

BARBARA, you entered my life when I went to Ogden High School in 1937, and you have been in my life ever since. I consider you one of my dearest friends.

School days: High School days were happy days for us. Remember the dances, fooling around in the halls, wondering (for me, anyway) who to take to the next "girl's choice", the clubs--etc. Always in love with someone, (usually unknown to the lucky? fellow.) Parties after the dances at someone's home! In those days the most sinful of the students "smoked"--drugs and aids were unheard of, and "relationships" were relatives. Our friends were "pals", and even most of those we considered "wild girls" weren't into sex--or was I just an innocent?

Then we went to Weber. After my freshman year I quit Weber College to "train" as a cafeteria manager for Woolworth. Whereas my friendship somewhat dimmed with some of my Weber College friends that second year, my friendship with you always stayed bright. From then on, somehow our lives always kept coming back together.

The only boy (man) I ever associated you with was Ray. Ray was your high school sweetheart, if I remember correctly. I didn't start going with Tracy until we went to Weber. You went on to finish Weber and enter nurse training in Salt Lake City at the LDS hospital. Ray went to the (then called) A.C. College in Logan to become an engineer after his graduation from Weber. Tracy and I were married in September of 1941, and you were one of the bridesmaids.

I can remember how good it was to visit with you when you came to see us in Salt Lake after we were married. You and Ray wanted to get married, but if you did you would have to terminate your nurse's training. That was the rule. In those days if a girl worked, she quit when she got married. One working partner in a marriage was all that was allowed. Too few jobs. I remember that in 1940 before Tracy and I got married, Tracy started coming around a lot at the Woolworth cafeteria, and my boss got very nervous. She didn't want to train someone who was just going to quit to get married. You and Ray decided to get married, but I think you always kind of wished you had finished your training, and only a few years later, you could have had your marriage AND finished your training. Little did you know that you would spend a lot of years working in a hospital, although not as a nurse.

I have lost the time frame for when you got polio. Was it while the war was still on? Or just after? Was Ray working for Boeing? I must have been in Ogden, either waiting to follow Tracy when he was in the service or before we went down to the U so he could work on his PhD Anyway, I can remember coming to see you at your mother's home, and I think you had Caroline at the time.

What a raunchy deal! A few more years and they found a cure for polio. I have always admired the way you handled that crisis in your life. It may have somewhat crippled your body, but never your spirit.

You were always my closest confidant. And Tracy's too. He says he can remember hitchhiking to see you and Ray when he was at Purdue. He was only there for six weeks. He can remember how cold it was. Ray, he thinks, was working for International Harvester, and you were living in Chicago. Tracy then came back to finish his PhD at the U. This would have been the fall of 1946.

Two years later, in August of 1948, on our way to Schenectady, New York to work for G.E., we stopped to visit you in Molene, Illinois. (Tracy, myself, and three kids, Sherlene, Tracy Jr., and David. I was pregnant with Elizabeth.) We were in an old beat-

up car that was devoid of upholstery. We were on pins and needles thinking that old car wouldn't get us there before it gave up the ghost. In Molene Tracy did some repair work, and "old Betsy" as we called the car, DID get us to Schenectady and lasted another year when we were able to save enough to get a new car. You were so kind to us at that time, and we really talked up a storm remembering the "old days". Where on earth did you put us all?

Our lives have continued to touch through the years. It was not long after we moved to Schenectady that you and Ray and the kids came to Albany, New York, and we saw you often. Tracy remembers one terrible snowy night when you followed us to help us get home to Schenectady in the snow storm. We can't remember whether we were in our new car or "old Betsy", but the windshield wiper couldn't keep up with the snow and Tracy drove all the way home with his head out the window. How did you and Ray get home, and why were you so foolish as to follow us? (Helpful, as usual!)

Before too much longer, you and Ray decided to move back to Utah. I think you and Ray came back to Utah before we did, but we came to Provo in 1955, and again renewed our friendship.

You and Ray didn't make it to your 50th wedding anniversary, and we are sorry for that. But the years you had together were wonderful and full of fond memories and you lived those last years of his life to the full. We haven't seen each other as much as we should have before Ray died and since--which we regret, and which each year we vow to change. We wish you a very merry Christmas, 1989, Barbara, and think this is a great idea Caroline has. Our association with good friends like you and Ray are among some of our most precious memories. May there be many more of them in the years ahead--which we all know are going to be shorter than we wish to contemplate.

Love,