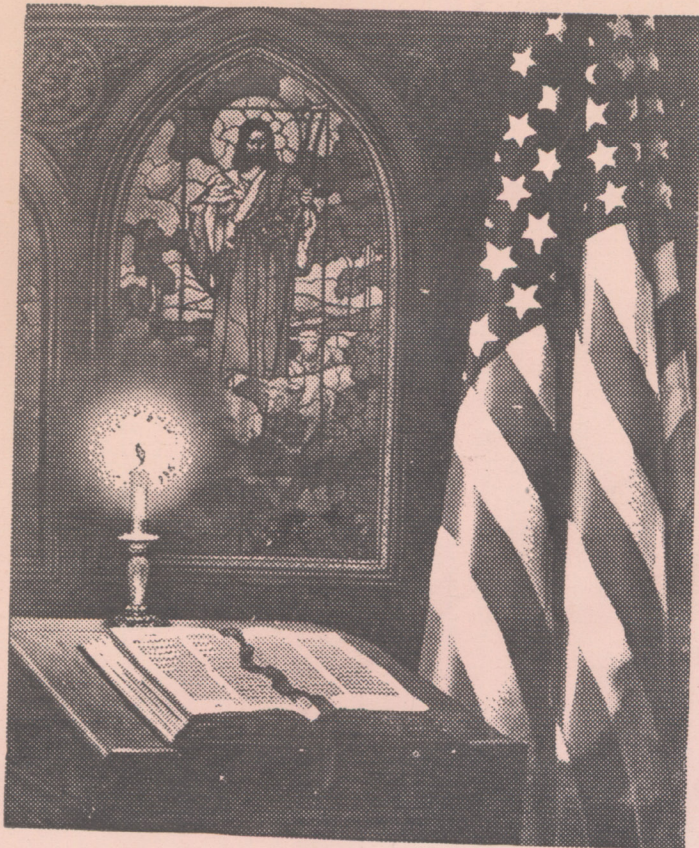


Ogden 18th Ward Male Chorus

World War II comments from
Bishops and others.



Freedom of Worship is the Key to
What We're Fighting For

Tracy Hall



"A Book of Birthday Happiness

Written just for you.

Bringing joy on every page

Bringing gladness, too,

And a wish that every happiness

Will all the time appear

On every page of joy you turn

Through every day and year!"





"OLD PEACEFUL VALLEY"

By W. Leslie Swan.

You boys have answered your country's call
And you may think this verse rather odd.
For it tells of a picture that hangs on the wall
A scene of the beauties of God.

Its the scene of Mt. Ogden and the valley below,
And the river winding down thru the trees.
Yes, its old peaceful valley, as it looks in the spring
Do those leaves seem to move in the breeze?

If this picture could talk, its story to tell,
Would be no use in this verse at all.
But alas' it is lumber and plastic and paint,
And it hangs on our West Chapel wall.

You remember the night when it was unveiled,
All you boys in the chorus were there.
Your hearts swelled with pride, as each stepped inside,
And the wall on the west was not bare.

Now all it can do is hang on the wall,
And look down on your names in a plague,
May it bring you fond memories where ever you are,
Until all of you boys have come back.

Then Old Peaceful Valley, will greet you once more,
As you come through the chapel door
With its mount in the clouds, I think it will say
Come sing and be happy once more.

W. L. Swan

On our Seventh Anniversary I bring to you a compilation of letters and thoughts from all of us to YOU! May they bring to each a message of love and friendship:—

Dear Grace:

Ogden, Utah
Feb. 8, 1944

Just 26 years ago this month I was mustered out of Army Service. "The First World War" had been won . . . I had done my bit. Too old now for military service, I am happy to be considered fit for leadership in the "4th War Bond Drive" and will do my bit this time to raise the necessary funds to carry on! Your bit—wherever you are—and my (OUR) bit at home will surely result in another victory—soon. Victory like success . . . according to the L. D. S. formula. . . results from efforts and prayer. Of the effort we are sure. We want you to know we are praying continually.

WM. J. CRITCHLOW, JR.

President of South Ogden Stake.

"Our anniversary again! How time passes. Many things have happened since our beginning in a group of young men banded together in well doing. The war hasn't changed our purpose, we're still working for the same goal and we are ready to resume as soon as you return. My message I give from the scriptures.

"Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, having on the breastplate of righteousness. And your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace. And above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked and take the helmet of Salvation, and the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God."

BISHOP L. GRANT LOFGREEN

L. Grant Lofgreen.

Now that another chorus birthday is near, we think fondly of the years gone by and the sweet memories they bring because of the pleasant associations and useful service. Happy in the present, which finds you all in the cause of liberty, hopeful of the future, with an early and honorable peace, and a return to the beloved homes and loved ones.

BISHOP WILLIAM G. DE MIK

William G. De Mik

Some 2000 years ago there was born in the City of David, a babe, who became "The Light of the World" and brought with Him the way of life for man. This divine light which accompanied the advent of the Savior became so bright, so clear, that all the sin and ignorance of the centuries of the world has been unable to extinguish it.

Today, in every corner of the earth, in the blackout of the city, in the shot torn plane above the clouds, on the battle fronts or on the ships at sea, that same light shines. Let us do our part to keep this divine flame alight by living close to the ideals that are our heritage, and collectively and individually let our lights blend in making a flame so bright that men will look up with admiration and respect, and be encouraged to follow where we lead. In this way we can speed the day of victory and the establishment of peace.

May we enjoy our good times together again in the near future.

VERN NEWMAN.

Vern

"CHOOSE BITS" taken from your letters
received on the Home Front.

From the States Comes the Following:

Another eventful year has dropped from the calendar of time and up from the many unforgettable dates comes "Feb. 8th." A wonderful date bringing back inspirational memories of the numerous happy meetings of our Eighteenth Ward Male Chorus. We are now thousands of miles apart. Only memory brings us close. The harmony of notes wasn't always exactly true in our humble group but the melody of hearts was unequaled.—Spencer Loughton.

It was swell being in Ogden once again and am looking forward to being there again. This morning we sang several songs, some of which I've sung many times with the chorus. It brought back pleasant thoughts of how nice it was when. . . . Sure miss the gang, would give ten bucks to hear the chorus now.—Dick Thenell.

I like the service very much so far, although the discipline is quite rugged. Maybe that's what I like about it, 'cause I can see the reason behind it.—DeWayne Falk.

Boy, does time fly, you just can't keep up with things. The past few months have been the fastest spent months of my life. They sure try to discourage one, but they'll have to kill me first before I'll wash out. You said it would be wonderful when we all came home to tell of our experiences, yes, I can tell you a lot of gorey war stories about, the Battle of Colorado Springs.—Norman Fox.

I'm in good health and I'm getting along as well as can be expected. I really miss the old gang. I'll never forget the grand feeling that used to come with every engagement the chorus had.—George Wright.

I'm happy here in the mission field and my time is slipping by fast. Say hello to everyone I know.—Roland Wright.

How are all the fellows doing that are in the service? Also those that are home raising families? Judging from the new babies, we'll need two buses to haul the gang when we go out on appointments. (After the conflict is over.)—Elden Stringfellow.

They talk about these Georgia Peaches and I say you've got to go a long way before you can find any who will compare with our mountain grown stock. Why my first visit to Columbus I had a hard time even finding one and then I do believe she was from another state. Don't tell my wife I was looking at them, will you? This was just for curiosity you know, when a man is too old to look he is in a sad state of affairs.—Louis Kjar.

I made it! My eyes are out of focus, every joint aches, and I can't even slip a paper edge-wise between bruises, but the wings are on my chest.—Grant Neuteboom.

Greetings from the state of Oregon and Camp White. With Merlin in one corner and me in another the old Eighteenth Ward mob has two good members represented in this state.—Don Hall.

Good old army air corps. Yes, I think it's really grand, even the chow. I've gained about sixteen pounds while I've been stationed here. Above all, I'm happy because I'm among so many good friends. Tell the gang hello.—Jack Hazen.

It's so cold up here that when you spit it freezes and when it hits the ground it brakes like glass.—LaVar Hurst.

I've got the K. P. Blues. I've got dishwater hands and housemaid's knees, but of course, K. P. is a very valuable training. Besides, you get out of the day's road march, field maneuvers, bayonet drill, etc., so I don't mind. I haven't merited Sunday K. P. as yet. It's reserved for the gold brickers.—Wendell Hall.

I hope everyone in the ward is alright and that soon we can get together and have a big party (I mean the chorus). Well, I got to go eat, that's the only thing around here that I like. Will see you soon, and don't forget to write.—Harvey Neuteboom.

I went with the boys' chorus, even though I couldn't sing, and it taught me a lot. I probably will never learn to sing but I can learn other things. Write often.—Bill Barrett.

P. S.—There is nothing else to say.

In the silent darkness of a cold December morn, just before Christmas, two figures stood conversing. The man's curiosity concerned his pals of a former day, and it was being satisfied by the charming feminine companion. The man: Leland Wakefield. The subject: Eighteenth Ward Male Chorus. The lady: Wouldn't you like to know?

As I lie on my bunk tonight my thoughts stray homeward, which is only natural with the service men. Because this is the time which we like best, to mull over the day's letters while stealing a glance at the precious picture of a loved one perched on a box, stand or shelf. The same feeling for home and friends are shared by each of us whether we show it by outward signs or not.—Merlin Compton.

Ahoy thar (Having gained a breath aboard the U. S. S. ——— I feel the need of a few salty words). Shiver me timbers if I wasn't glad to hear from ye. It has been many months since I last saw you and the chorus. Remember that Sunday night when Kay and the gang was on leave and many of us were to church? That was the last of my associations with all those wonderful fellows.—Gene Hall.

"Hello . . ."

"Hello."

"This is your prodigal."

"My what?"

"Your Prodigal."

"Which one, may I ask?"

"Have you more than one?"

"Yes, I have many!!!"

"Well, this is Prentice Agee. Any of the gang in town. . . . (No letter today!!)"

Here on the eve of my 23rd birthday I write to my best pal. A person who has done more for me than any other human in the world. Dad, I want you to know how much I appreciate all that you have done these 23 years. Every day I see the advantages of the life that I have been taught to live.—Gordon Swan.

Gee, it was great to be home this time and have the privilege of taking part in the Mexican Christmas program presented at Weber College by Mrs. Young. I also enjoyed going to church and seeing my old friends once more.—Don Jones.

I have been blessed in many ways and very lucky to have a branch of the church everywhere I've been. Have had many opportunities to sing and lead the singing. Now we have a quartet.—Sherman Davidson.

One of your not so far away lads is feeling that he should write to you and give an account of himself. I know right now that you enjoy keeping track of where each one of the fellows of the E. W. M. C. are located.—George Doxey.

Sometimes I feel home-sick for my friends back home. Have had a strenuous training but enjoy my work very much. We have plenty of studying to do and not much spare time.—Hal Davidson.

This is very interesting work and I enjoy it. But gee, I'm lonesome for my "Honey!" Living a clean life surely shows up in the kind of training we are having. I'm thankful for the home and church influence I have received.—Larkin Patterson.

It is so nice to go to church down here, even more interesting than when I was home. I miss the old home town, but having Helen and Jackie with me at least part of the time surely does help.—Jack Barrett.

Florida is grand, but not quite as nice as Ogden. The weather is wonderful, neither too hot or too cold. It would be nice to see you all again.—Norman Chatfield.

One never knows what they have missed until they have a baby as grand as ours. He is growing fast and the little things he does are so cute. The army air corp is a fine organization to be a member of.—Delbert Brown.

From the Pacific Area Comes the Following:

The good earth feels wonderful under my feet once more. It's nice to sail out on the briny deep, but it nicer to sail back. Ogden, here I come.—Karl Ward.

It really does a buddy good to hear about all the fellows, where they are and what they are doing. It's really an inspiration just to have such wonderful people as those that abound at our ward to call your friends. Two of the happiest years of my life was spent there. The memory of the things we did will always live in my fondest memories and be an inspiration to me.—Shirl Holmes.

Thanks for telling the other fellows "hello" for me, 'cause I don't write to them. When the whole chorus gets at the axis it won't take long to finish this war.—Reed Henderson.

I'm homesick for the sight of you and the ward. I'd give almost anything to meet with all of you each Sunday. But thank God, for the Mormon church everywhere!—Earl Read.

I have come to realize more than ever the value and power of prayers and their blessings. I'm praying for the time to speedily come when I can again join with you in the many activities which I with others like me had to miss.—Gene Wright.

I sure miss the kind of music and programs we used to present. I will never forget the fine teaching I received from home and the church. This is one place where a fellow really needs the power of our Heavenly Father. Tell the others hello for me.—Keith Compton.

I pray that the Lord will bless all of you at home and that this war will soon come to a close. Then we can come home to the life we love and the friends we knew.—Howard Ogden.

You say "the Eighteenth Ward still stands on the hill!" I day dream of it often. The wonderful times we've had there I'll never forget. I do hope we can get together again soon. I'm getting enough experiences so that I can spin some pretty good yarns. Anyway, I've seen a lot of country so far. Keep all those chins up, we'll all be back home soon and then watch the chorus.—Louis Gale.

You know, it takes a person to get away from home for some time before he really appreciates and understands what home means. The fellows, I'm sure, will have a stronger testimony of the Gospel, than they had when they left home.—Baker Watkins.

I look forward to the day when we can all get together. What stories and jokes we can swap! I truly have learned that the Gospel means more to me than I ever dreamed it could.—Kay Crockett.

From the European Area

I've always cherished the memories of the chorus and I always will. I'll strive every day to do my best to live up to the challenge of last chorus's birthday.—Kay Anderson.

Things are going according to schedule and as I write this I am in the best of health and spirits.—Jerry Call.

I've really seen a lot of country since I was in good old Ogden and the more I see the better I like Ogden and the people living there. However, the people in the places where I have lived have treated us plenty neat.—Clyde Hyer.

Received your letters and enjoyed reading them. Sorry, but I can't answer your questions. I'm a very busy man and don't have much time to spare in which to write letters, that is why I don't write to more of my friends.—LeMoyne Peterson.

For the fellows who are serving on the home front, who daily go about their work cheerfully and hope in their hearts for the well-being of every chorus member, we salute you! We have no letters, to make personal comments from, but your life bespeaks volumes. May you accept the "hellos" from the field and may we send your "hellos" to the service men, with a wish for a speedy return of peace to the earth and a "homeward march" to all!—Blair, Dean, Mark, Zack, Jack C., Darrell, Lane, Trace and John J.

Sons of Our Great White Brothers, We Salute You!

It may be that you walk the trail alone and you are in trouble. Perhaps you are afraid. Perhaps your wits are dulled and your nerve paralyzed with fear. Your courage is gone because the song in your heart is dead.

Come with us in your dreams to the Camp Kiesel Council fire and we will heal you. Sing with us again the "new song" for man and animal alike walk to the song in their own heart. "The Song" of our young men is good, it will fill your hearts, that you may walk again with courage!

"May the South wind bring healing unto you."

"May the West wind bring healing unto you."

"May the North and the East pour healing into you."

Fear flees from you. Hate flees from you, and suspicion flees from you. Courage like a rushing tide gallops through you. Peace possesses your entire being. And serenity and strength have become your two wings,

In your eyes shine courage, Power dwells in your heart. You are healed—Your are healed—You "Are Healed."

PEACE — PEACE — PEACE!—Gladys and Dilworth Young.

Gladys and Dil

"Give me some men who are stouthearted men . . ." "When you are happy, Friend of mine . . ." "True men are never quitters . . ." "Fight for the right never ceasing . . ." "Let every good fellow now join in a song . . ." Hallelujah! Wouldn't it be fun to "Join in a Song?"—Dorothy West.

Keep smiling, gang! — Lattie

"Behold a Royal Army, with banner, sword and shield are marching forth to conquer on life's great battlefield."

You are all commissioned officers in this Royal Army. Your commission and armor is the Royal Priesthood of God. No medals, no bars, that are coveted by men, no outward signs to show you different than any other person, only, by the expression of a clean life well lived mirrored in your face. Your priesthood and that clean life gives you the power to bring Victory to the Royal Army.

On this our Seventh Birthday we as a group are indeed blessed From the membership of our organization "The E. W. M. C." forty-

seven fellows have answered our country's call and more are leaving soon.

To each one of you may I express my appreciation of your loyalty to me which made our work enjoyable and successful. My prayers are for your continued success and I close with this poem written by Raymond Atwood.

"No other face can take the place
Of yours, old friend of mine.
Put on that grin and come on in,
And I'll be feeling fine.
If I can do a thing for you,
Just drop a little line,
'Cause there's no face can take the place
Of yours, old friend of mine."

—Ena Barnes.

Ena

As Always—The Gang.

E. W. M. C.

As I roam here and there ere my journey's end,
May I always find friends just as true;
May Dame Fortune in kindness my daily path bend
To a bunch of good fellows like you.

In this life, I have found that we get what we give;
We are done to, forsooth, as we do;
So my prayer is that I may live . . . while I live . . .
With a bunch of good fellows like you.

There's a glint in your eye, there's a clasp in your hand,
There's a tone in your voice always new;
I think Heaven must be some sort of land
With a bunch of good fellows like you.

Here's a pledge to your health, your joy, your success,
For the folks of your kind are too few;
There is something to gladden, to hearten and bless
With a bunch of good fellows like you.

So I pledge you again, and can only say this . . .
And it springs from a sentiment true . . .
I shall always regret every hour I must miss
With a bunch of good fellows like you.