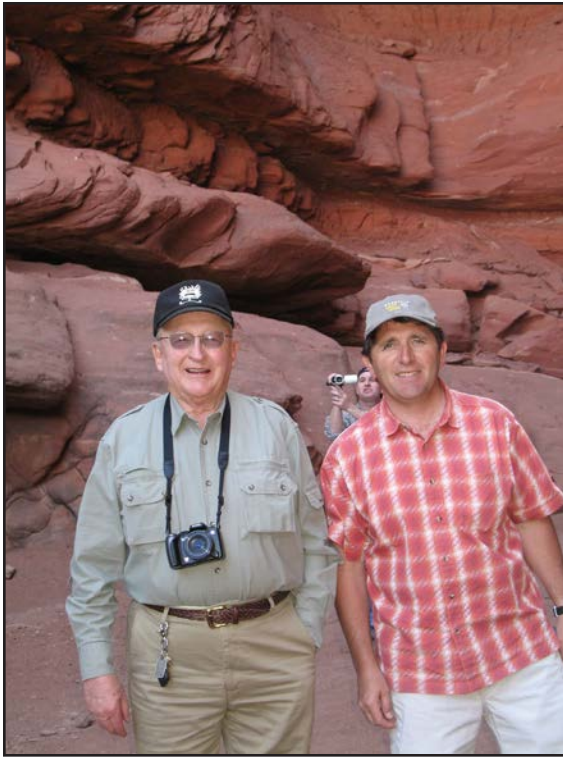


JEEPING

About 1975, I started a new hobby. A fellow owed me some money so I took in a jeep for settlement. I took it to Moab but soon found out it needed some modifications to keep up with the “big boys.” So I raised it and put thirty-three inch tires on it. Later, I bought an older Toyota Land Cruiser and completely modified it. This worked well until I acquired a Cherokee and again modified it and added lower gears. I still have this vehicle. At one time I practically lived in Moab but now that I am seventy-nine, I find I don’t go as much. Over the years, I have run trails all over the West and have had the opportunity to lead many trail rides. The one I have enjoyed the most is probably the Hole in the Rock trail on the east side of Lake Powell.



JAKE MARETT, COLBY SWENSON, JESSICA MARETT



TOM AND TJ IN MOAB - APRIL 2009

I seldom see a two-track going out through the wilderness without an irresistible urge to follow it. I spent considerable time when we were at Martin's Cove looking for the grave of Cattle Kate, which I finally found. But that is another story.

HUNTING

I grew up in a family that liked to hunt and fish so I have done my share of that.

I remember one deer hunt with four other friends. We were hunting on the Skyline above Tucker. I was doing the brushing while the others sat on top of a canyon waiting for the deer to explode out of the top. I was coming up the bottom to scare out any deer that might be there. We had not seen any deer yet in this spot. As I was coming up making noise, a large buck showed up on the hillside so I shot him. Immediately, another came out of the trees in view, and I shot him. Those were all the deer in this canyon. We then proceeded to another canyon and repeated the exercise. Except this time, someone else did the brushing and I was perched on the hillside waiting for the action. Sure enough, three bucks came out of the trees and onto the side of the canyon in plain view for me, so I shot one. I waited a second or two, thinking someone else would see them and get a shot. Nothing happened so I

shot another. I waited again for someone to shoot and when nothing happened, I shot another, my fifth deer of the day. Thank goodness I did not have to clean all of them. The hunt was over and I had shot everyone's deer.



TOM AND CECIL



Because of my association through Fort Knox with celebrities who liked to hunt, and because I was willing to donate a safe to charitable causes, I was invited to participate in many celebrity hunts. These trips have taken me to Wyoming hunting elk and antelope, Texas and Kansas hunting turkey, South Dakota hunting pheasant, Texas hunting white tail deer, Utah hunting

mule deer, and Canada hunting geese. I have attended the One-Shot Antelope Hunt in Lander, Wyoming for many years. I qualified for the one-shot many years ago and now I go back as a past shooter. We donate a safe every year and the proceeds are used to build water wind mills in the desert for the antelope.



TOM AT ONE-SHOT ANTELOPE HUNT IN LANDER,
WYOMING - SEPTEMBER 17, 2009

As a result of these hunts, my home and cabin are full of trophy head mounts taken on these trips. Each trophy has a story and if not, I make one up. I have always enjoyed hunting and fishing or any other activity in the out of doors.



SNOWMOBILING

I go snowmobiling with my kids when they invite me. One snowmobile trip I will never forget is the day we were at Fairview having a great day except it was getting cloudy and hard to see. We were in familiar territory and headed back to the trailers. We came to the top of a hill we call Indian Hill, but that's another story. We knew it was steep to go down but was a

short-cut to our trailers. I went first and had a shock of my life. Instead of a fast ride down the mountain, there was a snow cornice and a sharp drop straight down. I became airborne and when I hit I flew straight over the handle bars and tumbled on down the mountain end over end. When I finally stopped and looked up, here was my sled coming down straight for me end over end. A sled weighs about eight hundred pounds, so I tried to quickly get out of its way. As it passed me very closely, I reached out and grabbed the bumper. It flipped me over my head but I hung on. After it dragged me a good ways, I finally stopped the machine and thought that maybe I had broken my wrist because it hurt so. I righted the machine, hopped on it and rode it to the bottom. The windshield was broken but, otherwise, it looked okay. Needless to say, everyone else found another way down. We were all happy to get back to the trailers because the visibility was pretty much down to zero. We loaded up and headed for home.



BILL JAMES

I remember well another time when going to Fairview, we got to the top but a wheel had fallen off of my trailer. This was due to the lack of maintenance. The wheel was not greased and the bearing froze and caused the wheel to fall off. We pulled our sleds off and had a good run for several hours. When we returned to the trailers the problem was still there. I suggested we leave the trailer, go down to Fairview and borrow another trailer to bring the machines and broken trailer back down. Without saying a word, my good friend Lester Long started to walk over the hill to some trees. I wondered what he was doing. I soon noticed the top of a tree shaking until the whole tree broke and fell to the ground. Soon, I saw Les coming dragging a tree. *What was he up to?* He asked me to lift the trailer up and he stuck the aspen under the axle. Then we let the

trailer back down. He looked around and found some rope to tie the tree solid as it angled down to the road. He had made a crutch for the trailer. We loaded the two snowmobiles on and headed down the canyon. About half way down we stopped and adjusted the tree as it was wearing out as we pulled it down the road. Well, we made it all the way down and when we pulled in, I can still hear the owner laughing. He had never seen such a sight but acknowledged it was a great idea that obviously worked. I can still see me looking back through my rear view mirror and seeing the end of that tree smoking ready to break into to full blown fire but that did not happen.

TRAVEL

Since my retirement, Roberta and I have traveled to many places around the world. We have enjoyed cruises to Alaska, the Caribbean, and through the Panama Canal. We visited my sister Cecile in Scotland when she and her husband Doug were living there. We were able to visit many areas where my Scottish ancestors lived and saw a lot of England. We returned to England several years later to celebrate the 100-year anniversary of the Boy Scout movement. We traveled through Europe on a Eurail pass in conjunction with a trade show in Nuremburg, Germany. During this time we visited Rome, Florence, Switzerland, Belgium, Paris, and Amsterdam. We toured Book of Mormon lands in Guatemala and Mexico with Dan Ludlow and Ted Lyons. We visited Israel and China with our friends Lou and Mable Crandall. We explored New Zealand with Larry and Priscilla Haines. We have visited Mormon historical sites from Joseph Smith's birthplace in Vermont to the gold fields of California. We drove through the Canadian Rockies, attended the Calgary Stampede, and returned home by way of British Columbia. I have been in every state in America. There is a story about each of these trips that I may talk about later.

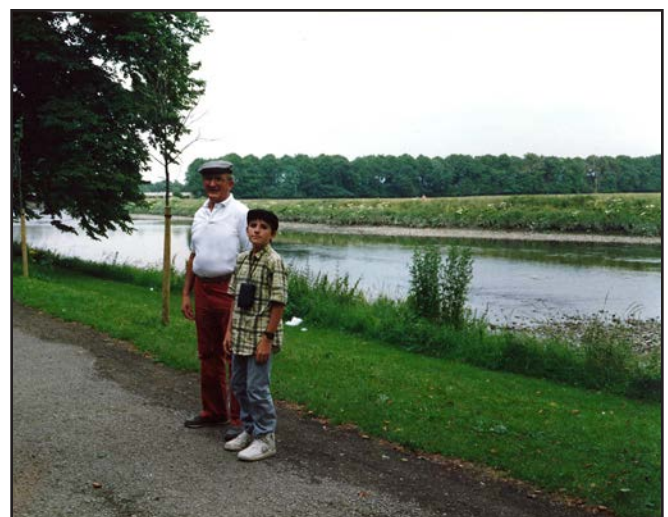
The best trip was to Germany where we went to sell safes in Nuremburg. While there we flew to Berlin and slipped over the wall into East Germany which had just opened. We took a hammer and knocked off a piece of concrete which we still have. We crossed at Check Point Charlie and found a school teacher who gave us a first class tour of East Berlin which still showed the scars of World War II.



DICK JAMES, ROBERTA AND TOM, LORI AND KEVIN MARETT
AT POND BY JOHN BENBOW FARMHOUSE - 2007



ROBERTA AND LORI AT THE RIVER RIBBLE IN
PRESTON, ENGLAND -2007



TOM AND PHILIP AT RIVER RIBBLE
IN 1987

OUR CHILDREN

LORI was our first child born March 25, 1957. We were anxiously waiting for her to arrive. Roberta's water broke one morning while I was getting ready to go to college to take exams at the end of the semester. She said she felt fine so I took off. Midway through my first exam, the secretary rushed in and told me to dash home and rush my wife to the hospital. She also told the instructor his wife was ready to deliver so we left together and met again at the hospital. The doctor examined Roberta and told her it would be several hours before delivery. I still had other exams to take so I told her that I would be back later. My mother arrived and agreed to stay with Roberta.

As I hopped on the elevator, my mother caught me and said, "Quick, go find the doctor." He was putting on his coat to return to his office. I caught him, and he quickly returned to deliver this baby twenty minutes later. So I missed a couple more exams, which I had to make up later.



I was in Plainview, Texas, working for the Patterson Sales Clinic when our second child **JODEE** was born March 6, 1959.



As luck would have it, I was working in Fargo, North Dakota for Patterson when our first son **CHARLES THOMAS** was born October 24, 1960.



I just about missed the next birth also, because **JOHN ARTHUR** was born ten minutes after we arrived at the hospital in April 1, 1962.



WILLIAM HOWARD was born September 21, 1965 and **PHILIP ROBERT** was born June 9, 1974.

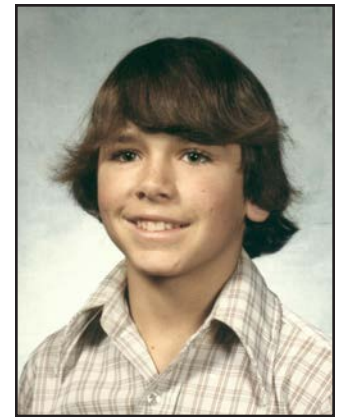


BILLY



PHILIP

Johnny was always a happy kid and the only boy who really took a serious interest in my horses. He would go to the horse shows with me and show in the youth classes. He always did well because I had good horses. One day at school while the kids were waiting for the bus, they were playing with a CO2 cartridge filled with gun powder. After spilling some on the ground and placing the cartridge close by, they lit it with a match and it exploded. Johnny was hit with a small piece of shrapnel in the heart and it took his life immediately. He was almost fifteen and had just completed all the requirements for his Eagle Scout Award. The day was 13 January 1977.



JOHNNY



JOHNNY SHOWING DON JUAN

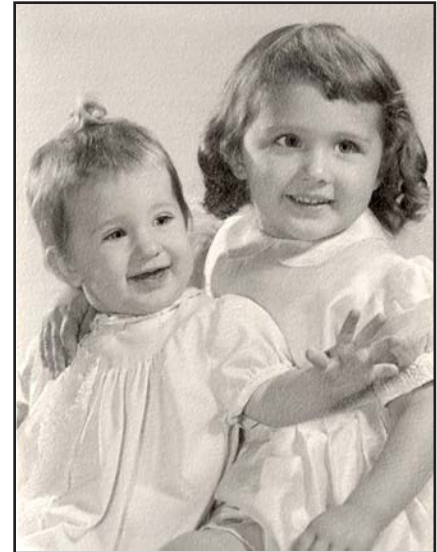
All of our sons earned their Eagle Scout awards, and three of our children went on missions. Lori was the first to go and went to the Mississippi Jackson Mission. Tommy (TJ) went to the Australia Brisbane Mission and Bill went to the Cali, Colombia Mission.

All have married well and have good families. Lori married Kevin Marett April 24, 1982, in the Jordan River Temple. They have four boys and two girls. JoDee married Curtis Swenson one month later, May 28, 1982, in the Salt Lake Temple. They have three

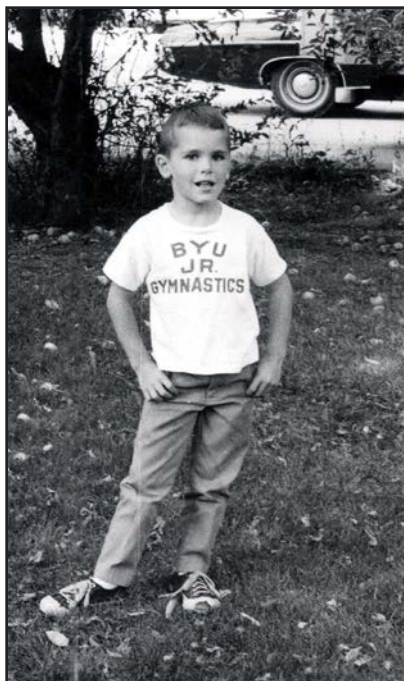
boys and two girls. Tom married Shelley Czirr in the Salt Lake Temple September 28, 1984. They have three girls and two boys. Bill married Geri Reese May 4, 1988, in the Manti Temple. They have two girls and one boy. Phil married April Browning July 28, 1994, in Provo, Utah. They were later divorced. They have two boys. Phil married April Clement Hilton September 29, 2009, in Mapleton. She brought five daughters into the family.



BACK: LORI, TOM, ROBERTA, JODEE
FRONT: TOMMY, BILLY, JOHNNY



JODEE AND LORI



JOHNNY



BILLY



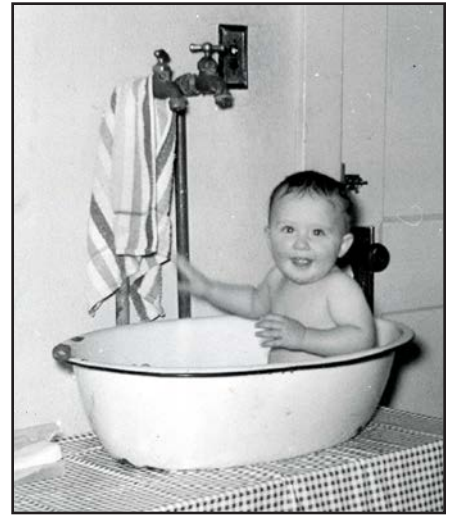
PHILIP



TOMMY, JODEE, PHILIP,
LORI, BILLY



ROBERTA, PHILIP, JODEE, TOM, LORI, TOMMY, JOHNNY, BILLY - 1975



LORI - JANUARY 1958



JODEE



TOMMY



JODEE, BILL, PHILIP



LORI, BILLY, PHILIP, TOMMY, JODEE



TOMMY, JOHNNY, ROBERTA -
NOVEMBER 1963



TOMMY - ABOUT 1961



JOHNNY



TOM, ROBERTA, LORI, JoDEE AND TOMMY - JANUARY 1962



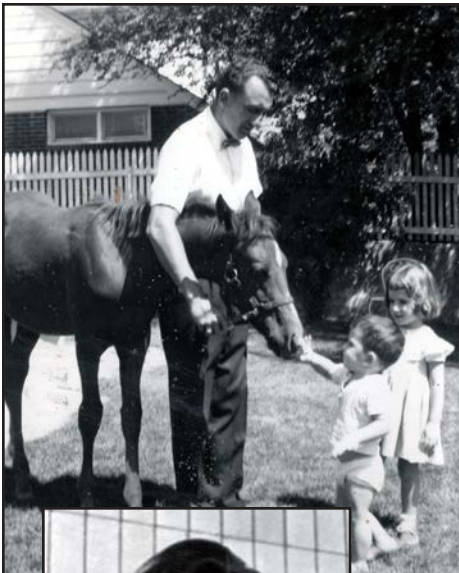
TOM AND HIS MODEL A FORD



JoDEE AND LORI



BILLY WITH GRANDMA AND GRANDPA JAMES



JOHNNY, LORI, TOMMY, JoDEE - 1962



PHILIP



CECIL (SILVER ANTELOPE), BILL (EAGLE), ROBERTA, TOM (SILVER BEAVER)

GRANDCHILDREN

We had twenty-one grandchildren and added five more granddaughters when Philip married April Hilton September 29, 2009. So far, all the grandsons have earned their Eagle Scout Award. Several have gone on missions. Colby Swenson went to Germany, Frankfurt Mission. Michael Marett went to Ukraine, Donetsk Mission. Jessica Marett went to Florida, Tallahassee Mission. Wes Swenson went to Argentina, Rosario Mission. Zac Swenson has his call to Argentina, Salta Mission. John Marett and Chandler James are looking forward to their missions after graduating from high school this spring (2010). We are certainly proud of these grandchildren who work very hard as they learn the language and teach their contacts.

Four of our grandchildren have married. Danielle (daughter of Tom and Shelley) married Colin Brinkerhoff January 13, 2006 in the Salt Lake Temple. They

have a daughter, Emery Belle born May 14, 2009. Colby Swenson (son of JoDee and Curtis Swenson) married Mindy Sue Atkinson September 12, 2008 in the Manti Temple. Caitlin Marett (daughter of Lori and Kevin Marett) married Mike Buzbee in the Provo Temple December 19, 2009. Michael Marett (son of Lori and Kevin Marett) married Katie Vellinga April 10, 2010 in the Provo Temple.

One of our family traditions at this time is to get together on the first Sunday of the month for a Family Home Evening. We rotate homes each month. This works because we all live pretty close to each other and it makes for a fun evening. My greatest joy is my family. We enjoy every one of them as they all have different interests. I was fortunate to have married over my head. Roberta has provided many happy times.



FAMILY GATHERING ON MOTHER'S DAY 2010 AT TOM AND ROBERTA'S HOME
TO CELEBRATE TOM'S 80TH BIRTHDAY

50TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY - 4 JUNE 2006



JoDEE, BILL, LORI, PHILIP, TJ
TOM AND ROBERTA
(PICTURE TAKEN DECEMBER 2004)





KEVIN AND LORI MARETT
FAMILY
JOHN, CAITLIN, MIKE, JESSICA,
JAKE AND NATE
DECEMBER 2004

CURTIS AND JODEE SWENSON
FAMILY
WES, ZAC, COLBY
SHEALYNNE AND EMILY
DECEMBER 2004



TOM (TJ) AND SHELLEY JAMES
FAMILY
NICOLE, CASEY, KYLIE, DANIELLE,
AND CHAD
DECEMBER 2004



BILL AND GERI JAMES
 FAMILY
 McKELL (STANDING), AUSTIN
 AND BAILEY - DECEMBER 2004



PHILIP AND APRIL (BROWNING) JAMES
 FAMILY
 COREY AND TYLER
 DECEMBER 2004



PHILIP AND APRIL (HILTON) JAMES
 MARRIED 29 SEPTEMBER 2009



BACK ROW: EMMA, ASHLEY, APRIL, TYLER, PHILIP
 FRONT ROW: MICAH, RILEY, COREY, JESSIKA - SEPTEMBER 2009



BACK: APRIL, SHELLEY, JODeE, GERI AND BAILEY, SHEALYNNE, KYLIE
 MIDDLE: CAITLIN, ROBERTA, LORI, JESSICA
 FRONT: DANIELLE, NICOLE, MCKELL AND EMILY - DECEMBER 2004



BACK: CHAD, BILL, CURTIS, KEVIN, JAKE, PHILIP, COLBY
 MIDDLE: WES, TOM, AUSTIN, TJ, TYLER, MIKE
 FRONT: NATE, JOHN, CASEY, COREY, ZAC - DECEMBER 2004

Golden Wedding



The children of
Tom & Roberta James
invite you to share in celebration of their
Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary
Saturday June 3, 2006
Mapleton White Church
31 West Maple Street • Mapleton, UT
5:00 - 7:00 pm

no gifts please

Married June 4, 1956



BILL, COLBY, CURTIS, JODEE, SHEA, PHILIP, SHELLEY,
DANIELLE, TJ FRONT: TOM AND ROBERTA



GREAT GRANDPA STEVENSON (ROBERT) WITH GREAT
GRANDCHILDREN BACK: MIKE, JESSICA, EMILY, CAITLIN,
COLBY FRONT: JAKE, DANI, KYLIE, WES, SHEA - 1989



CAITLIN, LORI, ROBERTA, JODEE, EMILY, SHEA



TJ, CURTIS, JODEE, TOM, ROBERTA, PHILIP, BILL, LORI,
KEVIN



KEVIN, TOM, WES, JAKE,
CURTIS FRONT: NATE,
CHAD, JOHN, ZAC



McKELL AND AUSTIN



JACOB, CHANDLER, AUSTIN, TYLER, McKELL,
CASEY, JOHN

ANCESTRY

Working in the Employment Center (Jan. 2009) as a missionary, I look up and see a picture of Benbow Farm in England painted by Frank Magleby. This reminds me of my first ancestor to come into the church. John Gailey was a minister for the United Brethren, holding meetings in the Benbow home. The missionaries converted almost the entire United Brethren congregation. The picture in front of me shows the spring on the farm where John and his congregation were baptized. We have visited this very spot several times over the past few years. It has become a favorite spot of ours. John came to America and then to Nauvoo and then on to Utah where he became a respected Judge.



TOM AND PHILIP IN FRONT OF
JOHN BENBOW FARMHOUSE - JULY 1987



JOHN GAILEY AND ANN GREAVES

My mother's father, John F. A. Howard, was sent on a mission to Switzerland soon after marriage where he became interested in Chiropractic. After returning home he attended the Palmer School of Chiropractic in Davenport, Iowa. Upon graduation he immediately started his own school using a Palmer building that wasn't being used. In 1908 he left Iowa and moved his college to Chicago, *because*, according to the on-line Wikipedia, "*its founder desired a more scientifically rigorous academic culture. Another reason that Howard relocated to the Chicago area, was that he received an agreement allowing his students to have access to anatomical study of cadavers at the nearby Cook County Hospital.*" (Wikipedia online article - 2010)



JOHN FITZ ALAN HOWARD AND
DRUCILLA SEARS

Grandpa believed that a good chiropractor could become a better chiropractor if he had medical training. These were busy years which nearly ruined his health. While he was establishing his new school, National School of Chiropractic, he was also writing and illustrating a three-volume *Encyclopedia of Chiropractic* to use in the classroom, and was pursuing an M.D. degree at the nearby medical school. His family now consisted of nine children. As the story goes, one of his colleagues suggested he have a glass of wine at dinner to keep up his energy levels. This was unfortunate because he soon became an alcoholic and lost the school, his business, and his family. Grandpa later lived in Salt Lake City and sold health products until his death. I remember him as a tall, handsome man.

In 2007, this school celebrated a hundred years since Grandpa started it. It is one of the most respected schools in America and is called The National Uni-

versity of Health Sciences. It is located in Lombard, Illinois. Since we had visited this school before, President Winterstein sent us an invitation to attend the one hundred year celebration. It was a thrill to walk into the main lobby of the building and see a large portrait of the founder, John Fitz Alan Howard, hanging in a very prominent place and to stroll through the



building and clinic which now bears his name. Lloyd Howard, the last surviving son of John F. A. Howard, was asked to speak at this celebration. Shortly after returning home Uncle Lloyd passed away. He was the last of my mother's family. We will miss Uncle Lloyd because it was a favorite place for Roberta and me to visit when we came to LaVerkin, near St. George.



THOMAS ALMA JAMES AND
MARGARET JOHNSTONE SYME

Grandpa James (Thomas Alma) lived in Rock Springs where we lived so we went to their house periodically. He never ever said much but we always liked to eat Grandma's raisin filled cookies. Grandpa James came to Rock Springs in answer to an ad from the Union Pacific Railroad to help rebuild China Town which was destroyed when the miners burned China Town. The mine foremen were giving the Chinese all the good rooms in the mines. The foremen received bonuses on the volume mined and the Chinese proved to be better miners (1885). Grandma (Margaret Syme) came up from Salt Lake City to be a cook in the man camps. They met, married, and Dad was their first child born in 1900. They were living in the old army barracks which were turned into apartments when the military left after calming down the miners. The Chinese were wards of the state, which had responsibility for them while working in the country.



JOYCE, DICK, CECILE, DANNY HOWARD, LLOYD HOWARD,
HUGH HOWARD, CHERIL, TOM

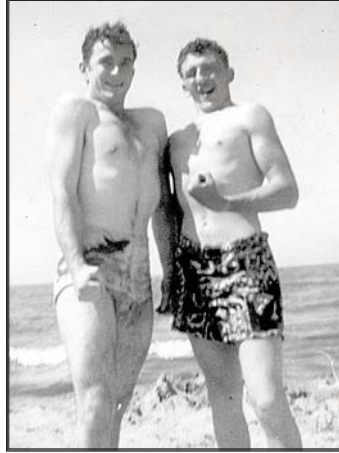


I lost all of my Grandparents while on my mission to Japan. Margaret Syme James, September 1949, Sarah Drucilla Howard, February 1951, Thomas Alma James, July 1952, John F A Howard, July 1953. I knew all of them pretty well.

TOM, CHERIL, RICHARD, ROBERTA, JOYCE AND CECILE
IN FRONT OF THE HOWARD-SCHULTZ BUILDING ON THE
CAMPUS OF NATIONAL UNIVERSITY OF HEALTH SCIENCES,
LOMBARD, ILLINOIS (2006)

HEALTH

I've been relatively healthy all my life. I broke my arm twice and my nose three times. After we got married I went to a plastic surgeon and had my nose straightened and remodeled. I don't remember any illness that laid me up for a long time. I have a few scars from training horses. I have feet that are hard to fit. Originally they were eleven-and-a-half AAA. As I have gotten older and heavier my feet are still flat but the width has grown to a B width. My personal problem with health has been with hay fever, which bothers me every summer. Fortunately, they have some pretty good allergy pills nowadays to relieve these symptoms. I have some arthritis and my eyes are suffering from macular degeneration.



Starting about ten years ago I was informed that I have macular degeneration. There is no cure for this problem so my eyes continue to fail. I am taking a multi-vitamin, OcuVite, which slows the degeneration but will not cure it. It is hereditary and so far only my cousin Carol (James) Lindsey and I have it. We have traced it back to the Syme's line, but so far we are the only ones. I tell everyone that I can't see and I can't hear but I still have my driver's license.



HOMES



341 SOUTH MAIN STREET MAPLETON, UT - 1957

Our present house was built by the father of our next door neighbor, Dean Tew. Dean was born in this home but after all the kids left home it was sold to the Jones family and then later to the Voorhees family. We bought it from the Voorhees family for \$18,000 and our house payment was \$85.00 per month. That also included 4 acres of ground and had a nice barn on it. We did some remodeling by adding a family room and a large master bedroom. Roberta had the kitchen redone as well as new carpet and paint throughout the house. We are still there and love this old house.



In 1987, we built a cabin in Scofield that has three baths and five bedrooms. It is a great place, but not used so much anymore, so maybe I will sell it. Roberta bought a place in St. George and she goes there every chance she gets. Matter of fact, she is down there today with her sister from Omaha, and her brother from California will join them sometime this week. (April, 2009).



SCOFIELD MOUNTAIN HOME SUBDIVISION, SCOFIELD, UTAH.



“UNCLE TOM’S CABIN”



For the last few years I have been the official American Legion bugler at military funerals in Springville and Mapleton (Utah). I have played "Taps" for many veterans who have fought to preserve the freedom of our country.



MEMORIAL DAY 2009 - SPRINGVILLE, UTAH
CECILE, JOYCE, TOM, ROBERTA, DICK, TOMMY



SPRINGVILLE AND MAPLETON AMERICAN LEGION UNIT #28

BACK ROW: BROADIE JONES, BOYD GOODRICH, TOM NORRIS, JIM PRIEST, GENE JOHNSON, GUY WILSON,
ORVAL SCHRAMM, GRANT CLEMENT, LELAND HATFIELD, IRWIN CURTIS, TOM JAMES

FRONT ROW: HAL BRINKERHOFF, KAY BILLS, KEITH DAVIS, DENNIS BUBASH, COMMANDER BILL CORRY, FRED HURST,
RICHARD MONEY, MAX KNIGHT, DONALD WILKINSON

Melchizedek Priesthood Line of Authority



Thomas A. James was ordained a High Priest By Ernest A. Strong, Jr. March 30, 1969



Ernest A. Strong, Jr. was ordained a High Priest and Bishop by Joseph F. Merrill February 9, 1951



Joseph F. Merrill was ordained an Apostle by Heber J. Grant October 8, 1931



Heber J. Grant was ordained an Apostle by Gerorge Q. Cannon October 16, 1882



George Q. Cannon was ordained an Apostle by Brigham Young August 26, 1860



Brigham Young was ordained an Apostle under the hands of The Three Witnesses February 14, 1835



The Three Witnesses,
Oliver Cowdrey, David Whitmer, Martin Harris.

The Three Witnesses, Oliver Cowdrey, David Whitmer, & Martin Harris were called by revelation to choose the Twelve Apostles February 14, 1835 and were "blessed by the laying on of hands of the Presidency", Joseph Smith, Jr., Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams, to ordain the Twelve Apostles. (History of the Church, Vol. 2, pp.187-188.)



The Presidency,
Sidney Rigdon, Joseph Smith, Jr., Frederick G. Williams.



Joseph Smith, Jr. & Oliver Cowdery received the Melchizedek Priesthood in 1829 under the hands of Peter, James, & John



Peter, James, & John were ordained Apostles by the Lord Jesus Christ (1 John 15:16)



Our Saviour Jesus Christ

TESTIMONY AND PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

I was raised in the church and have never had any problems with the gospel principles. What a blessing it is to belong to a church that has a Living Prophet and understands Eternal Life. This means we can have our family structure forever. I am certainly grateful for Joseph Smith who restored the gospel. It is the gospel of happiness.

Now that I am in retirement and advanced in years, the most important value I have is my excellent wife and a good family. My material acquisitions don't impress me near as much as they once did. I have some health issues such as macular degeneration and some arthritis but there are still many things I can still do. One of those is the Mission we are serving now, which is *Number Five*. We hope we can maybe do one more if I'm not too old. I am now in my 79th year.

To enjoy good health, I think we have to wake up to something worthwhile. We need to have a good job and, besides our families, have a good hobby. I have horses and am involved in jeeping. I think the missions we have done have helped us to have pretty good health. It's not a bad idea to eat well and get enough sleep.

I have been asked,

"What would you change if you could live your life over?"

I've thought about that many times and my answer is always the same.

"I wouldn't change a thing, not even the many boos I've done."

I think I learned more from my mistakes than from my successes. This remains true as long as we don't repeat the mistakes. I have a sign on my jeep that says, *"The driver does not tolerate whining."* I have been asked how I feel about losing. My life has been dedicated to winning, so I get a bit frustrated when I don't win or at least improve noticeably. I suspect this is because I've been a salesman all my life.

When our children were growing up I told them,

"Always have good friends."

I could learn about my kids by watching their friends. We have good children. Here are a few of my sayings the kids remember:

You can lead a horse to water, but it takes a good salesman to make him drink.

You can get used to hanging if you hang long enough.

You would complain if you got hung with a new rope.

It takes forty years to fall in love.

You only have so much energy. Use it wisely.

You're looking good. Must be the new sox you're wearing.

Good to see you. Better seen than viewed.

On being asked if he preferred the "smoking" or "non-smoking" section, he would reply, *"Non-smoking unless you're going to teach us how to smoke."*

If work gets in the way of play it's time to find a new job.

Opportunities are never lost, they are just taken by someone else.

Be careful what you pray for, you might just get it and you'll have to change your life.

Poverty is a state of mind. Poor people have poor ways.

Only go to the bank to pick up deposit slips.

Learn to drink vinegar and spit sugar.

If life hands you a lemon, make lemonade.

