

*Lucie
Howard
James*

(1900–1980)

An Autobiography



Lucie Howard James

March 2, 1900 - December 27, 1980

An Autobiography

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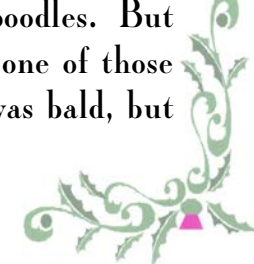
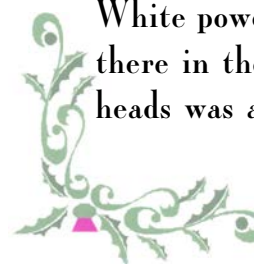
What Things Are Left. . . .

I don't really remember my grandmother. I have only a few impressions that I know belong exclusively to her. I would never recognize her voice if I heard it, but I'd like to imagine that it was low and husky, and perhaps that was a part of her that made me feel safe. I know that somewhere deep inside of me there is a memory of her smell, but it too, is unobtainable. I want to think that it somehow matched her voice, that it had a subtle warmth to it—something like the remnants of apple-cider. But these details have left me too long ago to ever be reconstructed.

I do remember a lonely night where I climbed onto her lap and became enfolded in her arms. I remember blue. The old worn blue rocking chair from my memory blends in to the bright blue carpet that still adorns the floors of that old house today. My grandmother was also wearing that blue flowered cotton dress that I remember seeing in so many of her photos. But it wasn't the pattern of the dress that I remember. It was the softness of her body, and the blanketing, tingling warmth that enveloped me. The quiet swishing of the rocking chair as it went back and forth. The deep creases in her face, defined by a lifetime of gentle laughter. Her abundance of bosom that rose and fell as she breathed and whispered to me. I could trace the light blue veins that formed smooth, loose trails over her hands. Through my sleepy-eyed memory, I am unable to separate the color blue from the feeling of security that I remember feeling.

Another moment frozen in my memory is of a summer morning with the ground still cool, but the sun already heating up the skin. A cool breeze that always reminds me of being barefoot accompanies the sounds and smells of nature pulsating through the air. The blurred images that I always see at the beginning must've been the result of a running toddler. But then time stops and I see myself looking across the yard and watching my grandma on her knees, with her hands in the dirt. She was laying bricks down for a little walkway that would eventually lead across the whole yard. But I don't remember that. Only the moment that she looked up with her massive bright-pink, wide-brimmed Audrey Hepburn-type hat and work clothes. Funny—the hat may not have been pink after all, but I do know that it was bright. And although I always imagine her wearing a dress, I know that she couldn't have been. Only her face and wide-brim hat are in focus. She was smiling this great big smile. It was the kind of smile that only a grandchild could get. Indulging. Loving. A smile mellowed by a life full of hardship and encompassing understanding.

My only other memory of my grandmother was a shocking, stolen moment. I see her sitting there in front of her vanity, surrounded by the things that made her my grandma. White powder, red lipstick, colored beads, rhinestone broaches and little glass poodles. But there in the middle of the counter were two white styrofoam heads. And on one of those heads was a gray wig that looked just like grandma's hair. The second head was bald, but



there was grandma, sticking pins into her hair and moving it around like it wasn't really attached. I never knew that my grandma was bald, but there was the proof right before me. The frightening realization sent me running back down the stairs. It would be years before I

would learn that the wig was nothing more than a hairpiece that was so popular to wear in those days. Three frozen moments, each lasting as long as a heartbeat. I can't understand why I feel like I understand her. I've heard it said that there are people who can look into someone's eyes and see directly into their soul. I have even felt that breathe-taking intensity a few vulnerable times in my life. But, like all good adults, I have carefully built walls to desensitize myself from those moments of raw connection. I am capable of great feats of fear and self-doubt. But, I can only imagine that my grandma was one of those people who had the gift of encompassing understanding. And perhaps I, too, was once one of them.

(by Christianne Scribner Jones)



Lucie with Christianne
visiting Alcatraz in 1978



Lucie
(writing her life story!)

Preface to My Biography -- Lucie Howard James
My Roots

In our family the Restoration of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is central to all the important things in our lives. My genealogy on both sides goes back to England. My grandparents (all four) left England because of their faith in Mormonism.



John Gailey and Ann Greaves

John Gailey, a minister in a church called the *United Brethren* was the first to be converted. He knew the Gospel was true the first time he heard Wilford Woodruff preach. Reverend Gailey invited Brother Woodruff to speak to his congregation, most of whom became believers in Mormonism. John Gailey was baptized and used to follow Brother Woodruff from place to place to hear more. When the time came for Brother Woodruff to return to America, John followed him. Ann Greaves came with him, and on February 7, 1846, they married in the Nauvoo Temple. Together they made the long trek westward to Utah. Here, President Brigham Young sent him north to start a new settlement in Farmington, Utah in 1848.



John Sears and Sarah Wagstaff

On May 22, 1849, a daughter, Sarah Jane, was born (my grandmother). When she was eighteen-years-old, she married Isaac Sears on September 28, 1867, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah.

My mother's grandfather, John Sears, joined the church in England in 1849. They had eleven children. Isaac (my grandfather) was their second child. They sent him to Utah ahead of the others, and he worked for a family in Southern Utah for awhile. Isaac was only fourteen-years-old when he left England to make his way alone in a strange land.



Isaac Sears and Sarah Jane Gailey



Isaac and Sarah Jane Sears Family

My father's father, John Richards Howard, heard the gospel while serving in the English Navy. He jumped overboard, swam to shore and worked his way to Utah, where Brigham Young hired him as a scout to meet emigration groups and direct them through the mountains. In 1866, he married Harriet Spinks Brooks (in the Salt Lake Temple), who had come with a handcart company.



John Richards Howard and Harriet Spinks Brooks

John Fitz Alan Howard (my father) was their second child. He married Sarah Drucilla Sears (daughter of Isaac Sears) in the Salt Lake Temple on September 26, 1895.

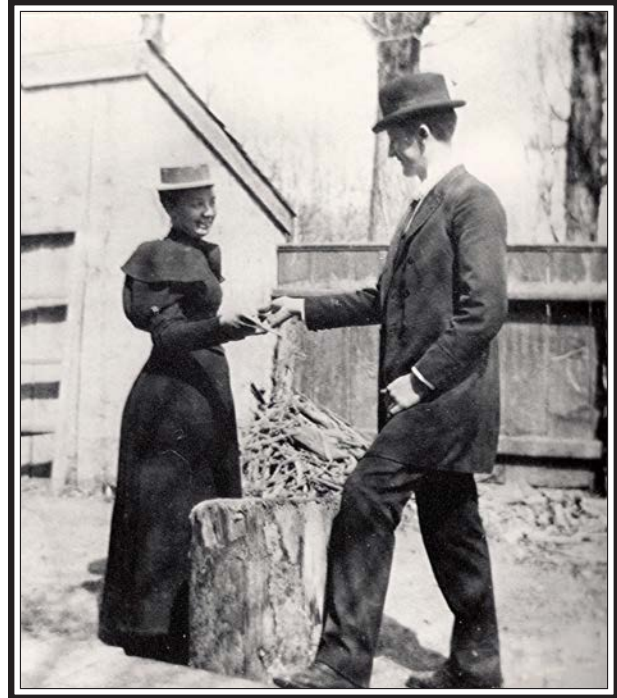


John Fitz Alan Howard and Sarah Drucilla Sears

The very next day, John left Drucilla to go on an LDS mission to Switzerland. Mother worked as a stenographer for John M. Cannon for three years while he was away. On his way home, John met a cousin, Lucie, wife of Captain Maxwell of the Gordon Highlanders. She once came to America to visit my parents. My mother told us that she had fourteen black

silk dresses and fourteen pairs of shoes, which in that day was many. She also gave my father \$2400 to help build his first home and also asked for the privilege of naming the first two children (Gordon Maxwell Howard and Lucie Howard).

Mother has often told us of her trip to Denver, Colorado, to meet John, whom she had only been married to one day before he left on his mission. She said he was so tall and handsome, and she was so happy to have him safe and really home.



Drucilla and John Howard

They went to the Elysiam Gardens (I think that was the name) in Denver, and as she described how beautiful it was, I've often wondered if anything could have been that beautiful. It was to mother, I'm sure. While my father was on his mission, mother had studied French, and it used to be very annoying to us children to have them say things to each other occasionally that we couldn't understand. I made up my mind that someday I would study French, which I did, but by that time, both parents had died, so I was never able to intercept one of those secret messages!



Isaac and Sarah Jane Sears Family



Drucilla with her sister



Drucilla with Jack and Jessie



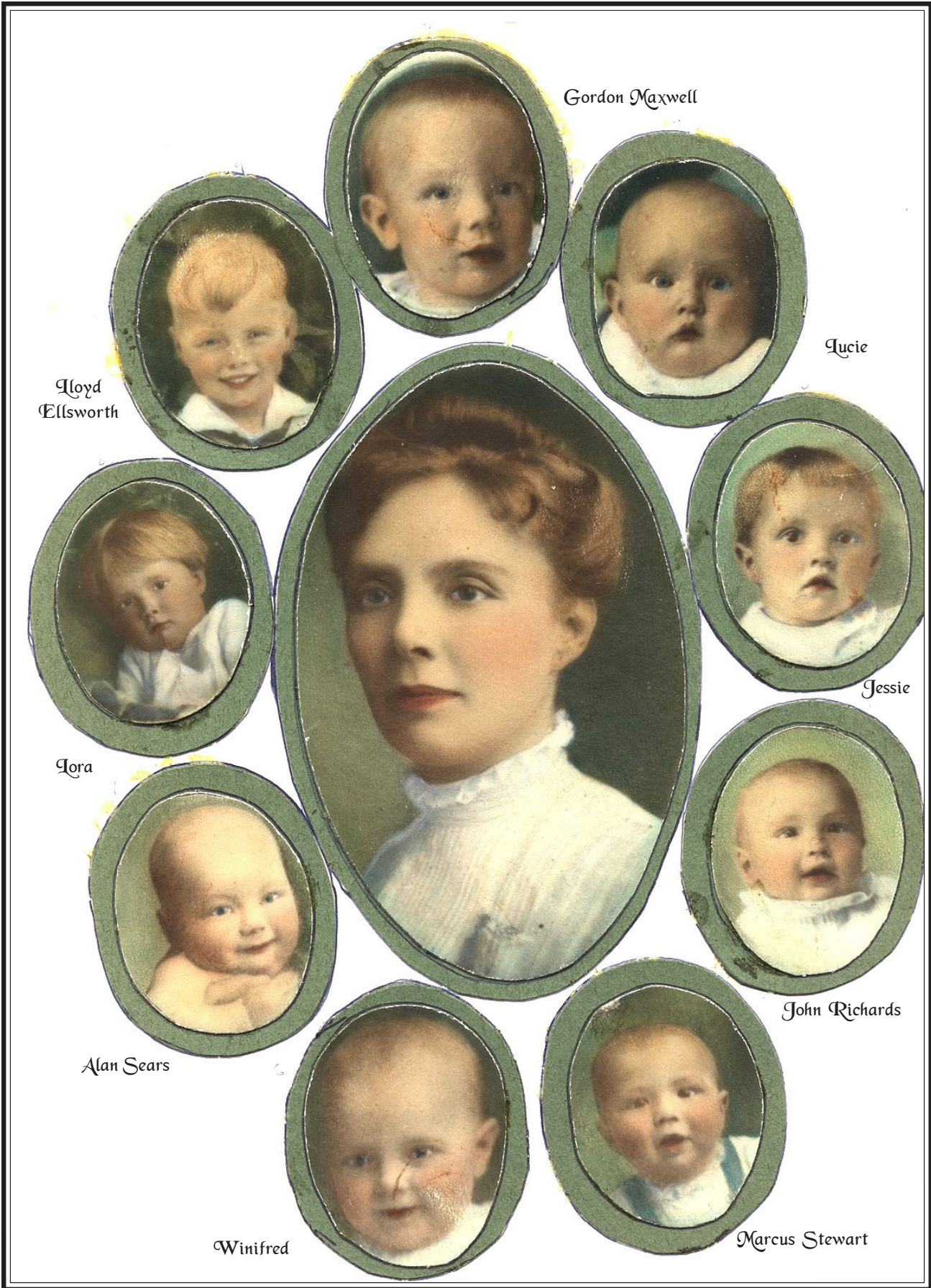
John Fitz Alan Howard



John Fitz Alan Howard



John and Drucilla Howard with Gordon, Lucie and Jessie



Gordon Maxwell

Lucie

Lloyd Ellsworth

Jessie

Lora

John Richards

Alan Sears

Winifred

Marcus Stewart



Nine of us children grew up together with two very special parents. Gordon, a year older than I, always took good care of me when we went to parties and dances. Jessie always went to church with Gordon and me and Jack. Mark used to get car sick on the elevated trains. But we four older children were so close in age that we shared a lot of experiences. I cannot think of us separately back in those days.

My roots are delightfully entwined with those of my brothers and sisters whom I grew up with.



Gordon Maxwell Howard

Gordon became a dentist, married Mabel Munns and they had two children, Gordon and Reed. Later this marriage was dissolved, and he married Alta Erickson, who had three girls--Ilene, Virginia and Maud. They bought the old Ellis place on the Wasatch Bench and have made a real showplace out of it. They are delightful hosts and for years had a family reunion at their home. Gordon's grandson, Bruce, and granddaughters, Emily, Eileen, Jennifer and Joan. They attended BYU, are fine men and women, and we enjoyed getting to know them. Gordon can be very proud of them.

Jessie married LeRoy Buckmiller, also a dentist and they have seven children, Howard, Donna, John, Roger, Joan, Mary, and Ruth. They, too, live along the Wasatch front in Salt Lake City. Roy has served as Bishop twice, and Jessie and Roy served as Temple President and Matron in London, England.



Jessie Howard

She is eighteen months younger than I, but as children we were almost like twins. Mother always dressed us alike—only she in pink or red and me in blue. Jessie was pretty and had many suitors. At present (1975), she teaches the Spiritual Living Lessons in Relief Society and tends grandchildren and great-grandchildren.



Jessie and Roy Buckmiller



Roy and Jessie Buckmiller Family



John (Jack) Richards Howard

Jack married Mary Marler. They had one son, John Howard, who married Shirley Fullmer, and they have five fine sons to carry on the family name—John, Alan, Todd, Mark and Nathan.



Gordon, Lucie, Jack, Jessie



Mary (Marler), John, Jack Howard

Jack died of a ruptured appendix in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He was following an FBI case there in 1942. He was young, only in his thirties. Mary never remarried, but lived with her folks on First Avenue in Salt Lake City. Her father was Ezra Marler. She lives there still (1975) and has recently completed a very successful LDS mission and is now working in the Salt Lake Temple. We all love Mary.



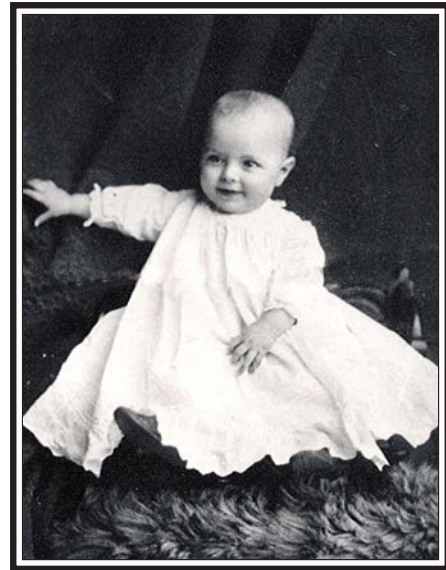
Marcus (Mark) Stewart Howard

Mark married Helen Young and they have seven children, Marlene, Marcus, Caroline, Craig, Debra, Winifred, and Kenneth. They are all fine children—we are proud of all of them. Marlene and Craig attended BYU so we got to know them a little better than the rest. Marcus filled a two year mission in the Western States (was in Rock Springs, Wyoming for awhile).



Marlene, Marcus, Helen, Caroline

Craig filled a mission in France. Kenneth has also filled a mission. Mark always had a strong physical body, big muscles, and we were always proud of the way he could throw a ball. In fact, playing ball was always his favorite sport. He was always kind and good to us, his brothers and sisters, and we used to get him to show his big leg and arm muscles to our friends. Although now retired, he has a beautiful vegetable garden in Glendale, California.



Winnie as a baby

sister, just five years younger than Winnie, died at twenty-two, and also Alan at twenty-three years of age—all of tuberculosis and all within three years.



Winifred (Winnie) Howard

Winnie was the family beauty and had a cute sense of humor. Her hair was black like her father's, her eyes were large and blue like her mother's, her skin fair like Dad's. Then she had an artistic flare in her sewing. Mother used to say, "*Winnie's sewing had more class than mine, but it didn't hold together as long.*" Winnie died when she was only twenty-six years old. A great loss to us all. Lora, our



Lora, Alan and Winnie

Alan was our scholar. Mother kept him home until he was eight-years-old because he was such a good helper. He made up very quickly for starting late, did eight years of grade school in four years and four years of high school in three years. He was especially kind and good, and mother felt his loss greatly. In fact, the loss of these three children from tuberculosis and then Jack from a ruptured appendix was almost more than she could bear.



Alan Sears Howard

Alan was working for Dinwoody's Furniture Store at the time of his death and Harold Hintze took his vacancy. Alan was truly a super person.



Winnie
Alan
Lucie
Lois

Lora was also very pretty but of a different color combination than Winnie. She had taffy colored hair and big brown eyes. She was our *Golden Girl*.



Lora Howard

Her skin was clear with a delicate transparency, which in summer took on a slight golden suntan. She was always well-groomed and soft spoken. Alan and Lora and Alan and Winnie or Alan and Winnie and Lora-- they were close companions in life and in death. Alan



in 1933, Winnie in 1934, and Lora in 1935. Both she and Winnie used to get up early on Sunday mornings to go with us to church. We had to catch an 8 o'clock Aurora and Elgin (third rail) train to get to Marshfield Station by 9 or 9:15, then wait there for a Lagon Square elevated train to take us the rest of the way, and we were seldom late for Sunday School in Lagon Square. Lora attended school in Maywood, Illinois, and Salt Lake and spent a year in Rock Springs, Wyoming, with us.



Lloyd Ellsworth Howard

Lloyd, the youngest child in our family of nine children seemed to take over where Alan left off. In fact, he came up to Rock Springs to visit us not long after Alan's death, and for a moment, I thought it was Alan. He was tall and blond like his brother and has lived as Alan would have lived. He married Helen Mortensen, and they have ten handsome children--Lorraine, Alan, Dan, Anne, Rebecca, Lorelee, Richard, Hugh, Mary and David.



Helen, Anne, Lorraine, Lloyd, Alan, Danny

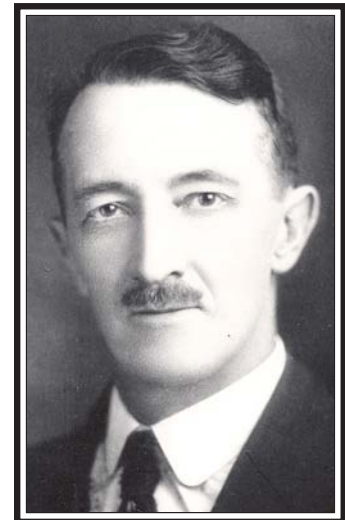
Lloyd and Helen and family have always been active in the church and Lloyd has been in Stake presidencies and bishoprics for much of his life.

He is now (1977) Bishop in the LaVerkin Ward in Southern Utah. He also has a dental laboratory on his home grounds. Most of his work is for dentists in California. His son, Alan, also runs a dental laboratory in Leeds, Utah. Lloyd was his teacher, and he worked for his father for several years. Hugh is a fine musician—plays beautifully and composes music. He is returning this week from an LDS mission (October 1977). Lloyd and Helen never seem to age. They are exceptional in so many ways. They live in a beautiful home surrounded by many acres and beautiful trees. Like his older brothers and sisters, Lloyd is always making improvements on his home and grounds. I guess we get this from our father. Dad especially enjoyed working in the garden. I'm sure Lloyd's and Helen's children will live to call their parents "blessed," and also his grandchildren and great-grandchildren.



Sarah
Drucilla Sears
Howard

John Fitz Alan
Howard





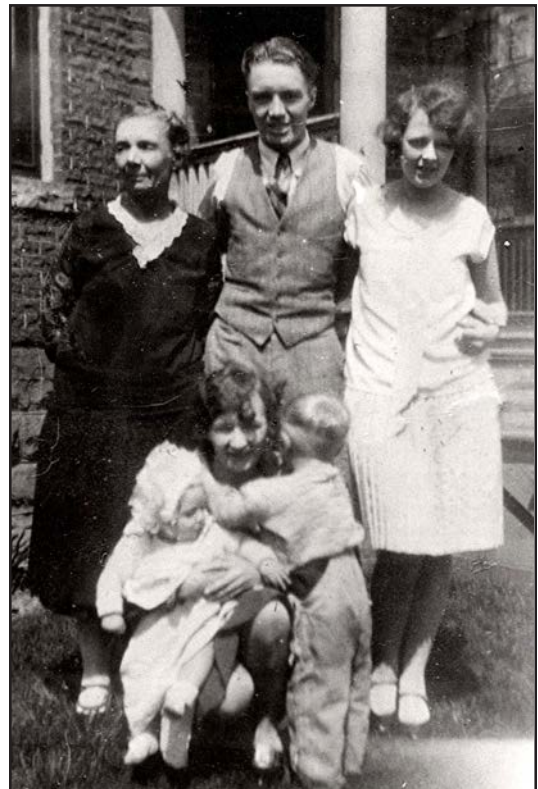
Lora Howard



Alan Howard



Jessie Howard
and
Jack Howard



Drucilla, Alan, Winnie Howard
Lucie Howard James, Richard and Lois
about 1929



Winnie 1924



John with Alan



Drucilla with Lora

John Fitz Alan Howard and Drucilla Sears Howard

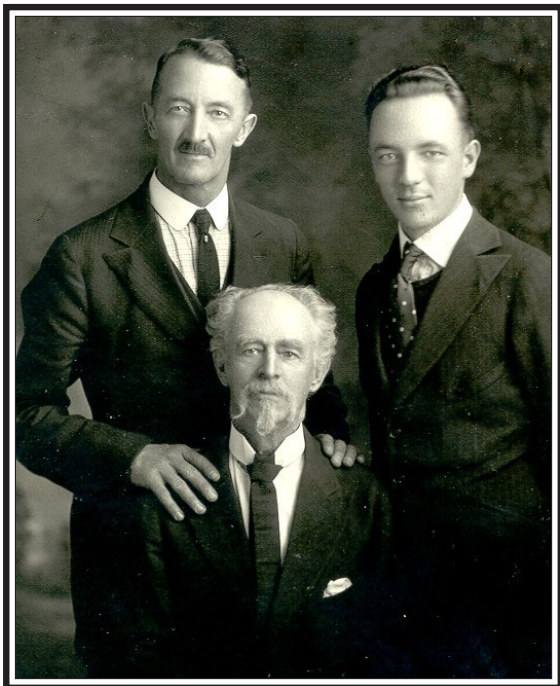




Three generations - 1914
Lucie (14) Drucilla (39) Sarah Jane (64)



Lucie - High School



Three generations - John Fitz Alan Howard,
John Richards Howard and Gordon Howard



Three generations - John (Jack) Howard (top)
John Richards Howard, John Fitz Alan
Howard



February 9, 1913 -- John Fitz Alan Howard Family in Chicago



May 6, 1917 -- The John Howard Family
John, Drucilla, Gordon, Lucie, Jessie, Jack, Mark, Winnie, Alan, Lora, Lloyd



Lucie Howard James Autobiography



Lucie Howard James

Autobiography

I was born on March 2, 1900 to Sarah Drucilla Sears and John F.A. Howard in Sandy, Salt Lake County, Utah. My brother Gordon was born in the same house one year earlier. The house is still standing and is still in use. (1977)



Lucie Howard -- 1900

My mother and my father are both descendants of pioneers who crossed the plains in covered wagons. In fact, the restoration of the Gospel is central to all the important things that have happened in their lives, as well as in mine.

My father built our first home in Sandy, Utah with \$2400 that his cousin, Lucie, gave him while he was returning from an LDS mission in Switzerland. She then asked for the privilege of naming his first two children.

In 1906, we moved to Davenport, Iowa, where my father studied to be a chiropractor. He then moved to Chicago where he enrolled in Rush Medical College. He also worked in a TB Sanitarium to pay expenses. Marcus was born in Iowa.

Our first home in Chicago was in Fulton Street, a two-story flat in a Black district. From our front upstairs window we used to watch the "Black Mirandy" (a police car) pick up law violators. Always this was

exciting as the big black car with whistles blowing drove up to a house, yanked open the back door to admit the guilty person, pushed back the onlookers and dragged in the offender. We never knew the *why* or the *wherefore* of the arrests but it was exciting none-the-less!



1904 -- Gordon (top), Lucie, Jack, Jessie



(Back) Jessie, Gordon, Lucie
(Front) Mark, Winnie, Jack - 1909

At school we discovered that *whites* were the minority group. After some big black boys had broken Gordon's collar bone and Jessie's arm, we started to look for another house. This was not easy as no one seemed to want six children.

Two Mormon missionaries were visitors. One came down with smallpox, so we all had to be vaccinated. German Ellsworth was Northern States Mission President, and we all looked forward to going to the big chapel on Paulina Street. We loved taking part in the Christmas plays that Sister Ellsworth directed. We also enjoyed the Katzenjammer Kid in the Sunday paper.

Our next move was to a huge black house on Congress Street, across from the Presbyterian Hospital. Gordon came down with diphtheria here and Dad isolated him on the third floor with a funny old Dr. Watson. None of the rest of us caught this dreaded disease. The things that I remember most clearly about this house and neighborhood are: (1) The beautiful long banister that extended from the third floor to the second floor (high ceilings) and what fun it was to slide down it. (2) One day a woman on her way to the hospital had a baby right on our corner—some real hurrying took place. (3) One day a man gave Jessie twenty-five cents and she bought a beautiful china doll with it. (4) My favorite school teacher, Miss Waterman, made me love school. (5) Once mother sent me for some medicine on a dark night to Van Buren Street and Ashland Boulevard. She said, ***“Run as fast as you can—stay in the middle of the road.”*** It was really a bad area. (6) Rollerskating at the Iceland Skating Rink. (7) Mother fine-combing our heads with kerosene for lice. (8) Dad, in the dark of the night, shooting rats. (9) The house across the court, which some people said was haunted. (Dr. Watson saw many strange things there, but we never.) (10) How brave Gordon was when he hollered, ***“Ching, ching, Chinaman,”*** and then ran. (11) The Black woman who did our laundry. (12) What a beautiful baby Alan was. (13) A beautiful Christmas doll that mother had hid in the closet upstairs. (14) A full skeleton that Dad had hanging in a closet! I've spent many a night dreaming that I redecorated that beautiful old mansion.

In 1911 we moved to Maywood, Illinois where father had bought two acres of land and was having Mr. Fricki build us a house. This was real living—a whole sub-division to play ball in, play hide and seek, pick wild strawberries and hunt crabs, which carried their young in the curve of their tails all matted together like cockle burrs.



The Howard Home in Maywood, Illinois

Father had a beautiful garden—rows so straight and long—big raspberries, strawberries, tomatoes, corn asparagus, beets and cherry and apple trees. We got our water from a well that had a very cold handle in winter. The water was very hard, but possibly because of the minerals in it, Lloyd and Alan had beautiful teeth--no cavities and a perfect occlusion.

Lora was also born in Maywood—also three baby boys who died shortly after birth (Mother had the RH-negative blood factor). Life was always good when mother was around because she loved us and we knew it.



Lucie and Jessie



Lucie and Jessie

Gordon, Jessie and I were all in High School together. Jessie and I also worked in the Corn Exchange National Bank. One pay day I received the wrong amount of money in my pay envelope. After a few moments of pleasant shock at seeing so much money, I returned it to the pay master. About this time a picture of our family appeared in the *rotogravure* section of a Sunday paper with this caption, *“Stork Well Represented in this Mormon Doctor’s Family.”* Three of these pictures appeared on the marble posts as I entered the bank the next day. Up in the clearings where I worked, machines were clicking. Then, suddenly, one after another stopped. I looked up. The elevator had stopped and stood wide open with a uniformed police officer standing by it waiting. I, too, was curious—then a bank messenger came into our section, gave a note to the head clerk, then walked right up to me and asked me to follow him. Trembling, I followed him to the vice-president’s office! Then Mr. Hamilton said,

“Miss Howard, I understand that you have been listening to some of these Mormon Missionaries, and I just wanted to tell you that they are up to no good. They take girls to Salt Lake City where they have secret trap slabs in the sidewalks. These let down and the girls are never heard of more!”

Before he got any farther, I said, *“But I am a real Mormon. I was born in Utah. My mother and father were both born in Salt Lake City, and all four of my grandparents came to Utah as pioneers in covered wagons!”*

He looked stunned, then said, *“Where do you hold your meetings?”*

The next Sunday was conference for the Northern States Mission. Brother James E. Talmadge was the main speaker. And our choir was led by a young elder named Richard P. Condie. To our great surprise, Mr. Hamilton and his nephew (who had been trying to date Jessie) came. The next day, a note on my desk asked me to come to Mr. Hamilton’s office as soon as I reported for work. This time he said,

“Miss Howard, I only want to ask you one question. Was that a representative group of young Mormon men that I met at your church last Sunday?”

When I told him that it was, he said, *“That’s the finest group of young men I have ever met anywhere—bar none! That will do Miss Howard!”*



I thought to myself as I went back of the cages, “Why shouldn’t they be special—*everyone there held the Melchizedek Priesthood!*”

In both Jessie’s and my pay envelope the next pay day, we each had a raise and a note that said,

“Do not mention this raise to any of the other employees in your department.”

And an interesting thing—the amount of our raise was the exact amount needed to keep our brother, Jack, on his mission in South Africa.



Lucie

Gordon studied dentistry at Northwestern University. President Black called Gordon into his office one day and said,

“The Mormon boys have a fine record at this University. I’ll expect more from you.”



Jack, Jessie, Lloyd, Gordon, Lucie, Mark, Lora, Winnie, Alan (about 1917)

Gordon set up his dental practice in Salt Lake City. In the fall of 1922, I took a vacation via the Union Pacific Railroad and went to see him. He was talking to a man from the comptometer school I had graduated from. In about ten minutes he had me signed up to go to Rock Springs to work in the Union Pacific Coal Company Auditing Office. Before I knew it, my vacation was over before it began. (Instead of staying for two weeks, I stayed three years—and then twenty-five years more in the town). I had to get up at *five o’clock*, carry a heavy suitcase from 756 E. 2nd South to the Union Pacific Depot. At Evanston, Wyoming, an obnoxious *drunk* got on and sat beside me. When he got off at Rock Springs, I almost stayed on the train since it was *one a.m.* and very dark outside. I sat up in the railway station all night. The baggage clerk gave me the coal company’s auditing office address and Bishop John Young’s address, and life took on new dimensions immediately. Gordon asked to borrow \$200.00, which was exactly the amount I had, and since I expected to be paid on Saturday, I sent him the whole thing. Since the coal company paid every two weeks, I went hungry for several days—too proud to tell the Bishop!

Rock Springs was not the terrible place that Uncle Royal had told me it was. Gordon came to see me whenever he could. In 1924, I was living in a one-room unheated apartment on “B” Street, no indoor plumbing and only a bed for furniture. My \$130.00 went to Jack (\$50), mother (\$25), and rent (\$15).

Gordon was concerned about my accommodations, but I wasn’t for I had met a handsome young man (returned missionary) who drove a classy Stevens car and who always had a pocket full of money.



Lucie



Lucie - Front, second from right

Lucie - Second from left
Basketball in Chicago, 1919



Swimming in Lake Erie (Lucie is in the middle front)



(Letter given to the family from Aunt Jessie after Lucie died):



Wyoming, April 17, 1925

Dearest Jessie,

Will you please put your all absorbing baby down for a few minutes while I tell you how much I have been thinking of you lately, and how glad I am that eleven days have added their strength and satisfaction.

Oh how I long to see you both—would you let me hold him?— who does he look like? Bet he is a darling—mother surely thinks so—says “his eyes are blue” — Can I see you smile. Think you are real smart don’t you? —and that “he is the sweetest thing”—of course he would be. Hope his eyes don’t change—to please you—but me, myself—I like big brown ones—sigh—

What did Lora say and Lloyd—bet Lora can’t contain her joy. Really Jessie, I can’t tell you how much I have missed Lora, her sweetness and impetuosity. And for that matter—how I have missed you all—

Guess that mother has told you the conference news, but just in addition—Norma is engaged to Kimball—the one she has been going with for four years—happy? Oh my yes—Beautiful Norma, Lucky Kimball. Did you meet him?— he is real nice, round face, rosy cheeks. Laura is smiling upon a very plain looking red-headed returned missionary (real likable albeit). Funny how such pretty girls should pick on such ordinary looking men. (Why you’d think they could get a Cotteral—huh?) Otella is still unmarried and as bewitching as ever—Alice Murdock met Elder Orson Davis at the Reunion and was quite thrilled—she says—

’N I met Harry—sigh—oh dear, these men— —I didn’t dance or talk to him—tho’t it best not to, but he watched me all evening and it “shore took the starch outta me.” All that we said to each other was

He—“Hello Lucie”—

Me—“Why did you come here”—

Him—“To see if you were here”—

Then Alice came up and some others and saved further words. Good Alice—Handsome Harry—dutiful Cecil—kind, grand President Taylor—nice young men—happy Uncle Winslow—smiling crowd—lively music—after anticipating it all so long I wanted to leave it— just like in the “movies” -- leave it all and go home to mother and the kids—our dear mother and adorable youngsters.

Elder Hart was quite the sheik—oh my—but he looked grand — Elder Grant didn’t hardly look at me—just cuz he had another girl who looked like she was his’n—oh well, I like him anyway—cuz once he looked at me—like adoration I tho’t—’n his girl wasn’t a bit nice looking like I am. Minnie Ward—dear lady— was just beside herself with happiness—gave me the swellest motherly squeeze—my but it

seemed good to see her and to hear her laugh—

Sr. Pulley has a real handsome husband, and Elder Probst has the prettiest baby that I have ever seen. He surely is a proud father. His wife is very sweet also. It was just grand to be surrounded by friends. I think that it made C. (Cecil) open his eyes cuz ever since he has been oh so adoring—and me being kinda dumb just let him. Last Sunday when he brought me home from Church I really tho't that he was good looking —(it was a very cloudy evening). Somehow I rather like him—and if he ever does get up enough courage to ask me—I'll say "yes" so quick that he won't know what's struck him. (Doesn't sound like me does it?)—it is tho—Am kinda sorry that you have walked off with the honors of having the first grandchild—I had hoped to do that myself—But once I get in the running—well just "watch my smoke kids."

Guess Gordon is standing on his ear by now— Wonder whether theirs will be a boy or girl—oh dear—why can't I have one too (twins)

Please try and find a moment or two to write to me—I starve for home news. Vie is engaged to be married to Stanley Draney in June but I'm afraid they won't make it. She scolds him too much—'n he gets his sensitive feelings all-the-time hurt— crazy kids—not a bit of sense to it—(their quarrels I mean).

We are having a real honest to goodness rain storm, the first in months 'n months 'n months— everyone is looking outta the windows 'cept me, I've seen lots of them—

Compared with H.-C, doesn't say hardly anything atall, but me—I'm smart and can fill in the pauses 'n read between sentences — make it more romantic than man ever could.

President Taylor said, "Jessie is a wonderful girl—wonderful girl"—About Winnie he said "Isn't she a jewel" 'n half closed his eyes 'n smiled his wonderful smile. About mother he said, "Your mother is one of the finest women I have ever known—one of our noble mothers in Israel"—Of me-he said "Good girl—I like you"—and I had a grand waltz with him—'n I like him very much—

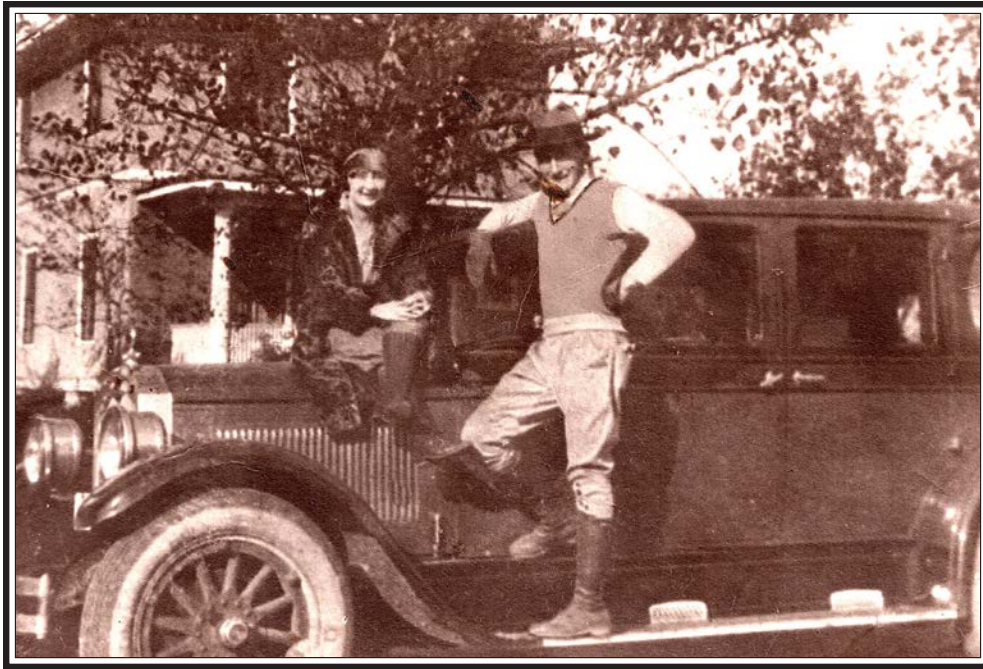
Well, Jessie dear I hope you are up by now (by the time this reaches you) and feeling real spry—but don't try to do too much—Let our older youngsters do the housework or your husband—or let it go till I get there—I just love housework you know—How I should like to drop in at your home to-nite—but I have to go home thru the rain to a cold house and build a fire 'n cook my own 'n Vie's supper (macaroni and cheese)—more fun! Affectionately, Lucie

P.S. Has it occurred to you what a famous day your baby was born on? Who can tell, perhaps he is to be a second Brigham Young or a very great man—because it is to us a choice day— Just so he is a good Latter-day Saint—what loves his mother and father and Aunt Lucie. I shall be satisfied —L.



Lucie and Cecil

Part Two



Cecil Syme James and Lucie Howard James - October 7, 1925

On October 7, 1925, Cecil and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple. It's really a wonder that he ever dated me on account of the oil stove aroma that was used in the rock house.



Cecil Syme James

Our chapel in Rock Springs was a small one-room, aged one, but I learned to love the people, especially Bishop J.B. Young who was as fine a man as ever lived.

Our first home (1925) was in Wardell Court, all furnished and very lovely—except no washing machine. We then moved to a house on Walnut Street and bought the furniture in it for \$600. It was a good buy! We still have the entire bedroom set and one chair from the overstuffed set (1977).

When Richard was six weeks old (1926), we moved into our new home that Cecil had built in his leisure time (he had several Church jobs). I loved our new home, and with a new baby, there was suddenly a lot to do. In this home, Lois, Tom and Cheril were born. Dr. Lauzer was our doctor. However, he was a bit late arriving when Lois was born and Cecil officiated. He was very calm and gave good advice, like on the last delivery pain he said, *“Take it easy!”*

I answered, *“Easy, my eye!”*

And lo and behold, we had a beautiful girl baby. Joyce was born in Salt Lake City at my mother's home. It was June 25, but a very cold day. She came before water could be heated to wash the doctor's hands—so they were cold too!



Cecile



Richard Alan



Cheril Drucilla



Lois Joan



Joyce



Thomas Arthur





Cecil with Richard, Lois, Tommy, Joyce and Cheril about 1940



Lucie, Richard, Lois, Tommy and Joyce 1934



Lucie with Richard, Lois and Tommy 1930



Lois

On the fourth of July I took her and three other children, Richard, Lois and Tom plus luggage home on the Union Pacific Railroad. The train was crowded. I got a seat, but the children did not. A little Jewish woman took Tom, who was two, on her lap, then Lois also. Pretty soon, Richard was also taken care of by a man. I've often wished that I had gotten the names of the two who were so good to my children since I was sitting by a mentally retarded girl who was being taken to Evanston, Wyoming for care. She kept touching the new baby but she did not hurt her. It was a long eight-hour ride, and we were glad to see Cecil at the Rock Springs station.

Cecile was born in the Rock Springs Hospital. When I entered, the nurse said,

"How long have you been in labor Mrs. James?"

I said, *"I have just had one pain, but it was a lulu!"*

She smiled and said, *"Well, we will take your history."* then added, *"How many children have you had?"*

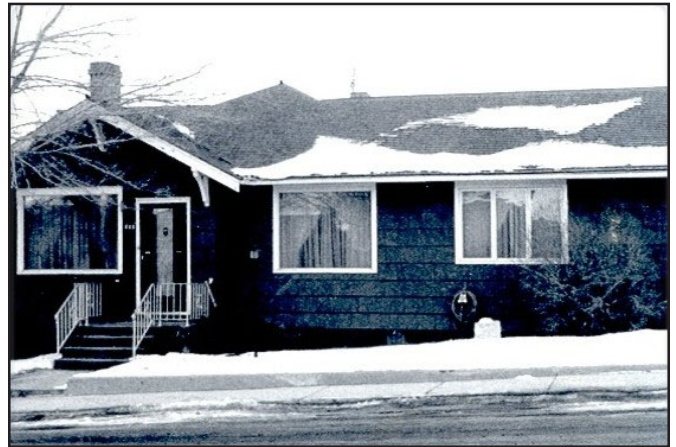
When I said, *"Eight,"* she said, *"Put her right to bed!"*

Cecile was born ten minutes later, a fine eight pounder with a big James voice. My children were all beautiful babies and well behaved children. I feel very blessed to have such fine young people and now men and women—real special, all of them.



Lois and Joyce

We lived in "the house that Cecil built" (813 Young Avenue) for twenty-two years, then sold it for about three times the cost. While here, Cecil served as Bishop for nearly ten years, and I taught the adult class for ten years while the children were small. It was a most choice experience. I also worked in the mutual and Cecil served as scout master as well, so we were both kept busy.



813 Young Avenue, Rock Springs, Wyoming

Cecil became interested in flying and bought a Piper Cub (flying machine). Later he decided he wanted a bigger plane, so he bought a Stinson Station Wagon plane.



Cecil

On the maiden flight of this plane, as we flew over a rodeo, the engine stopped and would not start. Brother and Sister Canfield were with us, and we all knew we were going to crash land. Cecil made a good landing on an old road that led to a ghost town, *Gunn*, but just as we started to breathe that sigh of relief, we hit a gully in the road and head over heels we went.

It was rather an unromantic wreck—no one saw us—no one came to get us out (so we crawled out). We landed hanging upside down! Then Cecil went for help, after making sure that we kept clear of the plane for fear of an explosive fire. The plane was a total loss. In fact, as I examined its structure, it seemed to be built of huge match sticks. No one was hurt.

We have spent a lot of our vacation time at Fremont Lake near Pinedale, Wyoming (the town farthest from a railway station in the United States). Fremont Lake is 100 miles from Rock Springs, so when Cecil left for work on Sunday night, we knew that we



Lois, Tommy, Joyce and Cheril

were on our own until he returned the following Friday. One time a scout leader (part Indian) asked Richard if he would help him take his boy scouts up to the head of the lake.

Richard was young, but handled the boat

well. Richard and about six boys, plus their bedrolls were ready and waiting for the scout leader to come from the end of the lake when a sudden storm arose. (I didn't worry—no one would go out in a storm like that!) Then we saw what looked like a man standing on the water. The waves were too high to see the boat. As soon as he got within hearing distance he yelled,

“Come on, Richard, let's go!”

Richard pulled the starter cord and they were off. Every few minutes, the engine seemed to stop. We strained our eyes and ears. Then suddenly we couldn't see or hear them. I didn't even know the names of the boys who were with Richard, and my imagination gave me much to worry about. I was still awake at midnight when I heard our boat coming down the lake (I knew the sound of our motor). I woke Lois, and we went down to the pier. No moon—it was very dark—the rain had stopped and so had the wind. Then suddenly the motor also stopped. Had it hit that rock? Fearing the worst, I sent Lois back to the tent while I

searched the shoreline. Cold slippery rocks, tangled branches and fallen tree stumps slowed my progress.

I found nothing—I fell many times. Finally I climbed up to the highway where I could get a broader view. Even when it started to get light, I could see nothing but a big black lake, shiny and still. I went back to follow the shoreline down the lake and ran into a boat with two men in it, asleep. One I recognized as the man who owned a hardware store in Pinedale, Mr. Murphy. He immediately told me that the boys were all safe but very wet. Instead of thanking him, I stood there and cried, which certainly didn't improve my bedraggled look.



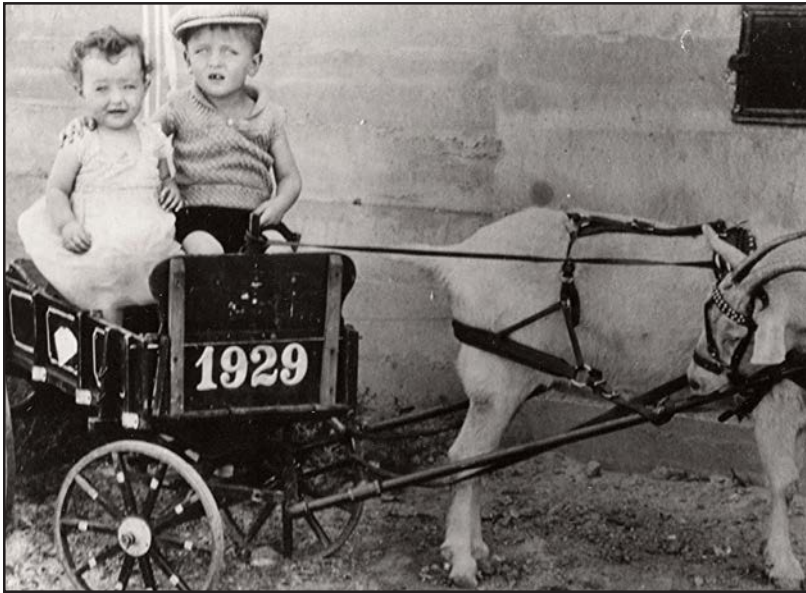
Ronnie, Lucie, Joyce, Lois, Davie, Cecile - 1950

Storms come up suddenly on the lake, and once Dick, Tom, Joyce and Lois were in a very bad one. Finally quite a way up the lake came Lois and Joyce half drowned and through rain and tears said,

“Mama, Richard and Tom are afraid the boat is going to be broken to pieces. They are trying to save it!”

The children were safe—little did I care about the boat.

One summer we were on our way to our favorite *hang out*—Cecil ahead with the truck and equipment and Richard driving the car with the family. Cecile was a tiny baby, and as Cheril leaned over to look at the baby, her body pressed against the car door handle and it flew open, taking Cheril with it. It was a long drive to Pinedale, but we found a doctor—an old man who had to build a wood fire to sterilize his instruments. He put nine clamps to hold together a right angled shaped wound.



Lois and Richard 1929



Joyce and Cheril about 1941



Cecil with Joyce and Cheril about 1940



Cecil, Lucie, Richard, Lois, Tommy and Joyce 1932

Cecil then drove her back to the hospital in Rock Springs while we came back in the truck. I panicked as we entered town, not knowing where Cheril would be—in the hospital or in the mortuary. She was at home in bed, still unconscious. Dr. Lauzer told me not to build too many hopes, since the injury was in a vital spot. She might never walk or see again if she lived. We called Bishop J. B. Young to give her a blessing. She did not regain consciousness until the fourth day. she opened her eyes and said,

“Mama, my head hurts.”

I told her that it would soon be better and she said, *“No, it won’t ever be better.”*

That night Sister Reese and little Joan came to see us, and while we were talking in the front room, suddenly there was Cheril, standing in the doorway in her white nightgown—she could see and she could walk—what a beautiful sight! Many times we have been grateful that Brother Young lived worthy to maintain his spiritual gift of healing the sick.



for all of us. Richard entered the military air service not long after. Out of a large group of entrants, he was one of the few who qualified for pilot training.

In 1948, we moved to Provo, Utah. Cecil kept his job at the Superior Lumber Company and commuted by plane and car to Provo on weekends.



1815 North 650 East, Provo, Utah

Lois was married to Carl Hirschi a few days after she turned eighteen. They had four children—Ronald, David, Carla and Randy. This marriage was dissolved in 1967. She later married Ernest Winfield in 1969. She and Ernie are still working at Thiokol (1977).



In 1951 Joyce and I entered BYU as freshmen. The next four years passed quickly, but I felt glad to be graduated so I could call my time my own.

Richard was the first of our children to attend BYU. However, and true to our hopes, he met a lovely girl named Lorna Matkin, whom he married in the Canadian Temple. They have four children—Alan, Don, Kayleen, and Kent. Richard became Bishop of the Second Ward in Rock Springs, and has taken his father’s place in the Superior Lumber Company.



Cecile, Cheril, Joyce, Lucie, Alan, Lorna, Don, Richard, Lois, Ron and Dave - Yellowstone 1950

Cecil became Bishop of the Rock Springs Ward in 1935 and the next nine years were busy ones

In April of 1974, Richard underwent heart surgery—two arteries were passed by and two others (one from his thigh and the other from his chest) were implanted. He healed surprisingly fast due to the fact that the heart muscles were not damaged and that he was in good physical condition. But more about this fine lad later.

We have had many delightful times together as a family. In 1976, Cecil, Johnny (James), Christianne (Scribner) and I went up early to Fremont. It was very cold so the first thing we did was to start a big fire. Lois and Ernie were already there. The wind was blowing so I tied an old scarf around my straw hat which didn't enhance the old green coat I was wearing. Ernie came up with an arm full of wood and said, *"Squaw woman, where shall I put this?"*

Little Johnny who always said the right thing came up to me, took hold of my hand and said,

"Grandma, I think that you look kinda young from the back!"



Cecil and Lucie at Fremont Lake 1976

Richard's boat used to supply all of the rides for the family on these outings but now Richard Snow, Ernie, Alf, Cecil and Tom have boats (Alf, Cecil, and Tom own one conjointly). All of the teenage grandchildren water-ski and also snow ski. Even I rode a surf-board once. This year, 1977, we hired three houseboats for our family reunion and spent three days and two nights on fabulous Lake Powell. This area seemed to me to be like visiting a new planet—Mars, for instance, since the huge rocks were sandy-

red and very huge. Thousands of other boats were on the lake but the area is vast and often in the Canyons. We were alone—no trees—no houses—no motorcycles—no automobiles—no planes—no people—no telephones—no modern conveniences—no *dead lines* to meet—no voice of any kind except the splashing of water as the motor on the boat gently



Lucie

moved us along. Climbing up to the top of *Hole in the Rock* was a must--also stopping to inspect *Rainbow Bridge* and to climb up the precarious paths to Indian dwellings. J. Grant and Tommy liked to scare us by diving off the high cliffs. We let our imaginations run wild as we saw angels, elephants,

women, men, horses, dogs, rabbits etc. carved by wind and rain in the cliffs. Richard Snow conducted Sunday services for us in a private Canyon. This to me was the high spot or most memorable event. Our three boats docked and we climbed up to a flat spot. Richard had it planned so that every man and boy holding the Priesthood took part—if only by passing the sacrament. Cecil, Richard and Tom spoke. They have never stood taller spiritually I thought (at least we all shed tears—especially when they spoke of Johnny). How blessed I thought all my children (except Cecile) and all my grandchildren in accord (almost all—Don and Rita—new baby). (Kayleen and husband and Doug and Cecile and children not there).



In 1975 we had rather a frightening experience while camping by Lake Fremont in our favorite camping spot. It was located toward the north end of the camping area and had many very large trees—pine trees that grew up and up and up. It almost kinked one's neck to see the tops. There were also eight camps close together. Each had a big wooden table with benches, several flat spots for tents, trees just spaced right for hammocks, special outdoor stoves for cooking. This one also had a pump, and just a short way up the hill was *Big John*. Big John has improved much since we first met—but still is not quite like what we are used to at home. This special camp also is close to the water—our men even made a place for docking boats, rafts and canoes. One rock has a soap dish built in and those brave souls who feel the need have an ice cold private (almost) bath area.

But I forget—I started out to tell you of a frightening experience here. Storms come up often but this one was a lightening and thunder deal.

Everyone was sitting it out in their tents when suddenly a simultaneous flash and earth rocking thunder almost petrified us. It had struck very close we all knew. Through the downpour of rain which followed, I ran from one tent to another. I found everyone frightened, but safe. Cecil had taken the truck down to the boat landing hoping to bring back our fishermen--Richard, Kent, Tommy and Johnny. He found them very wet but also safe. When he returned, he told us that he was not far from the tree which was struck by that blinding flash of lightening. It ripped off the bark and limbs—there was no sign of fire, just a lot of destruction. Other memorable trips we have taken are (1) to Zions, Grand Canyon and Bryce Canyon (2) The Black Hills of South Dakota. At Spearfish we saw the Passion Play—every seat was taken (we wondered how those barren hills ever coughed up so many people. (3) Yellowstone National Park, (4) Jackson Hole and the Tetons, (5) Dude Ranch in Wyoming.



Back Row: Cecil, Lloyd, Howard, Grandpa Howard, Helen
 Second Row: Roger, Lucie, Drucilla, Mark with baby, Gordon
 Third Row: Alta, Cheril, Joyce, Donna
 Front Row: Lois, Jack, Cecile, JoAn, Jessie with Baby - 1942

Happy Days

Tonight I'm thinking of all the fun
We've had on trips when we were young.
To distant lakes and parks and such
Where we camped out in one big bunch.

We'd wake up early, take our bikes
Go for a ride or take a hike,
Or grab our towels and go for a swim,
Race half a mile to be "first in."

Or had the boys prepare to take
The boat across the waiting lake;
The still long nights beneath the stars
With only an owl the silence to mar.

No clock to tell us when to eat
When to get up or go to sleep.
No morning paper with the news
Of mishaps or which "brand" to choose.

Our first safari let me tell
Of seventeen in one motel!
Three cars then held all our stuff,
Sleeping bags and powder puff.

To Yellowstone we next did go
To feed the bears and take a row.
Saw good Old Faithful's faithful spout
Just sixty minutes—up and out!

Dude Ranching also we have tried
When riding "Ranger" was our pride,
And swimming was a sun-burnt deal
Our tender skins that hurt to peel.

To the Dakotas once we went
Six cars now on pleasure bent,
Saw the big faces cut from stone
Our Presidents, aloft, alone.

At Canyon Grand, Pop was pitied quite,
So many children didn't seem right,
To a certain somebody we didn't know
He paid Dad's bill after eating—'tis so!

Through many trips the children small
Held cousins' hands or played at ball
Or ate with zest the camp-cooked fare
And slept at night without a care.

For Happy Days we thank you now
For punk baked beans and other chow,
For many free and happy days
Spent in the open, fresh byways.

Our love, Mom and Dad
(written by Lucie James – 1973)



Happy Days



Hike at Freemont - Rusty, Michelle, Lois, Ernie, Rita, Cecile, Dick - 1973



Roberta, Lori, JoDee, Lucie, Alison, Cecile, Jerilynn, Scotty, Doug Johnny, Billy, Rusty, Craig, Tommy, Gina



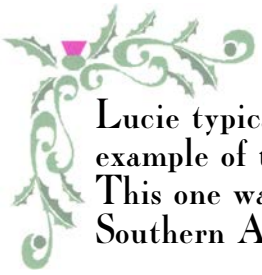
Cecil riding in a parade



Thanksgiving at Aunt Jessie's about 1948



Cecile On Ranger at the Dude Ranch



Lucie typically wrote about all of our vacations in poetry. The following poem is only one example of the many many she wrote, detailing all the fun we had while on vacations. This one was written to her grandson, Ron Hirschi, while he was serving a mission in Southern Australia:

Trip to the Southern Parks (1967)

by Lucie Howard James

Listen dear Elder and I'll tell you a tale
Tha'll make your hair yellow
And turn your skin pale!

On the first of July in '67
To the South Parks we went -
Two cars took eleven -

Your family joined ours at 2 a.m. sharp
In the hammock they found
A Tasmanian parked.

He said he slept well with earwigs small
His bed gently swaying,
Mosquitoes and all!

The James from Rock Springs
Arrived in a flurry.
We jumped into our car, and left in a hurry.

The food in our trunk
Was enough for a church
But the way Kayleen ate
Left us all in the lurch!

Our first stop, Bryce Canyon -
Stately figures so gay
Psychedelic in color - in flamboyant array!

We descended a trail
With switchbacks no end,
Found a bird on a nest
At the bottommost bend.

The hike coming back
Was much farther by puff -
One trip down and up
Was more than enough

At Cedar our bed was waiting for us,
We dropped in *kerplunk* -
Snored in unison plus.

To get out of Cedar we used lots of gas -
Up, down, back and forth,
But we did it in class!

Sunday the 2nd, no breakfast, we fasted -
Wicked camping spots lured us -
We surprisingly lasted.

At last we did eat iced melon and eggs -
It filled us so tight, we hurt in our legs.

At Zions we waded, sans shoes and sans sox,
The sands were so hot, big blisters we got.

Our supper at Grand was *super de luke*
Charcoal browned steaks -
Bing Crosby, the cook!

The men arose early - a mule trip to take,
But found to their sorrow, the trail in a lake.

So off to Lake Powell, the big pond to see,
But "where will all sleep?" is a puzzle to me.

The gas in our Lincoln
Must have been heaven-sent,
For it no sooner came than *presto* it went!

At Powell we added a "Page" to our lives -
Insufferable heat - half-baked, we survived!

On the Fourth we returned -
All safe and fatigued
And had to eat up a lot of stale feed.

In Provo I worked again in the Mutual and since Cecil left for Rock Springs Sunday afternoons, it left a lone evening or an evening with a youth fireside group. I chose the latter and almost every Sunday night we held a fireside group meeting somewhere. But I often missed the evenings in Rock Springs when the wind stopped blowing and the neighbors came out on their front porches and talked while the children played kick the can and hide and seek in the street. Cecil and I always called our children in when it got dark, but the others stayed much longer. Our children didn't like to come in *so early*, nor did I. I have missed neighbors who were never too busy to squander a pleasant evening hour! Tom and Richard also worked after school at the Lumber Yard and missed much of the school's extra-curricular activities, but when the Junior Prom came I wanted Richard to get a date. I even told him that if he didn't call someone like Lois Hatch by *nine o'clock*, I would! Guess what? At *nine o'clock* sharp Lois Hatch called and asked him if he had found the pencil she lost! (Of course, I had called her and asked her to call and ask that question to Richard!). Since then, he has rather enjoyed getting dates.

Cecil now had a real reason for having a plane. We were living in Provo, and he was working in Rock Springs. Each Friday we watched and waited for him to circle our house. When he saw us, he dipped his wings, then we jumped into the car and raced him to the airport—he always won. We always hoped that he would notice all the work we had done on the old home (which we really enjoyed), but we may never know since he said nothing about it.



Lucie with our dog Susie in Provo, Utah

In 1951, I entered BYU as a freshman. We also had students living in our home so there was always excitement and people in the house. I graduated four years later with a BA in English, and my language course was French. I then entered an LPN course which lasted one year. Sister Martin also took the course, and we traveled back and forth together. Irma Martin was one of the most choice, interesting, and adorable women I have ever known. She ranks right at the top along with Zelma Grosso and Edna Botero of Rock Springs.

Mother died of a stroke on February 11, 1951, at Jessie and Roy's home in Holladay, Utah, aged seventy-six years. Her passing was a great loss to all of us who loved her. She always came when we needed her and always brought a good spirit into our homes.



Back: Howard Buckmiller, Tom and Richard James, Donna Buckmiller
Middle: Roger Buckmiller, Joyce James, Jack Buckmiller
Front: Cheril James, Grandma Howard, Lois James

What a lovely Valentine's Day she must have brought to her sons, Alan and Jack, and her daughters, Winnie and Lora, who preceded her in death. Her descendants number over 100 and fourteen of them have homes along the Wasatch Front. Her children and grandchildren have *done her proud* and her great-grandchildren, and great-great grandchildren are all fine men and women, boys and girls. Almost all are active members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Gordon, Tom, Cheril and Cecile and Johnny inherited Mother's love of people which has made their lives a great adventure.

And These Are The Days of Our Lives. . .



Jessie, JoAn, Cecil, Cheril, Lois, Grandpa Howard, Joyce, Roger, Tom, Richard, Lucie, Cecile, Howard, Grandma Howard, Jack, Donna (Jameses and Buckmillers) 1941



Aunt Mary, Cheril, Joyce, Lucie, Aunt Alta about 1941



Cecil and Lucie in Provo, Utah 1950's



Ruthie, Mary, JoAn Buckmiller in Holladay, Utah



The John F.A. Howard Home in Maywood, Illinois. It was occupied by them until 1926. Picture taken November 1925 at the time of Lucie's marriage (to Cecil James) and Jessie's return to the West.

OUR WISH FOR YOU

By Lucie James – Christmas 1978

To live in this “wide wonderful world”
Is His gift from heaven above,
Live it well, live it fully, deeply,
Taste its greatness, its goodness, its love.

THE BEAUTIFUL—the glory of
the morning,
Darkness slowly giving way to light,
A kaleidoscope of flaming clouds,
Swiftly changing robes of red to white.

Then the sun’s dazzling entrance,
Dominating, dulling morning’s blush,
Waking, warming, giving sight and life
And to our hearts a welcome hush.

Flashing stars in an ebony sky
The silent descent of soft snow flakes,
Or cotton clouds in shifting shapes,
The smell of new bread, cookies and
cakes.

THE MAJESTIC—the awe-inspiring
canyon lands,
With graceful birds in unhurried flight,
Huge sculptured mountains of ancient
stone,
Fantastic colors, enormous height.

The solemn grandeur of Powell’s Lake,
With its vast and varied waterways,
Each one special in buttressed red rock,
Fashioned by wind and hot sun’s rays.

The sophisticated beauty of mountains
tall,
Snow capped, rugged, amazingly great,
Mirrored perchance in cold liquid glass
Like the lovely Tetons in Jenny’s Lake.

THE TERRIFYING—nature in
defiance of man,
Venting power in thunderous roar,
Brilliant streaks of deadly light
Trees bending, wind washing boats ashore.

THE SPIRITUAL—for a pilot’s light,
true Christian faith,
To guide you safely, teach you His ways,
Seal you as families to each other,
Not only for now, but for “always.”

A loyal love enriched by heirs
Your sons all stalwart, you daughters fair,
The thrill of achievement for tasks well done,
Good things of this world enough to share.

The glance of understanding and love,
Satisfaction from talents improved,
The feel of a child’s soft hand in yours,
Age and youth for a moment fused.

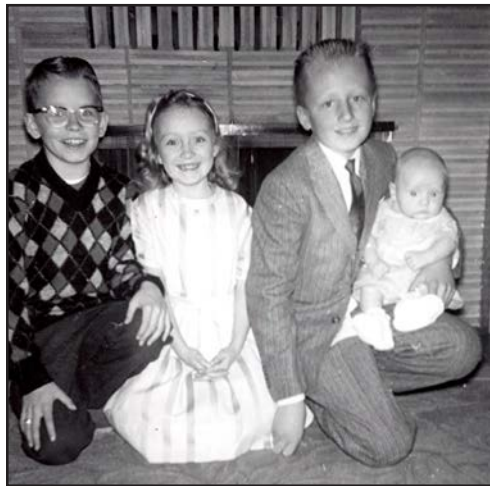
All this and much, much more we wish
For you, your daughters and your sons,
Not time nor death will ever change
Our love for you—our favorite ones.



Richard Alan James -- Born July 8, 1926



Married Lorna Matkin
7 July 1948
Cardston, Alberta I.D.S. Temple



Donnie, Kayleen, Alan, Kent



1945



Cecile, Joyce, Tom, Dick, Lois, Cecil, Lucie - 1956



MOTHERHOOD
GIFT DIVINE
(1973)



For Mary a new experience,
This first born, small man child,
He shall be called “Holy to the
Lord,”

Be faultless, void of guile.
As tenderly she held Him close,
She marveled, pondered much
The wonder of life so fragile,
The softness of infant touch.
“What manner of man shall this
be?”

His eyes looked into hers,
“He shall be good, he shall be
great.”

A happiness in her stirred,
For do not mothers everywhere
Hold prayers that their sons can
“Increase in wisdom and stature”
And “In favor with God and
man?”

Only to mothers, this gift divine,
Motherhood, a special kind of
love,

Her trust to lead and guide
The spirits sent from above.



Lois Joan James Winfield -- Born August 1, 1928



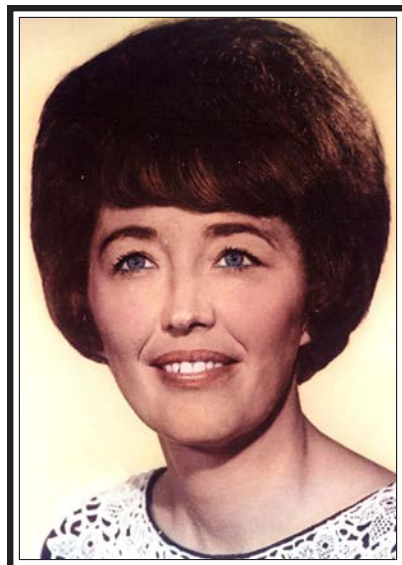
Married
Ernie Winfield
in Salt Lake
Temple 1969



Randy, Ron, Carla, Dave



Cecile, Cheril, Joyce, Tom, Lois, Dick, Cecil, Lucie - 1955





ROOTS AND WINGS

By Lucie H. James (1972)

A Mother's tasks are many
In a home with children small—
At first it takes much T.L.C.
As she cuddles one and all.

But there is still a greater need
That many years may take,
And thought and tears and prayers
and love
That “trial and error” make.

A mother should give ROOTS,
Good roots, both strong and true—
Build character, integrity,
To meet temptations new.

Roots of Faith to hold, to guide,
Keep children's heads held high—
Knowing always in their hearts
That Heaven's help is nigh.

Roots spirited with Happiness
Acquired along life's way,
A mother's smile, approval
On efforts spent each day.

A mother in the home
At close of day to greet,
And baking bread's aroma
Their hunger pangs to meet.

A mother should give WINGS
That boys and girls might soar,
Do things before unknown
Nor ever done before.

Wings sprung from roots
Of well-employed time—
Encouraged in the way
Their talents might incline.

WINGS and ROOTS,
Nourished by love
Both parents in a team—
Roots for Strength and Wings for Joy
Twice parent blessings bring.

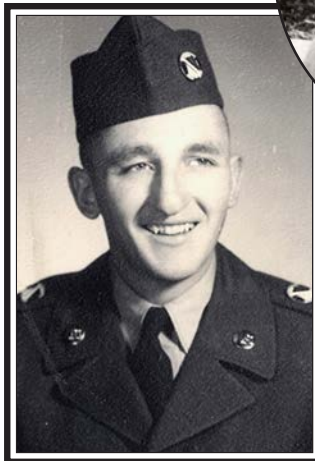
Thomas Arthur James -- Born May 11, 1930



Married
Roberta Stevenson
June 4, 1956
Los Angeles
Temple



1950-1953 Mission to Japan



Cecil, Joyce, Cheril, Lucie, Cecile,
Sister Kanaheli, Tom - 1953



Tom and Roberta
Lori, JoDee, Tommy, Johnny, Billy, Philip (inset)

(An old unfinished typed letter that Cecile found in the basement years and years ago. . .)

January 23, 1931

Dear Eleanor,

Richard watered the ink – so I'm being resourceful – please excuse – We were so glad to hear from you again altho I know I didn't deserve it – so you are in Chicago and passed right thru our town – my how I would like to have seen you and to have shown you our adorable peewee – she has the curliest hair and lashes – like a movie star - If I had not been at home when she was born I wouldn't believe her mine — here I go raving about my youngsters before I even ask how are you – and how is Bob. Can he swing a wicked leg yet? - And how are you and pardon my familiarity – how is your pelvis? Oh yes and that handsome bachelor man. . . I saw in the paper tonight that Abby gave a turkey dinner for her Mother's birthday – bet it was swell don't you? Everytime I see her I wonder how she made that wonderful fudge – I'd ask her only I don't think that I made such a good impression on her –

It has been awfully hard to wait this long to tell you but we have the most adorable darlinest – cutest smartest – beautifulest little man child I ever laid eyes on. He is eight months old – I was quite silly about the other children but worse than bugs about this one – He is just a dream – Cecil said he looks like a little wop but every one else says he looks just like Cecil – don't tell him I told you but he really is better looking – he has black hair, whiter skin than Richard's and smily eyes – I could rave all nite about my Tommy -

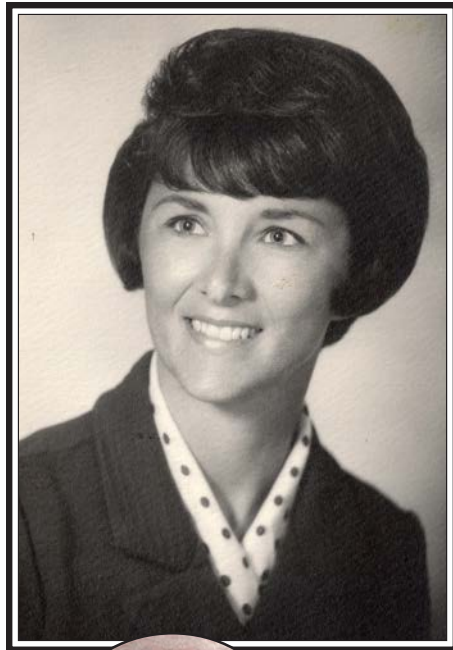


Tommy, Richard

Lois - 1931



Joyce James Ridge
 Born
 June 25, 1932



Jerilynn, Michelle,
 Shauna, Danny



Dick, Lois, Tom, Joyce, Cheril, Cecile - 1962



Married Alf Ridge - April 17, 1975



The Mind of a Child

By Lucie Howard, February 8, 1922

“I have heard it once, but please tell it over.”

Sweetly falls from the child of seven
As she lay down her wreath of new clover
Pure and genuine as was in heaven.

And when I had told her a much used (old) tale

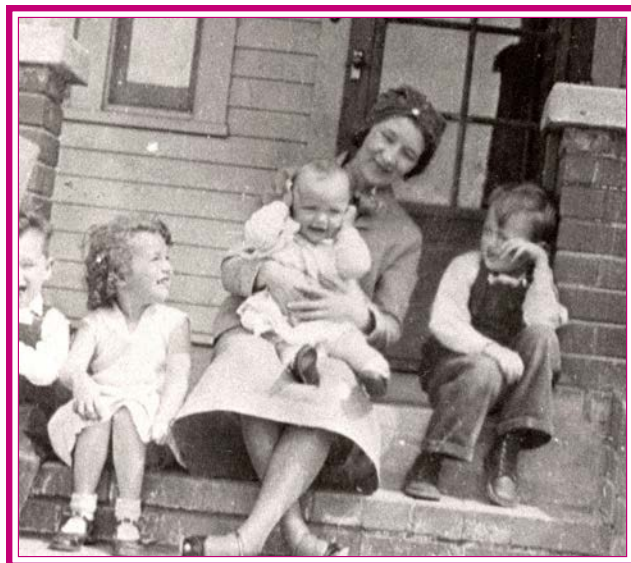
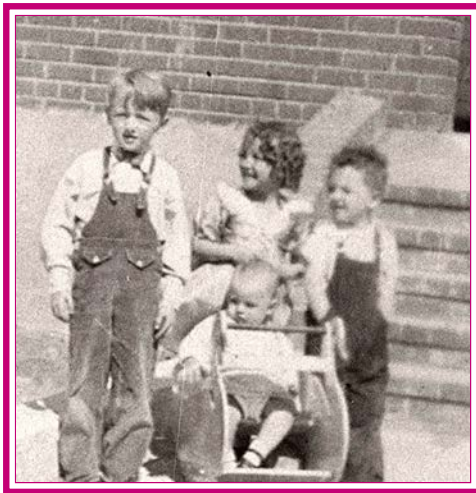
Her eyes fairly danced full of glee,
So wound in the plot it must not fail
Or she would lose (true) faith in me.

Her sense of justice demanded an end

That happy and generous be
And the villain to prison surely send
While the poor and widowed set free.

Oh, the mind of a child less drilled in speech

Is keenest to sense human laws
And many an older man might teach
But we are too wise – we have no flaws.



Richard, Lois, Tommy and Joyce with Lucie



Cheril James Snow
Born
April 21, 1937

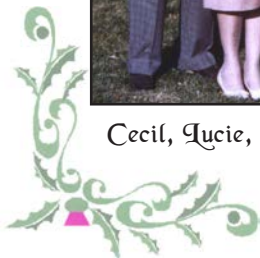


Kathleen, Michael, Cheril, J. Grant, Roger, Richard, Richelle, JoNell

Married Richard B. Snow
Sept 17, 1959
Manti, Utah Temple



Cecil, Lucie, Richard, Lois, Tom, Joyce, Cheril, Cecile



GLEANINGS. . .

(by Lucie Howard, Feb. 13, 1922)

Most foreign weddings are lacking in love,
Having not that which comes from above,
American marriage has but one call
That sanctioning something, sweetest of all.

Love ever awakes the highest grace
And never that which is low or base,
Courtship following should not end
At the altar, or grave's slight bend.

Eternity then should be our test
If love would tether that which is best,
Conjugal love must give and take
Of each petty failing a virtue make.

A life full of service, great joy hath,
And keeps us within the narrow path,
"Largeness of Life" most worthy of ends,
Then let us have children and all that He
sends.

A right to be born most surely is theirs,
The blessings of which slip in unawares,
Children well born an eternal joy give
The more we believe this, the longer we live.

Great grow our dreams which so fondly we plan
Of the time when each boy shall be a tall man,
Each daughter a jewel in her mother's crown,
Love is a process, a great treasure found.



Dick and Tom - 1963



Cheril, Lois, Joyce, Cecile - 1963



Joyce, Lucie, Lois
Cecile, Cheril

Cecile James Scribner
Born July 21, 1941



1986



Doug
Cecile
Russ
Gina
Craig
Scott
Christy
Jimmy
Spencer
Lora
1988



Married to Doug Scribner - June 2, 1964 - Manti, Utah Temple
Kayleen, Roberta, Lora, Cecile, Lois, Joyce, Cheril, Carla



To Cecile – Age 21

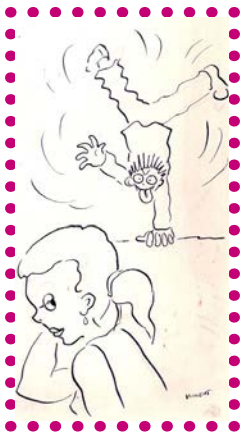
Written by Lucie James – July 21, 1962

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



To key to the house we now
 Give you today,
 You may go as you like
 Come in the same way.

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



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

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

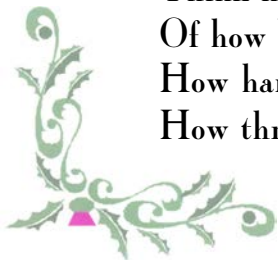


A man who approves of his
 Mother-in-law
 Will think her real "beaut"
 With nary a flaw.

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



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



Lastly, Cecile,



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

Love, *Mom and Dad*

(written while Cecile,
Lucie and Cecil were
in Australia on
missions)

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

Your interest in others whose
Lot you may share
Keep the love in your bones
That makes you to care.

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

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



Tom and Cecile - 1964



Cecile and Lucie - 1964



Tom and Cecile - 1953

TOM

Into the kitchen rushed happy Tom,
Hungry as teenagers get,
On the sink with fork through its middle
Was what looked like a fresh onion set.
He chewed it, swallowed then looked dismayed,
“That onion was rotten!” said he,
Suddenly Tom achieved a new status,
He was powerful, potent, you see.
Now no human being came near him,
But that didn't faze our Tom,
He dressed in his best clothes on Sunday
With his garlic tagging along.
From his mouth he blew a strong spout,
All proper heads turned away,
Some folks even got up and went out
But the Bishopric had to stay.
Tom held his poise but his clove broke camp—
The sermon was hardly heard,
Nice folks glanced toward him and eyebrows rose
And many a nostril stirred.
Even life at home was not the same,
He dared not go to school,
Just showered and bathed and ate clorets,
And tried to play it cool.
Now garlic cloves are taboo for Tom
Likewise for his relations,
We prefer our children plain you see,
With no fancy decorations!

(By Lucie H. James)

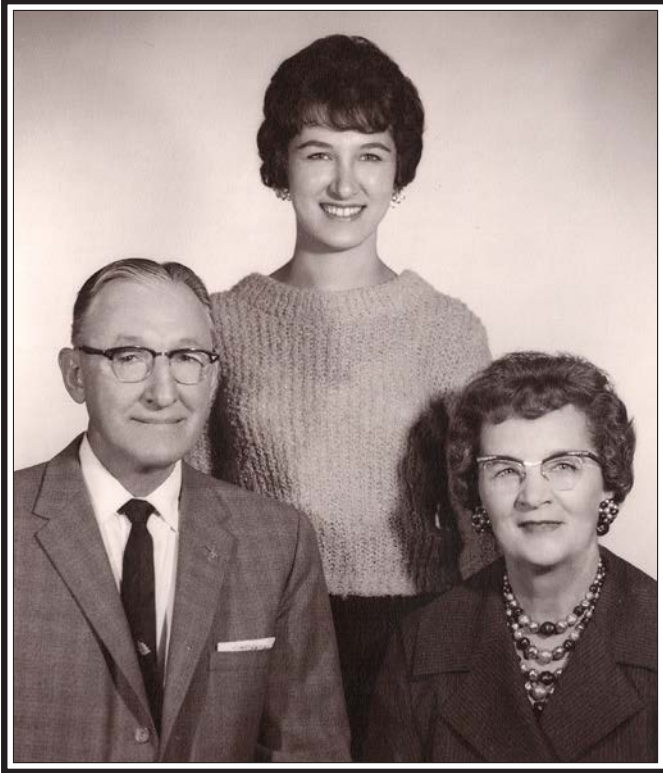


Joyce and Tom



Part Three

Mission to Australia (1962-1965)



Cecile, Cecil and Lucie James' Farewell - 1961



In 1961 we were interviewed by Brother Critchlow about going on a building mission. When we finally got our call months later, it was to Australia. On the other side of the world! Cecil was excited to be going back—it had been forty years since his first mission.

Suddenly there was a lot to do like packing, cleaning, sewing and passports. My passport was challenged because my blessing record in the church had me named “Lucy” and since I spell it “Lucie,” the emigration office required a written statement given in the presence of a notary public by two people who had known me longer than forty years and who knew that I was the baby blessed as “Lucy.” I found Brother and Sister Ezra Marler who vouched for me. Then to really complicate things, a heavy snowstorm and low fog stopped air traffic. We hurried up to Ogden, Utah, to go by train—very slow—and got as far as Oakland. We then boarded a freighter, which took us to San Francisco. It was truly a mad rush—traffic was held up for us along the route—we barely got on the gangplank when the fog horn blew, and up went the plank, and in we slid into the Lurline.

A CAB RIDE THROUGH SAN FRANCISCO TO BOARD THE LURLINE LUXURY LINER

Listen my children and you shall hear
Of a hairy mad dash down to the pier.
We arrived in San Fran at 3:45,
It's a wonder, I tell you, that we still survive!

We rushed to the cart, pulled out our stuff,
Dug down in our purse for one silver buck,
Then off to a booth, the consul to phone,
Lucky for us, the man was not home.



Then a tall “salty” cabby was standing nearby
Who grabbed up our bags, said we’d sure have to fly,
For the gangplank was down, not a minute they wait
For good folks like us who sometimes come late!

Now please hold your breath while I tell you the rest.
We were all scared spitless, that’s no idle jest,
We got into the cab—bang went the door,
Zoom went the siren—folks scattered before.

The ‘salty’ was mad—we meant nothing to him,
Through traffic we sped, we wove like the wind,
With a bing, bang and zip and 70 per,
He cared naught for traffic nor speed cops, no sir!

He’d get us there folks, dead or alive,
We hoped and we prayed that all would survive.
As we entered the pier like royalty awaited,
The cops smiled us in — we, the belated.

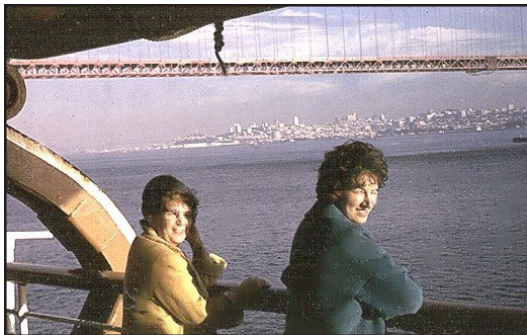
At the ship’s gangplank, we got service galore,
Some handed us papers, swung open our door,
Picked up our luggage, took our dumbfounded arms
On both sides they helped us, we came to no harm.

Now safe on the gangplank with suitcases eight
We really had made it, things were going first rate.
We began to relax, our own backs to pat,
When the fog whistle blew—raised our heads from our hats.

The boat started to move with the gangplank not in,
Amazed and bewildered and trembling within,
Cecile glibly whispered, “Now wasn’t that fun?”
And we knew for sure that our trip had begun.

(By Lucie H. James—1962)

Breathless, we stood in the lower part of the boat like sheep without a shepherd. We found our way up, however, and entered the lap of luxury.



Lucie and Cecile on *Qurline*—leaving San Francisco

Our cabin was lovely, and our meals were just “out of this world.” Cecil and I overate but Cecile didn’t, and she kept her weight undisturbed. (A choice sometimes of ninety items, which helped us forget the sad little faces of our seventeen grandchildren at the Ogden Depot.)



Lucie, Cecile and Cecil on *Qurline*

One delightful week of worldly living on the boat was followed by six weeks of waiting in Hawaii. The government in Australia had to be sure that we wouldn’t be taking money out of their country by our building program. Cecil also worked on the church school at the LDS College in Hawaii. Cecile and I helped in the kitchen.



Cecil and Lucie in Hawaii

We arrived in Sydney, Australia on March 1, 1962 after being softened by six weeks in a holiday climate and atmosphere. We were met at the airport by our area supervisor Brother Gilbert Nieman and Brother V. L. Beckstrand area treasurer, Sr. Nellie Harker, Sr. Lucy Rosen McKay who knew Cecil when he was a proselyting missionary in 1919-1922. All of these wonderful people gently but persistently put pounds on our youthful figures. From Sydney we were flown to Melbourne, accompanied by Brother Nieman. Here we were met by President Bott who got us started in the right direction. (Four adults in the cab of a new Falcon Utility truck— Cecil, Cecile, Brother Nieman and I.)

We arrived in Ballarat on March 2nd, my birthday, to find the whole town celebrating. It was the gala Begonia Festival, which in Ballarat is their biggest holiday. There was a queen, a parade, singing on Lake Wendouree, boat racing and in a huge green house in Wendouree Park a most gorgeous display of begonias. Some were ten inches in diameter, their heads held up with wire frames they were so heavy. Their colors were delicate, exquisite. Hundreds of colored lights reminded us of our Christmas celebrations in America. What a birthday entrance! Never have we seen such a well kept botanical garden or park. Trees from all over the world.

Not even a stray gum wrapper marred the paths. A glass house held four marble statues (originals we were told) called “Ruth,” “Modesty,” “Rebecca” and “Susannah.” I never tired of looking at these and at the one in the center called “Flight from Pompeii”—Amazingly beautiful—what gifted hands and minds must have carved them out of solid blocks of hard marble! The Begonia Festival lasts a week.



Cecile at Begonia Festival - 1962

We lived in a hotel for a week—not exactly like hotels in America. Australia’s beer is nine percent alcohol, and their hotels are definitely *bar oriented*. Even a glass of water had to be ordered from the bar and required a tip. Everyone seemed to order liquor except us.

We finally found a house on Lake Wendouree—a beautiful location but no central heating. The wash room was in a shed, had a large copper kettle with a gas flame underneath. You just stirred the clothes to get them clean while spiders watched from every crevice. The local saints said our home was “beaut”—it did have lovely big rooms, big windows, three fireplaces, but no curtains. It even had a big cold bathroom amply ventilated.

In Ballarat we found a small group of saints—less than fifty. President Trethowan was a good branch leader. We enjoyed their delightful soft accent although it took a while before we understood them. Their *i’s* for *a’s* was annoying at first but soon became acceptable. Their English was very good I thought. The little boys giving their two-and-a-half minute talks in Sunday school sounded like little ambassadors.



Black Swan on Lake Wendouree across the street from our home in Ballarat



Cecil and Lucie in front of home in Ballarat

Cecil’s new chapel was to be built with volunteer labor (most of which was unskilled). He started with a work force of four. A plumber Owen Hughan, and electrician George Vincent, a seventeen-year-old boy Bob Bailey (Robert was a man when he left the program four-and-a-half years later and is now (1975) the youngest bishop in Australia). He was one of the few building missionaries who had an LDS background—most of them were new converts to Mormonism. Priesthood groups in other towns often sent help on Saturdays.

Ballararat was once a gold mining town and there are still many evidences of this. One day the owner of a jewelry store took me down under his store where an old mine entrance has been preserved. He also had some authentic miner's gold scales, picks, shovels etc. (but no gold!)

Church was held in a little wooden G.U.O.O.F. hall which had large pictures of Australian men completely surrounding the hall. In the center was a big iron stove which burned wood (the bishop seemed to be the *wood bringer*). This was the gathering spot for young and old. The room was always cold around the periphery. Disobedient children got slapped very hard by their mothers in church, which made them cry very loud.



Testimony meetings were especially interesting because the people told how the gospel had changed their lives when they took its truths into their lives. Interestingly they also told of the many trials of testing they now went through. They were proud to move into a cleaner, bigger, colder hall to meet. It was part of the town's City Hall. We always brought a big blanket to church. My, but it was cold—reminded me of our cold storage lockers in America.

We became *Australianized* gradually. I loved spending pounds and shillings, and Cecil drove very well on the wrong side of the road. However, I never felt safe crossing a road on foot, and I always seemed to be going against traffic on the sidewalks.

Cecil worked harder than he was used to working and was ready for bed at an earlier hour. We made some very good non-member friends in Ballarat; the closest was a Mrs. Furness who took us into her home when we came back to visit.

She said she believed the gospel was true, but it would cut her off from all her friends if she joined. She never joined. Elder Twede and Elder Casey were constant visitors in our home but we have never seen them at the Australian Reunions. We did go to Elder Casey's wedding, however. Brother and Sister Vurlow and children were special also.

Jehovah's Witness members became a constant problem. One girl called every day for months. Finally she told me that they needed some one like us to build them a chapel for free.

Cecil worked under the general supervisor for all Australia, Brother Gilbert Neiman.



Brother Gilbert Neiman and Cecil

Building missionaries were: Robert Bailey from Toonoomba, Victor Wright from Bundeburg, George Vincent from Melbourne, Owen Hugh from Fairfield, Bryan Sylvester from Fairfield, Charles Cooke, a local member who gave all his free time traveling seventy-five miles (round trip) to do it, Warren Breeze who worked in his holiday time. They finished the Ballarat Chapel in April 1963 (started April 1962). It was dedicated March 1964.



Cecile in front of Ballarat Chapel in 1991

From Ballarat we flew up to Townsville, just as many wealthy people in Australia do in the winter, only we had come to work on a chapel. The weather was warm and only occasionally too warm, tropical.

The chapel had been started by Brother Osborne but the progress had been slow because Brother Osborne, a fine brick layer, did all of the block laying himself. The branch had few male members so women helped dig the trenches and laminate the big beams in the ceilings. This they did in the very early hours of the day before it got too hot.

The people of the branch and the Osborne family had had some trouble, which we were unaware of—at any rate, the day we arrived was a Sunday and we were called on to speak in church. It was a cool reception. We knew that we had some barriers to overcome—not one smile in the whole audience, and Christmas not far away.

Christmas in Ballarat had been good—prospects here seemed very poor. We lived in a four apartment sized flat and not one person in the whole building had been friendly. At any rate, it was Christmas Day, so I made a big batch of orange rolls, the odor of which penetrates louvered windows. The first batch I took to the Russian cook's apartment who was very surprised. In poor English he told me that he spoke eight languages, and then he sang almost word perfect one of our Mormon hymns. He told me he listened in on one of our fireside gatherings. Then to my surprise he baked and decorated a big Christmas cake and brought it to us. The second batch I took up to Apt. #3 where a man and a woman lived who had come to

make adjustments to a big sugar factory that had burned (what a stench!) They too were pleased and presented us with a huge pink fish with skin so tough that I couldn't with all my strength pull it off. The third batch I gave to a pretty nurse upstairs, Apt. #4, who entertained American officers. She brought me half of the first fruit cake she had ever made. Then I wondered what I could do with that big Russian cake. I suddenly remembered that the little old lady next door had told me over the fence that she was born on Christmas Day. She too was pleased and in return brought over a whole bouquet of orchids which she had grown in hanging baskets among the stilts that their house stood on. The morning was refreshing but the afternoon was a thrill. We had invited Brother and Sister Burton and the other missionaries to dinner but the thrill came when the local church members started to call. Most of them came on bicycles—some had walked many miles and one family came in a car. To us it was a symbol of their acceptance of us. We almost forgot to remember that we were as far away from our kith and kin as we could get!

Just as in Ballarat, some of our closest friends were non-Mormons, but here in Townsville we converted a Peter Smith who managed an ice-cream factory. Another fine couple, the Valentines, we tried to convert. Brother Valentine would have made such a fine bishop—and his wife a fine Relief Society President! The chapel in Townsville is very beautiful—huge laminated beams in the ceiling and big laminated louvered windows in every room to let in the ocean breeze.

On the ocean side of the chapel and recreation hall almost the entire walls were windows. Working with Cecil were Colin Horne, John Hay, Robert Hall and Ralph Bardon, building missionaries. Townsville is noted for its fine climate and fine artificial harbor and its shark infested waters. President John Jeffery was in charge of the Branch. Work was completed November 1, 1964. The newspaper called the chapel *“a magnificent building.”*



Chapel in Townsville, Queensland, Australia—1964

President and Sister Coombs we all loved and the boys who worked as labor missionaries we also became very fond of, especially Ralph Bardon, Johnny Hay, Robert Hall and Colin Horne, the first ones.



We took this group on several trips and enjoyed their company. One trip was to the Great Barrier Reef to see the beautiful coral formations and showy fish. Everyone got sick--the water was very turbulent and the boat was small. It really tipped way up then way down with bottles rolling this way and that. Cecil did not get sick. Ralph Bardon our big handsome boy said, *“Sister James, I feel like I’m going to die.”* He didn’t.



Another trip was to Green Island—it was fun. There was a very feminine tree called Sabrina on which some adventurer had painted a mini bathing suit. Another attraction was the jalopy on which we rode around the island called *Leaping Lizzie*.

A Trip to Green Island (by Lucie H. James)

“The sea is rough today,
High roll the waves.
White caps break sharply
Then fall to their graves.

The sky is gray above
Low hang the clouds
Forbidding, heavy,
They move without sound.

The sun is gone from sight
So clouded the sky.
It looks in vain for peep holes
To show its pretty eyes.



We also took the boys to Palm Island which was about forty miles from Townsville and was interesting because this island has been made into a reservation for Aborigines who have broken the law. They bring the whole family of the offender's where they have schools, recreation facilities, and work for the men.



To get on to the island we had to take a small boat which came out to meet our bigger boat, then take off our shoes and stockings and waded in for about one-fourth mile to finally get in. We got out the same way. A sign on the island asked all visitors to keep in their groups and not stray off singularly. They seemed quite harmless to us however. Their children also seemed happy. On the way over to this island I met a nurse who was part Aborigine who said that her father was white and that all of her brothers had studied to become doctors and were working mostly with the Aborigines. She also said that she was the only child in their family that had dark skin. She was very well educated and I would like to have gotten to know her better.



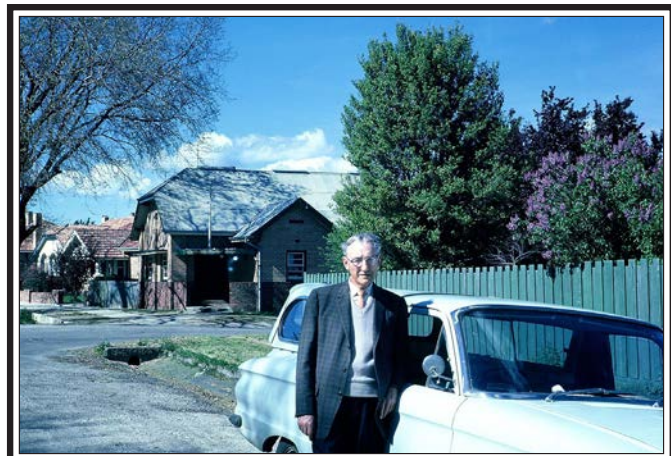
Cecil



To help the Branches increase their building fund we held auctions and suppers every Friday night. These brought people together socially and we had some real good times. The members were always surprised at how much was raised by these, but to us it didn't seem so great. Cecil built a barbecue in Townsville, and we fried hundreds of spudnuts, which was a new thing for them.



Building the Townsville Chapel (notice the beautiful wood ceiling)



One of Cecil's labor missionaries once said, "*Sister James, Australians work easy, Americans work hard. Will you tell Brother James that.*" The surprising thing is that when they really get converted to the gospel, they started to work even harder than Americans.

One day the Burtons said that they would like to see a certain melodrama that was being played at *The Barn*. Now we had no idea what kind of a playhouse this was but decided it might be rather swanky since it was the upper class who supported such things. So we ladies both dressed in our best and it turned out to be a real barn and no one else was dressed in their best. Well generally speaking the Australians *dress* for more things than the Americans, but this was not one of them. At any rate the play was done in the *round* and was delightful. The villain always made his exit right by us and he kept character 'til the dead end.



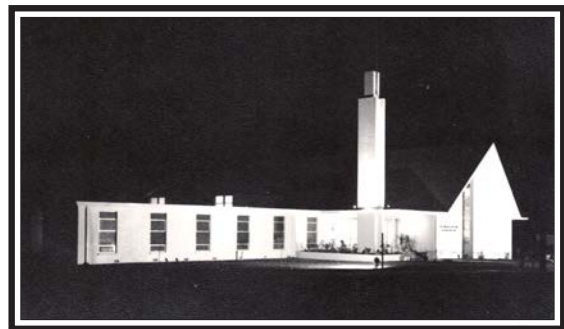
Cecil and Lucie

The Russian Ballet came to town in Perth, and I insisted that Cecil get tickets. He did, reluctantly, and I was worried because he wore a sports shirt. I scolded and told him that they wouldn't let us in, and sure enough when he stepped over to get his tickets an usher walked over toward me. "*Here it comes,*" I thought. He walked up to me and said, "*Madam will you please remove the curler from your fringe?*" (bangs)

We only had the parking area to finish when people kept telling us that if we didn't leave soon the

rains would prevent our leaving—the workers of bitumen kept stalling—day after day the rains held off. In fact, the season was two weeks late when we decided to pack our things in the trunk and start for Sydney. Cecil is a good packer, and he covered it all with tarp, then just as he stepped on the gas to start, down came the rain. It literally gushed—frogs littered the hi-way, but we had a lift of the spirit—the many gullies along the hi-way were not filled with water yet. As we drove down the road the air was so balm and clean. The whole landscape was newly washed for the rain had preceded us.

Our next assignment was in Perth. Here also we were taking over where the former supervisor had had personality problems. We loved Perth, the city, the climate, the people, the ocean and the beautiful Swan River, which meanders through it. We also had a home with wall to wall carpeting in the front room. It was an ugly mouse grey color, but the local saints thought it beautiful. I also had a small Hoover washing machine. It really was *beaut*. The labor missionaries here were Morris Bailey (Bob's brother) Jim Askew, Derek Spencer, Jim Vandenberg, Leo Mudge, John Orth, Peter Hay and Keith Hutchinson. A local man, Robert Hall, did the plastering and tile work. Ray Johnson did the electrical work. It was real special, a lot of extra conveniences were added by him. Michael Matis was the sound technician. Both Ray Johnson and Michael were professionals who donated their labor. The recreation hall was very large and very beautiful. It was made of Karri wood and was so hard that every nail hole had to be drilled. This chapel was built to be a Stake House and the boys here seemed to take special pride in their work. They came extra early and stayed extra late. Soon the neighbors began to complain about the noise, but the hammering went on.





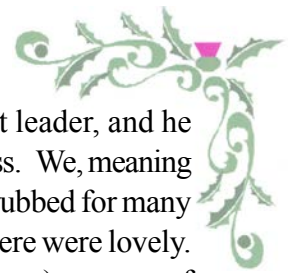
Keith Hutchinson built the tall steeple that sights perfectly straight. He also set a record in blocklaying--over 800 in one day--all perfectly straight. The miracle of this is that shortly after he was called to work as a labor missionary, he was in a car accident and both of his hands were crushed. His doctors advised him to withdraw from the program, telling him that he would never have the use of his hands again. **Brother Maine** administered to him and gave him a special blessing promising him that he would regain full use of his hands. What ever work he did on the building Cecil said was done professionally. After he left the program he had no trouble finding employment.



The Dianella chapel when completed was the largest L.D.S. chapel in Australia. It was built over a sand foundation, which deep down rested on water. The landscaping was special too. Black boys (bushes) and other special trees, shrubs and lawn were planted. We met the date set for its opening by the *skin of our teeth*—I was always amazed at the lack of juvenile



pranks on our buildings, also seldom was anything lost. Then it happened here. Some boys broke into the building, smeared paint on walls, fixtures, floors, and stole a rivet gun, which was a dangerous *weapon*. A school teacher reported this to the police, and since we too had reported its loss, the boys were found.



One of the boy's father was a scout leader, and he brought the boys in to work out the loss. We, meaning all the branch people, scrubbed and rubbed for many hours. The Thanksgiving services here were lovely. Elder Coombs (President Coomb's son) was one of the main speakers.

While living in Perth, Cecile and Doug were married in the Manti temple, and Cecil let me go home to Provo for the wedding.



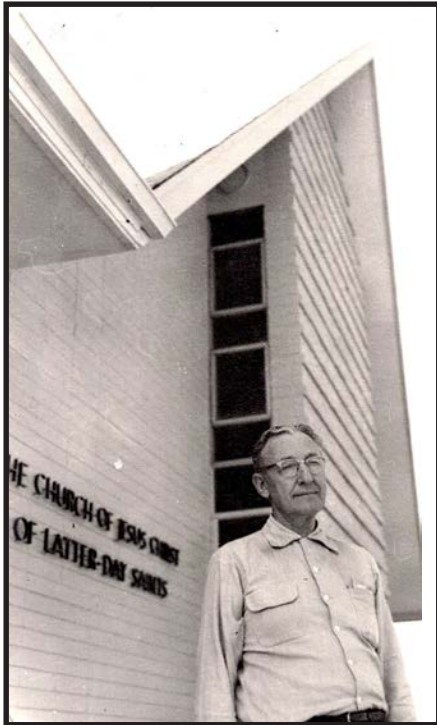
Doug and Cecile, Dick, Lucie, Tom

Brother and Sister Dawson had Cecil eat his meals at their home, and since then have become very special friends. We have never known finer people. Cecile wanted to be married in the temple and have her reception at home. Girls had been living in our house and there was so much work to be done. (I earned my trip!) Then Doug's folks came, and Cecile invited them to stay with us, which made my job more complicated. Next time I'll send them my ticket to America (or the money—\$1,200.00). I bet they wish I had!

Perth is a very special city—about 500,000 people with a gorgeous setting on the Indian Ocean. Each afternoon about 3 p.m. a breeze blows in, which is delightful. The downtown area has many large, well stocked stores, and the women wear heels, gloves and hats when they go to town. I especially remember George St., which is a wide street, and way up on top of one of the skyscrapers was an American flag flying!



When I first saw it, I stopped in my tracks and just stared. It's true what they say—the flag has a tremendous impact. I, too, wept. I later learned that the American Embassy was located in that building. The whole street is kept so clean and flower decked.



One building had a sunstone like the one on the Nauvoo Temple. The people in Perth were also very special and even the press and the radio. The press printed everything Cecil sent in and in addition took many big pictures inside and outside of the Chapel—**Pam and Bob Hall**—were also very close and very special. Bob is now in the Stake Presidency and came to conference two years ago



Cecil and Lucie with Bob Hall

Then there was **Judy and Richard Sparks** (a couple that Cecile brought into the Church). Judy has become a top real-estate saleswoman. The **Alec Mathie family** have since come to Sandy Utah, and we see Alec and Lucy quite often. We took them to



Lucie with Richard and Judy Spark

church one Sunday on a Scout night, and Alec was the only one in the audience who could read a message in dot and dash that was held up before the pulpit. (We had several professors in the group too.)



President and Sister Bruce R. McConkie

High above the Swan River, King's Café is located. This is a real beauty spot; the landscaping and flowers and interior decorations make it one of Australia's finest dining spots. One day Cecil took the labor missionaries, **Brother and Sister Herb Dawson** and me to dinner there. Two of the boys ordered everything on the menu which embarrassed the Dawson's, made the boys ill and flattened Cecil's pocket book.

Our most memorable trip with the boys however was a trip to Albany in a rented Holden to the southern coast of Australia. Albany's coastline has many inlets, an old Fort and is in the Karri Tree country; Pemberton is called the Karri Kingdom. It has a Gloucester tree with a rope ladder 193 steps high. The boys were eager to climb up but not so eager to climb down. David found a newly born calf in the forest and carried it back to a ranch house where we were staying. David, Les, Jan and Morris also remember a slick slide down a steep hill into a lake! Some places enroute were Armadale, Kojonup, Mt. Barker, Albany, Denmark, Manjimup, Pemberton, Busselton, Bunbury, Harvey, Yarloop, Warnona, Pinjarra, Mandurah, Kwinana and Fremantle. The Southern Ocean felt much colder than the Indian Ocean.

As always it was the people who we will remember best—the **Dawsons, the Parrs, the Lesters, Sister Craig, Brother and Sister Mathie, Captain Stuart Carlisle and Peggy, the Halls and the Bancrofts.**



Lois Bancroft attended the 'Y' and has been one of our dearest friends. She married Ralph Mulholland and they now have two beautiful children (1977). We also think of **Brother Trehara Thornbers** and especially the labor missionaries. On the 20th of June 1964, **President Bruce R. McConkie** broke ground for the Melville Heights Chapel. On the 20th Sept. 1964, Cecil and three building missionaries commenced building operations. First the ground had to be cleared—a lot of hard work. It took Leo Mudge awhile to get into the swing of missionary work but he finally did.

These boys worked hard and long and cried when we left. Our home in Perth was the loveliest of all our Australian homes and, thinking one day to do it a good turn, I bought several sacks of sheep manure and carefully spread it on the lawns, front and back. In Perth there is no winter cold to kill flies, so they just multiply. This manure drew them from miles around. The clothesline increased in diameter from three-fourths of an inch to about two inches, and they were so thick on our door that we were afraid to open it. We left Perth on March 15, 1965.

About fifty people came to the airport to see us off. I felt sorry that I could not cry—some of the others were, but I just couldn't get the idea out of my head that I would soon get to see my children, and I could hardly wait. Our trip home was not direct, however. We visited Adelaide first where we were met by some converts of Cecile's—there were roses in our hotel room. Sister **Shirley Michaelis** took us to supper in a Chinese restaurant. We felt that we were reaping the reward of love earned by Cecile when she served as a missionary there. Their feelings for Cecile were very evident. The chapel being built by **Brother Moss** was so neat and clean—no sawdust or scraps around. Sister Moss had prepared a most delicious dinner for us. (This friendship has continued—they come to the reunions every year traveling about 350 miles.)



Building Missionaries

Our next detour was to Ballarat—The first person we met there was **Alan Frampton** who incidentally was the last one we talked to before leaving Ballarat in 1963. Alan wanted to know if Cecil really paid ten percent of his income as tithing.

After I had told him the many other things he paid to the church, I figured that Alan would never be baptized, but a year later he wrote to us saying, *'Well my wife and I have joined the church. We felt that if it is really true it should be worth 'our all!'*" Alan was an exceptionally fine, well-educated man.

But I forgot to tell you about our trip to Alice Springs. From Adelaide we flew (in a small plane) up through the center of Australia to Alice Springs. Our main motive in going here was to see Ayers Rock, probably the largest single monolith in the world—at least standing alone. In a flat plain of earth suddenly there is this huge rock two-and-a-half miles long, one-and-a-half miles wide, 1100 ft. high, shaped like half an egg cut lengthwise.

There are many Aborigine drawings on its face and it seems to have been a gathering place for many tribes. It is estimated that in 1788 when the white man

first arrived, that there were over 300,000 Aborigines divided into about 500 tribes. In their tribal setting they are a moral people with strict rules of conduct. Food is scarce and is shared when found by the whole tribe. Water too is scarce and is often saved by being buried in empty emu eggshells. They must also have a system of burying them as only they can find them. We read that there is no delinquency among their teenagers. Boys at twelve years of age undergo certain ceremonies that put them in a status of manhood. They no longer play with the children but go hunting food with the men. The total number of Aborigines has decreased greatly in recent years and many efforts of the Australian government to improve their living conditions have only met with partial success.

Alcohol is especially harmful to them, and in Townsville, (where we saw many) there was a law against selling intoxicating liquors to them. As a people they are very black. But when they intermarry with the whites, often their children are very beautiful with large brown eyes, long black eye lashes and olive complexions and curly brown hair. A group of full blooded aborigines in Townsville were employed as runners. It is said that they can run for thirty hours without rest and that when trailing criminals they *"always get their man."* Alice Springs is seventy percent aborigine and thirty percent white. We bought a kangaroo rug made by them, and also came home with many boomerangs which they use in hunting game. They eat anything that crawls—consider grubs a delicacy.



Ayers Rock - Central Australia



While out walking early one morning, we passed the home of the Opal Queen. We had been told that no one could get to see her and her Opals without a special invitation. Cecil however just walked up to her door and knocked. She came to the door dripping wet with only a towel thrown over her shoulders and invited us in. We waited while she dressed, and then she took us into the opal room. A long glass case held polished opals, among which was a necklace of matched opals, which had been made for the Queen of England. It was valued at \$50,000 and was truly a treasure. She showed us many other 'specials.' In one corner she had many opals as they are mined. Behind every drape was a gun in case of robbery, which she said she had never had to use. She had no family to inherit this fortune, so Cecil asked her who would get them when she died. Then she told us that a young American boy had been with her during World War II and that she got to think of him as a son. She was leaving everything to him, but she added, "**He doesn't know it.**" In Townsville, where the Aborigines were close to the white culture, we were advised not to go out after dark unescorted. In Alice Springs we felt safe enough. To our disappointment we were unable to charter a plane or get a pilot to take us to Ayers Rock. They only flew on certain days and our ticket home had dates to be met.

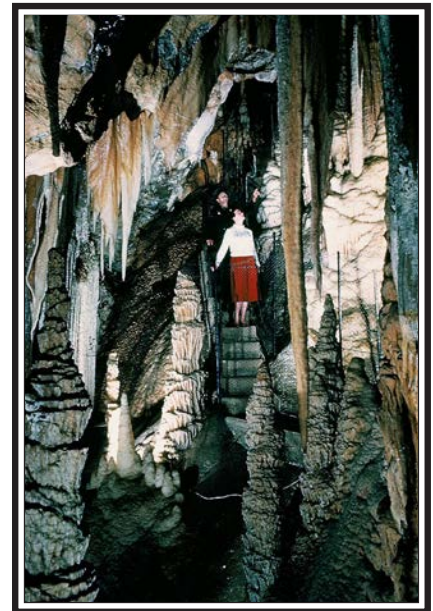
From Alice Springs, we flew back to Adelaide—then to Melbourne and from there to Tasmania. Here we rented a car to tour the island. In Hobart we stayed at a motel and in the morning discovered that we were just across the street from the Latter-day Saint chapel, and it was Sunday. The church was well attended and we were invited to dinner by **Brother and Sister Anderson** (building supervisor). The penal colony established by Britain in 1804 was very big. It seemed especially cruel to take anyone to such a beautiful island and lock them up. Big dogs used to guard the grounds—the island is very wooded and is 140 miles from Australia, so few prisoners escaped. Each Sunday the prisoners were marched single file to church where they sat in boxed pews and were not allowed to speak to anyone. The prison is no longer in use.

We next flew to Sydney where we again rented a car and visited the new chapels being built by the labor missionaries; also one Cecil helped to build when he was there in 1920. We drove out to **Nellie Hawker's** home. She overfed us as she and Cecil



Nellie Hawker and Lucie in Sydney

talked of the good old days. With her we visited the Blue Mountains and took a scary ride down one of them in an open car—very steep and very bumpy. We drove from Sydney to the Jenolan Caves which was about 100 miles. These were the "greatest." So big! Such an impressive entrance into the area. Everyone should visit here. We stayed in a hotel right on the grounds surrounded by shops and gardens. In the evening we walked into these gardens to watch the marsupial raccoons with their babies in their pouches (a nice way to ride). But back to the caves—there were so many—we had to choose each day what ones we would go through. We viewed three each day for three days. Each one had a special name and was different from the others.



All were beautiful—a delightful experience. Here in Sydney we visited **Brother and Sister Maine and family, also Brother and Sister Gilbert Nieman.**



From Sydney we flew up to Townsville, which is in the tropics. The whole branch met us at the airport and took us to a beach party. It was so exciting to see these good people again. **President John Jefferies** seemed quite proud of his faithful group. **Sister Brock, Brother and Sister Arch Burton, Sister Edwards, The Lenehans, Sister Rollings, Ralph Bardon, Johnny Hay, Colin Horne, Robert Hall, Marie Jesberg** etc. Four of the most faithful women, Sister Brock, Sister Jesberg, Sister Cook and Sister Edwards had new babies nine months after the chapel was dedicated. Townsville is a real beauty spot.

From Townsville we flew to Mt. Isa, a mining town (copper). Our only reason for going there was because that was the only route the planes flew enroute to Darwin. There was a two day layover here so we took in the sights and places of interest. The first night was more interesting than we wanted, however. There was a strike of the mine workers and a lot of government men had come in to guard the mine property and to keep order. Evidently we were suspect. That night we went to a movie and as we approached the theater one big burly miner whistled and men converged around us—they followed us into the theater and sat on seats surrounding us. I wanted to leave, but Cecil didn't, so we stayed. On our way home, we were aware of men coming towards us in three directions. We stopped to look in a store window hoping that they would pass. They saw us safely home, then dispersed! We didn't sleep too well, however. The next day we visited a two-way-radio school—the teacher called each student by name and checked on their work

for the day. The children seemed to really enjoy this hour, and most of them had their work correctly done. These are children who live on stations (ranches) many miles away from schools. I was so fascinated by the charm of this “lone” teacher that I didn't want to leave.

Another interesting way of helping these people was their *Flying Doctor Service*. We learned that every station or ranch had a medicine chest with all the medicine numbered and that when a person became ill, they only had to call in to the Flying Doctor, tell their symptoms and the doctor would tell them what number the correct pill was in. Then he would give other details of treatment. If the patient was running a high fever or had broken bones or a serious set of complaints, the doctor would get in his plane and immediately fly to them. The Royal Flying Doctor service has its main base at Alice Springs, but its territory covers 440,000 sq. miles, with eighty-two ports. John Flynn pioneered it in the 1920's when he was a missionary. It is non-profit and has saved hundreds of lives.

Our next stop was Darwin, where the hotel was punk but the city most interesting. There were many big fan palm trees, big animals like water



buffaloes wandered about town, and we saw several big long-legged grey birds. Darwin is in the tropics and often has monsoonal storms. Recently one did great damage there, in fact it was proclaimed a disaster area in Darwin.

It seemed a short distance from here to Singapore. We checked into a real posh hotel, where we were warned not to drink the water but there was no warning about employees who took money from your purses.

Twice in one day I lost money out of my purse. Five minutes after Cecil had left the room an employee opened the door with his key but left after he saw me. From our window we saw truckloads of women workers being taken to work. They wore uniforms that indicated what service they performed. Cement carriers dressed in dark blue jump suits with light blue aprons—another type of worker wore two shades of grey with a red type hat. On every building project we saw women doing the heavy work. School children wore neat uniforms and all the children wore clean clothes. Bamboo sticks, poked out of windows everywhere, had clothes hanging from them. We were told to beware of pickpockets but also told that no one would harm us physically on the streets.

On one guided tour we bought a big bunch of bananas to feed the monkeys, which were many at a show place. As I opened the bag to get one banana, a large monkey grabbed the whole bunch! We also crossed over into Malaya where we went through a beautiful temple—marble floors and long rugs that were unrolled for prayers. The guide spoke good English and had very good manners. We saw Malayan women tapping rubber trees. We American women really *get the breaks* and have central heated homes in the bargain.



From Singapore we flew to Thailand (Siam) and checked into a hotel, where an American movie with Thailand words was being shown (*Hogan's Heroes*). Our sight seeing tour here was entirely different. To begin with, a beautiful young girl was in charge. They have so many ornate temples—when

examined closely it looks like millions of pieces of broken crockery have been worked into stucco. Some are very high with a Chinese type of architecture.



They have statues of Buddha everywhere—typifying virtue, wisdom and selflessness. We were shown a Buddha that was said to be made of solid gold. It was as large as a man. During the last World War we were told that they covered it with plaster of paris smeared over the entire Buddha so that it would not be stolen. In much of their temple furniture they use *mother of pearl* inlays. Their temples seemed to be show places for tourists to admire—at least I never saw one in a religious session.



We took a delightful trip down a river of many uses. Boys were swimming in it, women were washing clothes, vegetables and dishes in it. Also many boats filled with produce traveled up and down. The river was not clear but brown in color. The girls here were very feminine with fine features and fine manners. At the airport a beautiful girl in a beautiful kimono walked around and asked men if they would like to pose with her in a picture, a friendly gesture!



young man in Thailand becomes a monk for a while—at least the ones we saw were all young. They carry little bowls in which food is given to them. I was impressed with the cleanliness of their robes and the kindness of their faces. These Buddhist Priests in saffron robes were many, were pleasant and of a high type. A fine way we thought to prevent juvenile delinquency.

The guide in the temple at Johore was a well-educated chap who spoke very good English. He told us that a man made good or bad *Karma* by the way he lived each day! Later I read in a book that Buddhism was a way of life in which each person was morally responsible for his everyday acts. Also that most of the young priests in saffron colored robes had ten laws to live by but before a man became a full fledged priest, he had 227 laws to live by. I liked the looks of the young men.



On a wall translated into English in this immaculate marble temple was a motto which read, *“The needs of children are few—physically he needs but food and shelter, but the needs of the spirit though simple are absolute, If these are not met nothing else can take their place. If they are met nothing else matters.”* And this in a heathen temple!

Monks in saffron colored robes and shaved heads are also numerous. I’ve heard that almost every



The Buddhist Priest

(by Lucie H. James - 1965)

He was small about 4'9,
Head glowing with a scrubbed clean shine.
Around his shoulders a woman's shawl
And underneath, no suit at all.
Just one long cloth around him wrapped,
His legs crossed in a hollow lap.
He smiled and nodded as we looked.
Then smiled again from his heathen nook;
Soon up he rose, spread out his robe.
Climbed into it envelope mode.
And fell to sleep without a bed.
This Buddhist Priest with shaven head.

I was very impressed by the good manners of these people—the feminine charm and grace of the women—by the fine features of their faces and their gentle character. Also by the fact that men would come by hundreds to the temples to kneel in prayer daily—what a potential for growth when they hear and believe the gospel. Like the Japanese and the Chinese they must first be converted to Christianity. This is gradual with the older people and slow but has a great future for the country when they accept in large numbers. One boy from our ward, Dan Taylor, served a mission in Thailand and says we have made a beginning there. Malaya is close to Thailand, and like its neighbors is very poor by our standards, and yet their temples are elaborate and richly furnished. Their Buddha's are resplendent in gold leaf indicating that spiritual values rank high with the people.

Kowloon, a part of Hong Kong, was our next stop. The hotel was palatial and Chinese clientele slim,

tall and handsomely dressed. We were amazed at the beauty of some of the well-to-do Chinese. The thing I enjoyed most, however, was my early morning walks. One day very early, I got behind a grandmother and her grandson—they talked to each other so fast and laughed and seemed so happy. I would loved to have known what they were saying!



Kowloon is across the bay from Hong Kong, and early in the morning hundreds of Chinese flock to the ferry that takes them to work in Hong Kong.



Hong Kong - 1965

We crossed with them one morning and were packed in with wire containers filled with live chickens and smelling like an unclean barn. In Hong Kong, we hired a sight-seeing car and could hardly believe that whole families lived all their lives in Sampanns.



Chinese Sampanns

A lot of them make their living by catching small fish, cleaning them and then drying them on boards right along the sidewalk. The fish were very clean looking, especially when you looked down into the water where their boats were anchored. I asked the guide if there was a lot of sickness among the Sampanners—the water was green with slime and filth. He said that everyone had to be vaccinated against cholera and typhoid and several other things. We watched a family all eating out of one big bowl. Brother

Mendenhall told us of a boy who converted one of these families and how happy it had made him. He also said that it was surprising how these converted families improved materially when they lived the principles of the gospel.

There was quite a high hill where hundreds of Chinese from Red China lived. Some in holes dug out of the hill with a few boards for doors—all in most unbelievable stages of poverty. One small water tap at the bottom of the hill supplied the water for the entire hill population—water carrying was constant.



Their park had many grotesque figures of men, dragons and animals—stupid to us, but when the guide took us through a palace, we thought that we had never seen anything more beautiful. They let us walk on those gorgeous rugs. This trip also took us to the border of the Red China area where there were guards with guns. All was quiet on this front while we were there, but Chinese get into free territory at the risk of their lives, men, women, and children. How fortunate we are to live in America! Everywhere we saw babies tied on the backs of bigger children, although none seemed very big. Here, too, we were afraid to drink the water.



We had a real surprise when we visited the LDS Mission home for there among a group of small-sized Chinese was Jan Symons, a boy from our ward in Provo. From his shoulders upward he was taller than any of the people. Jan is about 6'6". He was surprised to see us too.



Lucie, Cecil and Elder Jan Symons

As we flew from China to Japan high above the clouds, it looked like a sea of clouds look in any part of the world until suddenly there was spectacular Mt. Fujiyama with its head high above the cotton-like billows. It was so unexpected that loudly I said, "**Look! Mt. Fuji!**" and everyone in the plane looked.



Mt. Fuji

Days later when we took a train out to see this famous mountain, we only saw her bottom half. We knew what to look for in Japan and where to go—Tom had told us. The first tour we took was called "Ting-a-Ling." We were taken to a part of the city where hundreds of young people had gathered. As we entered one of the entertainment clubs, the whole

group started to sing, "**When the Saints Come Marching In.**" We sat at a table and ordered 7up, and immediately a group of Japanese young people gathered around and talked to us in very broken English. Their entertainment on the stage was very good and very well done. The boys and girls were so young that it was hard to believe that any parents would let their children stay out so late (the club stayed open all night).

The next day on a bus with a girl conductor, Cecil asked if the Japanese people were Buddhists or Shinto in religion and she said, "**Most people are both and even believe in Confucius too.**"

They almost always go through rituals (including Shinto go-betweens) when they marry, but Buddhism supplies the best rewards for the dead, so they generally have Buddhist funerals. Japan has a railway with rails all smoothly connected. At least they traveled so smoothly that tea was served and not a drop was spilled. Japanese efficiency also surprised us. Only three minutes were allowed for loading and unloading this train—everything was done swiftly. In fact, a loader fairly pushed you in. They also claimed to have ninety percent literacy. Everywhere we went we met groups of school children being beautifully controlled by one teacher—at shrines, at towers, at exhibits, at road crossings. All school children wore identical uniforms, shoes and caps. How their teachers ever told them apart is still a mystery to me. Another mystery is how their mothers kept them so neat and clean living in such cramped housing units. We thought that American-cooked Japanese and Chinese food tasted better then it did here.

In their parks were many small sized deer--so tame that they ate from your hands.



Their temples seemed to be tourist attractions—perhaps they are used for worship, but we didn't see it. Iron lanterns, water with stepping stones, cherry blossoms, lilies and pagodas were many, but no grass. Many little and big bridges, but no hot dog or hamburger stands—oh well, one can't have everything! Kyoto



and Nara have the biggest and most shrines. We also attended the famous Minamiza Theater with its exotic stage of dancing Geisha girls in the Gion quarter—very graceful—thousands of artificial cherry blossoms—and gorgeous costumes—the music was mostly bells, drums and flutes.

This tour took us to Osaka, Kobe,

Kyoto, Nagoya and back to Tokyo where we stayed at the Imperial Hotel across the street from a Palace. These cities were all very crowded, but the country ride had many rice paddies, and the hills were also cultivated—tea plantations.



A chapel was being built in Tokyo and here we met David Sawyer. He was in the mission office and was a top elder. He later received many honors in the military service. David has a fine wife and family now (1977). At a family gathering honoring his father Arch Sawyer in Orem, Utah, he and his wife

entertained—he by singing—she by accompanying him on the piano. It was very cold in their makeshift chapel in Tokyo, but the spirit was warm. The mission president's wife invited us to dinner for the following Wednesday, but had forgotten that she had. David Sawyer saved the day by dashing out and bringing back a real Japanese supper. (Well, we ate it—rice rolled up in seaweed). A temple is now being built in Japan—this is a fine thing. I had the feeling that true religion was the most needed thing in Japan. Shinto, Buddhism and Confucianism—they can take or leave as the spirit moves them, but Mormonism requires commitment and wholehearted dedication to its principles. It will make a finer people out of basically very good people.

Cecil wanted to buy me a matched pearl necklace but I said, "No." Now, I don't know why. Our hotel was across the street from a Palace surrounded by a moat. I watched in vain for the Prince or ruler to come out but never saw any form of life—I wondered about this. At another hotel we watched women come out with brush and broom and clean the sidewalks. Japanese are very industrious—and hard workers. It's no wonder they have advanced to their present status. Perhaps not as fine featured as the Chinese, but like them in courtesy and good manners.

One of the interesting trips out of Tokyo was our visit to a pearl farm. The divers were young girls. They brought up baskets containing shells in which irritants had been placed to cause the oysters to deposit pearl on the tiny irritant and to gradually build a pearl. This was very fascinating. Almost every shell brought up contained a well-formed jewel.

On another trip we visited their tower which in structure resembles the Eiffel Tower in France. Hundreds of school children in school uniforms were also there and it was very crowded. From the top one may get a panoramic view of Tokyo. I'm sure I looked, but I can't remember the view—what I do remember was a group of Japanese men, very tall with their hair wound up in a biscuit at the back. I'm afraid that I stared. Tom said that they come from an area on the north end of the island. I couldn't help but wonder what had caused their growth—food? Or marriage with a taller race. They all wore black robes and were nice looking.

The tailors in Japan will tailor you a dress or suit in one day without a pattern. Cecil thought I should get one but all I could think of was how close we were to getting home—only one more stop and that in Hawaii where we had already been.

The airport in Japan was so crowded—just jam-packed. Even a band there to welcome somebody. Cecil finally got over to the place where they checked in baggage and we did get on the right plane. In Hawaii we stayed at the Surf Rider Hotel—very posh. Down in the courtyard we found ourselves surrounded by the rich and idle—mostly women—evidently living on their husband’s insurance and the favorite topic seemed to be food.



Trip Home—Altitude 35,000 feet

(by Lucie H. James—1965)

It's clean up here - no smoke, no smog,
Just snow white clouds that gently nod,
Oblivious to earth's allure,
Distant, cold, celestial and pure.
No time up here just empty space,
No vestige of the human race.
No angels sitting on the clouds
With harps and voices singing loud -
It's lone up here in heavenly blue,
Too much sameness, nothing new.
I'll take my heaven farther down,
Where people stay right on the ground.
I'd leave this vast and dreary place
For one small smiling upturned face.





Cecil and Lucie's Nineteen Grandchildren waiting for them to come home from Australia. . .1965



Alan, Don, Kent and Kayleen James



Lori, Tommy, JoDee and Johnny James with Roberta

Ron, Randy, (Lois), Carla and Dave Hirschi



Shauna, Jerilynn, Michelle and Danny Jensen

J. Grant, JoNell and Kathleen Snow



Part Four

Life After Sixty-Five

Our return to the U. S. was a joyous occasion. Richard, Lorna and Kent had driven to San Francisco—also Joyce and her whole family. Cecile and Doug were living in Palo Alto and were also there. Of all the wonders we had seen in our journey half way around the world, our greatest thrill came when we were reunited with our children. Families just have to be forever. We had been away for three-and-a-half years, and now on April 15, 1965, we were back home, well and happy. Our first adventure here was to go to Cliff House for dinner. We all ordered salad for an entrée, except Danny (eight-years-old) who ordered soup. We are a talkative group and hadn't noticed that Danny didn't seem to be enjoying his soup. Finally his mother noticed and tasted it. It was a bowl of extra salad dressing!



Lucie and Cecil in Palo Alto - 1965



Lucie, Lorna, Dave, Joyce and Michelle, Dick, Cecile, Doug Shauna, Danny, Jerilynn



Doug, Michelle, Danny, Shauna, Jerilynn, Joyce



At Cliff House San Francisco
Lucie, Lorna, Dick, Cecil, Danny, Shauna

Richard

But let me tell you about my children for this is the best part of my story. **Richard** at this time (1977) is fifty-one-years old. In all his years he has brought only happiness into our lives. Always he has set a good example to his brothers and sisters.

When Richard was about fourteen-years-old, he started to work at the Superior Lumber Company and has been practically self-supporting ever since. When just a boy of about sixteen, he was given an overloaded truck and sent to Rawlins, Wyoming, to deliver the lumber. It was thirty degrees below zero that night, and his father and I were in Salt Lake City. At two o'clock in the morning, when he hadn't returned, Lois called us in Salt Lake and then called her uncle in Rock Springs, who started out after him. The weight of the truck or the cold had caused the tires to blow out, and knowing from his scout training that he would freeze unless he kept busy, he loaded and unloaded the truck all night. That same night on the same hiway just seven miles from him, a man froze to death in a stalled car. Richard was exhausted but didn't even have a frozen toe.



Tom and Richard

It was fun to walk down the street with Rich, for when he met an old friend, his face always lit up and his voice also had a lilt as he called them by their

first name. However, when he comes home to *grandma's*, he bursts in like an adolescent with a loud **"Hi Mom,"** gingerly banging the door and poking anyone who might be handy.

Richard was always a curious person and asked a lot of questions. One of his teachers, Miss Delthey said, **"Richard must be an avid reader—he knows so much about so many things."** One quarter in College he made an "A" in English, and he proudly sent his grade home accompanied by fifteen dollars, which he said that he did not need. I returned the money saying, "Now take your fifteen dollars and get yourself a date. You'll remember your dates longer than you will your "A's." Part of this money was squandered on a long distance telephone call in which he said, **"A fine thing... a fine thing—I slave to get an "A" and then you... etc. etc."** It eventually paid off, however, for a couple of years later he met, dated, proposed, and went up to Canada to ask Lorna's father for his daughter's hand in marriage—and all this in the space of two months!



Dick and Lorna

When we left for our building mission in Australia, Richard took over for his father in the Lumber Yard. He had majored in mathematics and had studied architecture in college. I worried a little—it was a big assignment, but Cecil said, **"He can figure jobs faster and better than I can!"**

The Lumber Yard had three of its best years while we were away. He's also active in the ward, having served as clerk and counselor in bishoprics, then as Bishop. While serving as Bishop he suffered a heart attack, and had to have open-heart surgery. He still takes long walks at night to keep his muscles in good condition.

Lorna, his wife, comes from a fine Canadian family and she also has a special testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel. She is also a fine housekeeper. She is devoted to her four children, Alan, Don, Kayleen and Kent—almost to the point of exhaustion. Don and Kent have both served honorable missions and all are living honorable lives. Lorna's skin is beautifully blond, as is her hair. She supports her husband in his church work and in his scouting activities. Richard is president of the Fort Bridger Council of Boy Scouts and loves his work. When Lorna was pregnant with Don, she had a tumor in her spine which couldn't be removed until after he was born, so she slept sitting up in a chair throughout her whole pregnancy. She was in the hospital after he was born, and I was chosen to take care of Don. It was hard to let him go when the time came.



Kent



Lorna



Dick,
Lorna,
Alan,
Donny



Dick and Lorna,
Alan, Donny,
Kayleen, Kent



Dick Lorna, Alan and Donny in Provo, Ut



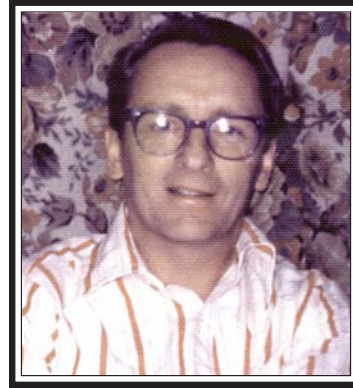
Kayleen, Donny, Alan

Richard

(by Lucie James)

(Richard had open-heart surgery on April 5, 1974, and these are my feelings as he told me of the feelings he had at that time)

*The black curtains of life
Were inch by inch
Moment by moment
Closing in on me
And I was afraid -
Mightily afraid--not afraid
Of death, but afraid of
Loss of earth time.
There were things unfinished.
Then a close friend
Bill Croft brought hope.
Suddenly the curtains stopped,
Fears slowly assuaged
And I slept.
On April 5, 1974, I was
Wheeled into the operating room.
Something happened to me -
I was no longer afraid.
I knew I would live.
Anesthesia brought oblivion.
As I slept, skillful hands,
Watchful eyes, devoted doctors,
Skillful nurses and the the
Prayers of loved ones and
Friends joined ranks
To speed my recovery.
I was inert, totally
Dependent on others.
The curtains of life were
Waiting.
Evening came, painfully,
But it came. I was alive.
I could hear. Someone was
Talking to me--a kind voice.
I would listen. I would
Co-operate.*



*Then voices I knew,
Voices of concern, of love,
Of encouragement, of hope.
The curtains were opening,
Slowly, but surely.
On Easter morning
I was released to go Home
to Rock Springs.
How good to be alive!
How good to be needed!
How beautiful my world,
How beautiful my people!
Yes, I could see--see kindness,
Kindness and goodness in the
Eyes of family and friends.
I could hear. I could smell.
I could talk!
And best of all, I could feel
I was me.
A surge of
Gratitude to my Father
In Heaven who had
Blessed me in my hour
Of need, and who had
Blessed me and my
Loved ones all our lives,
Filled my heart.
I knew I would strive
To live more
Worthily.*

Lois

Lois was born on August 1, 1928 in Rock Springs, Wyoming. She was the first child born in our new home on Young Avenue and arrived just as Dr. Lauzer was coming in the front door. Lois was a beautiful baby with long black eye lashes framing lovely big blue eyes. She had tiny brown curls all over her head.



Nature also favored Lois with an affectionate disposition. When Tommy was born two years later, she gave him one glance, then ran to the sofa and wept bitterly. After that she showed no signs of jealousy for the new baby. In fact, they became close pals. Tom was large for his age and Lois was small for hers—both had black curly hair and blue eyes and were often taken for twins. Then suddenly Tom was wearing size eleven-and-a-half shoes and she was wearing size three-and-a-half!

Lois was a real help in tending the younger children and a good student in school. By the time she had finished second grade, she had read the whole set of Mark Twain's books and many others. In sixth grade her teacher told me that she could be advanced a grade, but because she was small in size, we hesitated to do it. After finishing high school, she went to work in the auditing office of the Union Pacific Coal Company as a comptometer operator.

She married at eighteen and had three sons and one daughter. Lois was divorced from Carl Hirschi about the same time when her oldest son was old



Randy, Ron, David and Carla

enough to go on a mission. She attended Henegers Business College in Ogden—completing a two-year course in three months with the highest grades in the history of the school. Besides five awards, and a write-up in the local paper, she was given the best job on Heneger's waiting list.

Lois was sealed to Thomas Ernest Winfield in 1969. Her eldest son, Ron, was sealed to Beth Jenkins on the same day with Brother Seth Blood officiating. Lois' children are Ronald, David, Randy and Carla. Lois' husband, Ernie, is employed at



Thiokol and was part of the team who figured the bid on the new space shuttle. Ernie was chosen to take the bid to Washington—their bid was chosen.

Lois is apt with her hands and has knit many beautiful sweaters and coats. Every summer Cecile or Cheril would spend time with her and her children. In 1953 when we

(Cecil, Lucie, Joyce, Cheril and Cecile) went to Hawaii to meet Tom after his mission, Lois made five or six beautiful dresses (a whole wardrobe!) for Cecile to wear on the trip—and she did it all in just one week!

Lois gave us our first grandchild— however, **Ronnie** was born early and they didn't feel that they could do anything to save him in the hospital, so we took him home. He was such a little preemie. We fed him milk with an eye-dropper every hour of his life until he was able to take more than that at a time. He, along with Lois' two other sons, has filled an honorable mission—**Ron** to Australia, **Dave** to New Zealand and **Randy** to New York. When Ron left, Lois was a single mother, and she

wondered how she would be able to support him on this mission. She asked Cecil how she was going to be able to do it, and all he said was, *"Do you pay your tithing?"* She said, *"Yes."* And he said, *"Then you will be okay."* Ron was only out a year when Dave was called so she was not only supporting one missionary, but two at the same time. **Carla** married a returned missionary. Lois has always been active in church work—serving for many years as a den mother in the scout program, as a teacher in Sunday School and as President of Primary.



Ronnie



Ronnie and Davie
Randy and Carla (below)



Ernie, Lois, Beth, and Ron - 1969

Lois, Queen of the Gold and Green Ball, Rock Springs, Wyoming



Tom

Tom was born on Mother's Day (May 11, 1930) in Rock Springs, Wyoming. He graduated from high school in 1948 and entered BYU. His schooling was interrupted

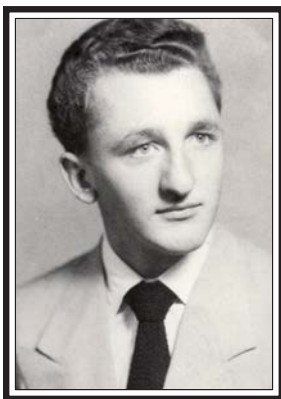


for three years (1950-1953) while he filled an LDS mission in Japan.

After one quarter of schooling, it was again interrupted by his army service in Japan. His army service was highly competitive, and he was chosen from quite a large group to fill it. He again returned to the "Y" and in 1956 received his BA in

Marketing. He later received a Master's Degree. He traveled throughout the U.S. as a sales manager for Patterson Sales Clinic for four years. In 1961, he joined the BYU staff as chairman of Special Courses and Conferences.

But let me tell you about Tom. As a child he was very happy. He loved people, even made a friend of Mrs. Davis, an elderly lady who most children feared. Grandmother Sears and my mother had this characteristic of really loving people, and in my family Tom seems to have inherited the biggest portion—although Cecile and Cheril are close seconds. In the



fifth grade he took the lead in a play called They All Love Jack. I thought he was super in it. He even had to sing. When he entered Junior High School he also started to work at the lumber yard after school, and continued working there all through high school. In

high school he won the gold medal for typing. He loved horses and would spend hours over by Ferraro's corral admiring their horses. Tom gave the Mother's Day talk the last Sunday we spent in Rock Springs before moving to Provo. I was proud of him—it was a good talk.

At the "Y" Tom knew all his colleagues by name and always mentioned their name when greeting them. He makes friends because he loves people. At one of our Mutual activity programs a professional make-up-artist made Tom up as a salty sea pirate. Cecile cried and I almost did.

In 1956 (June 4), he married **Roberta Stevenson** in the Los Angeles Temple. They have six fine children--**Lori** (served a mission to Louisiana), **JoDee**, **Tom** (served a mission to Australia), **Johnny**, **Billy**



and Philip. They live on a four-acre plot of land, which might be called a ranch for most of it has been taken over by Arabian horses, trucks, trailers, cars, motorcycles, snow-mobiles, boats and camping equipment.



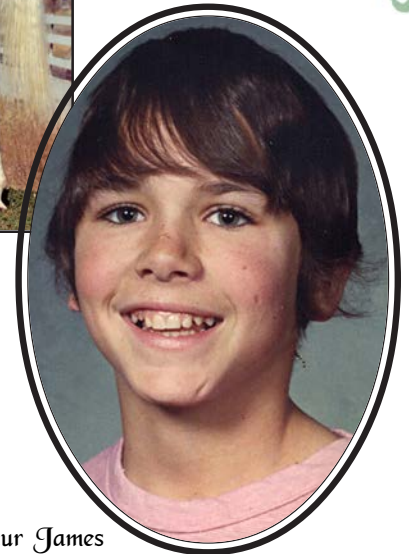
Tom's horse, **Gai Adventure** took first place in the Nation in 1974—Grand National Champion.

Roberta keeps busy with young Philip—keeps books at the bowling alley (Oh yes, Tom bought the Art City Bowling Alley), is teacher in the adult class in her ward, teacher in Relief Society and in her spare time gives lectures on quilting. Last summer she took her six children and her mother and father back to Nauvoo in their suburban with no mishaps. She does her own wallpaper hanging and has a vegetable garden.

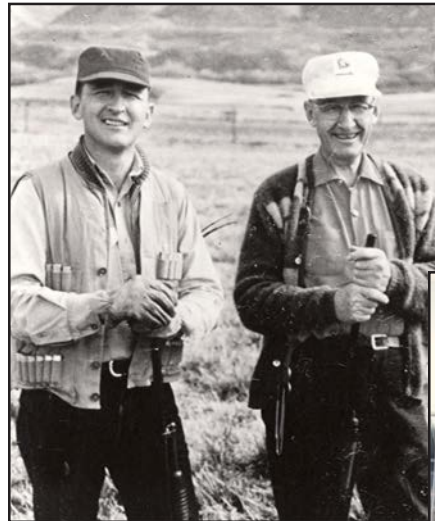
On January 13, 1977 we had an especially sad experience. Tom and Roberta's son Johnny was accidentally killed by the explosion of a carbon cap filled with gun powder. The school children were out on the road waiting for the school bus to take them home. A bit of metal severed the main heart artery and death was immediate.



Gai Adventure



John Arthur James



Tom and Cecil



Lori, Billy, Philip, Tommy, JoDee



Tom and Roberta

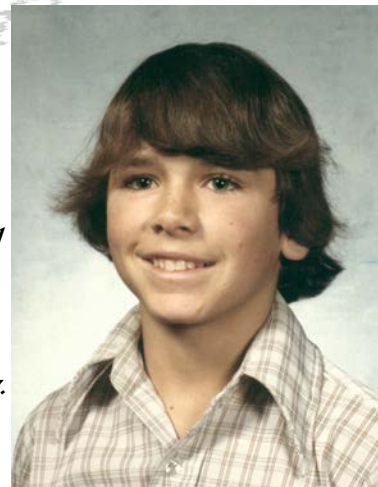
Johnny (1 April 1962—13 January 1977)

Written by Lucie Howard James (grandmother)

*How does one describe
A person as special
As Johnny?
Physically he was strong
But not tall, firm
But not heavy.
He had black wavy hair
And sparkling eyes
Always smiling and
Framed by long gorgeous eyelashes.
His skin was fair,
With rosy cheeks
And one pock mark.
He had a fine
Stevenson nose.
His mouth turned
Up at the corners,
Which made for a
Permanent pleasant
Expression
Which easily broadened
Into a smile.
Spiritually Johnny had a
Willing capacity for work.
At our family outings
It was "Johnny do this!"
"Johnny do that!"
He loved people
Both old and young
And in between.
Johnny belonged to
All of us.
He might have been Proud.
He wasn't!*

*Johnny stood
Grinning Christmas Day
In a brand new suit
Of tan corduroy.
"Grandma," he said,
"How do I look?"
"Gorgeous," I replied,
"Me for you
When I grow up!"
Then he smiled and
Said, "Why wait?"
And put his
Nice strong
Arms around me.
Now wasn't that
A nice
Christmas present?
People came to the
House after
His tragic accident,*

*Bringing food
And love and
Sympathy to
His parents—
Hundreds stood
In a long, long
Line in the cold
At the mortuary.
We all felt a
Bond of
Human Kindness and
Love*



Joyce

Joyce and her family are next on our list of children. She has always been a happy person with a lot of energy. Once when someone asked her how she knew how to do so many things, she said, *"I guess it's because I'm not afraid to try."*

Many of her skills as an interior decorator have been developed because she reads the instructions then tries. She also has a love and desire to make things beautiful. She also has a *green thumb*—everything she plants grows well—but I think this is because she gives it TLC. Growing things takes constant care—this she gives.



Joyce

It is a lift just to walk through her home. She's a beautiful seamstress and made Cecile's wedding dress (almost at the last moment). Alf, her husband is *tops* in his field—dentistry, and he is also a perfectionist in other things as well—even gardening. Never a dull



Alfred Ridge

moment in their home—in fact there are often very gay moments like slumber parties, wedding parties, Mutual parties, family parties and work parties—like when she gets Cecil to put up ceiling molding.



Joyce as Queen of the Gold and Green Ball in Provo, Utah



Joyce with Michelle, Jerilynn and Shauna



Joyce with
Danny, Jerilynn,
Shaunna, Michelle

Jerilyn

I was reading a letter the other day written by Joyce from Newtown, Pa. Among other things it said, *“Danny has the first chair in the school band on the French horn. He also was ‘smash hit’ in a Stake play.”* Danny had a sweet spirit with malice toward none. He was killed in an automobile accident.



Danny

He and another boy were on their way to a church dance, and when they pulled over to raise the antenna of the car up, a truck that was following them, ran right over their car, setting it on fire.

Danny was buried in Preston, Idaho on May 7, 1975.

He had been interviewed about going on a mission. He was working back East and a Brother Weerig called us here in Provo at about 11 o'clock at night to tell us of the terrible accident. Joyce and Alf

were on a trip to California and we

were unable to locate

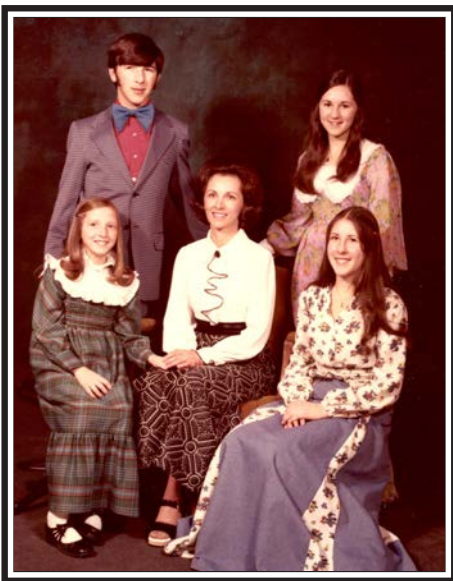
them. However, Joyce

called home the next morning to ask how the girls were. Just as the phone rang, Richard who had just come down from Rock Springs, Wyoming, was coming in the door. I asked Richard to tell her.

At the funeral, Richard told it like this: *“I was coming in the door of mother’s home when Joyce called from Los Angeles. It fell to me to tell Joyce of Danny’s death. It was the hardest thing she has ever had to face. Among other things*

she said, ‘Why should this happen to me?’ A year ago I had open-heart surgery and I said the same thing, ‘Why me?’ I hadn’t broken any laws and neither had Danny. We don’t know our Heavenly Father’s plan—we can only carry on the best we can. Danny was ready to go on a mission, and someday we will know how well he filled his call. Probably no one of us is as well prepared to go as Danny. My prayer is that we may all take stock of ourselves and strive to live up to the standards set by Dan.” And then he gave the prayer. However,

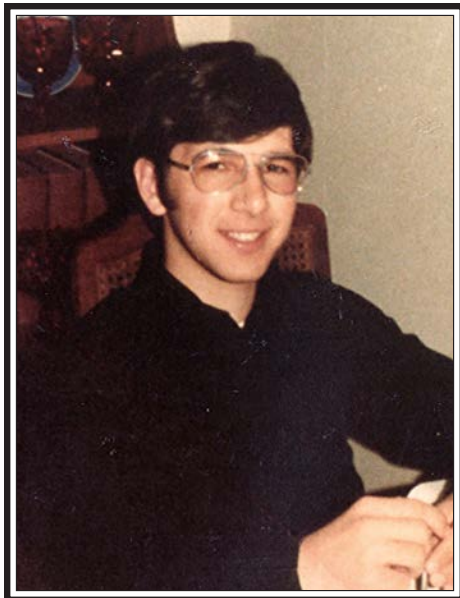
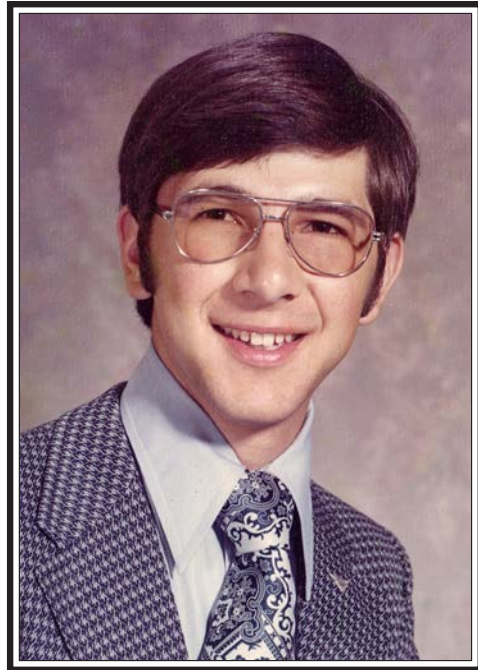
before his remarks previous to the prayer, he stepped over to Joyce, put his arm around her and they stood together during his remarks and prayer. They both stood tall spiritually.



Daniel Mark Jensen (26 July 1956- 2 May 1975)

Written by Lucie Howard James (grandmother)

*It does not seem that he is gone,
I feel the nearness of his wit,
His eyes that sparkled with each tale
I see them still with laughter lit.
Strong of leg and limb for skiing--
Brave he took "Big Emmy's" grade,
(A challenge for professionals)
He grinned and said, "I'm not afraid!"
Soft spoken to the girls was he,
To ladies fair and to his Mom,
He picked up children with one hand
Held high their torsos with aplomb.
Faithful to his Priesthood's calling,
Put first the duties called upon,
Searched the scriptures for his answers,
And knew for sure the right from wrong;
Amazing how much food he ate,
Surprised us how he held it all,*



*Was never sick, did not complain
He met life squarely feeling tall.
He always set his clock's alarm,
But getting up was not appealing,
He let it ring its old heart out
Then kicked the covers to the ceiling.
Calm and collected, shaved and dressed,
Arrived on time looking his best.
School, to him, was just a breeze,
And dating girls he did with ease.
So strong, so brave, stalwart each day,
I almost now can hear him say,
"When my time came, I'd made the grade,
Remember folks, I'm not afraid."*

Cheril

(Editor's {Cecile's} Note: Much of Cheril's story is included in another section of Lucie's autobiography. I've included two poems that Lucie wrote about Cheril. The first one is copied from an old yellow piece of paper that I seem to have had for years. It was a poem Lucie was working on but never finished.)

(written by Lucie H. James 1961)



*Twenty-four years ago today
A new born babe beside me lay—
I gazed upon your face so fair,
Your tiny hands, your fuzz pink hair,*

*With light turned low that first
charmed night
I did not sleep but held you tight.
I held your hand, your fingers all,
Each nail so perfect and so small,*

*How tiny, soft, how frail it seemed
How full my heart this gift to glean.*

*I touched your cheek with lightest kiss,
What man, thought I, has known such bliss.*

*I closed my thumb within your palm,
You grasped it tight and hung right on.
So special this, with you so young,
And sound asleep, I thought, "How
come?"*

*And then I lifted up the sheet
To see your tiny curled up feet—
A miracle, each new born babe
The sweetest gift to woman made
And now today you too hold tight
A heaven gift, a man-child bright,*



J. Grant Snow



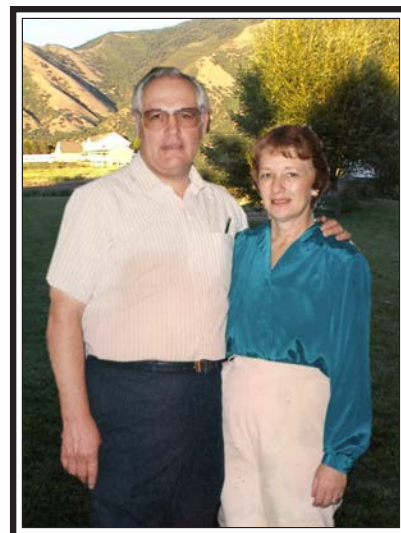
Cheril,
J. Grant, JoNell

*And I would just like you to know
My grown up daughter, Mrs. Snow,
That all my prayers for you that night
Have been fulfilled, (well, not all quite).*

*But your life has been real comforting,
You've made my heart within me sing.
Grateful am I for your spirit sweet . . .*



Back: Michael, JoNell, J. Grant, Foster Son, Kathleen
Front: Richelle, Roger, Cheril, Richard



Cecil and Lucie, Cheril and Richard



Santa and Roger

Grandma's Night Out

(by Lucie H. James 1975)

*While tending grandchildren who
live on a hill
In a city folks call Centerville,
I decided to sleep at the Snows,
Way downstairs, where nobody goes.*

*"You may share my bed," said
teen-aged JoNell*

*"Up here I know you'll sleep soundly
and well."*

*But me—I just sleep best alone—
With my oldish muscles and likewise bones.*

*I retired early, sank relaxed
On a soft green sofa—pillow detached,
When suddenly a small boy whisper
"Grandma, I'll be you body guarder!"*

*It was Michael with his sleeping bag,
Thoughtful little fellow—what a lad!
Quietly he settled by my side,
I really did feel safer—glowed with pride.*



*Kathleen, Michelle, JoNell, J. Grant
Richelle, Gina, Rusty, Michael
Lady (1970)*

*Happy now, once more my breath
was deep
Knowing for sure I'd soon be asleep,
When a soft girl voice my slumber jogged,
"Lady and I will be your watch dog."*

*Lady was a mongrel dog, big in size,
Long floppy ears and sad, sad, sad eyes.
Kathleen a special blue-eyed cutie
Beside the beast did well her duty.*

*Next Richelle with courteous shoving,
Said not a word, just gentle loving.
All was quiet with one big "deplore,"
Lady, the dog had a terrible snore.*

*A long drawn out whistle, a loud gasp,
Becoming a blast—perhaps her last!
The children love this brown bundle
of fur,
Just why is hard to say or what for.*

*If I go to sleep, the dog might die,
"This must not happen," I thought
with a sigh
So court sleep I couldn't—didn't even try,
More considerate than most—these
Small "Snow Fry!"*



*J. Grant, JoNell, Michael, Cheril, Richelle,
Richard, Roger, Kathleen*

Cecile

Cecile was born on July 21, 1941, at 5 a.m. in the Rock Springs Memorial Hospital. Hers was a rapid “here I come” entrance. One breath-taking warning at home, one more in the delivery room and presto! A fine noisy debut. She



has always met life with a certain zest. Whether at school, at home or wherever, she enters into things with a contagious enthusiasm that rallies others to join the team. Every person is important to Cecile—and because she really feels this special appreciation of others, she takes the time to help them realize their own potential.

During high school vacation there was seldom a day when Cecile and one of her friends would not be confiding in each other under the apple tree. I often wondered what they were talking about, but she never betrayed a confidence. When she was



Lucie and Cecile - 1947

about sixteen-years-old, she was made dance director in the Oak Hills II Ward. Under her direction some of the *plain lookers* became popular because of their light fantastic tripping. However, some of the special dance sessions on the front room carpet took a certain toll. Cecile’s dates were many—tall, dark and handsome; short, fair and gorgeous; and many shades in between. All were treated the same

when they began to like her seriously—she would not encourage them (a slight worry to her mother). One boy after a first date with Cecile came to me and said, *“Sister James, when I first asked Cecile for a date, I did it because I thought she would be an easy make-out because she flirted so much. I said, “and she wasn’t was she?” He said, “No, but what’s more, she didn’t make me feel like a heel and now I’d really like to go out with her again.”* She didn’t want to go.

We were in Australia when she dated Doug, and we missed having her come into our bedroom after her special dates all aglow with the thrill of the evening still upon her and listen to an exciting replay (by morning some of the bubbles would be gone).



Cecile in High School

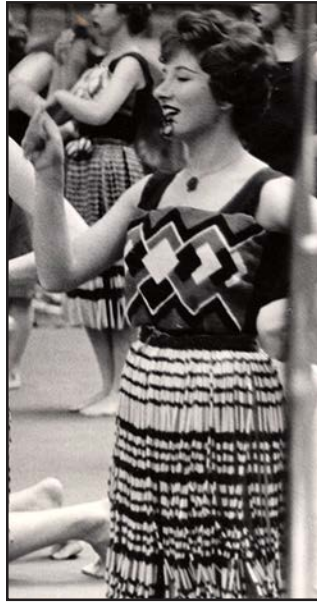
In 1961 we were called to go to Australia on a building mission. Cecile went with us and was called



on a proselyting mission by President Bruce R. McConkie. Her experience in the mission field was a good one. She still keeps in touch with many of her missionary companions and friends and converts, which she made while there.

Cecile and Lucie (companions for one week)

President and Sister McConkie became very special to her. In the Fall of 1963 she returned to Provo and to BYU. In 1964, she became engaged to Douglas Scribner and was married in the Manti Temple on June 2, 1964. I made the trip (halfway around the world) from Perth to come to the wedding. (Actually, I don't see how they could have made it without my help—and Joyce's). Doug is now Bishop of a Santa Rosa California Ward and works at Hewlett-Packard. They have children with *plus ultra umph*, and it



Cecile in Kia Ora Club 1960

amazes me how Cecile gets so much done.

In 1972, they moved to Santa Rosa. Here they have a beautiful home and a lovely family. Rusty gives two-and-a-half minute talks in Jr. Sunday School, which he thinks up himself. Gina is her grandmother's special delight. Craig is an artist, writes on all the walls with crayons and pencils and pens, but like Rusty, Gina and Scott, his long eye lashes give his repentant eyes a disarming blink that takes most of the *wham* out of his deserved punishment. Little Scotty is a real family heart throb, all smiles and responsive, even to Cecile's wild kisses. Cecile and Doug work very hard in the Santa Rosa Ward and have put on some fabulous productions—"There is Liberty," a bicentennial pageant ran for five days and played to over 1000 people. Last year's Christmas program was the best I've ever witnessed. They have some fine talent in their ward and by some magic they work together very well. (written in 1974)



Lora born after Lucie died



Doug and Cecile
Russ, Gina, Craig, Scott, Christy, Jimmy, Spencer
1981

Family Home Evening at the Scribners

by Lucie James (Christmas 1977)

*In a circle sat the family
In PJ's or nightgowns frilly,
Each in turn led all in chorus
With a special Christmas carol.
Christy stood in bare-leg beauty
This is our brave and fearless cutie!
Eyes alight with inward fire
To do it well--her one desire!
It mattered not, her hair awry,
Or that her age is very shy,
Or that her words too fast for tongue
Jumped over themselves, rum, tum, tum.
Her brothers, sister, Mom and Dad
All sang with gusto and were glad;
Grandparents too, a happy lot,
Her irresistible spirit caught.
Gram whispered low in Jimmy's ear,
"Patty-cake loud, Christmas is here!"
So clap he did with laughing eye
A hugable, loveable, adorable guy!*



Russ, Gina, Craig, Scotty, Christy, Jimmy in PJ's made by Grandma (Lucie)



Gina, Christy and Scotty with Grandpa - 1977



Lucie with Gina, Scott and Christy - 1977



Doug, Craig, Gina, Scotty, Christy, Cecile, Rusty - 1974

The Woman

by Lucie Howard James - February 22, 1962

To be so chosen and by him
Her eyes betrayed her joy;
Now needed, loved, it seemed enough
Happiness unalloyed.

Each grew in stature as they worked,
Together each did find
A true and understanding heart
An understanding mind.

But time went on and once again
She longed for something more
Nor hardly dared to put in words
The gift she would implore.

Then for awhile she did not tell
The secret near her heart
But dreamed in wonder of the time
The tidings to impart.

A white capped nurse breezed in and out
Her waiting days were spent.

Long was the night, he held her hand,
As strength to her he lent.

With morning came surcease of pain,
Into her waiting arms,
A tiny newborn babe they placed.
Peace crowded out alarm.

So small, so red, so soft, so dear
“Sweet as a perfumed kiss” –
Her own, she held it gently near
A treasured moment this.

Her days were good, the children all
grew daily with her care
‘Til one by one the children left
Lone was the home and bare.

Then through the open door they came
Small faces looking up,
Her children’s children young and sweet
Hers was a queen’s sized cup.



Christy and Ethan Jones, Lois



Lloyd and Helen Howard and Family

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES

(written by Lucie James after much urging from her children!)

December 1971

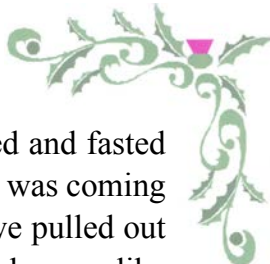
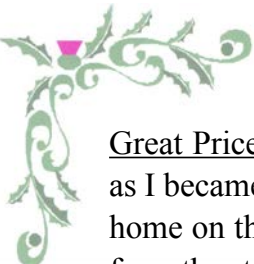
Occasionally we get fleeting glimpses of heaven as we journey through life, which to us are spiritual: the moment of birth when we hear the cry of our new born child; or when we stand in the presence of greatness—a prophet or a person who has endured great pain or trial without complaint, or one who has shouldered great responsibility; or when we have seen young manhood emerge from life’s crucible still possessing selfless goodness. In fact, anytime when brothers and sisters sustain each other in righteousness, they “stand tall” to us their parents, and these moments are more precious than those we call miraculous.



However, in my day I have witnessed many gifts of the spirit, which have strengthened my testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel and in the reality of my Heavenly Father’s love. When about thirteen-years-old, as we were playing baseball in a vacant field across the street from our home in Maywood, I saw a lavender funeral crepe on our front door. I immediately ran home. As I neared the house, the crepe disappeared, but inside I found mother very sick. In a short time we children had mother’s bed brought downstairs to the front room, my father called home from his office, a doctor was on his way, and Mrs. Svatek, a neighbor, came to help. Pretty soon we who were hiding close outside heard a baby’s wonderful cry. We named the baby, “Lora.”

On another occasion things went badly—the baby died and mother hemorrhaged. My father and another doctor were working hard. Then suddenly everything became quiet, and I heard the doctor say, *“She’s gone.”* They both left and went into the kitchen. I had been hiding in the dining room and peeked in at mother. She motioned for me to come to her. She spoke very low, but told me that she had seen and talked with her mother and sister (who were dead) and told me that they urged her to come with them. She said that they were happy and that they told mother that if she stayed on earth, she would have to suffer great sorrow and endure much tribulation. Then to me she said, *“**Lucie, you’re the oldest and you must be brave—take good care of the children.**”* I wasn’t brave and begged her to stay. Later she told me that coming back into her body was painful. She lived to be seventy-five and was loved by all who knew her. Hers was the gift of bravery!

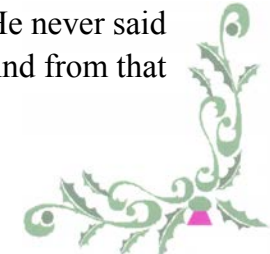
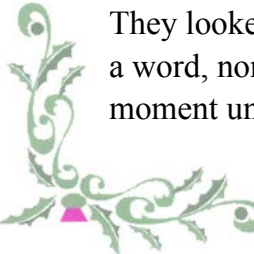
During the First World War while still in high school, I took a part-time job working in the Corn-Exchange National Bank. I wanted very much to convert a widow who worked next to me. I discovered that I needed a firmer testimony myself, so I read the Book of Mormon, Pearl of



Great Price, Scientific Aspects of Mormonism and Gospel Doctrine. I also prayed and fasted as I became more intent on knowing for sure that the gospel is true. One night as I was coming home on the “L” (elevated railway), discouraged and tired, it happened. Just as we pulled out from the station at 52nd Street, there, high in the sky was a group of sparkling white houses, like part of a city, and as I looked, a most thrilling feeling seemed to envelope me. Every trace of weariness left, and suddenly I knew the answers to some of the questions that had baffled me before. No one in the train seemed to be aware of the phenomenon. Gradually my testimony grew and has withstood the test of years, trials and tears, and is my most precious possession. As I look back, I can’t think of any great happiness that is not connected with the Gospel.

Then there is the gift of hearing voices of those who have passed through the veil. Alan died in a hospital in Denver. I heard his voice the night he died in Rock Springs, Wyoming. I also heard Winnie’s voice after her death. The night before Lora died, I dreamed that Grandmother Sears came to take her. Later I told mother about this and she said, *“Yes, mother came for Lora. I saw her too.”* I dream trivial dreams almost every night, but when I dream the same dream more than once and remember it in detail, I know that it may mean something. One dream that seemed trivial, however, wasn’t. For three nights straight I dreamed that Dr. Thomas Martin came to me and said, *“Sister James, you know I’m real, don’t you!”* I said, *“Yes, I know you are real.”* The third night he added, *“Tell Irma”* (his wife). After telling her, she wept and said that shortly before he died, he became very concerned about the reality of personality beyond the veil, and had promised Irma that when he found out, he would let her know if he possibly could. (One of the buildings on BYU Campus is named after Dr. Martin).

Healings by the *laying on of hands* by those holding the Melchizedek Priesthood are numerous. In Rock Springs, Wyoming, we had a Bishop Young—later Patriarch Young—who had the gift of healing. In fact, several of the non-LDS doctors would ask for Brother Young to administer to LDS patients who were beyond doctors’ help. When Cecil was Bishop, he often went to the hospital to administer to the sick. I remember once when I was helping a poor family from McKinnon (who couldn’t afford a nurse) put ice packs on the neck of a child, Dr. Warner told me that I had better leave since the child would go into spinal meningitis by midnight. I called Brother Young first, and he administered to her and promised her health. The next morning I called Dr. Warner and he said, *“Mrs. James, you won’t believe this, but that child is well. I can find no infection in her body anywhere and could release her today. I’ve never seen anything like this before!”* I might add that I personally feel that Brother Young still has this power of healing and that he came to me. For almost a year after a bad fall down the stairs I had been having headaches, which kept getting worse. One night I had just gone to bed. I was not asleep and it was about 10 o’clock when I suddenly became aware of a man dressed in white standing about two feet away from the bed. As I turned to get a better look (the lights from the BYU building make the bedroom quite light) I saw a short person with eyes I’ll never forget. They looked straight into mine with real concern—almost like a stream of light. He never said a word, nor moved. I guess I should have been afraid, but I wasn’t, not one bit. And from that moment until now I haven’t had one of those immovable headaches.



Then there was the angelic choir. In 1938 a group from Rock Springs, Wyoming, traveled to Manila, Utah, about eighty miles, to attend the dedication of a small one-room chapel. Brother Melvin J. Ballard had come to dedicate the chapel. He also offered the opening prayer and sang “I Know That My Redeemer Lives.” While he sang and while Sister Almond and daughter sang, a most beautiful choir sang along with them. Brother Ballard rode back to Rock Springs in our car, and I asked him where they kept the choir, thinking that maybe there was an adjoining room. It sounded like grand opera. He said, **“Then you heard it too. We had a heavenly choir at the dedication—the chapel must have been built at great sacrifice.”** He said it as though he were used to such things. After we got home many people called to tell Brother Ballard that they had heard a heavenly choir. Sister Maude Young wrote to Brother Ballard later and got verification of this from him in writing.

One thing reminds me of another. In 1924, I had gone to Salt Lake to attend a Primary conference in Barrett Hall (Barrett Hall used to stand just east of the Temple and north of Hotel Utah). At this meeting Sister Lillie T. Freeze (counselor to President Louise B. Felt) spoke in tongues. Sister Zina B. Card interpreted the tongue. Among other things she said that from this time on the young people would have more temptations than at any previous time in history. She urged that they hold fast to the *iron rod* of the Gospel.

These are most of my *way out* experiences. But I must repeat that the loveliest of all moments are the times when my children, my grandchildren and my husband “stand tall spiritually.” Then again because I’m a sentimental mother and grandmother, sometimes I get nice heart-warming feelings just by looking into their fine faces, which reflect inward goodness.



Lucie and Cecil in Provo



Joyce and Lois

GRANDMOTHERS

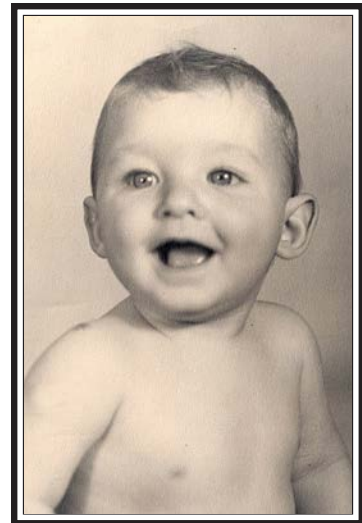
(By Lucie Howard James - 1976)

One hot summer day (July 1926) when mothers were given ten to fourteen days bedrest after having a baby, I was lying in bed listening to a group of youngsters playing *London Bridge is Falling Down!* As the bridge fell and they brought their captive victim under my window to give him a choice of sides, the two captains said, ***“Which would you rather have? All the gold, silver, diamonds and houses in the world or be Heavenly Father?”*** Every child without exception chose the latter. I wondered about this; do children bring a built-in love for their Heavenly Father; do they basically want to be good; did their Sunday School teachers instil this love in them or did their mothers?

Brother William McKay (brother to President David O. McKay) said, as he paid tribute to a fine LDS mother, “My good wife made the remark one day that she felt at times discouraged. She said, ***‘You are attending medical school--each day, each month gaining information and making headway, preparing yourself for your life’s work--while I remain at home taking care of the kiddies, washing dishes and cleaning up the house.’*** I told her that her mission would perhaps be more productive of permanent good in the world than mine because she was carrying the responsibility more than I in rearing a family, and when what I might have accomplished should be forgotten, these children of hers would go on creating monuments to her name.”

Let me tell you what grandchildren mean to grandmothers. My first grandchild (a premie) weighed only four pounds, but we fed him with an eye dropper, every hour on the hour, night and day, until he weighed six pounds. There is something irresistible about a newborn. Babies love to be talked to, to hold one’s finger, to smile, and soon a new dimension of love is added to our lives--and this with every new addition. They give us an assurance of immortality. Love is forever. Their looks, their form, their voices, their smiles are ever with us, and our love for them increases day by day. Life becomes more meaningful.

A Baptist minister said, ***“Love’s language is forever, and she speaks no other language. If it were true that we should not meet and know one another in heaven, then when our dead are laid away, our love for them ought to die, but we do not cease to love the dead, neither do we love them less, but rather more.”***



Ronald Gene Hirschi
Lucie’s First Grandchild

Great need brings us closer to our Heavenly Father. When one of our loved ones is badly hurt or very ill, we pray with real intent. When they succeed or achieve in righteous endeavor, we rejoice. The loveliest of all moments are the times when my children, my grandchildren or my great-grandchildren or my husband stand tall spiritually.

At our annual family outing at Fremont Lake this year (1976), a man from a neighboring camp said to me, ***“Now just look what you started!”*** (There were forty-seven of us). I looked and what I saw, I liked. (1) There was Lorna holding Jennifer and talking to Rita in the screened-in portion of their tent. Richard had taken some of the *small fry* boys fishing in his boat on Fremont Lake. (2) Lois and Ernie were washing dishes and talking to David and Ron who were holding two small children. Beth and Deanne were in their trailer. (3) Tom was in a boat pulling skiers. He and Roberta have six children - Lori, JoDee, Tommy, Johnny, Bill and Philip. (4) Joyce, Alf, Jeri, Shauna and Michelle came tramping in with packages for the cowboy shop in Pinedale. (5) Cheril and Richard were just a stone’s throw from camp trying out the kyacks with their kids - JoNell, J.Grant, Kathleen, Michael, Richelle and Roger. (6) Doug and Cecile plus five children came by car to Utah, then flew to Boston and Connecticut, then back to Utah and up to Pinedale--then drove back to Santa Rosa--Oh my!

All of my children and grandchildren together--all well, happy, active in the church, all gainfully employed. There were no hippies, no smoking, no drinking and no quarreling, and I felt grateful to be alive to see them, and to have them call me ***“Mom”*** and ***“Grandma.”*** The five who might have said ***“Great-grandma”*** were too small to say such a big word.



Lucie with Craig and Christy Scribner



Lucie with Spencer Scribner - born a year before Lucie died



Cecil and Lucie with Michelle, Shauna and Jerilynn Jensen, Joyce Ridge



Patriarchal Blessing

A blessing given under the hand of Harrison Sperry upon the head of Lucie Howard, daughter of John F. A. Howard and Drucilla Sears Howard. Born March 2, 1900. Blessing given August 30, 1921.

Lucie Howard, thou art most noble—Thy Father in Heaven's lovely child. He loves you, and the power of the Almighty will rest upon you, for you are destined to do a mighty work, for thou art blessed with a noble talent. The Lord desires that you should use that talent in His favor, and the Spirit of the Lord will rest upon you and teach you in regards to that talent.

When you were with the Father in the Spirit World, you were faithful and you were true—and you did keep your first estate. And for this your faithfulness, He has placed you here that you might be born of a most noble mother, for there is a grand experience before you. The Lord knows that you are qualified to perform the duties that will be assigned unto you. You will yet be one of the wonderful teachers in Zion. You will have friends on the right hand and on the left who will be pleased to converse with you, for they will realize that you are inspired of the Lord. Your days will be long in the land.

You will be blessed with a beautiful home, and there will be one of the Lord's noble sons that will be pure and clean who will desire your hand in wedlock, and if you accept, it will be a noble union, for you are destined to be a noble mother in Zion.

Be faithful and the blessings of your Father in Heaven will surround you, for your name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and those whose names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life are entitled to eternal life in the presence of the Father.

Thou art of Ephraim; this is the lineage of the old Patriarchs Abraham, Issac and Jacob. I place my hands upon your head and seal you up to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection where you will be crowned with glory, immortality and eternal life. You will have great influence in your father's house. This is your blessing but it is predicated upon your faithfulness.

I seal it upon your head by the authority of the Priesthood which I hold and in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen



Continuing Education

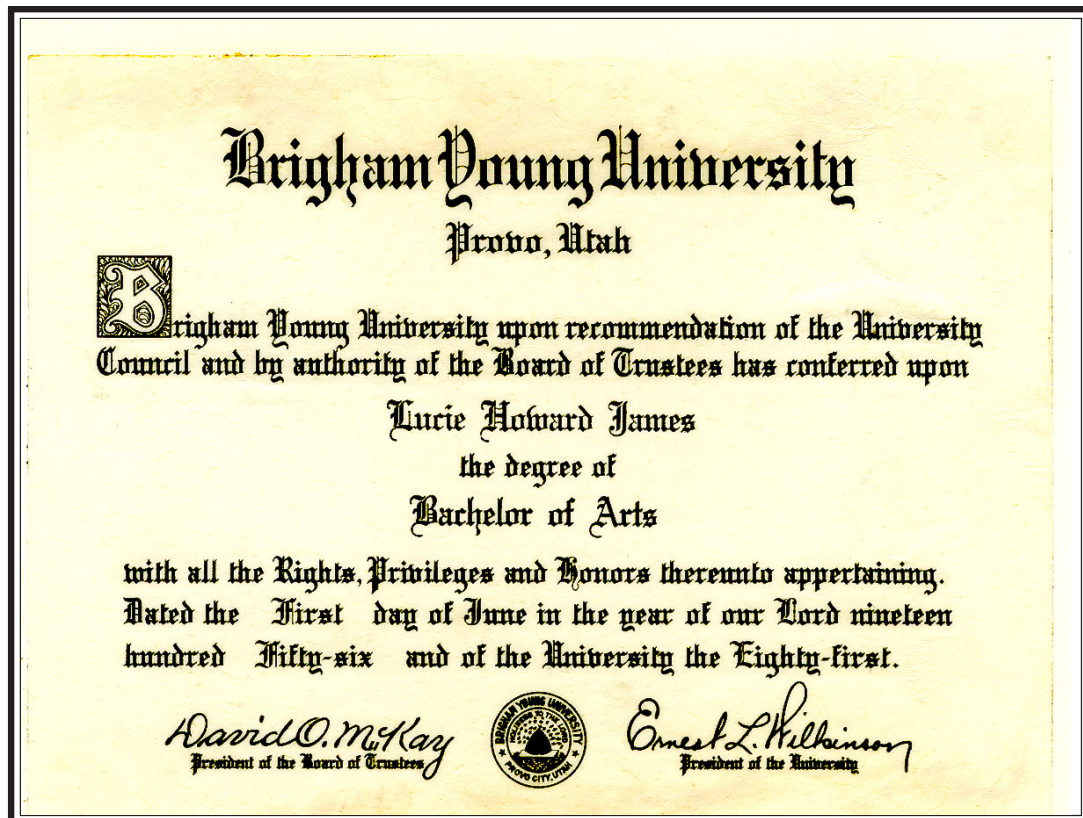
By Lucie H. James

In 1951, being of sound mind and body at 51 years of age, I undertook the rigorous task of reading, writing and arithmetic at BYU. In competition with young, vigorous and romantic students, it seemed a bit ridiculous. I found them courteous, competitive, clever, cute, curious, sharp and serious students, intent on capturing college curriculum while at the same time glancing meaningfully at the opposite sex.

But why should a rational person, securely married with six children, a fourteen-room house, an acre of wispy weeds and lawn, plus extra students living in the house, choose to carry books back and forth to school when she might be taking a luscious afternoon nap? If employers prefer college graduates, I'm sure it's because it takes a lot of energy and sticktoitiveness to make the grade clear through, and employers want people who know how to work.

Going to college for me was something like riding a surf board—once you are on and the boat pulling you is in motion, there is a real incentive to hold on, even when the going gets rough! And then there was that wonderful feeling that came after graduation (1955)—a feeling of euphoria and exulting exhilaration. At last my time was my own!! No themes to get finished by 10 o'clock, no exams to force me to dig deeper, no fantastic research papers to create, no tedious term papers to write, no translations of stupid stories to hand in, no 100-page reading assignments, no authors to evaluate, no dates to remember, no projects to work on, no notebooks to record professors' every word. No need to listen with rapt attention to the life cycle of an eel or to the generations of the ancient greats, or to write a paper on the "why and wherefore of tribulations." No sir, from now on my time was my own, and it was wonderful.

Then Sister Irma Martin decided to take an LPN course (Licensed Practical Nurse) and wanted me to take it also. It lasted one year—and then again, my time was my own.



Blue Folder Theme

by Lucie H. James

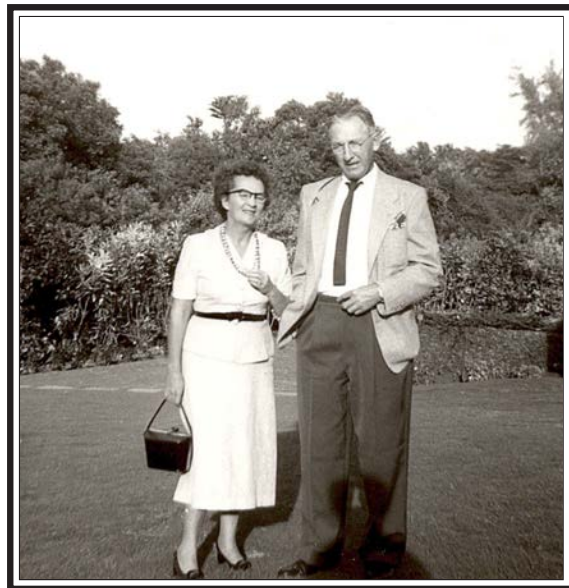
In the Fall of 1950, I entered college as a Freshman (aged 50). One of my first classes was a sociology class taught by Br. Braithwaite. It was straight lecture with a term paper at the end of the quarter. Ours was to be a Sociological autobiography. This didn't seem difficult, but when I had it finished, I had six sheets of notebook paper. I thought now who in the world would want to read six pages about me, so I cut it down to three pages, the folded it in half, inserting a straight pin to hold the pages together.

When I got to class on the day our papers were due, everyone in the class had a blue notebook and many pages. I asked Sister Ashton, sitting next to me, what they were since she had one too. She said, *"Oh, they are just folders for our term papers."* My next question was, *"How many pages have you?"* She said, *"Only forty-two—I just couldn't think of anything else to write."* Some had fatter books, and some were type-written. After everyone had left the class after having handed theirs in, I presented my shinning three pages to Dr. Braithwaite saying, *"Will you accept this, or should I get a blue book notebook?"* He smiled a sort of sad smile, and said, *"I'll accept it."*

It was almost two weeks before the apers were returned. When mine was handed to me, I put it, as was (folded, that is) between the pages of my text book without looking at my grade—didn't have the courage.

Then I went to the restroom thinking that behind closed doors I'd look at it. When I got there, however, I decided to wait until my school day was over, and I was safe athome where nothing could hurt me. I placed it on the dining room hutch until I had finished supper, then decided that I needed a good night's sleep that night, again postponing the ordeal. At 2 a.m., I was still awake, conscious of that horrible thing downstairs on the hutch. At 2:30 a.m., I got up bravely, went downstairs and opened the folded three sheets, then carefully peeked at the last page to see my grade. Then the real shock came—it was a *"B+"* and a note saying, *"My I have a copy of this?"*

I wanted to shout for joy or call someone on the telephone or take a walk in the moonlight, but the hour was wrong. I decided to take that sleep I so much needed. Well, I did go to bed, but couldn't go to sleep (why go sleepily unconscious when such a delightful, happy, heavenly glow enveloped me). After all, I've heard of some other very smart people who require less sleep than ordinary folk!!



Lucie and Cecil in Hawaii 1953

How I Learned To Drive A Car

by Lucie H. James

Cecil, my husband, loves cars. In fact I can't remember a day in our lives when he didn't have one. Before we were married he had a beautiful *air-conditioned* Stevens with red leather seats (very cold in winter). Then followed just about every make of car made.

I didn't know how to drive, which didn't bother me too much until Leah, his little sister, learned to drive. She used to come up to the house to borrow the car or to take me somewhere. This annoyed me. I watched Cecil as he turned the key, released the brake, stepped on the gas, etc., but to make more sure, I found a book with driving instructions in it. I studied the book—then one day got into the car. The book was right—everything worked according to the instructions. I decided to stay clear of town and headed for the cemetery. Around and around I went—great sensation! Then I decided I had the gentle art mastered, and I headed for home. The cemetery is on a slight hill, and the car was going faster than I liked. I didn't know how to slow it down, and (horrible thought) I didn't know how to stop it. Lickety-split we cleared the entrance gate—no one in sight, thank goodness! But what to do next?? I decided I'd have to keep going until the gas ran out, so I headed for the hills on an old road west and south of the cemetery. The road was on an up incline. My foot was off the gas, and the car, of its own free-will, stopped. Dear Creature!

I found the instruction book and read until I found out how to stop a car. Over and over I started it and stopped it, and until this day, I've never told my husband how I learned to drive a car!



Our Thanksgiving Turkey (1949)

by Lucie H. James

Our ward was having an auction in the intersection of Cherry Lane and Elm Street (Provo). The Auctioneer was in good form and it was great sport to see a one dollar handbag sell for ten dollars, etc. Then suddenly the man up front held up a huge turkey donated by Brother Joel Barlow (county agent). Bids were coming in fast when Cecil became a contender: fifteen dollars – Cecil bid seventeen – eighteen – Cecil bid twenty, and up and up. Finally Cecil was victorious and received a fine plump turkey and only one week until Thanksgiving. Cecil then took off for Wyoming, leaving the high priced bird with us in Provo.

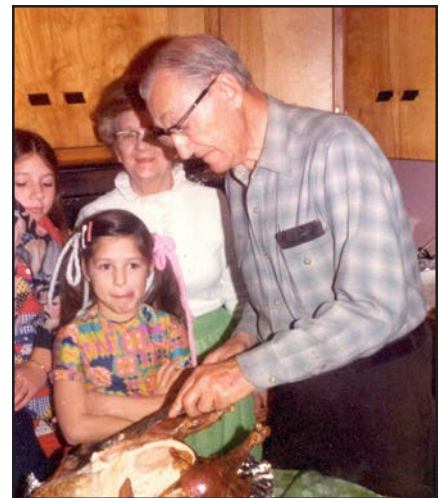
But “where to put it?” – that was our problem. Finally we decided on the basement. The second problem was “what shall we feed it?” We decided on rolled oats. We dutifully placed water and oats a few feet from our huge bird. He did not move, but we knew that he would when he got hungry enough. Early the next morning we decided to see if all was well in the basement. It wasn't! *Old Handsome* hadn't even moved—hadn't touched his oats. We decided he was sick and called Brother Ashton. He was teaching, but promised to come up and look at *Mr. Tom* a soon as he could. That evening he walked over to the bird, picked him up and said, “Your turkey is *hobbled!* He cut the cords holding his legs together and lo and behold the turkey started to eat. We were doing alright now.

Then the day before Thanksgiving Day arrived, and nobody was willing to decapitate the creature. We girls, Joyce, Cheril, Cecile and I took it out in the backyard, sharpened the ax and then tried to gather courage—no luck. Nobody seemed to care whether we had turkey or not, but company was coming and someone just had to swing the ax. Joyce agreed to hold its head, I was to swing—I did—it jerked—Joyce let go, and I missed. We reversed the order, and Joyce missed, but not entirely. The whole bird started to flip flop around the yard, throwing turkey blood all over the place. We chased after him—turkeys are very strong, much stronger than one might imagine. Finally, he stopped dead and the foul deed was done—only the picking, stuffing and baking left. The feathers refused to leave their place of growth. We pulled and pulled. Finally we got a pair of pliers and eventually succeeded after hours of straining in getting the feathers off, but it certainly was not beautifully clean like we expect birds to be when we buy a frozen one!



Thanksgiving 1949 - Lucie, Cheril, Joyce, Alan, Lorna, Cecil, Cecile

But alas and alack, when we came to the viscera (the innards), we discovered blood clots in the lungs. We made another call to Brother Clarence Ashton who asked us how we had killed it, and sight unseen, he said, "Well, Sister James, I'm sure the turkey just breathed in blood when it was flapping around." This sounded logical, so we filled the cavity, placed him in a roaster, then finally, weak and weary, we slowly climbed the stairs for bed. Tomorrow was the day—the big holiday—and children would be coming home to celebrate.



Cecil cutting turkey (JoNell Lucie and Richelle)



Thanksgiving about 1958

GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

for Cecil and Lucie James
October 5, 1975

“Come listen my children and you shall hear. . .”

Where have we heard that before?

It sounds like a poem written by Mom

For a vacation or trip to the store.

She creates rhymes like you never have heard,

Be it silly or even high class,

A talent acquired from her mother, of course,

To help us remember our past.

Now the James Family Nose is as famous can be

A blessing? We must all agree?

Were it not for this nose we'd be ever so dull

With no personality.

Since our looks weren't so great, we had to be fun

And we've learned to live with this nose,

We've laughed at it, cried at it, doctored it, wiped at it,

For alas, the nose is what shows!



Now Dad is unique, he's

lived a great life,

His story would many

books fill.

I hear he's been poor, but I

knew he was rich -

A hundred dollars just

waiting to kill.



Doug and Cecile, Cecil and Lucie, Alf and Joyce - 1980



We all learned to work and earn our own bread
 For Dad said the “dough” wasn’t there,
 But somehow he managed to buy an airplane
 And a new car at least once a year!
 And vacations were fun—Dad never was
 cheap,
 We saw and did many things;
 We never quite knew how he gave us so
 much—
 Perhaps he was pulling some strings!

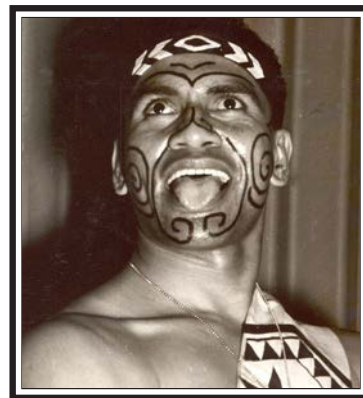
But the thing we remember the most I
 must say
 Was the time spent and fun that we had
 At Fremont, Hawaii, Grand Canyon,
 the Parks—
 It wouldn’t have been without Dad.

The Old James Home has open doors,
 The beds are most often full,
 And couches, floors and bathtubs too
 Have provided a cozy “bed-roll.”
 There’s room for Clarence and Deaunn
 And always room for Pete,
 And Sam Atoa on Christmas morn’
 Or a stranger on the street.

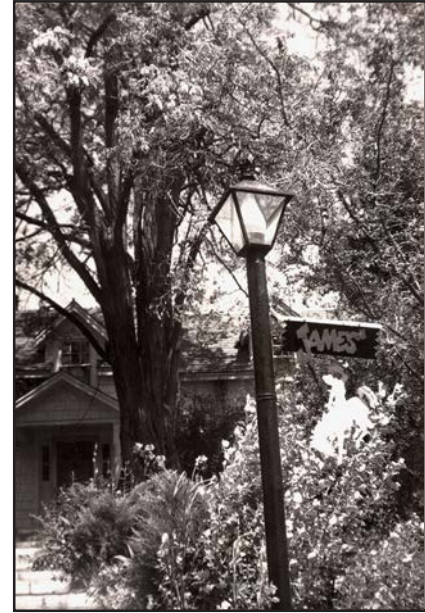
Oh yes, this home has open doors
 For parties, firesides and more-a
 For many kids from BYU
 Who entered with “Kia Ora!”
 The dances learned on those old floors
 From jitterbug to Maori—
 Why, just walk in, the floors still shake
 Good mem’ries fill her dowry!



Cheril, Tom, Cecil, Cecile, Joyce, Lucie - 1953



Sam Atoa



A great big hunk of those fifty years
Was spent in "Way Down Under"
A three-year mission for them both,
Why, it really is no wonder
That a great big hunk of their big hearts
Is found in Aussie Land
They freely gave their love and time
To this people they call "grand."



If Mom and Dad were asked to tell
Of the best part of their life,
They'd quickly tell you with no qualms,
Their children ARE their life!



DICK has seen most of these 50 great years,
The start of this great family tree.
He's a father-in-law and grandfather too
Has lived through heart surgery.
Great Husband, Great Dad, Great Bishop,
Great Son,
Great Brother—he's our kind of lad—
A strength to us all, though tender of heart,
A pride to his Mother and Dad.



LOIS, as well, has lived most of these years,
A daughter as loyal can be.
She sews and cooks and types and laughs,
Why, there's none who can do it like she!
She's picked a good man who puts up with us all,
Raised a girl and tall sons three—
When things get you down and there's no way but up,
She cares and her care is for free.





Now **TOM**, we must say, is not just for us,
 He's a friend to all that he meets—
 "Sure, I know Tom—I know him well,
 Though we really just pass on the streets."
 Talk about horses, or guns, or kids,
 Or parents, or love, or cars;
 A High Priest, A Teacher, a Gentleman in Boots—
 He's **special**—and specially ours!



JOYCE has strengths we all know well,
 Has faced things we all knew she could,
 And blessed, oh so blessed, with a good loving man
 And four children, wholesome and good.
 She wallpapers, paints, makes the old look like new
 And is oh **so much fun** on a trip,
 She's slender and pretty (and writes "interesting" verse)
 But her humor's as sharp as a whip!



CHERIL is special—she’s one of a kind,
She’s different in so many ways—
She has the white skin and the red hair to match
A “good” temper in younger days!
She’s small in stature, but her heart is so big
Your burdens are light when she’s near—
She lives the spirit of the Gospel of Love,
When you need her, she’ll always appear.



Now **CECILE’s** the baby—and always will be
Though she’s already over 30—
She’s always been friendly in a “Tom-sort-of-way,”
And has even been known to be flirty!
Her great love is dance—whether modern or old,
And teaching is high on her list;
She lives in pride of this great family tree,
Just think—she might have been missed!



To be part of this family requires some risk
 There's a chance you take when you care—
 You're bound to get hurt when others get hurt,
 But the joys we also can share.
 The trips, the missions, the babies, the courage,
 In every home you'll find love and joy;
 And the hurts we can share—as if they're our own,
 Like our wonderful Danny Boy.



Danny

To our Mom and Dad who made us this way
 What a blessed 50 years,
 With the Gospel to guide us and help us each day
 As the time of the Savior nears.
 You gave us your trust—the best kind of love,
 And led us with every breath—
 We're glad we chose you and came to this home
 Where ties are stronger than death.

Cecil and Lucie
 James

Dick and Lorna
 James

Ernie and Lois
 Winfield

Tom and Robert
 James

Alf and Joyce
 Ridge

Richard and Cheril
 James

Doug and Cecile
 Scribner



October 1975
Provo, Utah



Joyce Ridge, Cecil, Gina Scribner, Lucie, Philip James



Deann, Scott and Beth Hirschi



Carla Hirschi
and
Christy Scribner



Back: Ron and Beth Hirschi, Lori James, Jerilynn Jensen, Carla Hirschi, JoDee James, Shauna Jensen
Middle: JoNell and Kathleen Snow, Michelle Jensen, Gina Scribner, Richelle Snow
Front: Billy James, Michael Snow, Craig Scribner

Back: Don, Rita and Alan James, Scotty Scribner, Deann, David, Scott, Jeff and Ron Hirschi
Middle: Johnny James, Russ Scribner, JoNell and Kathleen Snow, Michelle Jensen
Front: Billy James, Michael Snow, Craig Scribner





Lucie and Cecil



Helen and Lloyd Howard,
Alf Ridge

50 Years!

1925
to
1975



Don James



Hughie Woodford and Lucie



Aunt Janet Syme



Gina, Cecile, Rusty Scribner



Cecil, Lucie and Richard James



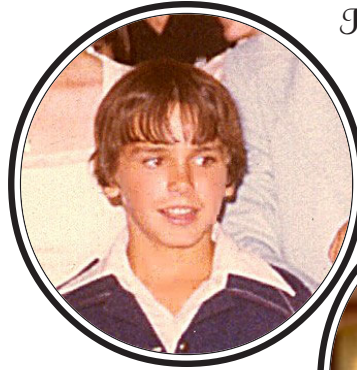
Christy and Doug Scribner



Lucie and Cecil



J. Grant Snow and
Tommy James
Johnny (left)



Left: JoDee James,
Carla Hirschi
Middle: Michael Snow,
Billy James,
Craig Scribner
Right: Ron Hirschi



Ernie Winfield Lucie and Jessie Cecil



- Poetry -

*Some lines are short lines
And don't even rhyme,
Yet others are long
And sound like a song
But one clever as you ought easily see,
That these lines which follow are called
Poetry*

(Lucie Howard, February 10, 1922)



Lucie Howard James (1939)

—Retrospection of an Old Maid—

I laughed at all lovers
Gayly said it was “bunk”
I’d leave to poor others
Who already had sunk.

The years have passed on
And so have the men
For who would want one
Who didn’t want them?

And now that I’m old
And wrinkled and gray
I (oft) wonder if told
Of the love game I’d play.

Maybe it’s myth and maybe not
For how should I know
Who never has sought
Or taken a part in the show?

For life is a show that full soon
Is o’er, too soon, too soon for me.
Never in rapture gazed I at the moon
Or tried hidden virtue to see.

Never have learned to forgive one
Who had merited more my blame,
Ne’er proudly beheld an own tall son,
Or have pled to keep one from shame.

The days speed on, as does my pen,
Each making us yet older maids
Who never have wed, but doubting men,
Eternal ties, left all unstead.

Life’s deepest joys are often not seen
But dwell in love’s faithful, filled heart,
We must buffet the billows to step serene
To largeness of joy and worthiest part.

I, a lone old maid, sitting now in the sun
Give freely advice to all girls,
“Go ye not—do ye not—as I have done,
Get in and swim—mind not the whirls!”

(by Lucie Howard, February 10, 1922)

(Drawing done by Lucie Howard)



Words — Idle Words

"I love you," he said in writing bold,
"I love you more than my heart can hold,"

And I read it over and cherished a hope
That maybe it really was good honest "dope."

"You're a queen to me," the next one ran,
Pretty words, these, to come from a man,
"Maybe I am," I said to myself,
And thought how I'd fool the old maid's shelf.

"You're interesting, lovely, divine and fair,"
But how could I be with auburn red hair?
Did I doubt his judgment? Oh no, not I,
Such wonderful insight, made him seem high.

"I want you forever to be my own
In a comfy cottage, we shall call home."
I laughed at this much and called it a jest,
But that didn't keep me from filling my "chest."

"Please send me at once your own self, sweet
child."

Just for a moment I felt a bit wild,
Then calmly sat down and scribbled a line
About how "the folks were all feeling fine."

Impatient, he more elaborately wrote,
'Til all of a sudden my conscience was smote,
For I realized then 'twas a serious game
That leaves not the players feeling the same.

So stop then, or go, one surely must
If each should hold sacred that most lingering trust.
I, womanlike, wonder and fear and plan,
A pity our hopes all rest with some man!!!

(by Lucie Howard - March 6, 1921)



Drucilla, Lucie, Jessie, Winnie, Lora



THOU ART GONE

Thou art gone
And I must forget thee.
Forget thee, forget thee, I must,
Yet deep in my heart,
Far too deeply
Is still that sweet blossoming trust.

Thou art gone
And I must forget thee.
Forget thy fond glances and speech.
How charmed my vain ears
Were to hear it,
Tho' better my schooling did teach.



Thou art gone
And I must forget thee.
Yet oft' in my dreams still I see
A look that looks just
As you once looked
As we swang 'neath the big
poplar tree.

Thou art gone
And I must forget thee.
Hard, very hard it shall be,
But once in a while
Won't you sometimes
Think kindly of love lonesome me?

Thou art gone
And I must forget thee.
How oft' has it happened before
Will your place be filled
By some other
In turn to soon pass from my door?

(Lucie Howard, February 8, 1921)

-Sweet Words-

Sweet words of love seem bright and fair
Light-winged things bereft of care—
And having them, we gayly laugh
All tho'tless—like as wind-blown chaff.

We push aside words we would hold
Lest he perchance might think us bold,
We sigh a little, yes, what's that?
A sigh, a sigh — a hat's a hat.

Perhaps we make a promise there
And seal it 'ere we are aware—
And then we part in midnight dew
Does this end all—prove this love true?

Oh (these) trifling things call forth more
tho't
Than kingdoms by some other frought.
In silent hours afterward
We then digest the things 'nite heard.



When we arise or when we sleep
Some tho't of him is sure to creep
And whether sad or whether gay
The time seems long when he's away—

And so our very lives we plan,
About a home bedorned by man
Our highest hopes and fears we build
About the land unbought, untilled.

Yet when we meet, we laugh and jest,
Each one the other's faith to test.



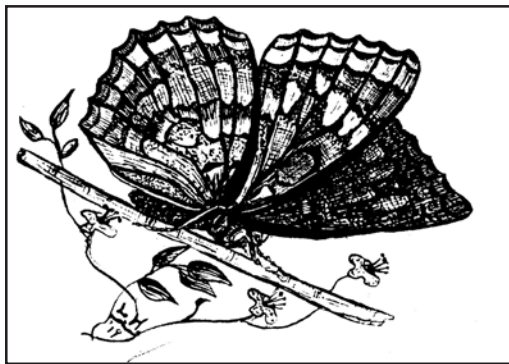
(Drawing done by Lucie Howard in
her High School Yearbook)



The bottom of earth has fallen it seems
For he was unkind to me—
And while the whole land with its joy and love teems
I would from its mockery flee.

The treasures I valued and handled with care
Are meaningless quite to me now
All hidden, depressed in this stifling air,
For he has broken his vow.

Oh, a broken heart like a broken head
Is not to be soldered with zinc
And the hopes and plans of each unsaid
Are heavy and would make me sink. (1922)

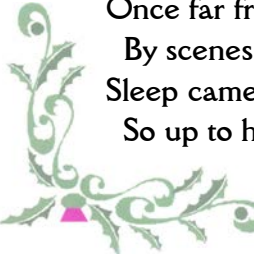


The Moon

by Lucie Howard 1922

Oh you mighty mystic moon,
That moves thou myriad miles to spoon
With lovers in all lands and chimes
Both ladies fair and tall lads fine.


Wherein lies thy power sweet
Which comes uncalled as heaven's treat
And tho' each day and night you roam,
All folks will claim you as their own.



Once far from home I felt oppressed
By scenes both strange and solemn dressed
Sleep came not near, nor yet did rest,
So up to heaven I sent my quest.

Oh moon, 'twas you whose friendly face
Smiled down in answer to my grace.
Yes you, I knew, for you held share
Of my grand joy and greatest care –

Fond faith in friend one day had failed
And fast flamed fancy fanned high scaled
And hope and big things lost their worth
As down they dangled in the surf,



Then suddenly as saucy saint
You winked a wink that waked my faint
And made me know that much remained
Of good in one I'll leave unnamed

Do It Now!

by Lucie Howard (June 5, 1922)

"Too old," you say to start life's quest--
Age but adds savor and strength to the
test.

"If I only were younger," another will say,
"I'd work with a will throughout every day;

To fill a true niche in the grand plan of
truth,
Believe me, I would, but now I lack youth."
For youth says, "I'll wait 'til seasoned with
years,"
And age cries, "'Tis folly, time's filled me
with fears."

Oh youth, what is youth, and age, what art
thou
That makes us put off from doing things
now?
Now old men in years may be young in
desires,
A well nourished body and mind joy
requires,

Plus a will to do good and a purpose right
now,
And strivings and struggles will teach
you the "How."
You wish you had studied both "early"
and late,
And blame "begone youth" or a nothing
called "fate."

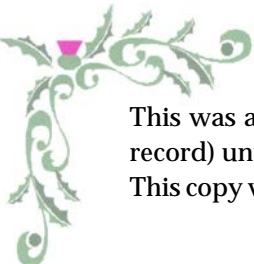
Then up, oh man, oh man alive,
For death sets in when we cease to strive!
The very air is teeming with truth
So let's be doing while still in our youth.

A potential God to sit and rest!
With only one life for mortality's test!!
The work for you is the work you love,
Same as the lady—each came from above.

Dig in with the doers if truly you'd know
The joy that burns with a real and deep glow.
A deed well done has a fine recompense
Right in the doing—Happiness sent!



(Drawing by
Lucie Howard
for High School
Yearbook)

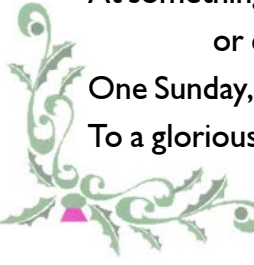


This was a poem that Lucie and her sister Jessie listened to over and over (it must have been on a record) until they both had it memorized. She always kept a copy of it in her Book of Remembrance. This copy was probably typed from her own memory of the poem.

Lasca by Frank Desprez

I want free life and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after cattle,
The crack of the whip like shots in a battle,
The medley of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters
and spreads,
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love,
And Lasca!


Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side,
With blue serape and bright-belled spur.
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of books or of creeds—
An *Ave Maria* sufficed her needs.
Little she cared, save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat.
She was as wild as the breezes that blow
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather
is rough.
She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun
At something I'd whispered, or looked,
or done
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,

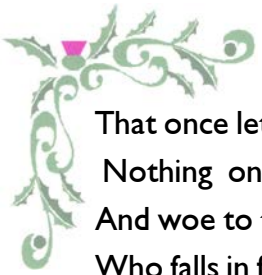


She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And –sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger.
An inch to the left, or an inch to the right
And I shouldn't be maundering here tonight.
But she sobbed, and sobbing,
so swiftly bound
Her torn reboso about the wound,
That I quite forgave her.
Scratches don't count
In Texas down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of Old Spain.
She was alive in every limb
With feeling to the fingertips;
And when the sun is like the fire,
And sky, one shinning, soft sapphire,
One does not drink in little sips.

The air was heavy, the night was hot.
I sat by her side, and forgot – forgot,
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest,
Forgot that the air was close, oppressed,
That the Texas norther comes sudden
and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;






That once let the herd at its breath take fright,
Nothing on earth can stop the flight.
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!

Was that thunder? I grasped the cord
Of my swift mustang without a word.
I sprang to the saddle, and she clung behind.
Away! On a hot chase down the wind!
But never was a fox hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared,
For we rode for our lives.

You shall hear how we fared
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande!

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left,
and you have but one:

Halt, jump to the ground, and shoot your horse,
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the Steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your star. If not, good-bye
To the quickening kiss and long drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.



The cattle gained on us, and just as I felt
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and – what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were pressed.
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes
And when I could rise –
Lasca was dead!

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep:
And there she is lying, and no one knows,
And the summer shines and the winter snows.
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head,
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyote trots here and there,
And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
Into a rift in a cottonwood tree,
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,
Stately and still like a ship at sea.
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the things that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?



Lucie Howard "Lu"

Athenian (2)
A. A. (2-3-4)
Basketball (3-4)
Delphic (3)
Civic Industrial Club (4)
Camera Club (4)

Lucie is a pretty girl,
With her pencil she is apt,
And all her work is clever—
The Provi has shown that.

"The Provi" was
the name of Lucie's
High School
Yearbook in
Chicago, Illinois,
and many of her
drawings were used
in it.

My Romance

So I've named it "My Romance"
And tied it in pink -
Even now will no heart beat
When on it I think -

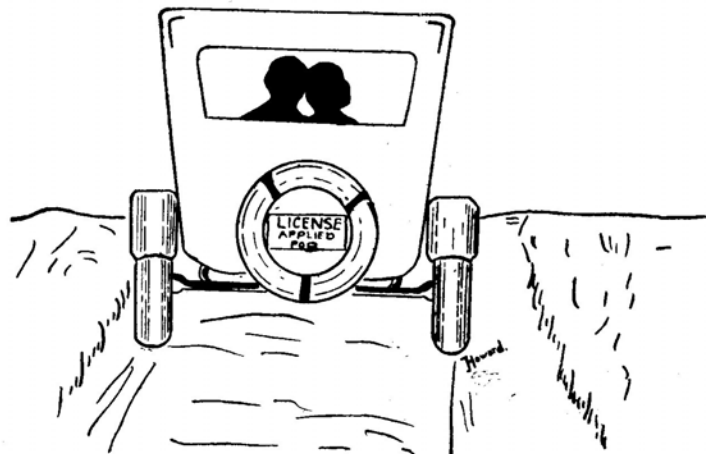
All the pages are worn
And thumb-marked with use -
Many hopes in them born
Many fears there set loose -

So full of sweet phrases
All surely should know
Such bright flaming blazes
To ashes soon go -

But I've read them so often
They almost seem true
All harsh tho'ts quite soften
When thinking of you -

So if left, I have proof --
Deny it, who can?
That once in my youth
I was wooed by a man -

(by Lucie Howard 22 years of age)



Gethsemane

By Lucie H. James (1970's)

Our Gethsemane is within us
Alone it must be fought,
If we would gain the victory
In pain and tears 'tis bought.

We must reach up for power
To overcome the wrong,
Must pray for Heaven's help,
Our vigil lone and long.

The witness follows the trial.
After we have done our best
To overcome temptation's pull,
Heaven's help will seal the test.

Not in outward fanfare
Help comes to us at last,
But deep within our bosom
A healing joy holds fast.



Back: Richard, Joyce, Cheril, Cecile Tom
Front: Cecil, Lucie, Lois



*Think early in life of what you
shall be,
And so make your plans and
stick to them.
Inherent within you a purpose
if free,
Will give you a power, a beacon,
a gem*

(Lucie Howard, March 7, 1922)

THE CALL IN THE NIGHT

By Lucie Howard, February 8, 1922

Off' in the wintry nighttime,
When all human noise is gone
Comes a wondrous urgent calling
Of the freight train's siren song.

A coyote's wowl of hunger
Or a swelling surging stream
Is truly less uncanny
Than a freight train blowing steam.

Its shrieking thru the calmness
Of a clear and happy night
Transforms the peace to terror
And puts all sleep to flight.

Yet still somehow I like it,
And patiently lie in wait
Making-believe 'tis Gabriel
Calling strugglers to the gate.

1925 -1970 - Warmest Seasons Greetings
by Lucie H. James

Forty-five years of wedded bliss,
Now who'd have thought 'twould come to this!
Six fine children multiplied by two
Amazing how our family grew!
At last alone with work all done
Oh no! for now, the children's children come!

Happiness fills our nights and our days
Cheril and Richard in kindest ways,
Cecile and Doug are "geniousez" quite
In knowing the answers to settle our plights.

Richard our eldest and Lorna his wife
In Wyoming lead an exciting life.
Tom and Roberta teach five lively chicks
And Arabian horses some might fine tricks.

Lois and Ernie with tall sons three
Spend most of their time wishing gas was sold free.
Joyce and Dave, daughters and son
Take us to see where battles were won!

Now gaze around and take your pick,
Tall and dark or blue-eyed Dick.
Teachers, missionaries, bishops and others
And then, of course, we also have mothers!

All such make parents want to shout,
"Thanks for the things a familys about!"

Merry Christmas, Mom and Dad



Philip James with Lucie and Cecil

Education of the Chinese

(By Lucie Howard, February 9, 1922)

“Education will make man free” --
Make man big and noble, true --
Tear down the heathens mockery
Who highest virtue never knew.

In years gone by when I was young
And tho't I knew the ends of truth;
No Chinese hate left I unsung,
But lent my tongue to ways of youth.

What holds this yellow race of men
Behind the world's progressive speed?
Is there some bond, some hindrant then
To be removed—is this their need?
The Chinese babe upon its birth
Is not more nude or helpless than
A white man's child, devoid of mirth,
A crying wee potential man.

But manhood gained – vast differences
One cultured, deep, resourceful brave,

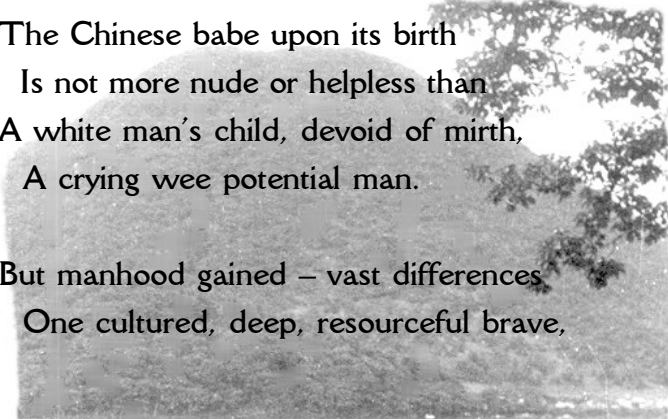
The other, stunted, shallow, tense --
He to the first much like a slave.

“What is the cause?” a wise man asks,
“Does love of gaining worthless pelf
Or Chinese script mask all his tasks
And cheat his nobler better self?”

The alphabet lengthy, bewildering, crude
Retards truth's progress in the seed;
Wisdom and knowledge bound, delude
And man must seek some self-made creed.

'Tis hard for men who know not God
To gain highest joy in this life.
His duty then, who holds the rod
To bring him more peace and lessen strife.

“Education will make man free,”
And the Gospel will save his soul.
Let's help our brethren 'cross the sea
Salvation for them should be our goal.



THOSE YESTER-YEARS

By Lucie Howard, February 28, 1922

Do you remember when you were a child
How wearily you'd watch the old clock creep
At Christmas, wouldn't you go almost wild
A thinking how the chimney was so steep?


And sometimes when you read a fairy story
Didn't something make your heart begin to beat?
As the hero from rocks and cliffs escaped in glory
And the lady fair and villain chance to meet?

Wasn't it a most enhancing feeling
When you dressed in mother's clothes and heaved a sigh.
Does ever to your aged heart come stealing
A wish to try again the sports gone by?

Have you ever tasted candy like you ate at "10?"
Has any apple flavor like (old) Unc' Mosiah Green's?
Or any meat the savor of an own caught guinea hen?
Or any stream the wonder of the ones bridged in your teens?



Lucie's handmade puppets. She and her friends
put on many shows for building funds.
She charged five cents a show!



Cinderella and the Glass Slipper

A Puppet Show - Written by Lucie Howard James

Characters:

Cinderella	Prince
Stepmother	Ballet Dancer
Stepsisters	Guests
God-Mother	Herald

Decide now what kind of gowns you will wear
You must charm the prince, so choose with
care

Stepsisters:

We have chosen our dresses of romantic hue
Mine is checkered and sister's is blue

Stepmother:

Now run and make your fingers fly

Stepsisters: No, not I. Let that lazy Cinderella
make her fingers fly!

Call her at once

She sews very well, tho' she is a dunce.

Scene II - The Kitchen

The Night of the Ball

Scene I - A Kitchen

Cinderella sitting before the fireplace.

Reader: Among the cinders here you see
Poor Ella, sad as she can be
All day she has to sweep and cook,
No time to play or read a book
So black with soot and cinders is Ella
That she is called "Cinder" Ella
Now who is this coming in at the door?
'Tis her cruel stepmother, just hear
her roar.

Stepmother: You're the laziest wretch in
this whole town,
Go tell my daughters to come down!
The King's son is giving a ball next week
From the loveliest girls a wife he will seek.
My daughters all shall go to the ball
That ugly Cinderella can't go at all.
(stepsisters appear)
Ah, here are my dainty darling dears
They'll charm the prince, I have no fears.

Stepsisters: (together)
Well, mother, why have you sent for us?
Cinderella made such a dreadful fuss.

Stepmother: My dears, you have been
asked to His Majesty's Ball
To be given next week in the Royal Hall.
The King's son will choose a girl for his
wife,
Don't you see, darling dears,
It's the chance of your life!

Reader: Why is poor Cinderella weeping so?
Because to the Ball she longs to go.
Now see, the stepsisters appear
Why are they grinning from ear to ear?
They have come to taunt this poor little maid
Who is always ready to come to their aid.

First Stepsister:

Ah, don't you wish you were going tonite?
But you can't go. You look a fright!

Reader:

Now the haughty sister sail out of the room
Leaving poor Cinderella with scrub brush and
broom.

Hark, someone knocks, 1-2-3

Now who in the world do you suppose it
can be?

Godmother: Why are you weeping dear
child? Tell me all.

Cinderella:

Oh, I wanted so much to go to the Ball.





Godmother:

Dry your eyes. You shall go if you like.
If you will be home before twelve does
strike.

Cinderella:

But how can I go in these old rags?
My dress is nothing but tatters and tags!

Godmother: Just trust in your fairy
godmother, my dear,
I'll give you a pretty dress, never fear.
I have a magic wand, you see,
Hoke - us -Poke -us- Tiddle oak us, fie -
fum-fee

Scene III

(A new Cinderella enters)


Cinderella: Oh, thank you, thank you,
what a beautiful frock!
And I'll surely be home by 12 O'Clock.
Shall I walk to the palace, Godmother
dear?
I'll spoil my frock I greatly fear.

Godmother: Well, well! We'll see about
that -
Can you find a pumpkin, yellow and fat?


Scene IV - The Grand Ball

(Music played by Music box. Beautifully
gowned ladies appear and dance.
Cinderella appears and is greeted by
guests. Ballet dancer give solo dance.
Cinderella dances with prince.
Clock strikes twelve.
Cinderella leaves.)

Scene V - The Morning after the Ball. The Kitchen



Cinderella: Did I dream that I went to
the wonderful ball?
It was hard to get up at my mother's call.
I'm so tired, so sleepy, it must be true
Cinderella, that lovely princess was you.



I can't forget the prince so charming
The time went so fast it was really
alarming.

I left in such a hurry.
I lost my slipper in the flurry
And when the prince hurried after me
He picked it up, but I had to flee
Oh, I shall never see him again, I fear,
For I disobeyed my Godmother dear

First Stepsister: Ho hum, I'm tired, aren't
you?

Second Stepsister: I surely am. And
hungry too!


First Stepsister: Cinderella, get busy you
lazy dunce.
Get some breakfast for us at once!

Second Stepsister: You shouldn't be tired,
you weren't out last nite,
But why are you crying, your eyes are a
sight
No wonder we're tired, we got in at two
There was a beautiful princess who lost her
shoe.

She was so lovely, dressed all in white
The royal prince kept her always in sight.
But when the clock struck twelve, oh my,
You should have seen that princess fly!
Whence she came, where she went, nobody
knew
It made the prince feel very blue.

Herald: (in distance) Hear ye, hear ye,
hear ye all
Who can wear the glass slipper lost at the
Ball?

Stepsisters: Hark, who is that? What
does he say?
I do believe he is coming this way.
Ah, he is knocking at the door
Cinderella, get under that bed on the floor!



Herald:

I come at the order of our gracious prince.
Who can wear this slipper and never wince?

First Stepsister:

My foot is so tiny, just let me try
Ouch!! ouch! my toes! Oh me! Oh my!

Herald:

Take it off. You can't wear that shoe,
It's plain to see that you won't do.

Second Stepsister:

Let me see how it will feel
On my foot. Oh, my heel! my heel!

Herald: You can't wear it either I see,
Now what other maid in this house may
there be?
Who's under that bed without any light?

Stepsisters: It's our ragged stepsister,
Such a terrible fright.

Herald:

No matter if she is a fright or a beauty,
To have her try on the shoe is my duty.

Stepsisters:

Look! she can wear it, gracious me!

Herald:

It fits your foot like the bark on a tree.
(God mother enters)

All:

Who is this? Who are you? Who are you?

Godmother:

I have come to bring the other shoe.

Stepsisters:

Mother, Mother come down right away!

Herald:

Get ready to leave without delay

Godmother: (to Herald)

Young man, if you will go outside
Cinderella will soon look like a princess
bride.

Hoke-us-poke-us-fie fum fee
The lovely Princess soon you will see
(Cinderella enters in wedding gown)

All:

Oh! Oh! My! My! Can it be? Is it true?
Dear Cinderella, Can it be you?

Cinderella:

Yes it is true, little Cinderella am I
We must leave at once, Good-bye, good-bye

Scene VI

The Wedding of the Prince and Cinderella

At The Palace

Puppets that served as guests at the ball now
appear to tune of a wedding march.

Ushers march slowly across the stage.

Stepmother, stepsisters and other guests are
in the wedding procession (crepe paper shirt
could be put over ballroom gowns.)

Cinderella in wedding gown enters on the arm
of the Herald.

Lapse

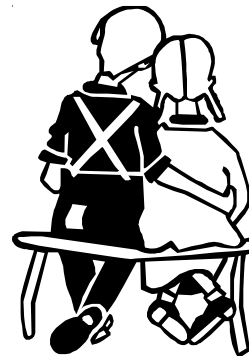
*"Oh believe me if All Those Endearing young
Charms"* - sung by a little girl.

Cinderella re-enters on arm of Prince as the
little girl sings.

Wedding guests appear and shout:

Long live the Prince, Long live Cinderella, the
lovely Princess!

The End



EVEN FOR LIFE ITSELF

(by Lucie H. James, 1970's)

*A Mormon boy is different, visibly and within,
He pledges by baptism to keep himself from sin.
To enter through His gate, God's Kingdom
here on earth,
To bear His name with honor,
To cease from hurtful mirth.*



Ron Hirschi

*He vows he will remember his
Heavenly Father's view,
Even for life itself,
There are things he may not do!
He may not break his word,
Or lightly disregard
The teachings of his childhood;
Must keep his life unmarred.*

*At twelve he looks toward manhood,
The Priesthood links his hope
To something fine and lasting, eternal, vast in scope.*

*He pledges now to shun things
That would virtue break,
Even for life itself,
There are things he may not take.*

*The power of the Priesthood
Extends throughout all space,
Must be used in righteousness
To uplift the human race.*

*In reaching out to others, to guide, instruct and lift,
Even for life itself, there are bounds he cannot shift.*



Michael and Richard Snow, Cecil James

*A Mormon boy has made a pledge,
Has entered through the gate,
His sights are high—goals in the sky—
His life he keeps first rate.
One course alone remains for him
If he his pledge would keep:
To live his best—not die in vain—
His is an upward reach.*



David Hirschi and Don James



Richard and Tom James



Johnny,
Tommy
and Billy
James,
Craig and
Rusty
Scribner

Guess What!

We're coming home, it won't be long
We'll board a jet built well and strong,
Climb up the stairs, wave fond
farewells,
Then just relax behind "propels."

And in our minds we'll think of you
First as you were when last we flew,
Then try real hard to conjure true,
How big you'll be, how fine, how new.

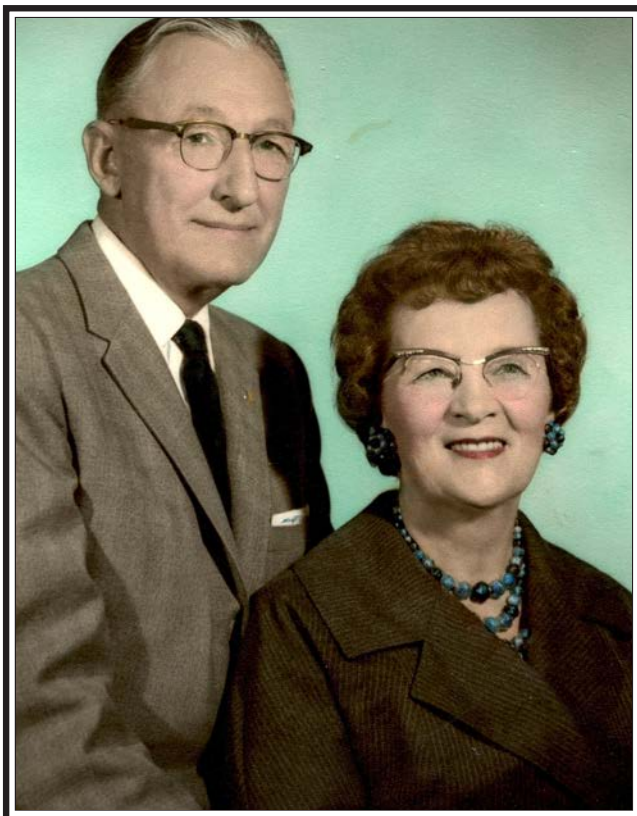
Will David's hair be like a Beattle?
Will all my girls be thin and leetle?
(Mom thought you all too thin last year
Eat up a bit, it's fun—don't fear!)

Who'll be the tallest, Ron or Alan?
Whose voice the deepest?
Who most gallant?
And all the sparkling eyes we'll greet,
Now who is which? Oh such a treat!

Excited so, we can hardly wait
To meet you all outside the gate.
Mom and Dad, gay, debonair
Without a job, without a care.

"A Merry Christmas"

We now wish you
In case we're late a month or two!
(1964)



Cecil and Lucie - 1962



Three Generations - 1979
Christy (5) Lucie (79) Cecile (38) Gina (11)

When a pretty girl is good
We all give praise and glory
And hold her high who has stood
And tell a wondrous story—

Then if she fall we pity her
And tell of the temptations
That homely girls don't have at all
To us a sore vexation.

For beauty makes one feel secure
And cautious more than she
Who ne'er has seen the bright light lure
Is cloistered more than free.

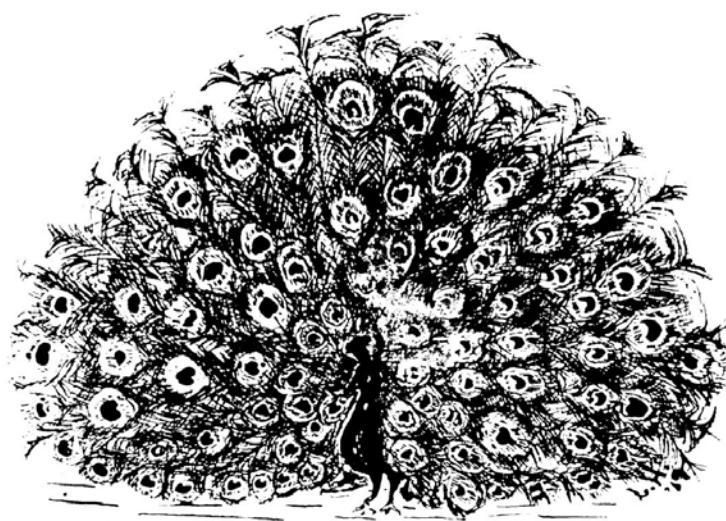
The lights that blind and stagger us
If seen in time may save—

(March 13, 1922 Lucie Howard)

I wish I was a little egg
Away up in a tree
I wish I was a little egg
As bad as bad could be—

A wish a little boy would come
And climb up in the tree
For then I'd bust my little self
And cover him with me.

(Lucie Howard, March 12, 1921)



Our Eightieth Birthday Party

(by Lucie J. James, March 1980)

It was an unforgettable occasion!

However. .

Suddenly to our great surprise!
Our children dear most all surmise
That we no longer run so fast,
That we stretch sleep to make it last.
They take our pictures lovingly,
While both of us have eyes to see.
They help us in and out of cars,
Insist we hold tight to the bars.
Up easy steps, they hold our arms
So we can come to no small harm.

But,

When alone, we move with ease,
With spurts of vigor, do as we please,
Run up the stairs - well, we do some,
Open car doors with finesse, aplomb.
We do not like the pictures took,
They resemble oldsters from a book!
We plan to tell them so some day,
Come tomorrow - perhaps we may.
We've grown quite fond of every child,
It's just their ways that drive us wild!

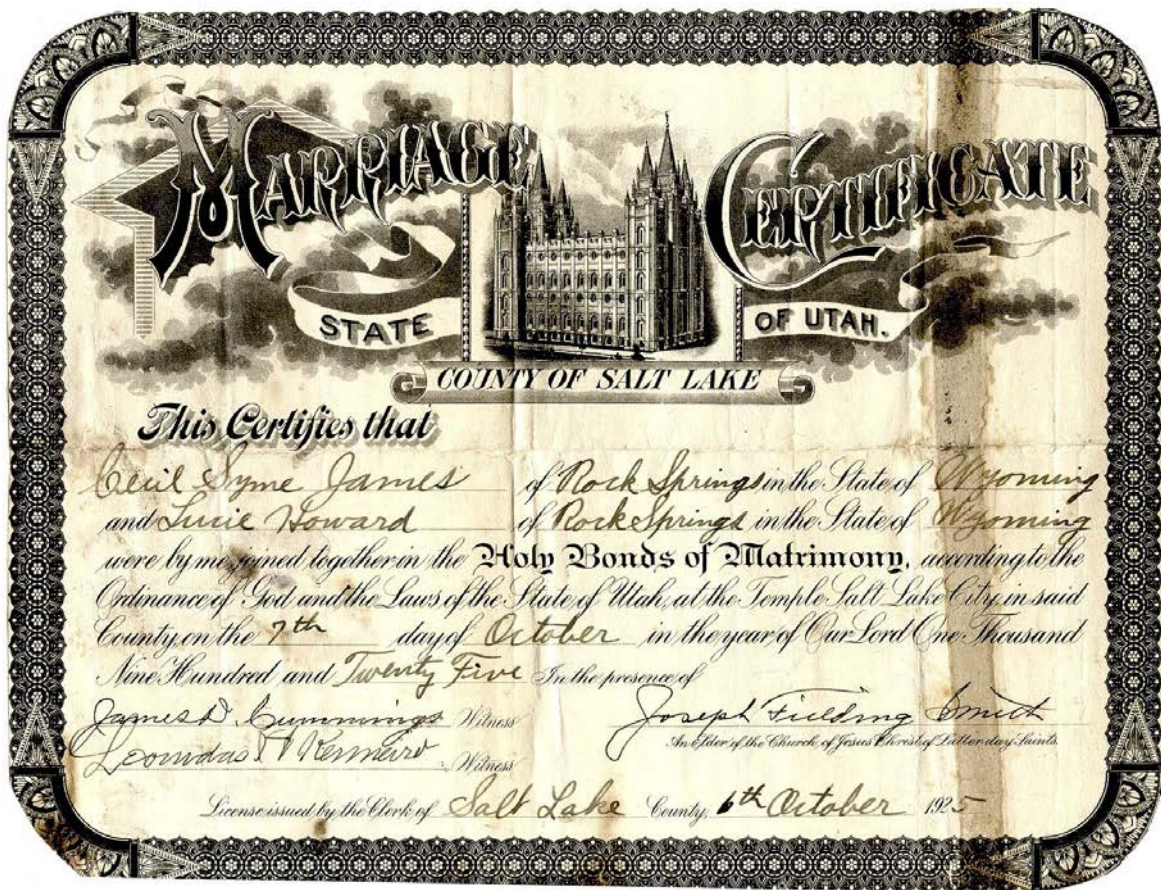




September 1980 (three months before Lucie died)
Doug and Cecile Scribner, Alf and Joyce Ridge, Tom and Roberta James,
Dick and Lorna James, Richard and Cheril Snow, Ernie and Lois Winfield
Lucie and Cecil James

As a white candle in a holy place
So is the beauty of an aged face.
As the spirit radiance of the winter's sun
So is a woman with her travail done.
Her brood gone from her and her thoughts as still
As the waters under a ruined mill.

(written by Drucilla S. Howard, Lucie's mother)



MY LOVE
(IN LUCIE HOWARD'S BOOK,
BUT WRITTEN BY "ANON"
RECORDED BY HER IN 1922)

MY LOVE (DEAR MAN) TURNS IN HIS TOES,
MY LOVE IS TANGLED-KNEED.
CROSS-EYED, LEFT-HANDED,
HAIR AND BEARD
IN HIM ARE DISAGREED.
HE HAS NO SOFT AND WINNING VOICE,
NO SINGLE CHARM HAS HE,
AND YET THIS AWKWARD, UGLY MAN
IS ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

MY NEIGHBOR GAY REJOICES IN
A BEAUTY OF A MAN,
STRAIGHT-LIMBED, FAIR FACED,
AND FIND HIS PEER
SHE KNOWS NO MORTAL CAN.
I LOOK UPON HIS HANDSOME FORM
AND OWN 'TIS FINE TO SEE;
BUT TURN BACK TO THE HOMELY MAN
WHO'S ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

O HERE'S MRS. FLIRT AND MRS. CHAT
EACH WITH HER CAVALIER.
THEY SMILE AND WONDER HOW I CAN
CALL SUCH A FRIGHT, "MY DEAR."
BUT IT IS JUST AS STRANGE I THINK
HOW THEY CAN HAPPY BE
WITHOUT MY HOMELY MAN, FOR HE
IS ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

DON'T ASK ME WHY, I CANNOT TELL,
'TIS ALL A MYSTERY
I'VE SOUGHT MYSELF A THOUSAND TIMES
ITS SECRET HISTORY.
MEANWHILE MY HEART GROWS SAD
TO THINK
HOW DREAR' THIS WORLD WOULD BE
WITHOUT THIS AWKWARD HOMELY MAN
WHO'S ALL THE WORLD TO ME

Great Christmas Gifts

What gift can we give to our children,
That will be of most value to them;
One that will help them each to stand tall
In spirit among their fellowmen?

We failed in the shops to find such a gift,
But by our giving of self and time,
Nurturing carefully seedlings of truth,
New inner strengths we surely will find.



Our gift should be to build their faith in
Keeping His commandments and laws for
Christmas is the promise of His Gift:
“Eternal Life in Realms of Glory!”

Lucie H. James (1970's)
D&C 14:7
D&C 76

Encircled
- A Sonnet -

By Lucie H. James (1973)

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

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

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

After eons of work and expectation
Encircled at last by exaltation

<p style="text-align: center;">IN MEMORY OF</p> <p style="text-align: center;">LUCIE HOWARD JAMES</p> <p>DATE OF BIRTH MARCH 2, 1900 SANDY, UTAH</p> <p>DATE OF DEATH DECEMBER 27, 1980 PROVO, UTAH</p> <p>BISHOP H. TRACY HALL OFFICIATING PLEASANT VIEW 1ST WARD</p> <p>PALLBEARERS (GRANDSONS)</p> <table style="width: 100%; border: none;"> <tr> <td style="width: 50%;">RON HIRSCHI</td> <td style="width: 50%;">KENT JAMES</td> </tr> <tr> <td>DAVID HIRSCHI</td> <td>J. GRANT SNOW</td> </tr> <tr> <td>RANDY HIRSCHI</td> <td>RUSSELL SCRIBNER</td> </tr> <tr> <td>DON JAMES</td> <td>BILLY JAMES</td> </tr> </table> <p>INTERMENT PROVO CITY CEMETERY DEDICATION DOUGLAS SCRIBNER</p>	RON HIRSCHI	KENT JAMES	DAVID HIRSCHI	J. GRANT SNOW	RANDY HIRSCHI	RUSSELL SCRIBNER	DON JAMES	BILLY JAMES	<p style="text-align: center;">SERVICES</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PLEASANT VIEW 1ST WARD CHAPEL</p> <p>TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1980 1:30 P.M.</p> <p>PRELUDE & POSTLUDESTRING ENSEMBLE PLEASANT VIEW FIRST WARD</p> <p>FAMILY PRAYERTHOMAS A. JAMES</p> <p>OPENING PRAYERRICHARD SNOW</p> <p>SPEAKER RICHARD A. JAMES</p> <p>POEM: TRIBUTE JESSIE BUCKMILLER</p> <p>MUSICAL "LOOK UP TO HIM" GAYLE DUDLEY, ANNA MAY CURTIS, BONNIE DEWEY</p> <p>TRIBUTE CECILE SCRIBNER</p> <p>SPEAKERLLOYD HOWARD</p> <p>MUSICAL "MY TASK" ROBERT LUNDQUIST</p> <p>REMARKS BISHOP H. TRACY HALL</p> <p>CLOSING PRAYERALFRED RIDGE</p>
RON HIRSCHI	KENT JAMES								
DAVID HIRSCHI	J. GRANT SNOW								
RANDY HIRSCHI	RUSSELL SCRIBNER								
DON JAMES	BILLY JAMES								



The Days of Our Lives
Continue. . .



Dick, Lois, Cheril, Joyce, Cecile, Tom - 2007



Cheril, Dick, Lois, Tom, Cecile, Joyce - abt. 1992



Lois, Cheril, Cecil, Joyce, Cecile - 1984



Front: Tom and Roberta James, Dick and Iorna James,
Ernie and Lois Winfield • Back: Richard and Cheril Snow,
Alf and Joyce Ridge, Doug and Cecile Scribner - 2002

Life With Lucie

by Jessie Howard Buckmiller (December 1980)

“She’s gone” - that she can help prepare a place where we
Will be together once again—and through Eternity.

We’ll find her where the action is - doing things of worth
With busy hands and heart and mind - Her Heritage of Birth!

Just as she labored here on earth - a Champion for the Right
“while the enemy assailed, she did not shrink nor shun The Fight.”

No mountain was too steep for her, no service was too small,
“The building of The Kingdom” was her goal in every Call!

All things beautiful she loved - nor counted she the cost -
Her labors brought back memories of paradise - once lost!

And wakened us to hope and joy and courage to proceed
With faith in God - and to employ His help in every need!

Her children call her bless-ed as they follow Light and Truth
Instilled within their hearts from happy days of early youth.

Happy days of childhood - with parents who found joy
As they saw their children “walk in Truth” - each precious girl and boy!

A process never-ending on a journey just begun
Where “Life With Lucie” always will be filled with joy - And Fun!

To All her loved ones,
With much love from Aunt Jessie



Ron Hirschi and Cheril Snow
with Aunt Jessie

