

THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCES
of
THOMAS R. REES, M. D.

together with
Impressions
of
THE REES FAMILY

1963

THE REES FAMILY
(Second Generation)

Moroni Rees

Emily Vaughn Rees

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Emily	Noan, M. V.	David J.	Mary Ellen	Philip M.	George A.	Gomer V.	Gwennie	Thomas R.
Joe Thomas	Mae Chivers	Dina Thatcher	Dan Thomas	Nellie Branzeg	Pearl Palmer	Eliza Williams	John Miller	Theo Nelson
Ethel G. Lenard Leona B. Emma A. Ruth C. Margaret E. Edna W. Le ^o William	Hazel M. William Emily J. Marretta H.	Oran Romola R. Dee Earl Phillis M.	Elizabeth K. Lawrence Lloyd Albert George Emily C. Nina McE.	Maud H. Marion Erma M. Philip Gloria G.		Theodore Thomas Ray Clifford Mae M.	Leslie Emily D. Thomas Vaughn Betty R. Kenneth Vera S. Philip Virgil	Thomas R. Myrna L.

T H E L I F E

-- of --

T H O M A S R I C H A R D R E E S

I, Thomas R. Rees, was born in Cherry Creek, near Malad, Idaho on December 1, 1890. My father, Moroni Rees, was born in Merthyr Tidwill, Wales, and came to the United States when he was about 21 years of age (?) My mother, Emily Vaughn Rees, was born in Cumbach, Wales, and came to the United States between possibly 10 and 12 years of age. I do not recall ever seeing any of my grandparents, and know very little about them. I recall hearing my father relate that his father ran away from home when my father was a very small boy, deserting his mother and him, and he was never heard from after his mysterious disappearance. My father worked in the coal mines in Wales for many years, commencing at about eight years of age. He related how he seldom saw daylight as he went to work before daylight and returned home after dark. He carried a lump of coal on his back for his mother's stove. Father, with his mother, came direct to Utah when he left Wales, but mother stopped in Illinois, then joined a wagon train and walked most of the distance to Utah. She used to relate that she had one sick sister who lay in a wagon for most of the trip, and she died soon after arriving in Utah. Mother's mother was a nurse (possibly a practical nurse) and administered to the sick as they treked westward. Mother was the youngest of four girls surviving. I think there were five girls altogether. Her three sisters I knew and remember very well. Aunt Margaret King lived on Provo Bench, Aunt Rachel Williams lived in Malad, and Aunt Mary Skinner (later Adams) lived in Pleasant Grove. All four of the sisters were on the fleshy side, Aunt Margaret and Aunt Rachel, very heavy. Mother was heavy, but not to excess. Mother, Aunt Rachel and Aunt Mary each had large families, possibly as many as nine or ten, but I do not recall that Aunt Margaret had any children. At least, none survived by the time I had reached 5 or 6 years of age. I remember Aunt Margaret as an extremely fleshy person, always seated. She may have been an invalid. We stayed with them one summer, mother and I, and worked picking fruit. They had a wonderful orchard on Provo Bench. "She was a very successful midwife," is the phrase that described Aunt Rachel. She also had great difficulty getting around, but she managed to get around, and

delivered many a baby in Malad Valley. Aunt Rachel and many of her children joined the Reorganized Church.

MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS

I was the youngest of nine children, and that made me "the baby". When mother used to say, "this is Thomas, my baby," I disliked it very much. Yes, there were nine children in our family, and that didn't seem too many in those days where there was a job for everyone. However, it was a great old commandment the Lord is supposed to have uttered many centuries ago when it is recorded "multiply and replenish the earth". This was a practical commandment when the church and the community had but few members. More population meant more helpers on the farm, and more breadwinners, but to apply this commandment to an overcrowded community, to one poorly fed and poorly clothed and housed, leads only to disease, delinquency, discontent and eventually communism or something worse, if possible. To apply this commandment to an indigent family, especially where one of the parents may be in poor health, mentally or physically, is really stretching a commandment far beyond the meaning meant by the Lord. Nevertheless, this commandment has been the excuse for large families even where parents should have had no children. My motto is: No more children than the economy can afford, and under no circumstance, in this day and age, should a mother be subjected to the wear and tear of more than a half dozen children. To have more children is using the commandment as a justification for overworking the proverbial stork. I am sure the Lord will OK this motto.

In my experiences of conducting free clinics, I have seen a mother of 16 children bring in several of her children for free treatment. She had no husband; he had long since burned out his fuze and departed this life. The mother looked like she was about to join him. I have seen a blind pregnant mother of eight bring in two of her children for treatment, and state to me that her husband was an unemployed alcoholic who frequently beat her while under the influence of liquor. I could relate scores of other examples just as depressing. I have seen congenitally defective parents bring into this world defective children year after year. The law is afraid of criticism to

prevent this sort of practice. I am quite sure that the Lord would OK the practice of preventing degenerates or perverts of any kind from begetting offspring. We have no hesitancy of protecting the standard of our herds on the farm, but we are afraid of protecting the human race! If the Lord commands that every couple multiply and replenish the earth, then I do not know my Lord.

Now let's get back to Cherry Creek and the year 1890. My mother and father had experienced a long bitter struggle to eke out a livelihood on the old dry farms of Malad Valley. They had settled at Cherry Creek or near there and had started married life without a nickel and without a possession in the world. They had each other, and they had life and health and energy and a desire to get along. They were young and free and saw the opportunity of acquiring land of their own. Is there anything as dynamic in the make-up of a young couple? But when I came along mother and father had gone through drought, grasshoppers and frost, but no floods, no pestilence and no hurricanes nor tornados. Their eight children had worked and struggled along with the family. These children had nothing in the line of toys nor playthings; these youngsters wanted nothing because they knew that toys were far beyond their reach.

Conditions were somewhat better when I came along. Our family was far from rich, but we had four low producing dry farms which barely supported a family of eleven. My parents knew nothing of extravagance; all they knew was thrift which had been injected into every pore of their system. Work, work, work and save, save, save was all they knew. As an example of that thrift, I remember that none of us had skates; we had plenty of beautiful ice but no skates. One day I found an old wooden skate. It had a screw in the heel part, which was supposed to screw into the heel of the shoe. Then the front was to be tightly strapped to the foot with a "hame strap" which I stole from one of our harnesses. The blade of the old skate was rusty but it was not long before the bottom surface of the blade was glittering with use. It seemed that I skated on one foot with this old wooden skate for years and years and for miles and miles but I enjoyed it. Imagine my thrill when I finally earned a "pair" of skates. I loved to skate and never tired. One could skate for miles on the Malad River. The only

hindrance was a barb wire fence from time to time separating the farms.

I believe I was born just south of Cherry Creek, a spot the family referred to as "the bottoms". The Malad River lazily wound its way through this farm, and this old river was destined later to become the site of many a pleasant hour. Here I learned to swim, and many are the times when we finished our work in the hot sun and took a dip in the river. Haying, you know, can be mighty tiring and dusty and hot, and what is so refreshing as a plunge in the river. Just down the river a few miles were the hot springs which poured boiling water right out of the solid rock. This was the "ole swimmin hole" to us and I can say that there was never a more beautiful spot in the world. Every Sunday afternoon "The Hot Springs" was like a beehive. We rode our saddle horses the three or four miles from home through "Muddy Creek", then raced the last half mile to see who was the first in the water. Sometimes we started undressing as we raced toward the pleasure spot of the world, practically tore off our one or two piece suit and plunged in. There was no sticking one toe into the water to see if it was cold; if any one ever did that he would be picked up bodily and tossed into the river. These were the good old days!

At an early age the family moved to the big stone house on Cherry Creek, about three miles away, and this was the only home I knew in Malad Valley. It was here I learned to walk; it was here I played day after day among the sheds and corrals and stables and machinery. If I could find an old wheel that turned my day was complete. I recall that I found a number of small cog wheels and strung them like beads on the long tine of an old rake. I pulled this around for years and years and even now I sort of get a thrill when I think of the fun I had walking backwards and pulling this awkward contraption and watching the wheels go round. Occasionally I stopped, dug a hole under one of the cog wheels and turned that separately. I would then place a head of ripe grain under this wheel and as the wheel turned the head of grain was shelled and I called this my threshing machine. This was real fun. Of course not, I never had a wagon unless I made one out of junk about the farm. But in the winter I was as well off as any of the kids. I could make a sleigh, and I made many of them over the years.

They weren't pieces of art by any means; I had just rudimentary material, a couple of old boards which I sawed off at a slant at the one end, then nailed cross board on the top. Sometimes I had one awful time finding enough boards of the proper size. But once it was completed I tied a rope to it and was ready to go. Sometimes I made it real fancy and nailed narrow strips of tin on the bottom of the runners when I could find strips of tin, and that wasn't too often.

In my early days, it is not indicated that I had any serious diseases, but the story among my parents and older brothers and sisters was that I had drunk a cup of coal oil at a very tender age, possibly at one or two years of age, when kids crawl around and eat and drink everything they can get their hands on. They say that I became "black in the face", and they were afraid I was going to die. But, of course, recovery was my own personal fight, because there were no hospitals where a stomach could be washed out, no doctors for several miles, so I suppose they gave me milk and eggs and tried to get me to vomit, but none of this I remember. All I know is that I recovered and had no health problems at any time during childhood. Speaking of health, it seems almost unbelievable that my parents reared a family of nine without having spent, you might say, a single cent for doctors. All of us were brought into this world by a stork called a midwife, and possibly they performed their service either for free or maybe for a few bushels of wheat or a few eggs. We had no broken bones, no illnesses other than colds, sorethroats, stomach upsets and such, all of which could be taken care of by home remedies. I remember we all had tooth aches from time to time, but where indicated we pulled our own teeth and used home remedies. Fillings and dental care were out of the question. I remember when one of the children had a loose tooth we would tie one end of a coarse thread around the tooth and tie the other end to a door knob or to a chair. You could almost count on the fingers of one hand the number of various drugs our household consumed. Epsom salts as a laxative (although castor oil was usually a household word, we never used it--maybe we were lucky), baking soda, turpentine and carbolic acid for sterilizing cuts and abrasions. Tea or coffee for headache and linaments for sprains or backache or rheumatism. Mud was used for insect

stings and soap for burns. Whenever anyone in the family had sore throat, a woolen sock lined with a slice of salt hog fat was pinned around the neck, and if a bad cold with fever was threatening, a hot foot bath with plenty of mustard in the water was a routine. Then a hot drink of hot lemonade or hot tea with the hot footbath really threw the patient into a sweat.

There was nothing fancy in our diets either. A breakfast usually consisted of bacon or ham and eggs, cooked cereal or cooked bread and milk, with bread, butter and preserves or fresh canned fruit. We never started off a meal with melon, grape fruit or orange juice. We had our share of stewed prunes or other stewed dried fruit which we ate with bread and butter after or with the bacon and egg course. The only time we had toast was when we were sick. We had very little fresh fruit throughout the year because Malad Valley could grow practically no fruit. We had apples, a few peaches, melons and cherries in the short summer season when a "peddler" with his covered wagon made a trip into the valley with these fruits. I loved to go with mother out to the covered wagon and see all the fruit and get that wonderful fragrance coming from the ripe fruit. I can smell it now. Fruit that was available from the scant orchards in the valley consisted of plums, gooseberries, currants, wild choke cherries and rhubarb. I ate "Welsh Split" until I became tired of it, but how I would like to be exposed to it now. This delicacy was made by baking several layers of pie crust and between each layer was spread stewed rhubarb with plenty of sugar and butter.

Have you ever heard of "faggots?" These meat products we always had when we first slaughtered hogs. Faggots are made by grinding hog livers with onions and seasoning, shaping them like hamburgers and wrapping them in the fat apron (the omentum) and then baking them in the oven. I didn't relish hog livers so I never liked "faggots". The substantial food in our family was milk, bread, pork (sometimes very salty), potatoes, other vegetables when available and usually canned fruit (home prepared). No coffee nor tea was served usually. My parents liked tea, but we seldom had coffee in the house. When coffee was used, we always ground our own. We seldom had beef, but we had one form of hog meat at all times. I can still see those large sides of salt pork

stacked on shelves or hanging on hooks from the ceiling. A great delicacy was beef, especially steak. We had lamb (mutton) occasionally and frequently chicken. Stewed chicken with vegetables and those good dumplings can't be beat; the only trouble was knowing when to stop eating. We usually ate a great amount of bread, home made from flour we had taken to the Malad mill and had ground into flour from our own wheat.

My first chores, as I remember, was driving the cows to the pasture and going after them at night. My only regret with this job was that the cows were too slow. When I had to go after the horses I could hurry them along as fast as I could ride, but it was different with the cows; we had strict orders that the cows should not be driven faster than a walk. I guess there was danger of churning the milk into butter. Anyway it was almost sacrilegious to "run" milch cows. We pastured the cows about a couple or three miles away on our place called "the bottoms". I can still taste the dust inhaled when following these old milch cows. When I got them safely home and in the corral, my older brothers and sisters proceeded to milk them, but it was not long before that became my job too. I was allowed to milk any of them, beginning, of course, with the tamest and the easiest. Did you know that there are "hard" cows to milk and "easy" ones? This was always a problem in milking. It took great hand strength to milk some cows and, not only your hand, but your whole forearm ached before you finished. Again, some cows "gave down" their milk easily, and some needed a lot of coaxing, and sometimes a forkful of hay before they released their milk. It seemed they had an accessory bag which they released when they "gave down" their milk. Excitement usually curbed this relaxation, and that is one of the reasons why the cows should not be hurried or raced from the pasture.

In the early days, we seldom paid any attention to the sanitary aspects of milking. Later on, we took some precautions. If there were germs, and I am sure there were plenty, we must have been immune to them because we never caught anything from unsanitary milk or other contaminated things with which we came in contact. About the most disagreeable experience I can recall with regard to milking was a summer I spent in Huntsville on a dairy farm. It seems to me my job was milking 25 cows twice a day.

In looking back, that seems a lot of cows, but I can remember that my hands and wrists ached for the rest of the day after the ordeal, and it seemed I would never get through milking. Many are the times I have been kicked over by an objecting cow. I have also had the experience of the cow putting her foot in the bucket of milk, sometimes spilling all the contents. Later on, in the advancement of milking, a rope was tied around the cow's leg, preventing her from putting this leg in a place where it shouldn't be, whether it be in the bucket or in my lap. Milking machines at this time had not come into use, and even if they had, we wouldn't be using them for the simple reason that we had no electricity, and secondly, they cost too much money.

Of the farm animals, I liked them all. I raised a lamb one year, and certainly liked that little pet. As it grew older and winter came, I made a pen for her with every convenience for her comfort, which would have included a feather bed if it would have been possible. I always had a pony which I liked about as much as I did the lamb. "Old Chief" I raised, broke and had him for a number of years. When we left the farm, I was given permission to take him to Ogden with me, and in order to pay for his keep in Ogden I took a paper route with the Ogden Standard, delivering evening papers on horse back.

Several summers I spent "on the range" with my brothers, either with Noan or Phil, in the capacity of camp mover with a flock of sheep. These were delightful summers. I did the cooking, went to a near-by town for supplies, and took care of the horses. These summers were full of thrilling experiences from bear attacks to hunting. A few times up in New Canyon, I got some real scares when we were visited by bears. One night when we were forced to sleep in a tent, I am sure a prowling bear was within 20 feet of our tent. Our faithful dog almost had convulsions and so did I. For a time we lost sheep nearly every night. We kept as close watch on the bedded herd as possible, and for a time, we lighted fires along the edge of the woods, but with every possible precaution we would go out in the morning and find that two or three sheep had been torn open by bears.

One summer, when I was about eight or ten years old, I was allowed to buy my first gun, a 22. I had made the trip to Soda Springs, about five miles from our camp, in order to get supplies. This 22 gave me, I think, one of my greatest thrills, and a second great thrill happened on that same return trip to camp when I ran onto a large covey of grouse, some older ones and some young ones. Before they got away from me, I had bagged 3 with my 22. Believe me, this was a thrill! For the rest of that summer, and for many summers thereafter, I used that little 22 on many occasions.

OUR FAMILY

Our family life as I grew up was quite pleasant and agreeable. I had one peeve, but I guess most kids have complaints as he grows up. I am sure that all of us in our family had to work harder than most of the youngsters in our neighborhood. Father and mother were thrifty. They were both born in the old country, came west and started out without a cent, and had an extremely difficult time keeping the wolf from the door. Father worked night and day under the most trying circumstances, and he had a right to crack the whip. He never had time for play, so why bring up children who spent their time idling. Many were the times I had to plow or harrow or herd pigs when the neighborhood kids could play ball. It may have given me a few disappointments at that time, but they were justified, and I am not at all sorry now in looking back that I had to work while other kids played and wasted their time, possibly getting into mischief.

Our family was a loyal and friendly family. The nine children held together very well, and there seemed to be no enmity existing between any segment of the children. I was the "baby", the term that annoyed me to no end when I was small. But being the youngest, my older brothers and sisters all treated me as a special guest. I can't remember a time when I was "picked on", or when I felt that I was in the way. I was reminded from time to time that Dad had mellowed a lot by the time I came along; that he was a lot "softer" on me than he was on any of the rest of the children. I think that is true, and I think I had it easier than my older brothers and sisters had, but when I compare my young life with a lot of my friends and playmates, I know I worked much harder than they did.

Although there were little spats between members of my family, these little differences were transitory, and I am sure our family was as agreeable and as loyal as anyone can expect. I don't think our family was the best family in the community, but I was proud of our family, and I considered them among the best. I knew there were many families with lower standards. I was proud of our name. My mother was one of the sweetest, most sincere persons. I have never known her to be other than that in spirit. She was always the same; hard working, retiring, with never an unkind word for anyone. She never wanted a conflict, and she was more than ready to concede rather than have an argument. My one regret when I think of my mother is that she never got enough fun out of life. She married young, reared a large family under the most trying circumstances, and died relatively young after her flock had all married and left home. My only consolation is the belief that she probably would never enjoy a cocktail party, travel, fancy dinners and fancy dress, so in not experiencing any of these better things of life, she never missed them. She was perfectly content with life as it was. She got her greatest pleasure out of her children and grandchildren. She never complained and always seemed to enjoy her home. She had the misfortune of being deaf as long as I can remember. You could make her hear very readily by talking quite loud, but in a room, she could not hear the ordinary conversation, but you never heard her complain of her plight.

If mother was calm and contented, dad was just the opposite. He was active, high-strung, excitable and never hesitated to tell a person what he thought of him. He was a hard worker, and he couldn't understand why everyone else was not the same. He had his friends and his enemies, and among his enemies was practically every lawyer on earth. He disliked lawyers. He maintained they were the distorters of the law; they were confusionists not interpreters of the law, and a segment of society with which we could easily dispense. Father was a hard worker as I have said before; he was very thrifty, and almost stingy. He was a keen trader and most practical. He was as eager to gain knowledge as he was to gain wealth. He was an inveterate reader both in Welsh and in English. He spent much time after he retired reading the Bible, and although he

seldom could afford a current daily or weekly newspaper, he was a subscriber to the "Druid", a Welsh newspaper published in Scranton, Pennsylvania, and of course written in Welsh. His life was molded about his experiences. He always, from very early childhood, practically slaved for every penny he ever had. One thing he resolved to do, even early in life, was to retire as soon as he felt that he had accumulated enough to care for his wants the rest of his life. ~~I think he was not over~~ fifty when he sold his four low-producing farms and moved to Ogden. He had not accumulated much, but his wants were few, and he figured that he could live on the amount accumulated the rest of his life, and it worked out just that way. When he passed away, he had a couple of houses in Salt Lake City, a few thousand dollars in cash and a few preferred stocks. He was always quite a religious man. He joined the Mormon Church with his mother when he was in the old country, but soon after getting married and settling in Malad Valley, he became dissatisfied with the church leaders and left the church entirely. I don't think any of the children in our family were baptized when young; we were never forced to attend church, but our bringing up was so close to the church that you might say that we were all reared Mormons. This was the only church available to us, and although we were never forced to go to church, we attended quite frequently and lived a strictly religious life. ~~In fact, we lived like~~ the old Germans used to say to me in Germany, "Do right and fear no one". My parents lived and taught the golden rule and I don't think a family could have been brought up better without being accused of bigotry. My father and mother with some of the children joined the church later and were steady members. Father later gladly supported me in a two year mission to Germany.

EARLY SCHOOLING

The Cherry Creek school where all nine of the children attended, was not the best school among one room schools, but I suppose it was an average. We learned the three R's, a little geography, very little grammar, and a little history. I don't remember that any of our teachers were outstanding. I don't suppose they had to be outstanding. They had a pretty crude group of youngsters that came from pretty crude homes and environment. They were hillbillies to the Nth degree, and I and my family was a part

of that society. I can go into homes today from one end of the country to the other and I cannot find living conditions much more medieval than they were in Malad Valley and especially on Cherry Creek. No group of people anywhere murdered the English language more consistently than did the people of Malad Valley. So, for a teacher to improve any class above the mere fundamentals, this improvement would be definitely noticeable and much worthwhile. In saying that the early settlers of Malad Valley were crude and medieval, I do not mean to say that they were of the dead-end type. Their morals were good; fundamentally they were religious, and very few of the heinous crimes we read about throughout the country were ever known or experienced in Malad Valley, and I think that the population of Malad Valley compared quite well with the average western population. It is gratifying to realize that some very important men came out of that environment in Malad Valley.

Now, to return to the school. I liked school, and without meaning to boast, I think I was a little better than the average in school. Rachel (Ben) Jones and I were usually tops in our class, and I think we could spell anything. Spelling and writing and reading were about the most important subjects we had. If you could accomplish these items, you were "made" in the Cherry Creek school. I was pretty good at "reciting" and memorizing verse, so when I was real young, I was chosen to be master of ceremonies at entertainments at school and church. The old spelling bee was a weekly Friday afternoon event. The poor cusses who couldn't spell were classed as "sad, sad sacks". There were no scholastic secrets in a one room school. Everybody knew just how good or poor each pupil was. When one class was ready to recite the day's lesson, whether it be reading or arithmetic or what, that class was called to the front of the room and they sat on chairs placed in a row. It would be foolish to say that the rest of the school studies while this class recited. It seemed that the rest of the school watched and listened, and when a mistake was made the whole school frequently laughed. Of course, it was embarrassing to the one reciting, but that is usually what happened. So you better not make mistakes or say crazy things or it raced through the community like wild fire.

We always had good times at recess or at noon, and these intermissions were always too short. When the spring came at the south side of the school house and the ground dried sufficiently, we played marbles until we were "black in the face". I loved to play marbles. We had no fancy marble games; we had the old fashioned game with a large ring, and usually one marble in the center of the ring for each player, sometimes two each if we really wanted to gamble. The players lined up and "lagged" to a line. The player who lagged closest to the line got the first shot. Each player had his own "taw", a larger marble with which he used to shoot. This marble memory is quite interesting to me. We operated on a very small scale. We seldom owned more than a dozen marbles, and we carried them in a tobacco sack. When I visited in the city and saw kids with a hundred marbles or more, I was flabbergasted. There was one kid in the valley who was noted for his large number of marbles. We looked on him about like looking at a cattleman who had so many cattle he could hardly count them. We felt bad in losing a couple of marbles in those days; it was about like losing a couple hundred dollars now. It actually spoiled the day for us.

Another great sport for recess, noons or after school was baseball. I would prefer baseball to dinner. It is rather pathetic when I think back on our facilities. We never saw a regulation baseball in those Malad Valley days. Our baseball was made of yarn, and sometimes we would cover the ball with thin leather cut from an old shoe. Again, our bats were crude. They were homemade, and sometimes were only an old board with the handle whittled down so it could be grasped. You would think that with all the farm implements available, a decent baseball diamond would have been made for the youngsters, but I recall we stepped off the bases and marked the bases by a rock (and heaven only knew there were plenty of rocks). It seemed that the whole population was not in for beautiful things. If they could get by with a commodity or a means, why go to the trouble of fancy trimmings.

To stress further that same careless way of doing things, the one room rock school-house had no closets and none were ever installed. We used to crowd in like so many animals, throw our coats and hats on the floor in the corner or toss them into the

window, on the window sill, and then run to our seats. We had a large wood-burning stove in the center of the room which scorched the pupils sitting next to it and threw little heat to those farther away. The wood was piled high at the side or behind the stove. No, there was no woodbox. In one corner of the room was an old table holding a bucket of water with its dipper or tin cup at the side of the bucket or the dipper may be floating on top of the water. The water was not carried from a neat sanitary protected well or spring. It was carried from the Jardines, a half a mile away. Once or twice a day, two pupils were allowed to go after a bucket of water. Two of the larger boys were also excused to go out to the wood pile and chop some wood and bring it in. Usually a contract was given to a family in the fall to go into the hills and get two or three loads of wood for the stove for winter.

There never was a need to urge the youngsters of our family to attend school. If we cared to stay home, we could stay, but if we chose to stay, there were plenty of good hard jobs about the farm that had to be done. Therefore, we had a double incentive; first, we did want to learn, and secondly, school with its recesses, was a lot more fun and not nearly so strenuous as plowing.

MY EIGHT BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Inasmuch as I was the youngest of the family, I had a good opportunity to know my brothers and sisters like no one else could. It is difficult to say anything bad about any of them. To me they were tops. I liked to be with any or all of them, and later in life I am sure they felt the same towards me. They were all fundamentally honest, hard workers, had no enemies and never got into any trouble.

EMILY, the oldest, I probably knew least, because she was married and had left home shortly before I was born. In fact, her oldest child was older than I. Emily visited us often and we visited her family. She was a beautiful woman, resembled my mother, and worked hard all her life. She reared a large family. Everybody liked and respected her. She could have been a leader wherever she happened to be and in any group, although she was retiring, quiet and was satisfied to let the other fellow, including her husband, have his own way. Joe Thomas, her husband, was just her opposite.

He was inclined to boast and from his boasting over his great potatoes, he was nicknamed "Taters" (Joe Taters).

"NOAN" (MORONI V.) was my oldest brother, and although he left home and began life for himself and his family about the time I could walk, I was always very close to him. He lived near us, possibly that was one reason why I looked up to him. I recall when I was real, real small, I had a little accident and cried "I'll be killed 'fore Noanie comes home". As I grew up I was at Noan's home a great deal and worked for him often. For many summers I was in his employ "with the sheep". Noan was possibly the hardest worker of any of the boys. In fact, he and his wife Mae Chivers, worked too much. Work with them really became an obsession. Noan was something of a gambler, not one that gambled at poker or at the horse races, but he spread himself out in acquiring land and cattle and signed notes for them. I think it was my father who told Noan that he was so heavily in debt that when he died the family would have to borrow money to bury him, and this was about the case, but he was far from being a pauper. If they did have to borrow money to bury him, they had no trouble making the loan, because he was very jealous of his credit and kept it in good shape. He owned several hundred acres of land and many cattle, including a fine herd of bally-faced herefords. I mentioned above that Mae was a worker. I think she is one person that one might point out and say that work was her greatest weakness. Work and thrift were uppermost in her mind but no one disliked her due to these weaknesses. In fact, no one disliked her. She was 100% honest in every aspect. When I picture Mae, I see her, not neatly dressed, but wearing anything she could clothe herself with in order to cover her body. I am sure that if she ever thought of her clothing she considered it as a waste of time and money. Buying new clothing required money, and keeping neat took time, both of which were all important to Mae. You can travel from one end of the country to the other and you will never find a person just like her. She was not a miser; she spent freely on her children. When she talked of other people, she always praised their virtues; she never complained of their weaknesses unless these people were idlers of perhaps squanderers. She was one of the most honest persons you can imagine, and these work

and thrift habits are still with her; even in her eighties, she is a hard worker, and does far more work than she really should. When the family has urged her to slow up, that she doesn't need to work, she seems to work that much harder. That may be the reason why she remains so active at her age. It is a well known geriatric fact that when an elderly person quits work he soon wilts away and dies. Mae will never be so classified. I frequently think of Mae as being one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. She really was attractive, in fact, so attractive that I am quite sure my father once said that Mae was too beautiful and too well dressed to soil her hands with dishwater, and that she would not make a good wife for a farmer. You recall that dad was built along the lines of Mae when it came to work and thrift. How wrong did his prophesy turn out to be with regard to Mae! She was just the opposite.

DAVE I never knew as well as I did Noan. When he left home and married Dina Thatcher, he soon moved down into the Uintah Basin in Eastern Utah. I do know that I liked Dave very well, and he liked me. Dave was more of the easy going person; he made friends easily and everyone seemed to like him. He was not the vigorous worker that Noan was, and was not the manager. He seldom had any money, and if he had, it wouldn't remain with him very long. He was liberal, and I would say had no easy time making both ends meet during his married life.

MARY ELLEN was the fourth oldest in the family. She married Daniel P. Thomas of Provo, and they moved to a small fruit farm on Provo Bench, presently called Orem. Mary Ellen was not beautiful; she had quite an over-bite and unsightly front teeth, but if she lacked anything in looks she made it up in personality and sincerity. I always get a warm spot in my heart when I think of Mary Ellen. She loved people and she loved singing. She had a good sense of humor and yet she was very serious. She had good judgment. I can see her now, sitting close to mother and conversing in a most serious vein as if the world depended on the problem under discussion. She married Daniel P. Thomas, a Provo Welshman who was the most serious fellow one could ever imagine. Dan liked humor, but one would think that he had the responsibility of the whole world on his shoulders. He was an untiring ambitious fellow and worked hard

on his fruit farm from early morning 'til dark, and his farm really showed it. It was one of the most thoroughly cultivated farms in the state, and it paid dividends for all the work he put in it. He was constantly cultivating, pruning, irrigating and weeding, and his fruit was the top grade found anywhere. I can still taste those black cherries from a tree in the front yard. I was in my wild and reckless age at the time Mary Ellen was pregnant with her first child. I recall Dan placed his arm around me and held me close and you would think he was preparing me for a flight into space; and that one false move would mean sure disaster. He said very confidentially: "Thomas, Mary Ellen is in a condition now where we have to be extremely careful with her; we must be very, very careful that we do not strike her in the stomach where she is swollen." None of it was news to me. I probably knew about as much what caused the swelling as serious old Dan. Mary Ellen seemed to suffer a great deal with headache and with stomach complaints. Looking back, I am sure she had an ulcer. She was underweight; she worried all the time about her children. She was a hard worker just as Dan was. Both she and Dan passed away far too young without ever getting too much fun out of life.

PHILIP "P.M." was possibly the most handsome of the Rees's. He also had the best sense of humor, the only son who retained his hair, and maintained the most orderly household. I spent a lot of time with Phil. He and I were in sheep camps together for a number of summers. Phil was conservative, careful and would never take a chance on anything. He frequently held back on deals that could have helped him a great deal, but he was definitely no gambler. He was one who never got into trouble, never got into fights and seemed to be liked by everyone. I don't think I have ever seen him mad. He was extremely popular with the fairer sex and could have captured about any gal he had a mind to capture. I was a little bit disappointed when he showed interest in Nellie Brantzeg. She was a very exact person, not of the run of Malad Valley farmers. I think her family was relatively poor, and Nellie was not beautiful, meaning, of course, that attribute which has been referred to as skin deep. I frequently called in Nellie's office at the telephone company and exchanged letters for Phil, then out with the sheep. I said Phil was conservative, and this trait extended to his choosing a

rate. Phil could have gone from one end of Malad Valley to the other and farther, and never could have found a person better equipped to become his help mate. She was neat, even to her hand writing; she was thorough, and ran her department on the farm and in the family life with precision and ability. Nellie could have been an executive with a hundred people under her. She could have managed a business and the boss or the owner would never need worry about its proper functioning. She was a remarkable person; maybe a little too strict, but considering the environment and the times, where most households were half managed and children were allowed to "bring themselves up", I would say she was just right. Phil was a great fellow and I miss him a great, great deal. He died much too young of a heart attack following a farm accident, in his early sixties, at a time when he was apparently in excellent health.

GEORGE was one of the best natured of the family, and possibly one of the most "free hearted". He was short and rather squarely built and would have been more pleased to find an easier way of making a living than slaving on a dry farm. He was not too successful as a farmer, never liked it, and was not too efficient as a manager. He was not too popular with the ladies and not too handsome. He was about the only one of the family who used tobacco. Chewing was his bad habit, and I think that if he had been reared in other environment, he may have become an alcoholic. He wasn't too fond of liquor, but I think if it had been easier to get without too much criticism, he may have developed a habit. Dave smoked a pipe at times, and he and George were the only ones of the boys who used tobacco, and neither of them used tobacco to excess. George would fight a buz-saw, but being short of stature with real short arms, prevented him from becoming a "fighting menace". He has one other "distinction"; he was the only one in the family who experienced a divorce. He had married a divorcee with one son, and he and his wife never hit it off too well, and George wasn't the best provider in the world. He married a second time, but I hardly knew his second wife. They had no children and George died, I believe, of a heart attack, in his early sixties. I always liked George. He was exceptionally nice to me, and I know I wasn't half the person he thought I was. When I look back and think of George, I can see a short, red-faced

fellow, maybe a little tobacco stain at the corner of his mouth, or I can see a typical cowboy riding a bucking bronco, and maybe getting thrown, or I can see him in a brawl and possibly getting the worse of the battle, but cursing and plowing in for more. I can see him later in life, dressed up, but never looking just like a model, due mostly to his shape. These impressions were George. He tried hard, but just never quite made it. And yet he had plenty of friends and no enemies, and I want to be counted among his friends as well as his little brother.

GOMER. Gome was seven years older than I, but the next brother in line to me. He was always a steady, serious boy who never picked a fight and who would never run from one. He had no bad habits and was most thorough in his work. Although he never smoked and never drank, he never let it stand in the way of his friendship toward those who did. I think Gome is just a little different from any of the other brothers. He seemed to be more serious, although he always had time for leisure and fun. He had good equipment for thinking out problems, and could have been at the top had he been exposed to better environment and more education. He always loved horses, had plenty of good horses, and was a most successful farmer. I think one of his big mistakes was his selling his farm and moving to the city. However, this may have been prompted by the allergy suffered by his wife Eliza. You can truthfully say that Gome was no fool. His health has always been good, and now in 1963, he has the distinction of living longer than any of his brothers. He was quite proud of this distinction. I mentioned above that one of his mistakes was leaving the farm. I think another of his mistakes, if you care to call it a mistake, was marrying too young, and his bride, Eliza, was even younger than he. Eliza was always a good sport with a good sense of humor, a pleasing personality and a heart of gold (so was her hair). Their marriage, although they were a couple of kids, turned out well. They "took up" a farm in the Elkhorn area, worked hard and reared a fine family. This allergy from which Eliza suffered was very miserable at certain times of the year, and the pollens and dust of the farm seemed to make it much worse. Where health is concerned, you can't blame a person if he attempted to settle on the moon if he thought his health would improve, especially if the affliction

is an allergy. Several years ago, Gome suffered an accident and came out of it with a broken leg. This slowed him down considerably, and it may have been one of the reasons why he left the farm. After leaving the farm and moving to Ogden he was employed at the Dee Hospital which gave him steady employment until he was forced to retire when he reached the retirement age. I think Gome and Eliza, now retired, are enjoying their children and grandchildren, and both are in fairly good health. It will not be long before Gome will be eighty.

GWENNIE was my youngest sister; she was next to me in line, and was the eighth child. She was five years my senior. She and I always got along well together and I was very fond of her. I was closer to her than to my other two sisters because she and I practically grew up together. When I think of Gwennie I can see nothing but a mother working herself to death. She was an example of so many mothers; she had too many, far too many children, for their income, and she had them too close together. It was her responsibility to see that her flock was fed and clothed. This doesn't mean that she was a widow. She was married to John Miller. John was a likable easy going sociable fellow, but he had no trade, and had to take any job that came along. John definitely was steady, had no bad habits, and if he could have gotten a good steady job that paid enough to support a large family, no one could have wished for more. He and Gwennie were sincere, thrifty, had a good family life. The only trouble with them was the trouble that haunts every large family where the father doesn't have a good steady job. Gwennie's health was not too good, which is usually the case where the mother has too much work to do and is having a new baby every two years or less. This is the case where the mother and father should have planned parenthood. Even if the parents survive, the children cannot be brought up under proper care. John and Gwennie's children caught every disease that came along which is another curse of large families with insufficient income. When the time came where Gwennie should be enjoying leisure with her grandchildren, she was subjected to greater responsibility. The children were marrying young and having far too many children to support and coming home for Grandma to care for them. When Gwennie should have retired with no work, she took a job and

worked harder than she had ever worked. It caught up with her before many years and she literally worked herself to death. High blood pressure, blindness from retinal hemorrhages, Glaucoma and finally heart failure. I am not criticising John nor Gwennie for this type of life. They were not the only couples who experienced this life. It is one of the tragedies of our society which must be corrected. It absolutely makes me sick when I think of the life of Gwennie. When she was old enough to leave home, she began to work, then married, and then her work really began. Although she was born in relatively modern times when things should be getting better, there was no fun for her. She was an honest, hard working mother who gave her life entirely for her family; just as truly as a soldier dying on the battlefield and giving his life for his country. It was tough on John as well, but the mother is always closer to these obligations than is the man.

We Leave the Farm

It was about the year 1904 when we moved from the farm and Malad Valley into Ogden, Utah. I was about 14. I wasn't too well pleased with the move, but when I was given permission to take my crack saddle horse, Old Chief, it didn't seem so bad. Furthermore, all my old farm connections were still on the farms of my brothers so I could go up there whenever I cared to, and this visit was frequent for a couple of years. I was allowed to take my horse into the city with me on one condition: I had to find a job and pay for his feed. This problem was solved by my getting a paper route, a suburban route of the Ogden Standard. I delivered papers on horse back each evening after school.

My school adjustment offered my greatest problem. Just where in school should I be placed? We had no grades in Cherry Creek. We were in the first reader, or in the second reader or the third. Here I was, 14 years old, and they decided to try me in the fifth grade. (My daughter Myrna said: "Gee, dad, you must have been dumb"). This trial grade didn't bother me at all, and due to the fact that I was small for my age, I didn't look much out of place with the 10 or 11 year olds. Scholastically, I wasn't

worried at all either. I was in the 5th grade a month and advanced to the 6th grade, then they skipped me over the 7th grade and the next fall put me in the 8th grade. I graduated from the 8th grade at the Mt. Fort (Mound Fort) school at about 16, which wasn't too bad, and my marks were excellent, and I liked school and the teacher and pupils, so everything was rosy. In school I got into no fights, but got a great kick out of wrestling. That was one sport in which the Cherry Creek kids excelled. I made quite a hit because I could throw kids much larger than myself. Remember, I was slender and small for my age, and I was athletic, quick, and knew all the tricks, and every day they rounded up big tough kids and had me wrestle with them.

After graduating from the 8th grade, I entered the Ogden High School, then located on the corner of 25th and Adams. For the first two years in high school, nothing exciting occurred and my recollections fell on but one experience of note. I disliked military training which all freshmen were obligated to take.

About this time in my life several significant developments appeared on the horizon. First, and possibly uppermost, was my baptism and becoming active in the church. Here, I made new friends and worthwhile friends, young people who were definitely on a much higher plane than that to which I had become accustomed. Prominent among these companions were Howard Stratford, Hyrum Sander and Willard Gardner. These three, and especially Howard, were definitely influential in pointing my interests toward a higher level. I attended church regularly and took an active part. I possibly was more interested in the social side of the church than the religious side of it. I played basketball in a church league, attended dances and met many new people. It was about this time that I enjoyed the companionship of the fairer sex. I had now finished two years in high school and was beginning to realize that I was actually somebody. I found that I had little difficulty in dating many of the wonderful girls that I had previously considered out of my class. The dances at high school and at church were tremendously pleasant events in my life. I had migrated from the farm where a shirt and overhauls and shoes were the usual dress, and at first I was content to continue with just that style. However, now I was beginning to take pride in my personal appearance. It is

interesting to look back on these days and recall my reaction when I called on my date at some of these fancy homes, a thousand times more elaborate than homes in which I had lived; and be greeted by my date who was clothed in finery far nicer than my sisters could ever afford. Yes, at last I was one of the people!

I was appointed Business Manager of the high school paper, "The Classicum", and this was one of the best appointments in school. With this appointment I met school people and business men on even terms. I was charged with the arrangement of the book and its advertising. I was appointed business manager of the football team, but this appointment did not amount to much; it was, however, a recognition. My service as business manager of the Classicum proved to be a huge success both to me and to the school.

In spite of this growing popularity, I decided to quit school and take a full time job in Last & Thomas' dry goods store, clerking and delivering. I worked there until the following semester, then decided to return to school, and I graduated with the class of 1912, although I was really through at midyear with the class of 11½. I was then approaching my 22nd birthday. At that time I felt that I knew about everyone in Ogden and my popularity was at its height. Delivering for Last & Thomas was done by horses and buggy. After quitting at night, I stabled the horses and fed them.

The Swiss-German Mission

It was during this summer that I was called on a mission to serve in the Swiss-German Mission. It was the practice to give the missionary a farewell dance in the ward, and tickets were sold. This procedure was a means to help defray part of the expense of the missionary. I do not recall now how many tickets were sold nor what was the amount of cash realized, but I recall that it was surprising how much money was raised by this function, and the farewell party was a great success. Howard Stratford and I were called at the same time, to the same mission, to depart at the same date, November, 1912. This made it quite pleasant. We left Ogden by train and our first stop-over was New York. From there we went to Quebec by train. It was biting cold in

Quebec and there was an inch or two of snow on the ground. We did a little sight-seeing and embarked on the Virginian, an old tub that took, I believe, eleven days to cross the Atlantic. I think I was sea sick about 12 out of the 11 days. I have never spent a more miserable period in my life. Liverpool, our port of disembarkation, was cold, rainy and foggy, but any land looked good to me. From there we went to London where we had an opportunity to visit most of the places of interest. Piccadilly, the wax museum, the subway, parliament building, etc.; we then went to Dover by train, crossed the English Channel and landed in Dieppe. I really put one over on my traveling companions on this channel trip. Many of the boys crossed the Atlantic free of sea sickness, so they concluded they were old "salts" who could stand any sea journeys. At Dover, I remembered my rocky Atlantic crossing, and crawled into bed and was asleep before we left the dock. When I went on deck the next morning I was as fresh as a daisy, but those boys who had such a glorious time on the Atlantic while I suffered, had experienced a most miserable night from sea sickness. It is said that the North Sea is tough with its choppy waters. From Dieppe we travelled to Paris by rail and enjoyed another 24 hours or so sight-seeing. I especially remember the Louvre, the Bastille, the Eifel Tower, a night club, the Moulin Rouge and the parks. From Paris, we left by rail for Basel, Switzerland, the headquarters of the Swiss-German Mission. It was mid-winter in Switzerland, and the morning we arrived, the first week in December, the air was clear and crisp with the ground covered with snow.

There were about 8 or 12 missionaries in our party, and we were destined to be distributed throughout the mission from the Baltic on the north, to Budapest, Hungary, on the south. Any German branch was one of the choice assignments, and we soon learned that Vienna and Budapest were the least desirable. It was reported that two out of the group were scheduled for Vienna and one for Budapest. Everyone hoped that he would be one of the fortunate ones to be sent north into Germany. No one wanted the Vienna appointment, and by all means, no one wanted the Budapest assignment. However, when the slips were given out, I happened to be the most unfortunate one and drew Budapest. I was very blue over the drawing. I don't know how much I showed it, but I didn't say

anything to anyone. Besides being the least desirable assignment, it was an added expense to make a two day trip to my destination, and of all the group, I was possibly the least able to pay this added expense. I quietly realized that I was the goat, and I could tell the rest of the fellows silently pitied me. All three of us who were scheduled for the southern trip were disappointed, but we kept our feelings to ourselves, at least until we got on the train. Then we consoled each other. We took an evening through local train and sat up all night. Missionaries do not travel first class. The night passed pretty well; I got some good sleep, and opened my eyes at day-break to find that we were in the center of the beautiful Tyrol Mountains, and high up on the snow clad mountain tops the pink sun was just coming up. This was the most beautiful sight I experienced on my entire mission. I am not sure, but I think it was near nightfall when we arrived in cold smokey Vienna.

I also believe we stayed at the mission headquarters that night, at least some of us did and the others went to a neighboring home of church members.

Early the next morning, I was on my own and headed for Budapest aboard a slow train. This trip was long and would have been very tiresome had it not been for the novelty of traveling in a foreign country. The train was crowded and it seemed everyone was a peasant, warmly dressed but awkwardly dressed. The women all had shawls over their heads; most of the men wore boots. One held a chicken, live, in his lap; one had a small pig which squealed and objected to having someone hold him. Many ate their lunch at sometime during the trip. One thing amused me a great deal, and that was the pouring into the train at every station of bands of gypsies with violins. They played and sang for tips, and I really enjoyed this phase of my trip. Our train seemed to follow the course of the "Blue Danube" River. I was disappointed to find that it was muddy instead of blue.

I arrived at the station in Budapest, and from one glance of the hub-bub and traffic, I could determine that Budapest was a big city. It was cold and damp and smoggy and anything but pleasant. Was I met at the station and given a warm reception by the missionaries stationed at Budapest? Not on your life! My impression of Budapest

and my new assignment had to be real with no artificial coloring in the form of a warm reception. After checking to see if my trunk had arrived, I made my way by trolley, to the address where the other missionaries were staying. I gave the claim check for my trunk to a drayman with my address, and was later surprised to learn that he had carried my trunk this distance, at least 3 or 4 miles, on his back. The trunk contained clothing and books, and I am sure it weighed at least 150 pounds. This fellow strapped it on his back and hit off for Andrassy Utsa. It was unbelievably hard work, but I soon learned that most Europeans work very hard. It was dark when I arrived at the station in Budapest, and nearly eight at night when I reached my destination.

This mission at Budapest was just about as dismal as the cold, smoggy December afternoon. The boys all seemed to feel that they had been banished. They felt as though they had been sent to Siberia. There was Sam Spry, nephew of the former Governor of Utah, who had almost given up on the Hungarian mission. Elmer Johansen, Matson and Joe Quinney. The members of the branch consisted of one old German lady, and the boys were all disappointed to the Nth degree over their lack of success. Most of the population in Budapest seemed to be Jewish or Catholic and were not interested in the church. This reception piled upon my great disappointment at being sent to Budapest, depressed me to no end. Besides this, the Hungarian language was extremely difficult. The fellows who had been there for several months could hardly speak and understand enough to order a meal. I pouted and hardly did a thing for a month, then as if I had been injected with some miracle drug, I decided that I was going to give it all I had. Instead of reporting no time "tracting", I spent just twice as much time per day as any one in the conference. I worked on the language, memorized prayers and sermons and really hummed. Within a couple of weeks I received a congratulatory letter from the President of the mission. In spite of my work, I found no one interested in the church, and at the end of three months, I was thrilled to learn that the Hungarian mission was being abandoned. To my great joy, I was transferred to Dresden, Saxony, which I considered to be the prettiest and nicest city in Germany. The Branch in Dresden was in pretty bad condition. Ted Amussen, like Sam Spry in Budapest, spent

more time in social activities than he did in church work. Ted spoke beautiful German and prided himself on his ability to use the language. He and I got along especially well, and I was most fortunate from the language standpoint to have Ted for a companion. Our members in Dresden were of the better class, and most of them spoke good German, so all in all, I concentrated on the language, so at the end of less than two years, I felt that I could talk German about as well, if not better than I could English. I pride myself that after conversing with a German boy for half an hour, was asked by him: "When are you leaving to serve in the Army?"

Yes, I loved Dresden with its wonderful art gallery, its opera, its Saekische Schweiz (Saxon Switzerland) and the River Elbe. On account of persecution we were not allowed to hold church meetings, so when we held meetings, they were at the home of one of the members. The class of members in Dresden was a wonderful group and on a social plane above that of most of the converts. With this group speaking better German, with the tutelage of Ted A., and my determination to learn German the thorough and correct way, I felt that I was in the driver's seat when it came to the mastery of the language. Although my church work at Dresden was far less than it could have been in many of the other branches in Germany, it was pleasant, and I look back on this period and the fabulous city of Dresden with great warmth. I consider it a highlight of my entire mission. After six months in Dresden, I was transferred to Wiesbaden for a few months; then to Mannheim for a short spell, then I was called to Frankfort to take charge of the choir. This last was a really big assignment for anyone, and especially for me, who had a lot of interest in music, but who knew absolutely nothing about leading a choir. It was a fairly large choir with some fine voices. I got along pretty well, and was just warming up to the whole procedure when I was caught and banished from Prussia. This was a new experience for me, but a rather common occurrence for missionaries throughout Germany. When a person received a banishment from a province, it meant that he would not be allowed at any time to work in that province under the same name. Some of the men had given a false name. It was a dangerous and foolish thing to do, but I did it, but if I had it to do over again I would never take the chance. It is

hard to tell what they might do to a fellow if they caught him. I took the name of THEODOR ROSELL RICHERT, maintaining my initials due to the fact that my initials appeared on all my baggage. Fortunately, I had no trouble, but I worried plenty until I finally got my banishment papers. The mission office did not sanction such a move, but the office disliked very much losing a missionary from a province due to banishment. On paper, I had lost Prussia as a field, but legally, I was still in good graces with the law. I left Frankfort with regrets and was appointed Conference President of the Hanover Conference. This was a tremendous appointment, but by this time I felt that I could handle it. I was stationed at Hanover and had, besides Hanover, the whole of the Ruhr Valley with Barmen, Elberfeld, Muenster, etc. The branches were not large, but active and interesting, and the missionaries in that conference were a fine crowd. I had this assignment for a few months when the World War broke out and we were all called away from Germany. During the months I served as Conference President, I gave talks before branches and meetings every day, and some days several talks. I had good mastery by this time, of the gospel and of the language, and I felt that I could talk all day without notes and without hesitation. It is remarkable how one can train himself along these lines.

People frequently ask "did you have much trouble getting out of Germany after the war started?" I had no trouble. You recall the United States was not at war with Germany at that time. As soon as war was declared, the police department, where every foreigner is registered, called and asked every foreigner to re-register. They then advised us to get out of Germany as soon as possible; "because," they advised, "we have no more food than we need for our own people, and besides, you may get taken for an Englishman and embarrass us before the American Government." We were instructed to place a German member in charge of each branch and then leave by way of Holland. I was in Hanover for about three weeks after the war started, and by that time, many of the wounded were beginning to return from the front. One thing stands out in this whole period of the beginning of the war: I have never seen such enthusiasm. The feeling was almost contagious. I had no trouble getting to London, and, inasmuch as I was short

of money, I floated a big loan with the American Embassy at London for \$20.00. Such arrangements had been advocated for stranded Americans.

Some of the missionaries were re-assigned to other fields, but inasmuch as I had fulfilled approximately one month short of two years, I was released to come home.

When I entered England it was interesting to read the headlines. It shows one what propoganda can and will do. The British papers were saying the war could not last long, that the Germans were about through and the pictures of women going to the front appeared on the front page.

In returning to the United States I was given passage on the Mauretania. It was submarine time, so we travelled with the lights out and it took but five days to cross. It was much more pleasant returning than it was going over.

It was great to get back to the good old U. S. A.! To put my impressions into a few words, I have frequently said that I would dislike living in Europe if I had to earn my living, and especially if I was a laborer. The people really worked hard and lived very thriftily, barely getting by with only the essentials of existence. However, they seemed to be happy. They had few wants and were easily satisfied. Their recreation consisted of picnics in the country or in parks, music, beer gardens and dancing. They liked their beer, but you seldom see any one intoxicated. I do not recall ever meeting one who would not give his right arm to come to America, and I would feel the same way.

Upon returning to Ogden in November, 1914, approximately two years from the date I left, I was greeted by the whole family. It was a great reunion. However, the bloom seemed to have left my social life in Ogden. Many of my friends had married or moved away, and things had definitely changed over the two-year period. Much of the change might have occurred in me.

When I left on my mission I had no intention of seeking a college education, but now that desire was uppermost in my thoughts. I guess it is because I consider a mission as a college education. I am one of the most enthusiastic supporters of a mission for young men. Aside from the religious aspects of the mission, I consider a

mission the greatest training a young man can get. Two years in the mission field is worth several years in college. With me, as is the case with most young men, it opened my eyes to the potentials lying ahead; it told me just what ability I possessed, and how best to develop and use it. It convinced me without a doubt that I had to have a college education, and nothing in the foreseeable world could prevent me from attaining a college education. I had rubbed shoulders with college men, and those who had high aspirations. It convinced me, further, that if they had the potential to achieve greater heights, then why shouldn't I? I had proved myself their equal, and in many instances their superior. I had had a great experience in meeting people; I was able to stand before an audience and express myself in German as well as in English. This training in itself had been worth my time spent in the mission field, and this training became invaluable later in teaching, in salesmanship and in leading the many organizations of which I became a member. I challenge anyone to find a two year college course that can compare with a mission.

When I returned from my mission in the fall, I had no prospects of a job, but I felt that I wanted something on a higher plane than that which would have satisfied me earlier. At this time, my brother Gome suggested that I come to Daniels in the Elkhorn country, and teach school. They had a little one room school house, but no teachers, so I applied, and through the acquaintance of Jim Tovey, school superintendent, I was appointed to teach after taking an examination. I rather enjoyed my teaching, but I certainly suffered for the lack of instruction on the better way to approach the beginners. I should not be entirely strange in a one-room school, because my early schooling was obtained in just such a school. I mixed teaching with music and recreation, and I am sure the youngsters got a great deal out of the school year. I really felt that the school year for the youngsters and for me was not a total loss. I actually had some fine singing by the group for our year-end program.

During this school year, I stayed at the home of my brother and sister-in-law, Gome and Eliza, and was furnished a saddle horse to ride to and from school. This ride, most of the time, was quite pleasant, but at times it was plenty rugged. The weather

became rough and many times, through a cold blizzard, I rode the 4 to 6 miles in sub-zero weather through drifts as high as the horse's back. I used to tie the horse back of the school, and one cold afternoon, at the end of the school day, I sprang on the back of "Old Topsy" and was pitched sky high. Her bucking, however, was a rare behavior for her as she was very dependable. Saturdays and Sundays I usually spent in Malad, attended the Saturday night dance, which was a definite institution in Malad, and spent Sunday p.m. socializing somewhere around Malad or Cherry Creek. Do you know, I am just a little embarrassed now when I look back on this winter in Elkhorn and Malad and realize what a parasite I was. My only justification was the universal practice in the community at that time. Nobody thought anything of dropping in on a family and spending the night even if they had a half dozen children. My family has had many such experiences, and I have never heard of complaint from them. A meal for one person or for half a dozen persons seemed to have meant nothing. Of course, the cost of a meal may have been very small then in a farming area, but even so, income was likewise meager, and to compare the meal and lodging attitude and the cost then with the cost and attitude of the same accommodations now, it is like comparing the horse and buggy to the jet plane. Still I concede that I was a parasite, and I had grown into it perfectly innocently. I am quite sure that I was not criticized by my brothers and sisters who seemed to enjoy my being there. It was some satisfaction to me to recall that I tried to help around the place to pay my way when possible. Furthermore, I flatter myself by thinking that I was possibly a fair influence on my nephews and nieces. I certainly was not a bad influence.

Speaking further of this remarkable Malad Valley hospitality, I have seen whole families of six or eight drop in, entirely unannounced for the week end. They have driven up in their buggy or wagon, greeted with open arms, their team of horses fed and watered and put in the stable, and the two families proceeded to get supper or dinner and then prepare for the lodging. The kids would usually pile in together, four or five to a bed, and occasionally a bed consisting of two or three blankets was spread out on the floor. Many a time have I slept on the board floor with only a

blanket under me, and I liked it. The host couple would usually give up their bed to the visiting couple, and they would sleep wherever they could hang up. It was really a bedlam for a couple of days. The visitors had no way of notifying the hosts they were coming; they would just come and take a chance. There was no communication between the two families; no telephone or such. And if they found the other couple away, possibly visiting someone else, the visitors just went back home or called on someone else for the weekend. But that was Malad Valley hospitality, and although it may be mighty inconvenient for the hostess, she never complained; that was their main amusement, socialability and visiting with each other. I was going to say that was their sole relaxation, but it was far from relaxation for the hosts. How our neighborliness has changed. Can you imagine such a habit in a community today? Today you are afraid of dropping in on your best friends or relatives without first giving them a call.

In 1916, I decided to launch on a project I had had in my mind for several years; i.e., get a college education. I could hardly ask support of my parents, inasmuch as they had supported me for two years in the mission field. Mother, I remember, placed a silver dollar in my hand and wished me well. This was all the cash she had. I remember she never handled much money. I left for Salt Lake. It was then that my mother said: "Thomas, you can achieve anything you make up your mind to do." I have always remembered those words, and the sincerity with which they were spoken, and I believed then there was a lot of truth in the thought. When I left home, that silver dollar was exactly the sum total of my finances. I had nothing in mind in the line of a job, but strange as it may seem, I didn't seem to worry at all. I found an upstairs room near the University and registered at the University. The employment office at the U had no jobs in sight, but, inasmuch as I could type, they promised me an occasional job copying manuscripts. I worked at anything I could pick up, even waited on tables at a fraternity house. As time went on, and I cut expenses to the bone, even on my rest and food, things seemed to get a little brighter. After about a month or more I got a job as night clerk in a very small hotel (The Plandome) at 4th South near State Street. The pay was very scant, merely pennies, but I had my board and room. The only

disagreeable phase of this work was the everlasting complaint from the socially minded landlady, Mrs. Clininger, that I couldn't get to work early enough in the afternoon to allow her to get to afternoon parties. But the Plandome was a very nice little place, and its guests were fine people. I was always looking for something better. I didn't make enough money to ride to school. I was forced to walk from State Street to the U and return every day. I didn't mind this but it took time which was needed at the hotel and also at my studies.

After a few months at the Plandome I fell into a wonderful night clerking job at the 5th East Hotel. This was a family hotel with possibly 50 to 100 guests and it was on the American plan. This job gave me an excellent salary, for me, possibly \$40 a month with excellent board and room. I was expected to work from 6 in the evening until 6 in the morning, and before going off duty, and before the guests began to stir, I was forced to mop the big lobby daily. The owners here were Mr. and Mrs. von Puello. She ran the hotel, and I think she was a very efficient person. The work here at the 5th East was very pleasant, but with my school work it was very strenuous. I figured that for a long time I was not getting more than 3 hours sleep out of the 24. We locked the outside door of the hotel at midnight. I usually lay on a davenport at that time and slept with my clothes on, but I frequently had to get up to open the door for late comers. I frequently had late telephone calls, and had to be up at 5. My duties consisted mainly of clerking, running the elevator, answering the switchboard, mopping the lobby and other odd jobs. I enjoyed my service there; the people were of a fine class, the meals were "out of this world" and I was treated with reasonable respect.

I finished my freshman year at the U very satisfactorily, and enjoyed it a great deal, although I was prohibited by my lack of funds and work from participating in many of the social activities. However, on a few occasions, I got permission and attended a party.

During the summer of 1916, many of the students from the U took selling jobs of various kinds. I decided to become a salesman for Wearever Aluminum, and was assigned to San Pete County. I knew nothing of that district, but was advised that Mt. Pleasant

was the main town, so I made my headquarters in that town. From the standpoint of aluminum and making money, the summer was anything but a howling success. I lost no money because I didn't have any to lose, but I ended the summer with very little profit. However, the summer was not a complete loss because before the summer had ended I succeeded in trading an aluminum tea kettle for one of the belles of the town, the young lady who approximately 18 months after became Mrs. Thomas R. Rees. She was Theo Nelson. Like a rookie coming up from the minors, not knowing whether he will make the majors, then becoming a star, Theo had become a star, and now I wouldn't trade her for the whole Wearever plant with all the girls I have met thrown in. So how can I say that the summer wasn't a huge success?

This was my lucky year. About this time, I placed one of my needy friends into my job at the 5th East Hotel, and I got a real position, as night clerk in the New Temple Hotel. The hours were perfect, the hotel was not too commercial, allowing me to study all I needed to, and although I do not recall the salary, I know that it was adequate. (I think it was \$50 a month with room and board.) The hotel was operated by a mother and daughter, and I got along exceptionally well with them. With the acquisition of this job I was definitely over the top toward a college education. I had become well known at the U, had engaged in various activities, had contributed to the two or more publications and had been elected to the Skull and Bones, an honorary society at the school. To top it off, I was appointed Editor of the 1919 Utonian, the year book. Events happened fast from then on. The war was on and everything seemed to be upset. In the past the Editor had to worry about raising sufficient money to publish an expensive book like the Utonian. He was forced to spend a great deal of time soliciting advertising for the book. I was stepping into big business. The printing company which was awarded the Utonian contract offered me a position soliciting the printing of year books from high schools throughout the state. The commission was liberal, and I made several short trips throughout the state. In this work with the printing company, I got the idea of placing the advertising of the Utonian in the hands of an advertising firm. Although there were cries from some of the more conservative that

this was too commercial for a college annual, and to pay them 50% commission, that was terrible. It was argued that an advertising firm could not induce loyal business men to advertise and support the year book unless they were approached by a University student. One week proved that the plan was going to be a gigantic success. Where firms in the past had taken a ten-dollar advertising space, they now took a hundred dollar space, and the volume of advertising almost scared me. I am sure I am not exaggerating when I say that the gross revenue from advertising was four or five times greater than in any previous year. Besides the increased revenue, the contract released the Editor and his advertising staff of students to do their school work or devote more time to the compilation of the book.

The draft and the enlistments in the army were taking a great number of men, and although I was placed in "limited service" due to underweight, I could be called at any time. The New Temple Hotel had changed hands and I was out of that position, but I didn't worry as I could not spare the time for this job with my activities in the Utonian office, and with the printing company. However, in spite of my many activities I couldn't neglect my investment represented by the aluminum tea-kettle trade which became more and more facinating. Theo made trips to Salt Lake for special occasions during the fall, so on the 20th of December, 1917, we decided to get married. It was destined to be a good move for both of us. Sometime before, I had passed a Civil Service Examination, and soon after Christmas (February) I received a wire from the war department offering me a job in Washington at \$1100 a year as clerk-typist. Although I was up to my neck in school responsibilities and studies, I turned over the Utonian office to my assistant, Devirl Stewart, and packed off to Washington, D.C., considering this appointment the opportunity of a lifetime. We didn't know the half of it! Theo and I came to the big city alone, knowing no one, but we were both thrilled at the thoughts of a new experience.

I was assigned to the Quartermaster Corps in the old State, War and Navy Building next to the White House on Pennsylvania Avenue. At first we found a room with Board at Dwyers near the office, but we stayed there only a few weeks. However, we stayed there

long enough to have what could have been a very sad experience. The house was heated with Latrobe heat, and if something went wrong with the plant there was great danger of asphyxiating. We smelled some smoke in the room, but paid little attention to it. Theo felt uncomfortable in bed so got out on the floor and fell. She was overcome with this gas. There had been fatal experiences with just this sort of thing. I hurriedly opened the windows, and soon Theo revived and we had gone through a new experience and thanked our lucky stars that it wasn't worse. In passing, I must say that we have never had better food than we had at Dwyers. Mr. Dwyer owned a meat market and grocery store, and we'll never forget that food. Another experience we had at the Dwyers: One of the boarders was a pretty little Miss from Georgia. She was typically southern. In walking to work each morning she should pass the statue of General Sherman. Instead of taking the nearest route to her office, she walked out of her way two blocks to avoid passing the statue. She said to pass that statue just spoiled her day. Another 30-year old man whom we got to know and like quite well, who boarded there, contracted the flu and died. These were influenza times when the great epidemic really swept people away. We were fortunate and did not contract it.

After staying at Dwyers for several weeks we were fortunate to find a furnished third floor apartment in a row house at 1731 F St., N.W. This first summer in that apartment was the hottest we have ever experienced, and one of the hottest summers Washington had recorded. For instance, we had an iron bedstead, and the metal became so hot one couldn't hold his hand on it, but neither of us complained; we were happy. Apartments in Washington at that time were at a great premium. A sort of racket developed where an apartment could be found and a lease obtained, provided one bought the furniture. The price on the usually poor furniture was twice and sometimes three times more than it was worth, but the apartment seeker was usually willing to pay a fancy bonus in order to procure an apartment. After a second move, we were successful in getting a very comfortable little apartment at 2106 F Street, N.W. in a regular apartment house, where we lived until we purchased a cooperative apartment at 1725 - 17th St., N.W. Here we lived until 1923 and through most of my medical schooling.

We then sold the apartment for something slightly more than we had paid for it and had several years use of the apartment without rent. The cooperative apartment proved to be a very good move. We sold it with no trouble at all, and then purchased a house, a new row house at 2906 - 18th St., N.W. near the Harvard entrance to the Zoo. It was a very pleasant section of the city and we enjoyed it very much. This move didn't prove to be so successful financially, for after enjoying the place for about a year, I finished my internship and left Washington for Ironwood, Michigan. We had the real estate broker handle the rental of the house for awhile, but the first tenants moved out after about three months, taking with them doors, screens and even the kitchen cabinet. So I told the agent he could have the place with our cash payment, and we just pulled out of the whole deal.

I was not in the War Department as a civilian clerk very long before I was ordered to report for induction into the service. Through our music teacher, who knew some of the big navy men, I was enrolled into the Navy as a Chief Petty Officer and assigned to a very secret job in the Bureau of Ships, deciphering codes. I enjoyed the work here, but inasmuch as I had just returned from Germany since the outbreak of the war, I couldn't be cleared for such a highly secret job without a great deal of investigation, so they released me from the Navy to re-enlist in any service I could find that suited me. I immediately arranged with my old office to return to the QMC. They inducted me into the army, assigned me to Camp Meigs, right in Washington with the understanding that I be re-assigned to my same position that I held as a civilian. I was immediately recommended for a commission of Sergeant which paid me more than I had received as a civilian clerk. It worked out very well. I had camp liberties where I could stay home at night, but before this assignment came through I spent my days laying brick in the camp roadways. I didn't mind.

I was always looking for an opportunity to improve my status. About this time, I took an examination for army field secretary, and was offered a position, but the war ended and so did my interest in the overseas army field clerk. I was soon given my discharge early in December, 1918. I was then interested in getting an appointment in

one of the permanent government bureaus. I chose the post office department, and was assigned to the Telephone and Telegraph Administration. I enjoyed my work a great deal in this administration. The officials here were big men who were called in from civilian life to administer the affairs of all the telephone and telegraph lines in the country which the government had taken over for the duration of the war. This office soon dissolved and I was transferred to the office of the Chief Inspector of the post office department. Here the work was very interesting. Each case here read like a detective story. It dealt with the apprehension of crooks, of mail robberies, etc. However, I soon decided that the post office department was not for me. Aside from the work of the office of the Chief Inspector, I think the work in the post office department is the most monotonous in the entire government. It was terribly slow there and drab, and each department seemed to be filled with old conservative, yes, ultra-conservative people, yet they were very nice. Before the year was out, I resigned and accepted a position as teacher of business English, spelling and shorthand in the Strayer's Business College. My salary was \$2100 a year, almost twice as much as I had been making in the government, and I liked the work very well.

Still, I was not satisfied, and dissatisfaction may lead to disaster, and it may lead to greater heights. With me, it meant a great future, and the star that guided my steps was definitely a lucky star. Now let us see just what was smoldering. There was an active Utah State Society in Washington and church services were conducted every Sunday; first at Senator Smoot's home then in a building the branch acquired. The Utah State Society and the church were pretty much interwoven and many from Utah attended church mostly from the social rather than the church standpoint. Theo and I identified ourselves with and became very active in both organizations. Theo led the singing in church services, and she and I frequently sang duets. We were both very much interested in music. I became counselor to the president of the branch and conducted many of the meetings. I also became President of the Utah State Society. These were some of the happiest days of our married life. We had an unusually fine group of Utahns back here, and every one including the Congressional delegation was wonderful

to us. I felt as important in this group as I had felt in high school days, but on a much higher social plain. These people were definitely the cream of the crop. They were back here, not to work, primarily, but to get a degree in higher education, and many of them were here to get law or medical degrees. It was a tremendous lift to my morale to rub shoulders with the best people; with people I had "looked up to" both socially and scholastically back in Utah. Now we were envied by this group and we were definitely leaders among them. With this standing, could I content myself with an ordinary position? Theo was right up there at my side and may have contributed much more to this favorable standing which we enjoyed than one realizes. She was attractive, sensible and never boisterous or boastful. She was more retiring and bashful than she was forward. She never forced herself upon anyone, no matter how important that person may be, and if that person saw nothing of interest in her, surely, Theo never went out of her way to sell herself to that person just because she had importance. However, invariably, that person came to her. Theo's motto was moderation in all things.

At the height of this wave of popularity, a prominent Utah couple came to Washington both with big government positions lined up. This couple was childless, each had degrees and each very shortly received appointments; he, as Commissioner in an important bureau, and she, as a specialist in home economics. They immediately became our very warm friends. I must relate what the wife told us years after. She had attended a number of meetings where I had presided, and learned that Theo and I were leaders in the church and in the State Society groups, but she had not met us. She whispered to an acquaintance while in church: "What does Tom Rees do?" She told me later she thought possibly I was assistant to the President of the United States or something equally as important. When she received the reply that I was an elevator operator at the Capitol, it came as a flash of lightening. Still, we were all a democratic group and a position during school days meant little.

Out of all of this social activity among students away from home, of which we were an integral part, came the question: I had worked, I had finished my University requirements, and received an A.B. in education with a life high school teaching

diploma, and yet I was not satisfied. Where do we go from here? Most of my friends were studying for a professional degree -- law or medicine. I had been in Washington long enough to know that practically everyone in Washington had a law degree. The schools here were filled with law students, and many graduate lawyers were working in government offices as clerks. This future didn't strike me as being secure. I had now decided that I wanted security. I wanted to be in a position where I could always find a job. A law degree was much easier to acquire. I could continue my day work and take law at night. If I took up medicine, I would have to study during the day in school and find some job at night, and that job could not be too strenuous and it should allow me some time for study. I realized that medicine was a tough course that required study and more study. Yet, that part of it didn't frighten me. I had never had any trouble with any of my courses in high school or college. So I was anxious to get my teeth into something challenging. However, there was one thing that nearly scared me out of taking up medicine. I had always shunned mathematics (higher) and chemistry, and had never been too much interested in zoology or biology. These were the subjects that were going to be thrown me in abundance. They scared me just a little, but I felt that if others could do them I could too, with possibly extra study.

Nevertheless, if I went into medicine, I had two massive problems I had to solve: First, I had to find a job. My friends advised me that if I could get a patronage job at the Capitol I would be set, and that an elevator job was the one better suited for a medical student. I immediately contacted Congressman Addison T. Smith of Idaho, because Malad was my old home and I still had a lot of contacts there. Furthermore, I was of the opinion, and rightly so, that the Congressional delegation from Idaho had fewer requests for patronage appointments than did Utah. It seemed that there were ten times more students from Utah than from Idaho, and I was absolutely correct. I not only landed the job with Congressman Smith, but I landed the very best elevator at the entire Capitol. It was the little elevator just off statutory hall which served less than half a dozen Congressmen, and an elevator that few people knew existed. I was able to bring a card table there, set it up in the hall next to the elevator and

study until I was dizzy with practically no interruptions. My hours were from five to eleven, five or six days a week. Another wonderful feature of the job was the long vacations. When Congress was not in session, I had vacation. Some years this consisted of the whole summer. I was able to keep this appointment for three years, and then looking into the security of the future which was typical of me, I changed over to the senate side under the patronage of Senator Borah. I made this change because it seemed more secure for the balance of my course. I was always just a little worried because if my Congressman should be defeated or if the democrats won the majority in that branch of the Congress, all patronage jobs would be shifted to democratic Congressmen. But thank heavens for me, no such a change took place, and I held this job for 5 years. My salary, I believe, was \$120 per month.

The second big problem was matriculating by the following September. It was now March, and I had a lot of credits to make up in that short time. I took my credentials to George Washington Medical School and learned just what additional credits I needed. My high school and college credits were woefully short on sciences, so I needed biology and physics, both laboratory and didactic. It was a race "with death". I went to Georgetown and won favor, credits and study with Father Tondorff. He allowed me to dissect the earthworm, various other animals and even allowed me to make some laboratory experiments before I had the didactic work in physics, and that I couldn't get until the summer session at George Washington. Father Tondorff was a great friend of mine, and my winning favor with him made it possible for me to matriculate in September. As I mentioned above, I enrolled in the lecture course in physics at G. W. I was afraid of the course due to my limited courses in mathematics in the past, and I learned that the Professor was no easy mark, but with a must determination, I passed the course, rounded up all my credits and just got under the wire as the bell rang beginning the fall term at the George Washington Medical School. This was a tremendous victory over almost insurmountable odds. I felt that I had hurdled two big obstacles and did not fear too much that I couldn't keep up with my studies in medical school; although about one half of the students fall by the wayside and fail to graduate. All through my four

years, I maintained a steady average, possibly about 10th or better in a class of 100. One of the courses I feared most was organic chemistry, but I got hold of it very well, liked it, and passed with a most satisfactory grade.

One thought worried me some. Could I stand the sight of blood? I felt that I may be "chicken" at the sight of blood, and wouldn't that be terrible for a doctor? However, this thought was quickly dispelled in my senior year when I interned for awhile at Sibley Hospital. About the first evening I was on duty I had an emergency case who had been slashed across the face in a fight. One could put one's fingers in the patient's mouth anywhere across the cheek, back to the ear, and my job alone consisted in sewing this fellow up in blood practically up to my elbows. During the two hour operation, the blood scare never entered my head. I was made as far as this question was concerned.

Dr. Ira Hopkins was a good friend of mine, and he graduated from G. W. Medical School about the year I entered school. It was his urging, more than anything else, that swung the pendulum for me to decide that medicine was my choice. He said: "Get your medical degree and you can tell the rest of the world to go to hell!" Of course, I didn't consider a degree exactly in that light, nor do I think he did. He meant, and so did I, that when one receives a medical degree, his worries as to his ability to earn a living are at an end. I thought of that bit of advice many times during my four years in medical school.

I have enumerated our experiences in Washington between the years 1918 and 1926. Most of our experiences were pleasant, and revolve around our work, our play and our planning. I do not wish to infer, in the least, that all this success was due alone to my efforts. Theo and I worked as a team and she contributed toward this success just as much as I did. Immediately upon arriving in Washington in 1918, everyone was engaged in some phase of war work. Theo took a civil service examination and was almost immediately appointed as clerk in the Federal Trade Commission. This was one of the better government bureaus, and she was picked for this appointment because she had made a good grade in mathematics. She liked her work there, and especially liked

her co-workers. Some of these people are still good friends of ours. Theo became active in the Petracom, their social group, and sang in many of their programs. She held this position in the Federal Trade for several years while I was going through medical school. So you see, Theo contributed much in an economic as well as a social way to our success during the early years of our married life. This, I believe, is almost a must with young couples today. Each member should contribute when possible toward the economic and social life of the early married life. Children? Why hurry? It may not always be possible, but, in spite of the argument that children as soon as possible bind the couple together, I maintain that a 3 or 4 year "honeymoon", where both are occupied, may lead to a happier married life later. If a couple must depend on children to tie them together, there may be an element of artificiality in that union, which can easily snap, and divorce and a broken home result. If separation and divorce must come, it is much better to separate before there are any children.

I was graduated in 1924, passed the District of Columbia Board immediately after and was ready to go. I interned for 13 months at Emergency Hospital, riding the ambulance all during that time. This was a great experience because one runs into every type of case. No matter how great the emergency, the doctor on the ambulance learns to grasp the situation instantaneously and treat the emergency calmly and skillfully. By this time I had decided definitely that I would specialize in Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, and due to the fact that I was much older than the average graduate (age 34) I thought it best that I specialize immediately instead of doing general practice for a few years and then specialize. I was fortunate in getting an appointment at Episcopal Eye, Ear & Throat Hospital where I spent 13 months, the last three months as Chief Resident Intern, and was able to get considerable surgery and instruction. I felt that the training was practical and adequate.

Where should I practice? Should I remain in Washington or should I go out in the smaller town where a starvation period would not be a problem? Inasmuch as I had worked my way through school, and had had quite a struggle, I decided that a smaller community would be more gratifying. Through the American Medical Journal, I found

several openings. Many were assistantships, but in this I was not interested. I wanted to take over a practice. Such an opening was advertised, and I left for Ironwood, Michigan, to look over the proposition. A Dr. Larson was leaving town and offered me his practice for \$2500 with his equipment. It looked like a good deal to me so I signed a contract with him and wired Theo to start packing. It was then October, and a snow storm greeted me there, but that didn't cool my enthusiasm. I returned to Washington, turned over our new house to the agent who had sold it to us, and placed the house on the market for rent. We left Washington by train after a week of strenuous preparations and a week of wonderful farewell parties by our host of friends we left behind, arriving in Ironwood in a raging blizzard November, 1926.

Thomas Richard Rees, Jr., whom we called Dick, was born June 30, 1925 at Columbia Hospital in Washington, D. C. He was of normal size and was physically 100%. He was active and alert and as he got old enough to notice anything, he took a great liking to lights. He would climb anywhere to turn on a light. At that early age he never noticed people -- only lights, and this was his first word. We got a great kick out of him. He was different from most youngsters. When he was five, he didn't want to go to school; he said only children go to school. He wanted to work on the new school house because he was a man. But he entered school and got along fine.

When he was $5\frac{1}{2}$ he had a very serious accident. He was baking potatoes in a bonfire in the rear of our yard as he had seen the older children do the night before. His shirt caught fire and in running to the house he fanned it into a real blaze. His right arm from the elbow up, his chest and his back all had very severe third degree burns. He was on the very serious list in the hospital for several weeks, and was hospitalized for several months, off and on. I am quite sure that had I not been a physician, and had not Theo and I given him untiring attention, we would have certainly lost him. It was the most tragic experience of our entire lives. I felt that if he would recover I would have gladly given up everything in the world, including my medical degree. When he was out of danger, our attention was directed toward healing the vast surface of his back and right arm. Theo and I gave skin grafts after skin grafts only

to find that our skin would not take at all. Finally we resorted to grafting his own skin, and found that that took well, but the poor little fellow had such a small area left from which to take skin. Again, we had a very serious problem in the matter of the right arm. The right axilla was completely destroyed, and the medical aspect of the right arm and the surface of the chest wall -- both surfaces were denuded and the natural healing process always reverts to strong adhesions which bind the arm to the chest, thereby making the arm practically useless. We placed a body cast on, which held the right arm up and out. Before we did this, we tied the right arm up to a bar above the head. All these procedures were hampered due to the necessary daily dressings. The whole thing was a problem of no small dimensions. We had to combat infection as the whole surface was bathed in pus and sloughing tissue. Again, it seemed like torture to hang that little skeleton of an arm up to a frame above the bed. I can still hear his shrieking nightmare cries at night; I can see the adherent dressings being peeled off his raw areas, and see the blood trickling off these areas; I can see the green pus which we encountered at times when green pus producing organisms gained the upper hand in the course of treatments. Last but not least, I can see the dressing removed from under the arm through a window in the cast and maggots roll out on the bed. If you don't think this was the worst experience a parent experiences, I do not know what you would call it. Although the maggot episode seemed terrible, and just sends the "creeps" through one, it proved to be one of the best things that happened to the area in the right axilla. When the maggots cleared out they left a healthy area and entirely free of pus. It might be interesting to explain that the maggots were not placed on the burns. We had gone down to the cottage on the shores of Lake Superior one hot summer day, and a blow fly had found his way under the dressing under the right arm and deposited his eggs there.

We had spent a sad, sad winter, but every day after the first couple of months we could see improvement, and we were beginning to realize that we had saved our boy. Although he still had some raw areas, although his right arm was bound down to his chest to an extent of about 50%, and although the little fellow was thin and weak, his

spirits were high, and we felt that the world had begun to smile on us again. Dick was up and around and playing, but with a crippled right arm that couldn't be placed into a sleeve of a sweater or coat. Yes, in spite of our great efforts, the right arm developed strong bands of adhesions which limited the motion of this member at least 40 or 50%. Something more had to be done, and it had to be done without delay. That arm had to be liberated. But hadn't Dick been subjected to enough? Why not leave well enough alone and allow him to gain all his strength back and when he is older he can decide for himself whether he wants more surgery and more suffering? All these questions we weighed, but looking at the matter sensibly and unsympathetically, it offered no problem. Theo and I decided that we would have to take the distasteful step and submit Dick to more surgery to see if we could free that right arm. We called Dick in conference and put this question to him: "Dick, you have recovered completely from the burns. However, there is one thing with which we are not satisfied, and that is the right arm. You can go on as you are, but you can never play ball or tennis nor swim as other boys unless we do just a little bit more. We can go to Chicago, spend a week or more in a hospital and have that right arm freed from those bands so you can use it like you can the other arm. Then you will be as good as you ever were. What do you think?" He surprisingly agreed that it was the proper thing to do if we recommended it. We left immediately for Passavant Hospital in Chicago where Dr. Koch, after studying the case, taking pictures and tests, performed the operation. The operation consisted in raising the right arm, making an incision across the axilla similar to one required if the arm were going to be removed at the shoulder joint. Then a full thickness section of skin was removed from his leg and sewed tightly under the arm. It healed beautifully with first intention. There was no discharge, no infection and the result was perfect. We hardly had to encourage exercise, although Dick had almost become a left hander, and he learned to swim expertly, play tennis and developed that arm right along with the rest of his body. All in all, the recovery had answered our prayers to the letter, and even to this day, we pause to thrill at the wonderful results of an almost fatal tragedy. Theo and I, thank heaven, had the guidance and

forethought to follow the case to this happy conclusion.

When Dick was about 8 or 10 years of age, the Larson twins living next door, and slightly Dick's seniors, played in the school band. They interested Dick in learning to play a musical instrument. He had taken a few lessons on the piano, but like most youngsters he didn't seem to take too much interest in it. His preference was a flute, but when I asked an old band man, a friend of mine, what he thought of instruments, he said "Get him a clarinet. It is more practical and he can play it anywhere -- at home, in concerts or at dances." Dick was well pleased and took to it like a duck takes to water. The two were inseparable. When his friends came to call on him he made them stay and listen to clarinet exercises rather than go out and play. When we took a cross-country auto trip Dick carried only his clarinet and played it in the back seat every mile of the trip. If we drove to a summer resort for dinner, Dick smuggled his clarinet in the car and invariably before we knew it he was "sitting in" with the band. To give him more practical experience, I hired a piano player to accompany him once or twice a week, and this training was invaluable. He had not had his clarinet very long when the Elks Club asked him and his piano player to put on a program. It was Dick's first public appearance with the clarinet. He played "Chilli Chilli Beans" (Cheery, Cheery), and he really went to town. His accompanist, Bayne Cummins on the piano, was very clever, and the two of them certainly "tore the house down".

Dick soon made the school band and very shortly formed a 4-piece dance band which became very successful. Dick not only played the clarinet and conducted the band, but he wrote the arrangements which talent he had acquired naturally as he had had no formal training in arranging. The kids nick-named him "Rhythm Rees".

When we moved to Washington he began playing in various bands and associating with all kinds of people. This was the curse of the bands in the forties. They were riddled with dope addicts and riff-raff. On account of this environment, I advised Dick to curtail his musical activities. He did for a while, but music was in every web and woof of his structure, and about as soon as he went to Ohio Wesleyan for his college work he launched on the forming of a dance band. It interfered so much with his school

work that he practically became a play boy out there. He bought an old hearse to transport his band around, and soon he tipped that over and it was not worth fixing. Using the hearse was not an indication that his band and music were dead; it was during the war when cars were hard to find; and it's too bad that he found this wreck! Dick took his last two years at American University and then went on and got his Masters, but music had spoiled him for school work. He had the ability but spent too much time playing around.

The army had rated Dick 4-F due only to the scars on his back. This was a great disappointment to him. He had arranged to get his physical with a group of boys from school, so when they turned him down he was really hurt. I really think he realized for the first time that he was not 100% physically fit. I assured him that I would get him in the service if he really wanted to get in, and before long I had him examined by a General I had met, and he agreed with me that Dick was 100% eligible. However, just as we were getting the ball rolling, the war abruptly ended and then he didn't want to go in. I always thought that military service would be good training for him, so I was a little disappointed that he didn't go in the service for a couple of years. Every few months he got a card from the draft board which called him for a physical, but each time they turned him down until all at once he was accepted. After boot training he was assigned to a musical unit -- just where he belonged -- and he got along very well. He was with an army band as clarinetist. At this time he formed a 3-piece combo and won several prizes. First prize at Camp Lewis, which included the whole camp, first prize at San Francisco which included the whole west coast. Then he earned a trip to New Jersey to compete in the whole army group. In the finals in New Jersey his group was defeated by a five-piece group from Germany. However, he got a trip home, out of the prizes, and some luggage. For the last several months he had been assigned to the musical camp, Camp Lawton in Seattle. It was from this camp that he received his discharge from the army. After he received his discharge he remained in Seattle, registering at the University of Washington and taking advantage of his C. I. schooling. He worked toward his PhD in English Literature.

During this period of army life and schooling at the University of Washington, he met and married a very nice girl, Dona Olson of Spokane. She was a student in Seattle University, and I am sure it was on account of his association with Dona that he decided to remain in Seattle and continue his school work there. Both Theo and I were well pleased with Dona. She was attractive, with a wonderful personality, and a person who was sensible to the degree that she would be a stabilizing influence and a great help to Dick.

I know very little about Dick's activities in Seattle while he was working on his PhD. I definitely believed that at the end of two years he would have his degree safely tucked away, but like many of his past school years, he probably wasted too much time playing around with music and with unions. I know he wrote some articles for the union so he probably spent much of his time with their activities. At the end of two years, he did not get his degree, but he got a pretty good teaching appointment to L. S. U. at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, teaching in the department of English. He did well, made several substantial friends and proved as I had always known, that he was "cut out" for teaching. I attended one of his classes, and it was definitely worth the trip to Baton Rouge to hear him conduct a class in Milton. He began by saying: "Class, today we are going to study the works of the blind poet, John Milton, so I have brought an eye specialist down from Washington, D. C., my father, Dr. Rees." After his third year at L. S. U., he moved to New Orleans, which, according to Dick, is the greatest city in the world. Here, he received permission to pursue his studies at Tulane toward his doctorate degree. Dona is teaching in one of the grade schools.

In nine, nine, twenty-nine (1929), MYRNA was born in Ironwood, Michigan. Without realizing the oddity about nines, we noted about everything associated with Myrna's birth had a nine attached to it. For instance, her doctor, Gus O'Brien had nine letters, her name, Myrna Rees had nine letters, and her room at Grandview Hospital was 29. She was born at 9 o'clock, and the hospital Grandview had nine letters. We noted later that her mother was the ninth child of nine children, and her father was the ninth child of nine children, and at that time she had nine uncles. On her ninth

birthday in order to carry out the "nine" episode, we gave her a party at the hotel. I think there were nineteen little guests, and I gave her nine dollars and ninety nine cents as a birthday gift. On the wall in the dining room just above the head table was a flower arrangement describing the numerals "nine".

Myrna was the most delightful youngster a family could wish for. Aside from a few ear aches, until I removed her tonsils and adenoids, she was never sick. She had a cheerful disposition, was attractive, and was never in trouble. She was popular and had "loads" of friends. She loved all sports, and had a physique to engage in any of them. One little boy who came to my office with his father was asked if he knew Myrna. Myrna and he were about the same age; he lighted up and replied, "Yes, I know Myrna; she is going to teach me how to box." She became a good skier, an expert swimmer and diver; mastered golf like a pro. When she was about 7 to 10, she played football and baseball with the boys, and was just as good as any of the opposite sex. In fact, at about 5, she induced the barber to give her a boy's haircut, and called herself "John". We got a tremendous kick out of her. After we moved back to Washington, when Myrna was 13, she joined the Ambassador swimming team, and won medal after medal. The coach told me "she is a natural". However, her mother withdrew her from swimming competition because she was afraid of her shoulders developing too much.

She likewise took to golf. She spent one delightful summer at Congressional Country Club and took lessons from the professional of the Club, Wiffy Cox. She was almost ready to join the Circuit and go into golf in a big way, when marriage put a stop to that. She had won the District Junior Championship and was making great strides. She could beat or at least show the average man an interesting game in competition, and could out drive me. I was sorry to see her forced to give it up, but a pair of twins, and then three more children can curb a lot of things a house-wife might do. She finished high school, and now we were forced to choose a college. She preferred coeducational because she was fond of all sports. We considered Duke so she could absorb some southern atmosphere. She applied at Duke and at Michigan University. It was rather difficult at that time for a girl to get into a good university because

the service men were returning from World War II, and the government was paying their tuition, and encouraging them to enter college. Michigan had a great deal to offer, so before she heard from Duke she accepted an entrance offer from Ann Arbor and decided to attend there. An acceptance came from Duke soon after she had decided to enter Michigan. After living in a dormitory for the first year, which was a requirement, she was invited to join a sorority. It didn't take her very long, then, to get into the swim of school activities. She got along very well scholastically, and in due time received her AB degree, and was never sorry that she attended Michigan.

About 1951 she married Hugh Logsdon, a graduate engineer and almost immediately proceeded to raise a family. Her first two were twins, Dale and David, then eleven months later came Mark, then Valerie almost 5 years later, then Hugh Rees Logsdon. We had given them a top notch wedding at the National Cathedral with a huge reception at Congressional Country Club. Hugh's parents gave them a honeymoon at Bermuda.

Returning again to the childhood of Dick and Myrna, life in Ironwood was very pleasant. We were pleasantly surprised to learn that there were so many fine people in a small mining town like Ironwood. Our closest friends were professional people, mining officials and such. We entered into many civic activities. During our 16 years in Ironwood, I was President of the Rotary Club, president of the Gogebic Health Council, president of Civic Music, president of the County Medical Society, president of the Gogebic Country Club, Exalted Ruler of the Elks Club and Chief of the section of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat at the Grand View Hospital. I was also Director and Vice-President of WJMS, the Ironwood Radio Station, which I engineered through my connections in Washington. Like Richard Nixon, who had so many crises, I had many waves of success in public affairs. I was sitting atop of the world (1) when I finished high school, (2) when I attended the University of Utah, (3) when I went through medical school, and (4) when I lived in Ironwood. It is easy to realize that I was somewhat relieved to leave Ironwood and bow out of all these civic activities. Even though mining and lumbering were diminishing in that community, my practice was increasing, and my last year in Ironwood was my very best. Three accomplishments there in Civic affairs stand

out as worth mentioning, and I get a thrill out of them when I reflect back on my life in Ironwood. I was well acquainted of course in Washington, D. C., and was instrumental through my friends to get a radio station for Ironwood as mentioned above. When I was Exalted Ruler of the Elks, I spent about \$30,000 (of the Elks money, of course) to modernize the Elks Club. It increased the activity at that club about 500% and not only afforded the members one of the finest places to frequent, but it paid out the entire debt in the course of a few short years. I received compliments later from some of the men that opposed the improvements. Next came the Gogebic Country Club. Since the mining and lumbering industries had been fading, interest and membership in the Country Club had dropped off to practically nil. The club had been organized by prominent range people buying bonds several years ago. Some of those who had since moved away or whose interest in the club had waned, threatened to bring receivership proceedings against the club. It was actually "on the rocks". As president of the club, I called a meeting of about 8 of the most loyal members, and we launched out on a bond purchasing or bond acquiring expedition. Some of the bonds were contributed to the club, some we bought at 10 cents on the dollar, but after a vigorous campaign, extending from coast to coast, we succeeded in getting in all the bonds. We then had a big bond-burning celebration at the club. From then on, with no funded debt, the club began to function. Later, the Elks Club, which by this time was clicking with its new modernized interior, took my advice and took over the Golf Club, and now it pleases me to no end to visit Ironwood and see more people enjoying its beautiful Clubhouse and its picturesque fairways than ever before, in spite of the fact that there is about one half of the population on the Gogebic Range than it had 10 years previously. However, one person could not accomplish these feats. It took an army of good workers and we had them in a Board of Directors that gave all to put this great public service over.

In all these activities, Theo and the children, Dick and Myrna, contributed their share and helped when help was needed. They were all popular and well liked and Theo was in many of the ladies' activities and was extremely popular. We all liked Ironwood and its fine people. We felt that we had contributed to the community and we felt that

the community had repaid us with 16 pleasant years. It was always a pleasure to return to Ironwood and visit our many true friends, and we tried to visit there for a week or so every two years.

We left Ironwood on Myrna's 13th birthday, September 9, 1942. When we first announced our decision, it exploded like an atom bomb. We had all endeared ourselves to our many friends in every walk of life from miner or lumberjack to bank president, but we had decided someday to return to Washington and finally made up our minds that this was as good a time as any to return to the city that had given us so much. We had made a point to return to Ironwood about every two years for a few days' visit. These visits have been outstandingly pleasant experiences. The President of the United States could not have had more attention and more parties. Our activities were so strenuous that we almost had to leave in self defense. It was flattering when Dick and Dona visited Ironwood on their return trip from Spokane (where they spent the summer) to Baton Rouge. Everybody raved about the contributions the Rees family had made to the community. Dona said they were really proud of us.

When we returned to Washington in 1942 it was like returning home. We knew many people but strange as it may seem, we made many new friends and have associated with the new ones more than we have with our old friends, with some exceptions. Medical practice was pleasant but a little more exacting than in Ironwood. I immediately became affiliated with most of the hospitals, took over the practice of physicians who had gone into the service, examined draftees, and found myself as busy as I cared to be. I was invited to join the Lions Club, and became well acquainted with many there. Through my medical practice, church, the Lions Club and the Congressional Country Club, we were soon in the social swing of things. Another great source of friendships which have become our warmest was the Crestwood group where we lived for several years. This group had a great community spirit, and several of our very best friends are among this group, including our bridge club. I was president of their organization for one year. This group met at Roosevelt School once a month, conducted business of the community, had an interesting speaker, and then went to one of the homes for coffee and doughnuts.

It made a very interesting social evening.

After returning to Washington, I engaged in several real estate transactions. In most of my ventures I did very well financially, and found it most facinating. From the standpoint of office practice, I learned that it is not well for a physician to change locations. With each change (I sold 3 of my office buildings) I lost patients. This, with the fact that I was getting older, well in the sixties, contributed to my losing much of my practice. I was still getting along O.K., but I found that I had idle time on my hands. In 1955, I applied for a position with the District and was appointed ophthalmologist in the Bureau of Maternal and Child Welfare. I worked half time examining the eyes of school children. I enjoyed this very much, but being away from the office so many hours a day I lost even more of the office practice. I remained with the Health Department for 5 years, then was alerted by one of my former classmates to a position with the Board of Veterans Appeals. I was interviewed and appointed as a full time consultant to the Board in diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat. Here, I wrote decisions, had consultations with members of the Board on matters pertaining to my specialty, and enjoyed my work very much. I always liked to write, and this position allowed me to write decisions all day together with reviewing medical reports from veterans in the field. It seemed that I was just cut out for this sort of a position. I was there scarcely over a year when I was called into the office of the chairman of the Board, and asked if I would be interested in becoming a member of the Board. My name was submitted to the President of the United States and in due time I received my appointment as an Associate Member of the Board of Veterans Appeals. This appointment thrilled me to no end. In the short time I had been there I had received four advances in salary, and will receive another advance on January 1, 1964. The Board consists of 14 sections, each section is made up of two attorneys and one doctor; there are about 8 consultants to each section. The consultant reviews the veteran's claim, writes the decision, whether to award a pension or not, and submits it to the Board for further review and signature or revision. The veterans claim is first submitted to a field officer which passes on the claim, then if the veteran is not satisfied with the

decision, he may appeal to our Board. Our decision is final. It is actually the Supreme Court of the Veterans Bureau. We can give a lot of money away or we can save the government thousands of dollars in a year. It is a most responsible position. I think I have learned more medicine there than I learned in Medical School. In my section, we have all kinds of medical cases, so I am not confined only to eye, ear, nose and throat cases. Besides, I have several consultations regarding cases in the field of my specialty, consultations with consultants who are reviewing the claim and writing a decision, and consultations with other Board members as well as meetings with the chairman regarding medical questions. I am now in Grade 15 in the Civil Service, and have completed 14 years in government service. If I remain more than 15 years at my age, I will have to get a special appointment. I worked hard to bring all my government service up to date. It included 5 years on a capitol elevator, 2 years in the service and with various government departments before I went into medicine, 5 years with the health department, and nearly 3 years at the Veterans Bureau. Then when I retire, my government service will be in order so I will know approximately how much my retirement pay will be. I figure that it will be between 300 and 400 dollars per month. I hope I can work at the VA for about five years more. I like the work and I like the people, and it is not strenuous.

I have had an allergy since 1925. I began sneezing my head off while I was interning at Episcopal Hospital. It didn't bother me too much until about 1940, when I began getting asthma. I noticed it first when I over-exerted in the deep snow on a blizzard night. I walked out to find Dick who had gone to the show. When I returned to Washington, the asthma became worse. I had several examinations and treatments and took shots for at least two years. I was sensitive to wool, house dust and a mold found in dampness. In the Spring Valley house, and especially in the Crestwood house next to the park, I was in terrible condition. I felt that I would be forced to leave Washington. I found that exertion, fatigue, worry, dust, pollens, anti-moth sprays, paint, and especially infection such as a cold aggravate or trigger off asthma. When infection is present this must be cleared up with a suitable antibiotic before any

treatment will be effective. Then the patient may take cortisone, quadrinal, inhalers with isoprel, norrisidrene, ephedrine and such may be taken with good results. I have taken shots of anergex but I am not sure that it has helped. There are no side effects so it is always worth a chance. I have found that quadrinal has saved my life and placed me back in to circulation. I have taken it for 10 or more years and have never noticed a side effect. Usually, one-half a tablet once or twice a day suffices, and for years $\frac{1}{4}$ tablet relieved me. I think I have taken everything in the book, and had I not been a physician, I would have been broke financially or dead. I have found that the most valuable drugs in my case for asthma are Coricidin with penicillin when the sputum is yellow and infection is present, quadrinal, Norisidrine inhalant, inhalators such as isoprel, norisidrine, bronkometer and Rikers and medrol (cortosone). These are some of the most common and effective in my case. Asthma has been a terrible handicap, and I have been thankful that I have been able to continue all essential medication with no complications from the standpoint of my stomach and kidneys. I have really taken a tremendous amount of medication for asthma but have never had any side effects. Skin tests and hundreds of shots are effective in a very small number of cases in allergy. It does help in detecting the particular allergen where it can be eliminated from ones habits but I am not sure just how effective shots are in curing a patient. I have taken hundreds of shots, but I am sure they have not helped. Let's not wish Asthma on our worst enemies. It is a terrible affliction.

Well, these are the experiences of the Rees family as seen through the eyes of its youngest member. It is now August 1963. Just two of the original nine are still alive, Gomer, nearing 80, and I, nearing 73. We have all had a good life, but a strenuous life, and I am proud of my family. None of us, including our children and grandchildren, have reached great heights in any one field, but neither has any one of the large group gone afoul of the law and received notoriety. We may have been forced at times to deny ourselves the nicer things of life, but we have never been forced to accept charity. In other words, the Rees family has fought its own battles. I do not imply that charity is a disgrace, but in Malad Valley in general, and in my family, charity would have to

be the last resort, and I know that before these Malad Valley people would accept charity they would go mighty hungry. How different is that attitude from far too many indigents I have seen at relief agencies and at free clinics throughout the land. "Let the County pay" is the philosophy of far too many people today.

IN CONCLUSION, let us be proud of the REES family. Let us continue to support ourselves; help each other where possible, and always be thankful that the Mormon Church induced our forefathers to come to America, to the land of the free and the home of the brave. Let us strive each day to improve ourselves, to make us better citizens and worthy of that great heritage for which our forefathers struggled and suffered. Let us each day utter a prayer of thankfulness for this great country, and do everything in our power to preserve it.

----THOMAS R. REES