

Only A Teacher

February 1990

We all are aware that the first article in the Ensign each month contains a message from a member of the First Presidency of the Church. The home teaching brethren are advised to discuss this message during their monthly visit to their families. The subject for January was "Only A Teacher."

As I reflected on the content of this article and discussed its message, a parade of teachers, whose faces live to this day in my heart, passed before my eyes. It would take pages to describe the events, interactions, insights, motivations, and blessings brought into my life by these devoted people. I pray God to bless them all.

Let me tell you about learning to play the piano. Four teachers entered my life to give me free lessons: June Larson, Mary Butler, Joy Hibbert, and Glen Salter. I will focus primarily on Glen Salter who taught me almost daily over a period of about five months.

But first, I need to give you some background. My father, Howard Hall, and my mother, Florence Tracy, were 31 and 32 years of age, respectively, when they were married on August 14, 1918. I do not know the reason, but upon marriage, father gave his mother, Mary Ann Woodcox Hall, an Edison Phonograph and his wife a black upright piano. Some of you will remember the old Edison. It had a very thick disk-type record and the groove was hill-valley like, causing the tiny steel needle to move up and down. The needle was fastened to a two-inch diameter circular diaphragm that vibrated along its vertical axis to convert the motions into sound. The sound, in turn, was magnified by a conical horn, which in this particular phonograph was enclosed in the cabinet behind double doors.

As children we loved to visit Grandma Hall just to wind up the spring mechanism and play the records. The records that I remember were voices telling funny stories, singing (Caruso, I think), and other music, particularly saxophones. They really invited you to dance. At that point in our lives we wished that Dad had given his mother the piano and the Edison to us.

Incidentally, Edison considered the phonograph to be his most important invention. It was a bolt out of the blue. The thought that voices could somehow be recorded had never before crossed anyone's mind. Edison is generally given credit for inventing the electric light, but others had made electric lights before him. Edison's great contribution in this area came from making the idea practical.

Now, back to the piano, I first remember it being in a tent located on a vacant lot at 1464 Jefferson Avenue in Ogden, Utah. We lived in the tent while my uncle, Helon Tracy, built a half of a house for us with the idea that it would be finished later.

After moving into the house, my brothers and I had great fun running the piano stool up and down.

My mother did not play the piano, and neither did my father, but mother was desirous that I should learn. But there was no money for lessons. To the rescue came a neighbor girl, June Larson, age 10. I was six. How I wished that I could play "Tea for Two," "Nola," and "Doll Dance" the way she did. Using her own beginning piano books, she taught me some fundamentals, all for free. Soon I was playing "Skaters Waltz."

Then, we moved to Marriott, a small farming community five miles northwest of Ogden. I was now seven and don't recall touching the piano again until I was 11. At this juncture, my mother's cousin, Mary Butler, offered to teach me. She lived three miles east of

us and I would get there by walking through fields of alfalfa and a swamp that skirted the bottom of Broom's Bench. It was summertime and hot, and I would periodically cool off by lying down in the tall alfalfa. After only six weeks, the lure of the old swimming hole (on Mill Creek at the bottom of our five acre farm) ended this round of piano lessons. But when summer was over, I occasionally practiced some of the sheet music that I had acquired. After five years in Marriott, we moved back to Ogden (664 30th Street) where we were in the Ogden 18th Ward.

A neighbor girl, Joy Hibbert, who lived with her grandparents, William and Annie Poulter, offered to teach me, again for free as it had been before. She was 12 and I was 16. She was an expert and was taking lessons herself from a professional teacher. She introduced me to difficult scales and fingering, and to classical music, which at that point in my life was not interesting. After a few lessons, I quit again. However I was interested in the "Hit Parade" music of the day: "The Music Goes Round and Round," "Heart and Soul," "It's June in January," "When I Take My Sugar to Tea," etc. I had also discovered music theory, which piqued my scientific curiosity.

These were Depression years and 15 cents was a lot of money, and that's what it cost to buy a piece of sheet music. I picked beans and cherries, hoed and pulled weeds, and sold Liberty magazines for a nickel (I could keep once cent for making the sale). I was now 14 and managed to make about \$10 per month. In those days, many children had to work to buy their own clothes, schoolbooks, and other necessities. I was among them. After the necessities were taken care of, I would buy some music theory books and an occasional piece of sheet music from Glenn Brothers Music.

I began to practice on my own and learned to play the church hymns and some popular music. I was now in the 10th 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 16, Bishop Grant Lofgren called me as the 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.

Another thing that reinforced my interest in piano was girls. The year was 1936. I was now 16 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. I could feel her warm breath and smell her perfume!

I just recalled something from my Marriott days that certainly should have been remembered. Gene Stanger was learning to play 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 Sacrament Meeting time, we rendered "Tiptoe Through the Tulips" for the congregation.

This refrain called for a moderate bounce—something you could dance to. Joe Burke composed the music. The words, composed by Al Durbin, ended this way:

And if I kiss you in the garden,
In the moonlight,
Will you pardon me?
Come tiptoe thru the tulips

With me.

Well, I trust that Heavenly Father makes some allowance for the misadventures of his teenage children. At any rate, I hope that our musical selection was no worse in his eyes than what was going on during our prayers, on the back row pew, among the older teenagers.

They seemed not to need a pardon,
Nor a moonlit garden,
Nor tulips to tiptoe thru.

It's time now to tell you about Glen Salter. There is good documentation for this period in my life. At a party, on October 26, 1932, when I was in the eighth grade at Marriott School in Weber County, Utah, I won a red covered diary and daily reminder for pinning the tail on the donkey while blindfolded. The diary had much useful information in the back. For example, first class letter postage was three cents and the population of Utah was 507,847. The antidote for arsenic poisoning was white of egg, sweet oil and milk, and for words ending in e, drop that letter before the termination **able**. (?)

I wrote in the diary every day from January 1, 1933 for six weeks and then tapered off with sporadic entries to the end of the year. Later on, in 1934 and 1935, I made entries on some of the empty pages not used in 1933.

During the first week in January of 1936, I purchased a black-covered diary, 8 inches x 4 inches by 1 inch thick for 20 cents. I know how much it cost because there was a place in the back to keep a record of your income and expenses. I made \$110.12 working at odd jobs in 1936 and spent about the same. Fortunately, I did not have to pay income and social security taxes. Of interest, I bought a green, pin-stripe suit at Levens for \$17.35, a felt hat for \$1.00, and a pair of dress shoes for \$3.05. A haircut costs 35 cents. Double feature pictures shows with cartoons and Movietone News cost 10 cents and you could stay in the theater and watch the shows over again as long as you wished without paying extra. On Saturdays, we could go to the Ogden Theater for five cents. There was also a place in my diary for telephone numbers. The number for my best boyfriend, Lane Compton, was 3819J and for the girl I liked the most, Catherine DeMik (blue-eyed, blonde, and Dutch) was 3238W. Operators handled all calls. Our family did not have a phone.

I wrote, faithfully, a full page every day through June 23, 1936. There is only one entry after that. It occurred on July 28th when I explained that I had been working so hard that I did not have time to write.

The black diary reveals a great deal about LDS 16-17-year-old boy/girl behavior of that period. I think that a psychologist could learn a great deal from reading it. There were about a dozen boys and a dozen girls in our Ogden 18th Ward who were 16-17 years old.

In the fall of 1935 or 36, Glen Salter moved from Glendale, California back to his home town of Ogden. He worked at an optical lens grinding shop in Glendale, having learned the trade from his two brothers, John and Vern, who were professional optometrists. He was born in 1901 in Ogden and had returned to live with his parents whose home was on the east side of Adams Avenue between 27th and 28th Streets. He was going through a divorce from his wife, Priscilla Cox Salter, and seemed to be seeking a new beginning.

As MIA commenced in September, Glen Salter and his friend, Wayne Foulger (each about 24 years old), were introduced to us as our teachers. I think that our age group was

called Jr. M Men and the corresponding girls were Jr. Gleaners. Over a period of time, we came to call Wayne Foulger by his first name and Glen Salter by his last. The church program for Jr. M Men required us to select a useful yearlong work project. MIA did not run through the summer in those days. Also, boys were not ordained to the office of priest until they were 17 and you were not called on a mission until you were 21. Lane Compton and I, who held the Aaronic Priesthood office of teacher, were ward teaching companions. We had 11 families to visit and we never missed!

Salter and his brothers and his father were musicians and all of them had played in dance bands, more commonly called dance orchestras at that time. Salter (Glen) specialized on drums and piano. A number of us played instruments and, with encouragement from Salter, decided that our project would be to develop our musical talents and form an orchestra.

Some of the boys' instruments were not suitable. Royal Coburn played the mandolin. Mandolins are quiet and mellow and are great to play as accompaniment to love songs for your dame (my diary always calls girls dames). Come to think of it, I don't know what they called us. I'm sure it was not studs—a term that our present day youth use that I abhor. None of our gang swore or used foul language. Gang was a good word then. It simply meant our group of boys and girls. Anyway, Royal eventually dropped out because no one could hear his instrument. Darell Reeder played violin but dropped out. Jack Barrett played the guitar, but guitars were not used in dance orchestras at that time, so he obtained a bull fiddle (bass fiddle). Bass fiddles were plucked as background rhythm instruments.

Salter's encouragement and direction quickly helped us improve our proficiency and our first performance, according to my red diary, was at our own ward's Thanksgiving dinner-dance held on November 22, 1935.

Neither Wayne nor Salter had a permanent job.

We were still in the depths of the great depression and jobs were nearly nonexistent. Those who had jobs made very little. My father, for example, worked three days a week in a brickyard for \$3.00 per day.

Wayne and Salter gave more freely of their time to help us than anyone could imagine. The Salter home became our headquarters. We would head there directly after school.

I don't remember much about the Tuesday night MIA lessons that they taught except for a lesson on deportment and good manners. We usually practiced orchestra after MIA was over, but sometimes played van ball (now called volleyball). But lessons were not all that important. They were our buddies and they kept us interested and busy.

Few people had cars, but Wayne had a spiffy model-A Ford and Salter had a Packard! Packards were more royal than Cadillacs. They took us places in those vehicles. Talk about living high on the hog! We loved it.

Salter was involved in midget auto racing in California and had brought one of his midget cars to Ogden. It needed fixing and we worked on that with him. He also taught us physical fitness, muscle building, Swedish massage, and boxing. And he loaned sheet music to me and taught me jazz piano!

By January 1936, the orchestra had settled down to the following:

Salter—drums or piano

Tracy Hall—piano

Jack Barrett—bass fiddle

Eugene Wright—clarinet
Lane Compton—trumpet or drums
Prentice Agee—trumpet
Buster Daniels—saxophone
Wayne Foulger—drums (Salter had taught him simple rhythms)

We would get 50 cents each for a night's work (9 pm to 12 midnight), and would donate it toward the purchase of the ward's Hammond organ for our service project.

One day, Salter told me he had to go to LA to straighten up his business. On January 24th I talked to him about how we would run the orchestra while he was gone. He said that he would probably let Wayne use his drums. He left on January 26th at two o'clock and I wondered what would happen to our orchestra.

Wayne became our mutual teacher and "Bub" (Burt) Carr, a joint friend of Salter and Wayne, became Wayne's assistant. Salter returned on March 11th, just in time to play a dance at the Wilson Lane Ward five miles west of town. We were getting better at our work and were going farther away to play. We also began to play for organizations other than our own LDS wards such as the W.O.W. (Woodmen of the World, a fraternal lodge) and we were getting \$1.00 each per night.

I was quite sick for about 10 days the latter part of March and recorded this on Saturday, March 21st:

I thought that by today, at the most, I would be out of bed, but I'm not. No one at all came to see me today so I had to amuse myself. I read another chapter in Physics (I read two yesterday), read my dancing book, trying to learn something about a Fox Trot, & played the mouth organ. I read all about the Charleston & practiced it in bed. I guess no one was around today because it rained. I listened to the Ogden/Granite game tonight. Score: O-16, G-21.

I had one pleasant evening on May 12, 1936, despite severe complications, when we played a job at the Marriott Ward, before my old friends. My diary says:

What a day. Lane & Jack stayed out of school all day and I got sick in Algebra and stayed home the rest of the day. Aunt Myra died this afternoon. I guess our dance was all right even if our playing was lousy. After many complications we got to Marriott (five miles northwest of Ogden). All my girls sure have grown up. Blanche (Slater) was a peach. Frank Hodson complimented our playing & the girls mine.

Salter got a job selling Chevys (Chevrolet automobiles) on May second. May seventh was the closing night for MIA, and school was out. On June third, my diary says, "I wonder what is keeping Salter so busy? I've been there a dozen times lately and he hasn't been home once." From then on, Salter just faded away. June ended and I never saw him again.

Glen Salter, some might say,
Was only a teacher in the MIA.
Bishop or Stake President? No, not he.

Yet he was something all could see.
Salter was a point of light for a teenage boy!
And for that I would enjoy.

To June, Mary, and Joy,
I give three cheers.
God bless you volunteers
For working without pay
To **hope** (**help** ?) this soul on his way.

Epilogue to “Only A Teacher”

After Salter was gone, the remains of the orchestra fell to me and I became its leader. We had to go outside our ward boundaries to get the talent needed. As things progressed, the orchestra personnel consisted of the following:

Tracy Hall—piano
Jack Barrett—bass fiddle
Prentice Agee—first trumpet
Lane Compton—second trumpet
Roy Salerno—first trombone
Max Cook—second trombone
Jay Cook—tenor sax
Don Wilson—alto sax
Jack Deamer—baritone sax
All sax players doubled on clarinet
Lamar Shreeve—drums

I was not only leader but also manager. Our parents were too poor to have a phone so I paid for one. Its number: 3819J. We had a business card printed, which said, “The Hi-Hatters, Highbrow Music at Lowbrow prices.” We built professional music stands, along the lines of what you see on the Lawrence Welk Show on KBYU and had powder blue suits made, again something like Welk’s. We also purchased a sound system with microphones. We were good enough now for the music union to take note. The union claimed that it was illegal for us to play ASCAP music without belonging to the union and they pressed us to join but we didn’t.

The 10-piece ensemble as constituted above was the standard dance orchestra of the day.

Going to a dance job kept you going from about 7:30 pm to 1:30 am because you had to transport and set up all the equipment, play for three hours, and then take it down and haul it home again.

We were playing somewhere once or twice a week. Every ward at that time had a Friday or Saturday night dance, year-round. We probably played every ward in Weber County in addition to the high school and Weber College. We ventured as far north as Arco, Idaho and as far south as Camp Williams and once played on Ogden Radio Station KLO.

For two years, in addition to the orchestra, I simultaneously carried a 21-credit hour load at Weber Junior College and worked the college's morning janitorial shift that was from four o'clock to seven o'clock a.m. I received 15 cents per hour pay at first, which was raised to 25 cents later. My job consisted of cleaning the women's toilets, a couple of men's toilets, the swimming pool and, additionally, sweeping hallways. The load eventually led to a breakdown in my health and I had to quit. It was now 1939. My "professional" musical career had come to an end but I will never forget it! Prentice Agee, our superb trumpet player, took over.

I got a job at Checketts Photo working six days a week at 25 cents per hour as a photographer and photo-finisher. Incidentally, Checketts was always short on money and would pawn some photographic equipment to a loan shark on Ogden's infamous 25th Street to get money to pay his bills. Then, he would need his equipment back and would borrow from me to get it out of pawn.

After working for a year, he owed me \$20.00, almost two week's pay, which I badly needed to continue my schooling. I was never able to collect this debt. If I could collect from him today at 10% per annum interest, he would owe me \$2,907.00.

After a year with Denton Checketts, my longtime friend, Frank Davis, got a better job for me as a Chemist's assistant at the Sperry Flour Mills located at the bottom of 30th Street. This job paid 50 cents an hour. By fall of 1940, I had earned enough money to register at the University of Utah as a junior in chemistry. I found an upstairs room with a hot plate and a shared bath on S Street in the avenues for \$7.50 per month, and continued to work at Sperry Mills on weekends.

Every Friday after my last class, I would take the overhead electric trolley (which cost four cents for a student with a strip ticket) to Beck Street at the north end of town. Then, I would hitchhike to Ogden and work until midnight. I would then walk to my parent's home on 26th Street, just above Adam's Avenue and get some sleep. Next morning (Saturday), I would return to the mill and work from 8:00 am until midnight. Sunday was spent going to church with my family and seeing my friends.

Immediately after Sacrament Meeting, which was in the evening those days, I would hitchhike back to Salt Lake. When school ended in June 1940, I returned to work fulltime at Sperry Flour. At the close of summer, I had saved \$300.00 to return to the U of U, and had enough left over to buy Ida-Rose a diamond engagement ring for \$50.00. On July 18, 1941, I slipped it on her finger while sitting under a large tree in Lester Park opposite Weber College. We were married on September 24, 1941 and had a reception and dance the following Saturday evening at her ward (Ogden Ninth). The Hi-Hatters played for the dance without financial remuneration.

Over the years, I wondered, "What happened to Salter?" I found out in the Provo Labelle store at Riverside Plaza in 1988. If you have shopped there, you know that you first select your merchandise, then a clerk calls your name to pick it up and pay for it. I thought I heard the name Salter called. I watched a woman approach the desk and followed her. When her purchase had been taken care of, I asked her if she knew of a man named Glen Salter. She said yes, he was her husband but he had died in 1975 here in Provo! We did not have an opportunity to talk further at that time.

In February of this year (1990), I decided to look into what happened to all of the four music teachers who were my benefactors.

I located Mrs. Salter in Orem and went to visit her. She (Marvel Beckstead Salter) was a jolly-good, friendly person with a lot of sparkle. She was a widow of many years before becoming Salter's second wife. They met in Salt Lake where both were working at The Optical Shop. Glen and Marvel moved to Provo in about 1969 where he took up work at the Provo branch of Standard Optical. We had a good time talking about Salter for a couple of hours. On departing, I gave her a couple of orchids and a couple of hugs, one for her and one for Salter.

He was buried in the Ogden City Cemetery. Ida-Rose and I are the "grave decorators" in our family. We take flowers to American Fork, South Jordan, Kaysville, and to the Chapel of Flowers Memorial Park in Ogden (formerly Aultorest Cemetery), and also to the Ogden City Cemetery on Memorial Day. On that day, this year, we will add one more grave to our list.

I was quite sure that I could find my mother's cousin, Mary Butler, in Kuna, Idaho, a small farming community about five miles from Boise. We had visited her there many years ago. I hoped that she was still among the living. Long distance information quickly retrieved her telephone number. I called her. She remembered the piano lessons. I thanked her and told her of my appreciation for her efforts in my behalf. She was now 89. Mary's husband, Harvey, passed away two years ago at the age of 90. The next day, I had Jeppson's Floral telegraph some flowers to her with the message, "Love, Tracy."

Locating June Larson and Joy Hibbert proved to be difficult. I had to resort to some of the genealogical skills that have rubbed off on me from Ida-Rose to find them. I searched for June first, but will write about her last. Some of the genealogical procedures used in my quest to find June were also employed in finding Joy. I almost gave up on Joy! No wonder! After finding her, I learned that she had moved more than 30 times since she lived next door to us on 30th Street in Ogden.

I spent a week in the library, searching documents that might relate to Joy. I can't explain what propelled me onward. Just plain old bull-headed stubbornness, Ida-Rose says. But I prefer to think of myself as a determined, resolute, persistent, unshakable, perspicacious individual.

My biggest problem was the fact that I did not know Joy's married name. Additionally, of course, I did not know if she had ever married and, worse still, I had to consider the possibility that June and Joy had both joined Salter in the spirit world. Consequently, I searched the obituary records of the Deseret News and the Salt Lake Tribune that are indexed and available on microfilm. They were not there.

Ward records indicated that the extended Poulter family consisted of William E. Poulter, whose wife was Annie S. Landon, and daughter Irene Poulter Hibbert (widow), whose daughter, in turn, was Joy Naomi Hibbert.

They moved from the Ninth Ward to the 18th, then back to the Ninth and then to the Idaho Fall's Second Ward. This ward's records indicated that William E., the grandfather of Joy, died there on December 20, 1939 and that the remainder of the family had moved elsewhere. As I mentioned before, the clerk is supposed to find out where elsewhere is and make an entry of it in the record, but he didn't.

I searched the LDS census records for 1940, 1950, 1955, and 1960. The 1950 census showed Irene Poulter Hibbert to be a member of the Ogden Fifth Ward, living at 2414 Madison Avenue. Neither her daughter Joy, nor her mother Annie was listed as living with her in the census report. This was interesting information but was of no help in locating Joy.

I felt that the library resources had been exhausted, so I started making telephone calls. I called almost every Poulter and Hibbert listed in the telephone books from north Ogden to Santaquin. Fortunately, Poulter and Hibbert are not common names so my phone bill was quite manageable. I found a Joy Hibbert in Mapleton! But her maiden name was Thorpe and she knew nothing of another Joy Hibbert nor anything concerning the Poulter family. I also found that every Poulter I talked to was a descendent of a Frank Poulter.

At this juncture, I decided to focus my sights on the Idaho Falls area. I went to the BYU library to their phone book collection, which comprises the actual phonebooks of many cities and is also on microfiche. As luck would have it, the Idaho Falls phone book was missing and so were the microfiche file copies.

So, I decided to call long distance information to obtain the names and telephone numbers of all the Poulters listed in Idaho Falls. There were six of them. At the head of the list was Carl. I called him and explained that I was trying to find the whereabouts of one Joy Hibbert. He said, "What a coincidence! Just today I was examining some Idaho Falls High School class yearbooks and ran across her picture." He further explained that he was the manager of a museum in Idaho Falls where the yearbooks reside and that he knew that he was related to Joy; but he had no idea where she might be found. Then Carl referred me to Virgie Prestgard, the Poulter family genealogist, who was now in her 80's, and found her telephone number for me. I called and told her my story. She did not know right off where Joy might be, but would be willing to check her genealogy papers. I gave her my telephone number and asked her to call me back, collect. About three hours later, I received a non-collect call from Bunny Goodwin, who lives in Riverside, California, who happened to be visiting with Virgie, who was her mother. They had both been searching the records together and had the following information for me:

1. Virgie and Irene (Joy's mother) are first cousins.
2. Joy married Kenneth Ervin Gunnarson on October 10, 1942 in Tuscon, Arizona. At last, I had her married name!
3. They had three children: Robert, Kerry, and Candy.
4. In 1957, they were living in San Antonio, Texas.

I protested their not calling collect, but they said they were as much interested in finding her as was I. So forget the fact that they did not reverse the charges and just let us know if you find her.

Next morning, I was ready to head for the library and search San Antonio Ward records. Ida-Rose said, "Don't go. I've got a hunch they are still in San Antonio. Call long distance information for a listing of Gunnarson surnames in that city. Gunnarson is an uncommon name and there will probably not be many." There were only two names: Joy Gunnarson and Kenneth Gunnarson. I asked for the telephone number for Joy Gunnarson. Why did each have their own telephone? The situation at this point called for some thinking. Were they divorced? Was he deceased and had there been a fourth child born who was given his father's last name?

Well, I made the call to Joy. Joy had a separate phone for an interior decorating business that she was operating out of their home. We talked for an hour about old times and brought each other briefly up to date on events in our own lives and, of course, I thanked her for the free piano lessons, something that I am sure I did not do as a teenager. She was

excited for the call and wondered how I had found her. I gave her a brief digest of the process. They had lived in many places because of World War II. Kenneth was an aviation cadet and remained in the service after the war was over. They had moved from San Antonio sometime after 1957 and had been in many places including England, Alaska, Florida, etc. but had eventually returned back to San Antonio. We ended our conversation by taking each other's addresses and I gave her our phone number.

Finally, let me tell you how I found June. As a starting point, I knew that we both lived in the Ogden 17th Ward way back when. So I went to the BYU family history library to begin my search. First, I looked in the book "Register of LDS Church Records," compiled by Gloria Chaston and Laurine Jaussi. Incidentally, Gloria and her family were contemporaries with our family during our years at General Electric (1948-1955). They left Schenectady and moved to Provo sometime after we did and have been living in the Pleasant View Second Ward.

All wards, branches, and missions of the church are listed alphabetically in this book and each have a code number. I turned to Ogden and ran my finger down the page to Ogden, Utah. The following information was there:

Date	Record Type	Serial No.	Part No.	New No.
1908-1940	Mem	6175	6	25,656
1931-1941	Mem	6175	13	25,663
1908-1948	E	6175	7	25,657

The New No. is the number of the microfilm film where you will find the Ogden 7th Ward information. The films are stored in special, indexed cabinets and are readily accessible. The "Date" heading indicated the period of time covered by the records. The "Record Type" heading indicates the type of record. Mem or M indicates that the records are membership records. Membership records are listed alphabetically, A to Z, but are not alphabetical within A, B, C, etc. As an example, the surnames Allen, Ackerman, Albertson, and Ahlander are not listed in alphabetical order, but all are to be found somewhere within the category of surnames beginning with the letter "A." The same is true for surnames beginning with D, E, F, etc. The membership record also indicates a number whereby additional information about an individual can be found later in the records. For example, my father Howard Hall had numbers 1387 and 613. My mother had the number 1388. Under my father's 1387 number, I found myself and my brothers with birthdates, etc.

The Record Type "E" gives summary information such as lists of ward officers, statistical data, priesthood ordinations, baptisms, confirmations, blessings, marriages, births, deaths, etc.

Listed in the "L's," near the middle of the film, I found:

- Larson, Emil C., #1
- Larson, Addie Steward, #2
- Larson, June, #3
- Larson, Jack, #4

My task now was to pursue #3 further along in the record. I found that June Larson was born May 29, 1915 in Salt Lake City and that she married John Paul Brown on November 21, 1934 in the Salt Lake Temple and that they had removed to the Ogden Fourth Ward on February 13, 1935. My detective work seemed to be going very well. The next order of business would be to search the Ogden Fourth Ward records.

I cranked the microfilms of the Fourth Ward back and forth for hours and never found a trace of June Larson Brown or her husband John Paul. When a family moves into a ward and has been accepted into the ward by a sustaining vote, the ward clerk is obliged to enter into the record the date of acceptance from the former ward and the name of that ward. There were no entries for June and her husband. The link in the chain was broken due to the negligence of a ward clerk.

So, I turned to the IGI (the International Genealogical Index), which is on microfiche at the BYU library. My IGI search gave me a June L. Brown living at 1330 Henderson Drive in Ogden. Hallelujah! How could I be so lucky so soon! I got the telephone number from information and called it. Foiled again! The lady's name was June Labrum Brown, not June Larson Brown.

June had a famous brother, Jack Larson, who was a topnotch tenor who sang in the All Faces West productions held each year on the old Indian Mound Fort at Washington Avenue and 12th Street. I have searched and found Indian arrow heads there myself as a young boy. I knew that if Jack could be located, then June could be found. I called my two brothers, Eugene and Donald, in Ogden. Jack was not in the Ogden telephone directory and neither brother had any knowledge of where he might be.

Then I called Ena Barnes, former Sunday school teacher and boy's choir director at the Ogden 18th Ward, another point of light for a large number of young men. She is now 80 years of age and never married. She sang in the Ogden Tabernacle choir and was very knowledgeable about musical people. She referred me to Myra Bingham Frost, now living in north Ogden, and gave me her telephone number. The name Myra Bingham sounded somewhat familiar and after some introductory exchanges on the telephone, we became reacquainted. She lived in Wilson Lane and I lived in the adjoining town of Marriott. She only knew that June Larson was still among the living and that she and her husband lived in the Salt Lake City area.

I belong to a club organized before World War I called the Timpanogos Club. President Ernest Wilkinson sponsored me for membership 30 or so years ago. It meets nine times a year on the fourth Thursday of the month at 6:00 pm and held its meetings in the church president's room in the Hotel Utah until the church closed this beloved edifice. The club is patterned after one founded by Benjamin Franklin for fellowship, dinner, and topical discussion kicked off by a speech by one of its members. Members rotate in being the speaker according to their seniority in the club. Meetings last two hours.

Thinking it was Thursday, Ida-Rose and I, in our blue Ford Taurus, headed for the Salt Lake Family History Library and the Timpanogos Club, respectively. I dropped Ida-Rose off at the library and drove to the Alta Club located on South Temple and First East. We now hold our meetings there. It is also an old, famous club formed by the wealthy mining men of early days in Utah. There are two distinct differences between the Alta and Timpanogos Clubs. Alta Club members drink alcohol and don't have a blessing on the food. We do. A number of general authorities and other prominent Utahns have belonged to Timpanogos club down through the years.

After parking the Taurus, I went up to the banquet room and learned that I was 24 hours early for our meeting. I decided to use the time suddenly available to me to locate June Larson. I walked over to Temple Square, located a pay phone in the visitor's south center and found three John P. Brown entries in the telephone directory. The first John P. Brown called knew nothing of a June Larson. But my second call hit pay dirt. John Paul Brown

answered the phone and his wife was June Larson. An animated, female voice came on the line, telling me that mental telepathy had occurred. She had been thinking of me today. After a few minutes of talk, I arranged a meeting with June and her husband for Saturday, February 24th at noon for lunch and conversation. I asked for their favorite place to eat. She said Chuck-O-Rama. Well, we eat at the Provo Chuck-O-Rama every Friday; so selection of a place was easy.

On Saturday, we met a 75-year-old, white-haired, refined lady and her husband, John Paul at 1257 East Stratford Avenue who, unfortunately, was suffering from Parkinson's disease. We had hugs, gave her an orchid corsage, and talked for a couple of hours.

Then she gave me, of all things, a homemade valentine. It was a fold-over from the top, heart type with a heart cutout at the center that exposed a hand drawn bust of a little girl. Butterflies and flourishes adorned the front in peach and blue colors. Under the girl it said, "To My Love." When the valentine was opened, it said in peach colored hand printing:

I like you so
But do not know
Just how to tell it
But seems to me
L-O-V-E would be
The way to spell it

I turned the valentine over on its back and there, in my own seven-year-old cursive handwriting, were the words, "To June, from Tracy 1927."