

13 April 1986 H. T. HALL

Last evening as I sat on my tractor and, looking back, watched the furrows unfold from the plows and glide away into the distance, my soul was stirred.

"This is Gods earth", I said. "It is not mine, but He has given me stewardship over a few acres to see what I will do with them.

Well, I have truly tried, with the literal thirty acres that in the secular world belong to me, to do something with them. On this farm, located at 1064 South- 1279 West in Payson, Utah, I am growing trees that others might buy and plant. Trees are important friends. Why did I go into this? Financially, this project is a flop. Does it have other rewards? Quite probably.

This leads me to the concept of "turning points" . What if your life or my life took this turn or, instead, took that turn? What would the result have been?

As a Latter Day Saint, I believe it is correct doctrine to say that God does intervene in the affairs of his children and considers the desires of a payerful and righteous heart.

Let me tell you of some of the turning points in my life.

It is amazing that children hear so much of swearing and dirty stories at an early age. Some of my earliest recollections concerning this occured when our family lived at 1664 Jefferson Avenue in Ogden, Utah. We lived there from about 1922 to 1927 (about age 4 to age 8 for me. During that period, I heard, from other children, most of the swear words and a number of dirty stories. One story was so bad that I have not been able to erase it to this day!

These things would come to mind at times and I wondered how they could be removed. I didn't want them there. I concluded that when they would pop up, I should immediately think of something else. I assiduously tried to do this. For some reason, I never told my parents anything concerning these bad things. Peer pressure, I guess. I'm certain that my parents did not suspect anything like this was going on.

Our parents were devoted to the church, however, and taught there children correct principles including personal prayer. I often prayed about my problem and the Lord helped me with it. So, to this day, I abhor swearing and bad stories.

Later in years, I witnessed my brave father politely ask swearers and tellers of raunchy stories to please not do these things in his presence. Sometimes they would say, "Well, what's the matter, there arent any ladies present so whats the beef". How I admired his courage!

On December 18th in 1927, our family moved to a small, five acre farm with a dillapidated home and a run-down barn and chicken coup located in the small farming community of Marriott, Utah which is located about five miles north-west of Ogden. The farm already had a horse named Nig, a pig, and a dog named Lassie, a few farm implements, and a wagon. As we traveled towards Marriott we passed through Wilson Lane to pick up a cow so we could have milk. We had some kind of a Ford truck that I remember was packed with some of our belongings. It was a dreary, rainy day. It was my job to keep the stubborn cow moving along behind the truck with a stick.

My brothers and I had very happy times on the farm (mother had five sons and no daughters). The old swimming hole was in Mill Creek at the north end of our farm. Incidentally, this is the same Mill Creek that bordered our home on Jefferson Avenue in Ogden where there was also a swimming hole.

During summer all the boys for a mile around would congregate there to lie in the sun or the shade of the old Cottonwood tree and to swim with the water snakes, dive, fish, and commune with nature in the nude.

In those days, men and boys never wore swim suits. Even while attending Weber College, where the Weber Gym had a swimming pool, boys swam naked. Girls, however wore swimming suits but not at the same time that the boys were in the pool. There was an accident one day though. Girls and boys entered the pool from different dressing rooms as is usual but there was a mix up in time. For some unknown reason, a number of girls were still in the pool when the door to the boys room was unlocked and the boys charged into the pool with the usual dive from the water's edge. Quite a scramble ensued!

store. Science and music were now together and my interest in playing the piano advanced another notch.

I began to practice on my own and learned to play the church hymns and some popular music. I was now in the tenth grade at Lewis Junior High School. The music teacher learned that I was a passable piano player and had me accompany the school's chorus on occasion. At age sixteen, Bishop Grant Lofgren called me as Priesthood Organist and I was privileged to play the new Hammond Electronic Organ—the first one in Weber County. I examined its innards, learned how it worked, and science reinforced music again.

The next thing that reinforced my interest in piano was girls. The year was 1936. I was now seventeen and going to Ogden High School. Walking into the empty gym one day, I spotted a piano, sauntered up to it, and started to play. In no time at all, a couple of girls scooted over to the piano bench. Then one of them, standing behind me, leaned over and gently placed her elbows on my shoulders, and I could feel her warm breath and smell her perfume!

I just recalled something from Marriott days that certainly should have been remembered. Gene Stanger was learning the saxophone and was asked to do a youth number for Sacrament Meeting. He chose an easy piece for sax and piano, brought it to me, and we practiced it together. So, on the appointed day, after the cows had been milked, and it was now Sacrament meeting time, we rendered "Tip-toe Through The Tulips" for the congregation.

This refrain called for a moderate bounce—something you could dance to. The words, composed by Al Durbin, ended with the refrain, "And if I kiss you in the garden, in the moonlight, Will you pardon me, Come tip toe thru the tulips with me." Joe Burke composed the music for this song of the roaring twenties. Well, I trust that Heavenly Father makes some allowance for the misadventures of his teen age children. At any rate, I hope that our inappropriate selection was no worse in his eyes than the smooching that was going-on on the back-row pew among the older teenagers who seemed to not need any tulips to tip-toe thru.

It need any tulips to tip-toe thru.

Es. Well, I trust that Heavenly, I hope that-esity of the Church. The home teaching brethren are advised to discuss this

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