

LIFE HISTORY

OF

O. DEE LUND

My full name is Orville Dee Lund. I was named after my father except he had just the initial "D" for a middle name whereas I had the name Dee for a middle name. Because my parents did not want "big" and "little" Orville in the family, my father went by the name Orville and I went by the name Dee. When I grew older I used the initial "O" and the name Dee, going by the name then of O. Dee Lund.

I was born March 16, 1920 at my parents' new home on Second East between Second and Third North in Brigham City. Dr. R. A. Pearse, our family doctor, was the attending physician.

My mother's maiden name was Mildred Boden. She was born May 8, 1887 in Brigham City, Utah. Her father was Heber Coleman Boden and her mother was Charlotte Welch. My mother was a sweet, kind, gentle lady. She was medium stature. While I was a child I remember her being heavier than later on in life. Particularly after the death of my father in 1937, she lost weight and never gained it back again. She had gray hair and brown eyes and was really a very attractive lady. She was a teacher in the Primary and Sunday School organizations of the old Second Ward and also served in the Relief Society. As stated she was of a kind, loving temperament. I never remember my mother criticizing anyone. If she couldn't say something good about a person she remained silent. She was a very fine homemaker. She never worked outside of the home.

My memories of her cover mainly her activities in the home. I remember the weekly washdays, usually Monday, when the older children or my father would start a fire in the old coal range downstairs in what we referred to as the washroom. We had two old copper boilers on top of the range to heat the water in and a water reservoir on the end of the stove. Mother would spend a good part of the morning doing the washing. In the wintertime she would hang the clothes outside and they would freeze before they were dry. After school, as children, we often brought in the clothes when they were frozen stiff on the clothes lines. When the weather was terribly cold mother would hang the clothes downstairs in what we referred to as the "long room." This was a room excavated by my father underneath the dining room and parlor of the house.

Mother did much bottling of fruit and vegetables and I recall at home particularly during the peach season when the entire family would take part in bottling two or three bushels of peaches on the Saturday of Peach Days. Each one had his or her job to do and it was quite a family activity. I remember she also used to bottle pork as my father would raise one or two pigs each year and when these were butchered in the fall or early winter, mother would bottle the roast pork. It was delicious to eat later on during the year.

Mother always made my playmates welcome, and it was a pleasure to grow up in our home where there was much love and happiness shown.

When I was 17 years of age, my father was killed while working as a foreman for a crew of linemen for the Utah Power and Light Company. He fell from a tree in Bear River City and lived six days, passing away in the Dee Hospital in Ogden, Utah, April 21, 1937. This made a big difference in our family, and I shall refer to this in more detail later in this life history. As I assumed the role of the man around the house, my mother was very proud of me and often expressed herself. I grew up with the idea that my parents expected much of me and I am sure this was an impelling force in my desire to live a good, clean life.

My mother died August 7, 1968, at the Pioneer Memorial Nursing Home in Brigham City. She had been an invalid in a wheelchair some

six years, having broken her hip twice and finally it became necessary to have her spend the last four or five months of her life in the nursing home as she was a bed patient. We were able to find a very fine lady in a Mrs. Monteith who was a convert to the church from Canada, and she moved right in with Mother and spent several years as her companion.

As stated above, my father's name was Orville D. Lund. He was born May 26, 1887 in Brigham City. As a child I remember Father kidding Mother about her being older than he. Actually she was less than three weeks older than he. My father's father was Lewis Julius Lund. His mother was Minnie Josephine Hansen.

My father was a strong, fine individual, dependable in every respect, loving and desirous of being a good husband and father. He was truly the patriarch and the head of our family. He was of average build, approximately 5'10" tall and weighed approximately 175 lbs, somewhat taller and heavier than I am. He was of light complexion, with light brown hair and blue eyes. He had a great singing talent and was often called upon to sing at funerals around the community, sometimes alone and sometimes with his sisters, either Aunt Rilla Spencer or Aunt Callie Kofoed. In those days many of the funerals were held on Sunday, and I remember how, as children, we disliked the idea of his singing at funerals on Sunday afternoon as we had to wait until the funeral was over before we could eat Sunday dinner. This meant that we often could not eat dinner until 4:00 in the afternoon, as Father did not want to sing at the funeral after having eaten a big dinner.

My father enjoyed hunting and fishing and was very good at it. I remember him bringing home a limit of ducks each time he would go duck hunting and in those days that meant about 25 ducks. The entire family would meet downstairs in the washroom that evening and pick feathers off the ducks. Mother would later prepare the feathers for use in feather pillows. Father was a good gardener, and we always had a large garden. He also was handy with tools and built our sheds and garage and did whatever repair work was needed around the house. He was an electrician by occupation and worked primarily for the Utah Power and Light Company. He also worked at the power house in Brigham City and did some house wiring. In his earlier years before I was born he managed a farm known as the Merrill's farm a short distance north and west of Brigham City. He also worked as a clerk for the Farmer's Cash Union, and for a brief period of time worked for a Stohl's Mortuary. In the wintertime he used to do some custom butchering of pigs, and I remember going with him to perform this service.

My father was a very jovial, fun-loving sort of person and lots of fun to be around. However, he was stern and expected his children to respect him. He was truly the patriarch and head of the family. He had a way of commanding the love and respect of his children. In disciplining the children, he never once laid a hand on any of the five children. It seemed that he could discipline by merely telling us how he felt about what we were doing that was wrong.

Being the only boy in the family I was very close to my father, and I appreciated so much the experiences that we had together, hunting, fishing and working together in the garden. My father believed in teaching me the facts of life, and I grew up with considerable knowledge in these areas because he thought I should learn from him rather than from my playmates.

Father died at the early age of 49 years on April 21, 1937. You will notice that I refer to him as "Father", actually in our home we were expected to refer to our father and mother as mother and daddy. It was never "dad". I believe the children, even the older ones, referred to Father as "Daddy", and after

his death, we have referred to him as Father rather than Daddy.

I remember we were taught to answer adults, including our father and mother by "yes sir" and "no sir" to show proper respect.

I have four sisters, two older and two younger. My oldest sister, Mildred, was born July 21, 1913, next came Vera, born April 13, 1916, then following me, my sister, Maureen, born May 10, 1926 and Dorothy, born July 23, 1929. With this many sisters, I didn't have to do much work inside of the home. However, being the only son, I did my share of outside chores. This included milking the cows, anywhere from one to four family cows, and also working in the garden.

I wasn't aware of having any particular talents while I was growing up. All of my sisters played the piano, and my parents had me take lessons when I was approximately 10 or 12 years of age, but I didn't do very well and the lessons didn't last very long.

My recollections of my older sisters were that Mildred was more socially inclined than Vera. Vera, on the other hand, seemed to be quiet and very studious. Actually Mildred and Vera were both very fine students, but Mildred appeared to be more outgoing than Vera. Maureen came along and was a sweet little gal and somewhat of a perfectionist and a regular little worry-wart. After my father died she worried about how I was getting along. The youngest one, Dorothy, was very outgoing and caused Mother considerable concern while she was growing up. She has done very well, however, in rearing and providing for her family of three children pretty much by herself. This she has done with only a few months of formal education beyond high school.

While we children were growing up at home I recall we had some rather strict family rules. It was expected that the family be together for eating of the morning and evening meals. We all ate together in the kitchen with the youngest child next to my father at the table. My parents insisted that we must tell the truth, that we took part in working around home. We were expected to come home after school and do our chores. Particularly was this the case in the fall of the year when we were expected to gather the English walnuts that fell from the trees in the garden. We had some 8 or 10 trees at one time and there were many walnuts to be harvested in the fall. In the summertime my older sisters were expected to assist in picking the raspberries and blackcaps in the family garden. We were taught never to waste anything and to take good care of our clothes and furniture in the home.

Friends and relatives were always welcome in our home and if it were dinner time were invited to have meals with us. When relatives would come from Salt Lake City, Father would load them down with garden produce in the summertime. Such things as carrots, table beets, cucumbers and tomatoes. I recall as a child my father's brothers visiting at home and the discussions would become quite heated about the fishing and hunting stories. My father was quite a fly fisherman and his older brother, Leo, was a bait fisherman. They used to get into what I thought were some rather heated arguments on which was the better kind of fishing and in telling their fishing stories.

There was a very close relationship between my father and his brothers and sisters, many of whom lived in Brigham City. My mother had just the one brother, Uncle Wallace, who lived in Salt Lake City, and her two sisters, Aunt Winnie and Aunt Hazel. Aunt Winnie lived for the most part in Salt Lake City and Aunt Hazel lived in Arizona and California. Hence, we didn't see as much of Mother's folks as we did my father's family.

I didn't know any of my grandparents except my Grandmother Lund. Both of my grandfathers died before I was born. Grandmother Boden died when I was approximately two years of age. I have no memories of her. I do remember Grandmother Lund. She lived on Second East between Second and Third North in Brigham City just a short distance north of where I was born. I remember her as a rather large, obese woman. I would see her often as a child when in the evening I would go with my father to visit her. He would insist that if I went with him I was not to ask to come home. I would read all of the accumulated funny papers in the Deseret News, and when this was done, I would sit there looking at the old clock and hoping that he would soon break up the discussion with his mother and we could go home. However, I knew better than to ask because I had been forewarned many times in advance that if I went with him to Grandma Lund's place I did not ask to come home before he was ready.

I remember Grandma Lund going to Salt Lake City with us on occasions in our old automobiles. First it was a 1919 model Dodge with canvass top and side curtains. Later Father purchased a new 1930 model Chevrolet with yellow wire wheels and chrome covers over the spare tires, one on each of the front fenders. This was really a fancy automobile in its day. I remember when Grandma Lund would get into the car it seemed her weight would make the car go down almost to the road. Then we had to stop at almost every service station it seemed for Grandma Lund to go to the bathroom on the way to and from Salt Lake City.

She was a great seamstress and had done a wonderful job of rearing her large family alone. Her husband died when most of her children were young, and she reared a family of 12 children of her own and one child, Aunt Minerva, who was born to Grandfather Lund's second wife in polygamy. Her mother died at the time Aunt Minerva was born.

I grew up in a home where I knew that there was love between my parents and the children. This love was shown between my parents and the children and expressed often in words and deeds.

When I was about 2 1/2 years of age, I burned my hands badly on a little kerosene heater in the bathroom. I grew up with the idea that my older sisters Mildred and Vera were supposed to watch me, and when they didn't do so, I put my little hands on top of this hot heater, and it burned the palms of both hands. My hands were treated for burns and put in splints. They healed pretty well except the index finger on my right hand. As it healed, the skin contracted and I had a crooked finger from then on.

As a child I remember being told that one spring my father had 50 to 75 little chicks in a paste board box in the kitchen in front of the old coal range to keep them warm. I was leaning over the box to get a better look at these little chicks and tumbled into the box doing away with a considerable number of them.

We lived in the same house at 42 South Third West, later changed to 68 South Third West, in Brigham City all of my growing years. We moved into this house when I was approximately two years old. At the time my Grandmother Boden was in very poor health. After she passed away, Mother received the family home as her inheritance, and we lived there from then on. The new home which my parents built over in the northeast part of town was rented and assisted in providing for the family's financial needs.

I started school at the regular age of six years, spending the first three years in the Lincoln school and the next three years at the Central school. My close friends in those years

were Ned Hansen, LaVar Richardson, Kent Jensen, Burt Horsley, Albert Hansen and Franklin Hickenlooper. Some of my very special teachers were Thelma Tingey (Kotter) in the Lincoln school and Blythe Evans (Tingey) and Monte Harmon at the Central school. I also remember Leona Cuthburt who was an old maid school teacher at Central school, and the children called her old lady Cuthbutton, which was very disrespectful.

When I was in about the fifth grade at Central school my father bought me a New Haven pocket watch, and Mr. Monte Harmon, who was principal of the school then, called me to be the bell ringer. This made me an envied boy at the school as I was to watch the time and ring the bell to bring the children in to begin school in the morning and after each of the recesses. I also took my turn in carrying the milk around to the various classes. The dairy would deliver pasteurized milk in little half pint bottles, and in the mid-morning the milk would be carried around and passed out to the students in the various classes. There was a slight charge for this. I remember old Lady Cuthbutton having some of the children who couldn't afford milk and who looked like they needed nurishment drink the milk that was left over from the other students. I also remember her looking in our ears and mouths and putting her fingers in the different children's mouths to see if their teeth were in good condition. At a child this made me most unhappy.

When we graduated from the sixth grade there was the sixth grade reception at the Jr. High School. This was the first opportunity we had to take a little girl friend to a dance. I remember what a big event this was in my life although I don't recall having a young lady friend go with me.

While growing up we had some animals and pets in the family. We always had from one to four family cows which we kept in a barn and corral in the lot west of the house. We had between 50 and 100 laying hens in the chicken coop; also one or two pigs each year and one or two little lambs that would be picked up as stray lambs from herds that would be going through the community. I always wanted a little pony, but we couldn't afford one. We did have several dogs, and I remember in particularly a little white wire-haired terrier which we called "Sas." This little dog was very smart and Sassy and Father taught her several tricks. Mainly to sit up and speak.

As I mentioned above, I remember particularly some of my uncles and aunts. They came to visit often. Father's family living in Brigham City mostly came often, and Mother's brother and sisters visited less often. I remember Uncle Wesley Ensign who was a dentist in Logan and then later moved to Salt Lake City. As children we went to Uncle Wesley to have our teeth fixed, and I always felt like he was rather rough on us because I am sure he wasn't paid too much. He would ask questions about my parents and sisters all the time he was working inside of my mouth, and it was impossible for me to answer him. I also recall my Uncle Clarence Jensen who was married to my father's sister, Elfleta "Elfie" and who lived in Sandy, Utah, coming to our house quite often. He was a medical doctor and each time he came to Brigham City in the summertime a number of my cousins would have their tonsils taken out. In those days it was thought that every child should have his tonsils taken out whether they needed it or not. I recall when I was about six years of age having my tonsils taken out one summer morning on my mother's kitchen table by Uncle Clarence. Somebody administered the ether and my cousins, Elaine Koford, Melba Spencer and I had our tonsils taken out the same day. My father gave me four shiny quarters as an inducement to not make a fuss when they put me on the table.

In the wintertime when it was really cold, Uncle Will and Aunt Amy Schow would come to visit with my parents often on Sunday evenings after Sacrament meeting. Our whole family would be pretty much huddled in the dining room where we had a big heatrolla stove. We didn't have central heat in the house until after Father died. These people did not have any children

and seemed to thoroughly enjoy coming down to our home and being part of our family group, eating pop corn, apples, Mother's fruit-cake and Danish beer.

As a child I engaged in many of the outdoor games with the youngsters in the neighborhood such as kick-the-can, run-sheep-run, red rover and eenie-I-over. I played some marbles but never seemed to have enough power to be a great marble player. The children in our neighborhood in the summertime used to put on little plays such as Hansel and Grettle down under our big crab apple tree, and my older sister Vera was usually the director of these plays. We would invite our parents to come to the play and pay a penny or some pins or something for admission. We used to swim in the old open air swimming pool of Brigham City which was down by the north pond and has long since been filled in.

In the springtime Ned Hansen and I would go down into the fields west of town. On one occasion we robbed some duck eggs from a wild duck's nest and brought the eggs home and put them under one of our old setting hens. We housed the hen and the eggs under the back stairway of our house, and for several weeks I carried wheat and water to this old hen. My father and mother never knew about it, only Vera. It was quite a surprise when one day there were little ducks running all over our backyard, and I was afraid of what my father would say. However, he was agreeable and let us keep the ducks. Several of them died, and then I traded the rest for some chickens, and Father thought that was a pretty good trade.

We never had a radio at home, but did have an old phonograph. When the radios came into being Horsley's down the street two or three houses had a radio. Their son, Burt, who was one of my good friends, knew something about radios and we strung a small wire from his house up to our house and then connected it to a little individual speaker in our house. We could then listen to the radio if Horsley's happened to have it on and if we liked the program which they were listening to. My father thought this was quite an ingenious idea and was quite proud of we boys for figuring it out. In about 1933 Father purchased a new General Electric cabinet radio which we thought was really something. I remember some of the old programs such as Fibber McGee and Molly and Amos and Andy. The radio made a big difference in the amount of home entertainment we had.

There were two movie houses in Brigham City. Liberty on Forest Street and Elberta on Main Street. When I was a very small child the movies were silent, but later were sound movies. The tickets were 10¢ apiece, and in the summertime the Brigham City Health Department would give free show tickets for a cup full of dead flies. My father built me several fly traps, and I would have a paper sack or two full of flies each week and was able to get plenty of show tickets for all of my friends and family members.

While I was growing up aside from working around our yard and garden, I worked in the summertime for Horsley's Fruit and Produce. I helped with the gathering of the fruit and vegetables, boxing it up and shipping it out on the train each evening. I also went out to the Horsley ranch in Promontory and assisted in building fences and with the harvesting of the grain, sewing sacks on a combine. I did some thinning of sugar beets, picking of sweet cherries and beans. This was hard work and I didn't fancy it much.

In my 13th year I began attending Jr. High School at the Box Elder Jr. High which was in the east end of the high school building. Jr. high covered the 7th and 8th grades and the high school from the 9th grade on through the 12th grade. As a child I remember being frightened of some of the older boys as I walked to and from Jr. high school. I received much comfort

in the fact, however, that my older sister Vera was a junior in high school while I was a 7th grader and she rather took me under her wing.

While I was in the 7th grade I took a shop class from Owen Westenskow. There we made several wooden trinkets and articles of furniture. The largest was a cedar chest which I made for my mother out of rough cedar lumber. I now have this cedar chest. It pleased my father so much to think that I could make my mother a cedar chest. I recall on one occasion Dr. Pearse came down to the house when one of my younger sisters was being born. He sat on top of the cedar chest and split it. We were able to pull it back together again and glue it into place but you can still see where the crack is.

While attending high school I took a general course as most of the students did which included physical ed. However, because of my small size I was not able to compete in football or basketball. I weighed approximately 117 lbs. when I graduated from high school. I enjoyed football more than basketball as I was able to run fairly fast, but I wasn't heavy enough to really amount to much on a team. I belonged to the B'Ivers social club of boys which was "the club" in school. I received a "Bee" pin for debating in high school and went with the debating team to surrounding schools for tournaments.

We got into our share of mischief as students in Jr. high and high school. I remember on one occasion one of my friends during the lunch hour dropped a match in a waste basket and we had to drag the waste basket outside with the flames coming out of the top of it. Also on one occasion when there was a talent assembly, we had our friend, Blaine Barnard, play a little mouth organ about 2" long, and we all got together and applauded so loudly that the judges had to give him the prize even though I am sure there were other participants who were more deserving.

Some of the influential teachers I remember in Jr. high and high school were Austin Larsen, Ivy Ray Mason, Sereal Beecher, Elmer Jeppsen, William Griffith, Joe Law, A.M. Hansen and L.A. Richardson. I was about a B plus student, not as good a student as my two older sisters.

We had lots of fun in high school and particularly at the school dances. We usually arranged dates weeks ahead of time and had our dance cards for trading dances filled out well in advance of the night of the dance. I remember well the first time that my father let me take the family automobile on a date. I had just turned 16 years of age, and he had promised me that I could take the car on a date when I turned 16. It snowed that day and there were about 6 or 7 inches of snow on the ground. I am sure he was very apprehensive of having me take the car with as little experience as I had had driving. However, he did not go back on his word, and Burt Horsley and I took our dates and went to the dance. His date was Byrle Hansen, who lived out north of Brigham City. I remember how we had such a time getting in and out of the lane to her house from the highway. When I returned home after the dance my father was waiting up, as you can well imagine. I have often thought how fine it was of him to have enough faith in me to let me take the car for my first date on such a terrible night. The car was really the most valuable thing the we had in the family.

We also had ward dances in the old 2nd Ward on Second South and Third West. They would take the benches out of the chapel and put in the vestries, roll up the runner which ran up the center, and three or four times a year during the winter months would have a ward dance and on occasions a ward dinner. When a young man would go on a full-term mission they would have a

Farewell party for him and there was always a dance held in connection with the Farewell. We also had dances in the Fifth Ward Amusement Hall for the Primary children and this was where I received the first initiation to dancing.

When I graduated from High School in 1938, I was able to obtain employment at the Perry Cannery one summer and I also continued to work for Horsleys in their fruit and produce business. In the winter on Saturdays I would do some work at Horsleys in cleaning of alfalfa seed. Later on while I was going to Weber College I worked while going to school in the College office as a timekeeper for the students who were employed there. This brought me about \$30.00 a month and was considered a very fine wage for a young person in those days while going to school. It was part of the NYA program (National Youth Administration) program which was a part of the New Deal program instituted by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. The Federal Government put up most of the money for students who were working their way through college. Because I could typewrite, I had a clerical job rather than janitorial work as was the case with most of the young men who were working under this program.

While I was growing up I had dreams of being successful in later life and obtaining a position of respect in the community. I wanted to make my parents proud of me and I remember my father encouraging me to go into the law. He didn't want me to follow his line of work as an electrician and said that he would much prefer that I go to school and learn how to become a lawyer. With this in mind after he passed away there was no question but this is what I should become, and I set out in my college career to prepare to become a lawyer.

During my high school days the depression was with us, starting while I was in Jr. High. Families got by on almost nothing as far as money was concerned. For months at a time my father would be out of work, and the family lived pretty much on the \$20. or \$30. a month rent money which came from the house over in the northeast part of town. There was no unemployment compensation. Father did make a little money doing electrical work for several of the towns around Brigham City and earned some custom-butchering of pigs. There was no steady employment, and he had been layed off from his work at the Utah Power and Light Company. This was pretty much in the early 1930s and we were coming out of the depression in 1937 when he was killed. He was then foreman of the Utah Power and Light crew and as I recall was making \$150.00 a month which was big money.

My father's death was a real shock to me. I was just finishing my junior year in High School and I thought the world was about to come to an end. I resented the fact that things went on as usual for other people and that the world did not grieve with us. This was the first real tragedy in our immediate family and was a real blow to all of us.

I graduated from High School in 1938 and well remember the new suit that my mother purchased for me at Dundees in Ogden. It was a grey herringbone, double-breasted suit and cost \$27.50.

While I was growing up we had fishing trips as a family. On one occasion we went to Yellowstone. In 1937, the spring my father died, I drove mother and my sisters Vera, Maureen and Dorothy on a trip to the parks in Southern Utah. This was in May, the month following father's death. We really did not enjoy the trip as we were mourning the loss of my father.

In the summer of 1939 I went to San Francisco, California, with my friends Ned Hansen and Eric Seashore in an old Model A Roadster automobile to attend the World Fair. We had a great time there and the old automobile hardly got us back home.

As I have mentioned before, we had much fun together in our home as a family doing many things together. We had big family

gatherings on such days as Thanksgiving and Christmas. Mother would open up the dining room table and serve as many as 16 or 18 people around the table. Each Christmas Eve we would have a family Christmas Eve party in the parlor around the fireplace and Christmas tree in the corner of the parlor. Each member of the family would take his or her turn on the program, and my father would lead us in singing Christmas songs. He would also tell us stories. I have many fond memories of these Christmas Eve parties. We have continued this tradition in our families as children and get together on Christmas Eve for these annual parties.

I appreciated the neighborhood I grew up in as a child. There were many fine people there. In the house to the south was Bishop and Mrs. Sederholm. Across the street was Frank Hickenlooper and his family and to the north of us was the Olsen family. Uncle Clem Horsley's family was on down the street 3 houses. Brigham City in those days had a population of approximately 5000 people. There were six L.D.S. Wards. We knew almost everybody in Brigham City. When a new house was built it was quite an event. There were open ditches down the streets and very few of the streets had any hardtop on them. Third West, which was the street I grew up on, was one of the nicer streets in town and was one of the first streets to have any blacktop on it. There was no curb and gutter installed until years after I grew up and left home.

As a child, I had the usual childhood diseases; measles, chickenpox and so on. I remember the City health officer would come down and put a sign "Communicable Disease" in our front window when the children had diseases so the public would know that they weren't to come into the house. I had tonsil and adenoid operation at age six and had some surgery on my crooked right index finger when I was 17 years of age in an attempt to straighten it. The operation was not very successful however as the finger was straightened somewhat but there wasn't enough skin and flesh to make a decent finger out of it and it has always been stiff and numb with poor circulation since that time.

As I stated before, my father's death was a big set back to me and I assumed the role of father in the house at the age of approximately 17. My brother-in-law, Jack Shumway, has said many times that I seemed to become a little old man overnight. I did feel keenly the responsibility of being the only man in the house and the responsibility of caring for my mother, something which I did until her death many years later and have been most happy that I was able to do so.

In my senior year at High School I was involved in several serious automobile accidents, but fortunately no one was seriously injured. I remember on one evening in Ned Hansen's father's car we slid on a slick road down in South Willard and the car turned completely over and onto its wheels again. The car was almost demolished but neither Ned or myself or our girlfriends were hurt. On another night while I was driving the family car from Perry to Brigham City with Burt Horsley and my girlfriend, Tess Harper, in it, I stopped on the highway to help someone who was in trouble along the road. As I pulled up to the disabled vehicle a car in back of me ran into the back of the old 1930 Chevrolet, caving in the trunk and back. These accidents occurred within a few months following my father's death and you can well imagine that my mother was most uneasy when I would go out on a date.

As a youngster I attended church regularly in the old 2nd Ward. Attendance then was not very good, about 17% attendance at Sacrament meeting. I took part in passing the sacrament as a Deacon, Ward Teacher and later on as a Priest administering to the sacrament. I was called to be the Superintendent of the Sunday School when I was 18 years of age. This was a growing experience and taught me to take responsibility and to organize and assume the position of leadership.

Some of the influential church teachers and leaders whom I remember are my old scout master, Eroll Valentine, Pres. Able S. Rich, who was my seminary teacher and later president of the stake, William C. Horsley, who was my friend, Burt Horsley's father and who lived just down the street from us. He was in the stake presidency for many years and was later a patriarch. It was for Bro. Horsley that I worked as a child during the summer months and later on during some of the Saturdays during the winter months. Next door to our home on the south was where our Bishop, J. Carlos Sederholm, lived.

The outline calls for reference to early romances. It was about the 7th grade that I had a crush upon Angeline Musulas who lived in our neighborhood. Later on in high school I went steady for a time with Tess Harper and was going with her when my father died. We went rather steady during my junior and senior years. I could then see that it was impossible for me to continue this relationship and so during my first year at Weber College we had an understanding that we would not go together at all during that year. After my first year at Weber College we again had several dates. She expressed herself as being desirous of marriage, and I could see that I had much schooling ahead. We broke off our relationship; within a year or so she was married and I continued on through school.

In our family at home we lived close to the church teachings, usually having family prayer and when there was someone sick in the home my father, with the assistance of some other brother, would administer to us.

Some of the people in the news while I was growing up were Charles Lindberg when he flew his plane solo across the Atlantic; Amos and Andy on the radio; Will Rogers, who went down in an airplane going to the North Pole; Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was president of the United States following Hoover and who initiated the New Deal program to bring the country out of the depression; Joe Lewis the brown bomber was the world champion heavy weight boxer.

I graduated from seminary in 1937 and high school in 1938, with the graduation ceremonies being held in the Box Elder Stake tabernacle. My seminary teachers were Able S. Rich and John O. Lillywhite. Both were great spiritual men.

I had grown up with the idea that I should go to college when I finished high school so in the fall of 1938 I enrolled in Weber College in Ogden and graduated from Weber College after a two-year course in June of 1940. I commuted daily from Brigham City to Ogden to attend college and most of the time shared driving our old family 1930 Chevrolet with other young men from Brigham City who were also going to Weber. Part of that time I took some paid passengers, and it is interesting to note that they were charged \$5.00 per month for the transportation to and from Weber 5 days a week. I was able to pay the gas and oil expenses of the old car from these amounts which would be ordinarily \$25.00 a month. However, if I had a flat tire or had to buy a new tire or something of that nature, I had difficulties making ends meet.

While attending Weber College I was able to work part time for the school as a payroll clerk. This was during the New Deal years, and the federal government had a program referred to as NYA (National Youth Administration). From this program the federal government made funds available to the colleges and universities to help students who needed financial assistance. They would work around the school doing janitorial work or secretarial work or whatever. Again, because I was able to typewrite, I was able to obtain this job and earned some \$30.00 a month, which in those days was a substantial amount of money to supplement the earnings I had during the summer and made it

possible for me to attend Weber with what small financial assistance my mother could also give me.

Some of those who attended Weber College with me were Bud Larsen, Ned Hansen, Eric Seashore, Ray Reese and Wynn Earl. However, the second year they dropped out and I was pretty much on my own. Noble Fishburn traded off driving his car with me the second year and we had three girls who rode with us, usually Lorena Morris, Lavena Marble and Naome Davis. We really had a lot of fun driving back and forth to school, and I remember almost every afternoon we would stop at the Model Dairy in Ogden on North Washington Blvd. and purchase a big ice cream cone, about three scoops for 5¢.

At Weber College I studied a general course filling my groups required for graduation. I particularly enjoyed the English and debate classes I took from Dr. Leland Monson and went on several debating trips to other colleges throughout Utah. On one occasion as we were travelling to Cedar City for a debate tournament the automobile I was in was involved in a serious accident, and we rolled completely over. However, none of the young men in the vehicle were seriously injured.

I entered the University of Utah Law School in the fall of 1940 and for the next three years lived during the school months with my Uncle Wallace Boden, Aunt Ruby and several of their daughters who were at home during part of the time. They had a lovely home at 1127 Windsor Street just below 9th East and between 9th and 11th South. I didn't pay any board and room during these three years. However, I did assist around the house in doing chores such as taking care of the old coal furnace, taking out the clinkers and garbage, helping almost every evening with dishes and during the fall and spring months I would work outside. One year I painted the exterior wood trim on the house. I came to know the Boden family very well and shall always have much love and respect for them. Uncle Wallace was a quiet, spiritual giant and I know of no person who lived closer to the principals of the gospel and his Heavenly Father than did Uncle Wallace. Aunt Ruby was of similar type. Their daughter, Charlotte, lived at home part of the time. I was really one of the family and remember the good homemade bread which Aunt Ruby used to make and on Sunday evening after Sacrament meeting we would have onion sandwiches with good homemade bread and a cold glass of milk.

Each evening after the dishes were done I would study my law school assignments until about 10:00 o'clock upstairs in one of the girl's bedrooms. My bedroom was the back sleeping porch on the main floor. There was no heat out there, and during the wintertime I would pile on quilts and blankets until it almost tired me out to hold the covers up.

After the first quarter of law school I was about to give up and drop into political science and become a school teacher. It was a tough course and the professors at the law school attempted to weed out those who they didn't think would make lawyers and so approximately 1/3 of the beginning class was flunked out after the first quarter. I recall visiting with my sister Vera who was living in Salt Lake City living up 12th Avenue near the Veteran's Hospital where she was then employed as a nurse. Vera played a very important part in encouraging me to stay on and complete my law school training. She also assisted me financially when I needed assistance over and above what I could provide and Mother could assist.

During these years, 1940-1943, the United States got into the second world war and many of my classmates left for the military service. I was able to escape the draft by joining what was referred to as the Enlisted Reserve Corps. This enabled

me to stay in school until April of 1943 when the Army insisted that all of the reserves come into active duty. I well remember the morning that I reported for duty at Fort Douglas in Salt Lake City in April, 1943. I was permitted to graduate from law school because I had sufficient hours even though the regular graduation was to have been in June, 1943. I felt somewhat slighted because I was never permitted to walk across the roster and obtain my diploma. Rather it was mailed to Mother while I was in basic training in Miami Beach. There were only about 8 of our class of approximately 60 who graduated from law school.

At the time I was required to leave school and go to active duty with the military I went to Dean Leary and asked if he could intervene and see if the State Bar Association would give me an early bar examination as I realized that if and when I returned from the military I would be in no position to pass a bar examination. Dean Leary looked me straight in the eye and said, "Young man you just go into the service, and if and when you come back, we will see to it that you have an opportunity to take the bar examination." I felt as if the world were about to come to an end and surely there was little chance that I would ever return from the military service.

I was granted the LLB degree from the University of Utah Law School at the time of graduation and then some ten or fifteen years later the school awarded a juris doctor degree, and I have diplomas showing both of these degrees in my office.

I met some very fine men while attending law school at the University of Utah and had a close association with them for the three years. They were Whitney Hammond, who has been practicing law for many years in Vernal, Utah; Emmett Brown, who was a nephew of Pres. Hugh B. Brown. Emmett became a district judge in Salt Lake City and died suddenly of a heart attack in the year 1973. Another close classmate was Alden Anderson, who is now a federal district judge in Salt Lake City. During our lunch hours in the old Park Building at the university where the law school was housed on the second floor, we would get together and discuss either politics, religion or the opposite sex. I was really closer to Whitney Hammond than any of them and during the second year of law school Whitney married Verda, and I would often go down to their little apartment on 5th East and 9th South and have ham and beans with them for supper. I ran into Whitney and Verda while I was in the service. We were both stationed for a short period of time in Battle Creek, Michigan one winter. We named our son, Whitney, after my friend Whitney D. Hammond.

While attending college both at Weber and the University of Utah, I didn't have money to ride the bus back and forth and on the weekend when I did go home I would always hitchhike and was able to make better time than the buses or the old electric train that ran from Brigham City to Salt Lake. I had a briefcase with the letter "W" on it for Weber College and this seemed to influence people to stop. On Sunday afternoon as I was returning to Salt Lake City my brother-in-law, Jack Shumway, and Mildred, his wife, and my mother would often drop me off in front of the Central school. Then they would drive around the block and see if I had a ride before they got back to where they had left me. Very often I would be on my way and out of sight when they made it around the block. In those days people were not fearful of picking up hitchhikers as they are now.

As stated previously, I entered active military service with the United States Army in April, 1943 and reported to Fort Douglas for induction. After being there approximately two weeks, I was sent to Miami Beach, Florida for three months of basic training. Here we lived in the finest hotels and drilled on the beach. It was quite different from most military accommodations.

After leaving Miami Beach, I went to Fort Ben Harrison near Indianapolis, Indiana and for a short time at Camp Ataberry, also a short distance from Indianapolis. On these occasions I was housed in six-man tents, quite a change from the luxurious accommodations in Miami Beach. From Indiana I went to Fort Custer, Battle Creek, Michigan to attend a military police school. There were many lawyers in the service at that time and no place for them to use their legal abilities. Consequently, many of them were trained to be military policemen. Inasmuch as I had a law degree, I was included in this group. I went from Battle Creek, Michigan to Barksdale Field just out of Shreveport, Louisiana and was assigned to the Air Force. This was a permanent base, and I was there for about nine months. I always felt that it was a blessing to be assigned to the Air Force as I had sheets to sleep in and for the most part was quartered in permanent military barracks. Also the food was much better than the ground troops usually had.

Because I could typewrite I was called as the company clerk, and was soon promoted to corporal while dozens of my lawyer friends were still privates and privates first class assigned to such menial tasks as latrine duty and KP duty. I have often said that of all the classes I took in high school, typing and English meant more to me throughout my life in achieving success than any other classes. On two occasions I was on orders to be sent overseas and likely would have been transferred into the ground troops at the time of the Battle of the Bulge when the American troops took such a beating from the Germans. However, because I could typewrite, the company commander would not let me go because there was not a replacement for me at the time.

After being at Barksdale Field for approximately six months, I made application to go to OCS (Officer Training School) not thinking really that I would have much chance as many of the practicing lawyers and college graduates who were in the service had applied for OCS and the number far exceeded the openings. However, for some reason I was selected and spent four months at the San Antonio Air Force Base in OCS, graduating in the spring of 1945 with the commission of second lieutenant.

I was first assigned as a commissioned officer to Shephard Field at Wichita Falls, Texas where I was assigned as personnel officer for an Air Force unit. I was surprised to see how much difference there was in the treatment I received as a commissioned officer in the military as compared to that of an enlisted man and a noncommissioned officer. At Shephard Field I had a room to myself and lived in what was referred to as BOQ or the Bachelor's Officers Quarters and had much better food and medical and dental treatment than I had as an enlisted man. Of course, the pay was also much better.

While I was stationed at Shephard Field the Germans surrendered and there was a big celebration. My sister Vera had returned from her military assignment in England as an Army nurse and she came to Wichita Falls to visit me and happened to arrive in Wichita Falls the day of the German surrender. I had a difficult time getting off of the base to go to town and visit with Vera. The troops were confined to the base as it was feared that all of the jubilation might present problems in damage to property in the wake of the big celebration. I well remember how big the celebration was in Wichita Falls and the Shephard Air Base.

From Wichita Falls I was assigned to Langley Air Force Base in Virginia and served there as a personnel officer until my discharge from the service in May, 1946. While at Langley Field I was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant. During the three years and several months that I was in the military service, I came home several times on furloughs. On these occasions I felt that many of my friends wondered why that Lund boy hadn't been sent overseas. I wondered why myself and no doubt it was a

blessing that I was permitted to remain in the States and in the Air Force. I would have been assigned as a gunner in a B-17. However, when they examined me for this assignment it was determined that I was color blind and therefore could not be trained as a pilot, navigator or gunner on military aircraft. Those days of the war the tail gunners in B-17's were really expendable, and I very likely could have been trained and assigned as a tail gunner had I not been color blind. A number of my close friends and acquaintances in the Air Force were in fact assigned as tail gunners and I never heard from them after that.

I soon learned that my college education and legal training was of no consequence in the military. However, because I could run a typewriter, I received many advantages that I would not have otherwise had. My eyes were opened to the low moral standards of people generally in the military and it was quite an education to see how the other part of the world lived.

I retained my strong testimony about the church and attended church meetings whenever possible wherever I was assigned. I soon learned that there were LDS church branches in every community near the military bases where I was assigned. It was a refreshing change from the week's activities with the rough personnel to spend a few hours on Sunday off the base at the LDS church meetings and mingling with fine LDS people. Many of these fine people would have the service men in their homes for dinner Sunday afternoon.

While in the military I was able to gain weight. I went from approximately 125 lbs. to 150 lbs. during the three years and few months that I was in the military. I also learned patience as we would stand in line for almost everything, including chow lines as enlisted personnel, lines to receive our monthly pay, lines for sick call and mail call, about everything we received in the Army we had to stand in line for. I learned if I were not standing in line and waiting in that manner I waited some other way and so developed much more patience than I had before I entered the military. I also learned that I didn't want to make the military my livelihood and life's work as there was so much abuse of authority and waste of talents, abilities and goods.

I was never called to serve a full-term mission as a young man and I always felt as if I really missed something in my life for not having had this opportunity. In those days there weren't too many young men called on full time missions. However, I had a dream that this would always be my lot.

With my father dying when I was 17 leaving Mother with myself and two younger sisters to support on approximately \$66 a month which she received from the State Industrial Commission it would have been difficult for us to have financed a mission, and I suppose this is the big reason why our neighbor, Bishop Carlos Sederholm, did not recommend me for a mission. However, I am sure that if I had received a call the finances would have been made available from some source. Surely family members and friends would have come forward with assistance. I was promised in my patriarchal blessing that I would preach the gospel in foreign lands and look forward to the day when perhaps my sweet companion and I may be called as missionaries in some foreign land.

With regard to information concerning my ordinances in the church, I was blessed by my father, Orville D. Lund, on March 24, 1920 in the old Brigham City Second Ward. I was baptized on March 31, 1928 in the old tithing office in Brigham on First West between Forest Street and First South where the Fawson Apartments now are. I was baptized by E. Claude Jensen, Jr. who was an Elder in the Second Ward. My father confirmed me a member of the church on April 1, 1928. I have very vague

memories of my baptism and confirmation. I do recall that the baptismal faunt was in the basement of the old bishop's tithing office and how dark, cold, damp and uninviting the place was.

My father ordained me a Deacon on April 24, 1932, a Teacher on December 9, 1934 and a Priest on January 31, 1937. This was just three months prior to his death. I was ordained an Elder on June 12, 1938 by Bro. Arthur Meiklejohn, a very humble brother in the old Second Ward. I was ordained a Seventy by Elder Spencer W. Kimball of the Quorum of the Twelve on February 11, 1951 and a High Priest by Pres. Glen M. Bennion, Box Elder Stake President, on April 27, 1952. I received my endowments in the Salt Lake Temple on September 15, 1943 during my first leave from active military duty.

The following are the more important church positions I have held. Following my return from the military service in June of 1946, I was first called to be the president of the Box Elder Stake Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. After serving in this capacity for approximately two years, I was called as a stake missionary where I served for approximately one year and was then called into the First Ward bishopric. I served a total of approximately six years as a counsellor, first to Bishop Raymond Payne, then for a short period as a counsellor to Bishop J. Charles Keller. I was then called as a High Council member where I served for approximately one year and was then called as president of the Box Elder Stake in August of 1959. President Joseph Fielding Smith and Elder Mark E. Petersen were the visiting general authorities at the stake conference where I was called and sustained as stake president. Pres. Joseph Fielding Smith set me apart to that high calling. You can well imagine the thrilling and humbling experience it was to be interviewed and called by these great servants of the Lord. I served as stake president for 13 years, 8 months, being released in April of 1973.

A few months later I was called as the High Priest group leader in the First Ward where I served for five years. Following my release as High Priest group leader I was called and ordained a patriarch by Elder Marvin J. Ashton of the Quorum of the Twelve in his office in the Church Office Building in Salt Lake City on August 3, 1978. I have to this date, December 2, 1978, given seven patriarchal blessings. I find this a most humbling experience and continually pray to the Lord that I may be worthy of His spirit in giving these blessings.

The callings I have had in the church have been a great blessing to me, and I know that I have grown in testimony, spiritually and many other ways with each assignment. During the years I was blessed to serve as stake president we had many of the general authorities attend stake conference and many of them spent the weekend of conference in our home. It was a great blessing to have this close, personal relationship with these great men and to feel of their spirit and testimony.

The outline I am following for this personal history suggests that mention be made of spiritual experiences in my life. The most spiritual experience I ever had was while I was confined as a patient in the old Dee Hospital in 1963. For some time I had prayed to the Lord that He would give me a strong testimony and manifestation that what I was doing in my assignment as stake president was acceptable and that I might have a strong manifestation of the truthfulness of the gospel and the work that I was engaged in. I had never prior to this time had a serious illness. I was afflicted with dizziness, problems with my nerves and serious depression. It was while I was a patient in the Dee Hospital undergoing tests to determine what the nature of my illness was when I had a very spiritual experience one night. I felt the presence of my Heavenly Father so strongly in the room and the peace and assurance that came over me at a time when I felt certain

that life was of no consequence to me will always be a great testimony to me. I have since had absolutely no doubts in my mind about the truthfulness of the gospel and the fact that I have a personal relationship with a kind, loving Heavenly Father who is close by and ever willing to answer my prayers and pour out His blessings upon me as He knows best. I have made a separate record of this experience in my life which I will attach to this personal history rather than set it forth in detail herein.

I met my future wife, Relda Jensen, while I was stationed at Barksdale Field near Shreveport, Louisiana in the spring of 1944. We met at an LDS Sunday School meeting in the Shreveport Branch. The meeting was held in a hall above a service station and garage. I was in the hall at the time that two WAC's (lady members of the military service) entered, my sweet gal, Relda, and her friend Bernice Chader of Springville, Utah. Relda, whom I have for many years called Katie and Bernice whom we referred to as Shady entered together. Katie was dark and Shady was blonde. I often kidded by saying the reason I chose the brunette instead of the blonde was that she was closest to the isle and the first one whom I talked with. I was particularly taken with this cute little brunette with beautiful long brown hair and a sweet smile and pretty face. Both of the girls were in uniform and were very smart looking.

While I was stationed at Barksdale for approximately nine months I dated Relda. Most of our dates included going to the theatre on the base, a few times to the open air theatre with one of the young church members in his car and then the church meetings off the base in Shreveport. Often when we attended the theatre several of Relda's girl friends would go with us, and I truly looked like the priesthood brother with seven sisters attached to his coattail. The price of a theatre ticket was only 15¢ and so it wasn't any great financial outlay to me.

Relda and I made several trips home together on leave and met each other's families before we were married. We seemed to get along very well from the start. We were separated while I attended O.C.S. in San Antonio, Texas for about four months and then following while I was stationed in Shephard Field, Texas and later in Langley Field, Virginia. While I was stationed in Shephard Field I would almost every weekend ride the bus all night long Friday night arriving in Shreveport early Saturday morning. I would then spend Saturday and Sunday with my sweetheart and ride all of Sunday night in the bus back to my station in Shephard Field. Because of the great many military people desiring public transportation, I would often have to stand up in the bus for three or four hours at a time. I was so much in love and so anxious to see this little gal that I didn't mind the inconvenience of standing up much of the night on the bus in order to spend the weekends with her.

Soon after I was transferred from Shephard Field to Langley Field, Virginia, Katie received a transfer from Barksdale Field to Mississippi. We continued to correspond almost daily and had numerous telephone conversations. We finally decided that when she was discharged from the service in February, 1946 she would come to Hampton, Virginia near where I was stationed in Langley Field and we would be married. This is what happened and after an engagement of approximately two years we were married in the base chapel at Langley Field, Virginia on February 9, 1946. None of our family members were present and we would have much preferred to have been married at home in the temple. However, inasmuch as I could not have a military leave and it was expected that I would be discharged within four or five months, everyone we talked to in the church felt that we should go ahead and get married civilly in Virginia and be married and sealed in the temple after I was discharged and we returned to Utah. We were married in the Logan Temple six months to the day later, August 9, 1946.

Our civil marriage was quite an occasion. We were married by a Protestant minister. As I recall he was a Methodist minister using a Lutheran or some other ceremony. We were both L.D.S. dressed in military uniforms. The maid of honor was Katie's friend, Marion Henderson, whom she had known in the military, and the best man was Milton Pulch, a friend a mine in the military from New York City who was stationed at Langely Field. Following the wedding ceremony in the field chapel, we had a reception at the officer's club given by my commanding officer, Colonel Lapsley. Many of my fellow officers and their wives were present and it was quite a nice affair. However, there was considerable intoxicating spirits added to the punch before the reception had been underway long and my bride and I left the festivities as soon as possible and headed on our honeymoon to a beautiful resort hotel which the Navy and Army had taken over. It was known as Chamberlain Hotel at Old Point Comfort located on the bay a short distance from Hampton, Virginia. We borrowed my friend, Milton Pulch's old 1936 Hudson automobile to go on our honeymoon. It was not much of an automobile but I did not have any transportation and we appreciated Milt's kindness.

I had previously made reservations for a room at the hotel and my friend Milt, unknown to me, had contacted the desk clerk at the hotel and tipped them off that we were newlyweds and to have a little fun for us. Consequently, when we arrived and were shown to our room, the black porter opened the door and there was a lovely room with twin beds. Without entering the room I informed him that this wasn't what I had ordered and that we would not take the room as we wanted a room with a double bed and a special atmosphere. Leaving the door open he went to the telephone and called down to the desk and informed the desk clerk that we would not accept the room and had us thinking for a short time that perhaps we didn't have accommodations. Then with a broad grin on his face he came to the door and took us down the hall to the room that was actually ours. I then picked my bride up and carried her across the threshold into our hotel room. Later on that evening when we came downstairs for dinner in the hotel dining room a number of people looked at us with smiles on their faces and we surmised that we were objects of the fun which the hotel personnel was having in telling of the experience we had had with the black porter earlier in the day.

The next day or so we returned from our honeymoon and set up housekeeping in a small upstairs apartment in Hampton, Virginia. Our landlady was Mrs. Gamble, She was a sweet elderly lady and could not hear a thing. We lived in this apartment until I was discharged from the service in May of that year. During these few months I studied for the bar exam. Mother mailed all of my notes from law school and while at work and also at home I studied hard for the bar examination which I expected to take upon my return to Utah that summer.

I was discharged at Fort Dicks, Maryland in May, 1946. Before leaving Langley Field we purchased an old 1939 Buick sedan automobile and headed for Fort Dicks. We then toured through New York City, Niagra Falls, Buffalo, Chicago and on home to Brigham City. This was a delightful experience, and we finally arrived in Brigham City some five days after leaving New York. Automobiles were very hard to come by right after the end of the war and we were able to sell the Buick for \$200 more than what we had paid for it. We were on foot for the next year but needed the money.

I took the bar examination in June of 1946 in Salt Lake City. The exam was given in the Supreme Courtroom in the State Capitol. There were 13 taking the exam. It lasted for six days. At the end of that time we were so exhausted and weary that we hardly cared if we had passed. However, I was delighted two months later to read in the newspaper that I was one of the 7 who had passed.

After arriving in Brigham City we lived for a short time in the apartment in the rear of Mother's house. Then we moved into an apartment in the upstairs of the old Craghead house on Third East between Forest and First North. While living there we didn't have an automobile and I would carry the laundry as far as Main Street in a barrack's bag and Katie would carry it from there on down to Mother's where she would do the laundry. When Mildred and Jack came in from Tremonton for the next visit they would take the laundry back to our apartment in their automobile. These were difficult times, when we had very little money. However, we were happy to be back home and situated. I had passed the bar exam and was admitted to practice law on September 9, 1946.

The following year we purchased Vera's 1946 Chevrolet automobile when she went back to attend Western Reserve University in Ohio. This was a two-door sedan, and we thought we had the world by the tail when we got this beautiful little car.

We moved several times to different apartments in Brigham City until July 1950 when we moved into our first home at 145 South 3rd East, Brigham City. We were able to pay cash for the lot, home and furniture. The house and lot together cost something like \$9,000. Several years later we finished the basement and added the breezeway and garage which cost several thousand dollars more. We built our new home at 330 East 2nd South during 1966 and moved into it in March of 1967. We had a reception for my mother in our new home on her 80th birthday in May of 1967.

I had no office to begin practicing law in September of 1946 and Attorney Walter G. Mann in the old First Security Bank Building had a little office off from his office where he permitted me to set up. For several months I assisted him in doing some of the backlog work he had. During this time I made application with the Utah Mortgage Loan Corporation in Logan for a position as attorney to examine their titles on loan applications and to close their loans. It took the Utah Mortgage Loan Corporation about three months to investigate my background and decide that they wanted to employ me. By that time I had left Walt Mann's office and opened a little office of my own down the hall and was making more money in my private practice than the Utah Mortgage Loan would start me at. Consequently, what appeared to be a long wait at the time turned out to be a real blessing as I was forced to go on my own and hang out my shingle. Since then I have been practicing in my own office in Brigham City.

For more than 32 years now I have had an office on the second floor of the First Security Bank Building, moving from one office to another as the bank would remodel and change the stairways, etc. I have been at my present location for approximately 25 years. It is an old building but centrally located and very comfortable. The only thing I particularly dislike is that elderly clients have difficulty climbing the steps to get into our offices. Many years ago the bank had an elevator but this was removed during one of their remodeling jobs.

In 1948 I was appointed City Attorney for Brigham City and held that office for some six years. I have served as Box Elder County Attorney for 24 years and was elected last month for an additional four-year term. During a few years I served as both Brigham City Attorney and Box Elder County Attorney. I was able to continue my private practice along with that of City Attorney and County Attorney. During the past eight or ten years I have spent about 50% of my time at private practice and the other 50% as County Attorney. During the past ten years I have had one or two deputies to assist me with the County Attorney work.

I have been a member of the Box Elder County Bar Association, the Utah State Bar Association and the American Bar Association these many years, and have really enjoyed the practice of the law.

My practice has been a typical small town practice where a lawyer becomes involved in most aspects of the law. My practice has included divorce actions, quiet title actions, probates of estates, mortgage foreclosures, real estate transactions, including making of contracts, closing sales and loans on real estate, examination of abstracts of title and some civil litigation for such things as personal injuries and property damage from automobile accidents and some collection work. The collection work however was pretty much phased out after the first few years of starvation practice as this is usually considered the most undesirable part of the practice of the law. As County Attorney I have handled the civil work for the County and the criminal prosecutions.

I have no regrets about my professional calling and feel that I have been accepted very well by the people of Box Elder County, and have been quite successful in my professional work. I rather suppose if I had the choice to make again I would do about the same. It has been a great blessing to be my own boss over the years, and I think back at the admonition given me by my father when I was but a boy when he advised me to go to school and get an education and become a lawyer so that I could work for myself and wouldn't have to get out on a cold, wintry night and be a trouble shooter for the power company as he had been over the years. My work in the legal profession has given me a position of respect in the community and has provided well for the financial needs of myself and family, giving us a good measure of the comforts of life.

Our two children have been a great joy to us during our marriage. We had been married almost seven years when our son, Whitney, joined the family. Whitney was born January 24, 1953 in Ogden. Kathleen, whom we have known as Kathi, was born June 27, 1957 at Mt. Pleasant, Utah. After the children had been in our home one year, we went to court in the District Court in Brigham City and completed the adoption proceedings. These were great days in our lives. Then a short time later we went to the temple in each instance and had the children sealed to us.

As is generally the case, the children are quite different in many ways. Whitney is of dark complexion and has always been an affectionate child. Kathi, on the other hand, is blonde and has not cared for a display of much affection while she was growing up. Both of the children seem to be musically inclined. Each took piano lessons for a number of years and as parents we would have preferred for them to continue but in their teen years they both eventually insisted that the formal lessons be discontinued. They both, however, play the piano, and I think are happy that we as their parents insisted that they practice their piano lessons. Whitney also sang with the Madrigal singers at the high school during his last year or so in high school. Kathi performed in theatre and drama in high school. Whitney seemed to have considerable ability as a child artist and Kathi seemed to enjoy reading.

We thought it important that the children learn responsibility around the home and so they were each assigned certain chores to do in keeping with their respective ages. They took turns either washing or drying the dishes and Kathi assisted her mother in the cleaning of the house. We expected the children to make their beds and keep their rooms tidy and to hang up their clothes. This I think they did perhaps better than the average child although when they arrived at high school age there was something to be desired in the care that they gave their individual rooms.

Both of the children at various times earned additional spending money by doing custodial chores at my office. If they would follow the typewritten instructions that were pasted on

the inside of the janitor's closet in the office, they would do a pretty fair job. However, here again as the job became rather monotonous the care and treatment of the office seemed to suffer.

We experienced the usual joys and sorrows of parenthood. I think our children were quite normal and as they arrived at their teenage years there was some concern caused their parents, at times. When Whitney arrived at the age to drive an automobile, he had several small wrecks with our old 1946 Ford pick-up truck and eventually the last wreck made it impractical to repair it. Kathi, likewise, in backing our 1969 Chevrolet pick-up truck out of the garage while we were attending a seminar in St. George hit the side of the garage and did some slight damage to the garage door.

We attempted to instill in our children respect for their elders and for the home, furniture and furnishings. We wanted them to learn responsibility, how to work and how to properly budget and spend their money. We expected them also to properly care for their clothes and personal belongings. We tried to practice the church policy of the father being the patriarch in the home and the mother being the teacher in most instances and the one who brought love and tenderness into the family circle. We usually had family prayer at least once a day and when the church instigated the family home evening program we tried to follow this rather religiously.

In our home we have carried forward with a number of our family traditions particularly the tradition of being together as a family for a Christmas Eve program where our brothers and sisters have been invited to attend. Each one present was expected to do a part on the program following a delicious meal. This dates back to a tradition we had in our home while I was a child growing up. We have found this to be most interesting and satisfying and our children and those of our family members who have attended have really enjoyed and appreciated it. At Christmastime we have continued to make the Danish beverage or Danish beer that my mother used to make and this too has become somewhat of a tradition in our family. Most of our loved ones and close friends seem to enjoy the beverage very much and would like for us to make it more often.

Our family also gets together on such holidays as Thanksgiving, Mother's Day and Memorial Day. Now that Whitney and Kathi are married, they, of course, take turns meeting with their in-law's families on Thanksgiving holidays and this is as it should be. However, they have all been able to come home for our Christmas Eve program and the early morning Christmas opening of Christmas gifts around the fire in the fireplace and the Christmas tree in the living room.

While Whitney was a boy at home he and I did considerable hunting and fishing together and this was a fine experience between father and son. We also included Kathi and her mother when they cared to go with us. Particularly on short fishing trips nearby. Kathi also enjoyed hiking in the hills with us occasionally or a few hours of deer hunting in the Mantua area. At times I think that she felt a little left out when she wasn't invited to go with Whitney and myself on some of our hunting and fishing excursions.

Kathi and Whitney were both married in the year 1975; Kathi on October 4th and Whitney on November 27th. Kathi and Dave had a wedding reception at our home and Whitney and Teresa had a wedding reception in Orem and another one in the First Ward recreation hall in Brigham City.

While our children were growing up we had a number of family vacations. We went to Yellowstone Park on several occasions, to the Southern Utah Parks, several trips to the Northwest to Seattle & Spokane and a number of trips to Southern

California to visit my sister Vera.

In addition to these vacations, Relda and I have had a number of very fine trips to foreign countries. We went to Europe with a group of our Kiwanis friends in the summer of 1969. We went on a cruise on the Song of Norway in the Carribean for our 25th wedding anniversary in February of 1971. My sister Maureen and her husband Ralph also went with us to celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary which was just 5 days after ours. Also my sister Vera and a lady friend, and our friends Dr. Wynn Andersen and his wife Evelyn were with us. Within the following two or three years we had a trip to Old Mexico and visited Mexico City and the surrounding area. We also went to the Hawaiian Islands with a group of MIA girls.

We met Whitney in Sidney, Australia when he was released from his mission in March of 1974 and toured Australia with him for two weeks and spent one week in New Zealand. This was a particularly fine experience to see these foreign lands and to spend three weeks with Whitney and again becoming acquainted with him and meeting many of the fine people he had associated with during his mission.

In September of 1975 Relda and I and my four sisters and their spouses enjoyed a cruise on the Eastern Mediterranean beginning in Greece, then to Turkey, a number of Greek islands, Egypt and the Holy Land. This was a most enjoyable experience. Particularly was it so to have all of our family involved.

We now have two beautiful grandchildren, Jody, who is Kathi and Dave's little boy, and will be three years of age in January and Teresa and Whitney's little girl, Dawn Marie, who is approximately 8 months of age. These grandchildren have brought much joy and pleasure to their grandparents.

Jody is a little red-headed boy, very active and is growing so fast. He was several months premature and spent the first seven weeks of his life in the University of Utah Hospital in Salt Lake City in the premature infant section. Our prayers have been answered in that he appears to be a happy, normal, intelligent little boy and is suffering no apparent ill effects from his premature birth.

Dawn Marie is a sweet, happily little girl, quite bald headed and has a light complexion. She is now beginning to grow some hair and appears to resemble her mother in appearance I feel more than her father.

I have enjoyed pretty good health during my life. While a child, approximately two years of age, I burned my hands on a kerosene bathroom heater and as a result my left index finger had severe scar tissue which caused the finger to draw up and be crocked and stiff. This I have always maintained contributed partly at least to my very poor penmanship. While in the military service I severely sprained my left ankle when stepping off a bus one dark night in Shreveport, Louisiana. The tendons and ligaments were torn leaving the ankle permanently weakened. I broke this ankle badly when I was showing the children how to use a skateboard in 1965. The break required surgery and I have since carried a screw in both sides of my left ankle. I feel fortunate to have been able to get around as well as I have during the intervening years. I spent several weeks in the Dee Hospital and Brigham Hospital and about four months in a cast. The ankle is now becoming somewhat stiff and arthritis is giving me some problems.

In August of this year, 1978, I noticed that my vision in the right eye was not as good as it had been and after examination have been told that I have a cataract growing on the right eye and it appears as though I will be having surgery to remove the cataract before too long.

During the years I have had few hobbies, and this is an area where I should have done better. I have enjoyed some hunting and fishing but haven't the patience to become good in either area. Perhaps as I later go into semi-retirement I can improve upon my fishing skills. I have enjoyed gardening and maintaining the yard and home including painting and general light repair and maintenance.

The outline suggests that I give my impressions of certain foods that I particularly like. In this area I am happy to say that I enjoy most all foods. Particularly am I fond of pie and ice cream and could go very heavy on the desserts if it didn't show on my waistline. I enjoy all kinds of meat and particularly beef. Roast beef with mashed potatoes and gravy is a meal hard to beat. I suppose home canned peaches are my favorite fruit. I also enjoy homemade bread and good, cold milk.

As stated previously I have served as Brigham City Attorney and County Attorney for Box Elder County. I have been a member of the Chamber of Commerce and Kiwanis Club for approximately 30 years, serving on the board of directors of both organizations and as president of the Kiwanis Club. I was fortunate some 25 years ago to be selected as the outstanding young man of the community for the Jr. Chamber of Commerce award and looked upon this as a means of becoming better acquainted in the community and building up my law practice. I have always taken an active part in the Republican party politics, attending political mass meetings on the local level and also city and county political conventions, most generally as a delegate from my voting district.

Both of my parents have now been deceased for some years and Relda's father died some five years ago. Her mother is passed 80 years of age and not able to live by herself the past two years since she broke her hip. Her memory is also failing and the children are taking turns in having their mother in their home. We had Mother Jensen in our home this past September and October.

I will be 59 years of age next March and quite often the question is asked by members of my family when I expect to retire either wholly or partially and I rather expect that when the new four-year term as county attorney is over that I will not run for re-election but will accept the retirement benefits under the state retirement program. I will then be 62 years of age and may consider taking some social security retirement and perhaps going on a mission. I rather doubt that I will ever retire completely from the practice of the law as I cannot conceive of myself being contented to stay around the house all day long with no planned activities. This I feel is one of the rewarding parts of the law business in that a person can work at it part time. At least that is what I am looking forward to in the years ahead.

The outline I am following suggests that I give pertinent dates and events concerning my ancestors. In this connection I wish to state that I have made a history of my father and mother and will include that along with this life history rather than to attempt to retell that same history here.

The outline suggests what world events I have observed in my lifetime. I suppose the greatest would be the great depression of the 1930s which I grew up in. I have vivid recollection of the effect this had on the lives of my family and those around me. I think great lessons were learned by people growing up in that era as they learned the value of money and a job and hard work. I went through the second world war as I have stated previously and this, of course, had a real impact upon my loved ones and those around me. The only natural disasters in our area have been several rather small earth quakes over the years and two floods in the nearby community of Willard.

During my lifetime I have seen the pace of daily living increase, and I firmly believe that we live much too fast and pass up many of the enjoyments we had 10 to 30 years ago. I feel as do many, that young people do not have the respect they should for their parents and their elders and for the law. I feel that there has been a general breakdown in morality and this has been contributed to, I am sure, by the adults, by the motion pictures and television programs. There have been great advances made in technology in my lifetime. I have seen the advance from the old open-aired automobiles to the airplanes and rockets to the moon. We never had a radio in our home until I was 15 years of age, and I have, of course, grown to see the television in almost every home.

May I again say that I feel life has been very kind to me, and I have accomplished most of the things that I looked forward to accomplishing when I was a young man. I have enjoyed financial independence and I believe a position of respect in the community. I feel that when I meet my father and mother in the spirit world I can look my father directly in the eyes and tell him that I always tried to live in a manner to bring honor to his name.

I have a strong, burning testimony of the divinity of the gospel of Jesus Christ and can't imagine how life would be without the blessing of the gospel in my life.

The outline calls for a statement concerning my personal philosophy of life as I conclude this history. I believe it is so important to be honest and dependable in whatever activities we are engaged in; to carry through to the end and get the job done; to adequately prepare for whatever assignment we have. I feel that we should expect to work for what we get and not to expect the government to give us a handout. I learned at an early age when my father died that the world does not mourn long with us or pity us. The world will not wait for us as we must pick ourselves up by our own boot straps, so to speak, when we our down and look forward and pretty much make for our own successes. Most of us have the inherent ability to succeed in what we honestly set forth to accomplish. Attitude perhaps more than natural ability is the greatest asset one can have towards success in life. I have seen many of my contemporaries who perhaps lacked somewhat in natural brain-power but who had the strong desire to get ahead and they have succeeded far more than those whom many of us thought would be the leaders when we were youngsters in high school.

This now concludes my personal history as of December 2, 1978, and I hope to live many more years in the future and to add to this as time passes. Until that time may I conclude with asking for the Lord's choices blessings to be with all of my family and loved ones and anyone who shall have the patience and endurance to read or listen to this personal life's history, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.


O. Dee Lund

CONTINUATION OF THE LIFE HISTORY OF O. DEE LUND
FROM DECEMBER 2, 1978

It has now been approximately five years since I completed my life history and an appropriate time to bring that history up to date.

During the past five years a number of important events have transpired in my life and in the lives of those who are near and dear to me. Many of which are included in the following:

My son, Whitney, and his wife, Teresa, have two additional children. A little girl named Krysti, who will become 4 years of age on January 11, 1984 and Whitney Dee Junior, a dark haired little boy, who will become 2 years of age on January 7, 1984. Teresa is expecting a fourth child to be born in March 1984.

Dave and Kathi have had two additional children born; Janni, who turned 4 years of age on November 20, 1983, a little blonde headed girl and David, whom they call "Davey" who is now 9 months of age, having been born April 6, 1983. Davey is just now growing hair on his head which appears to be red and he will, no doubt, have about the same colored hair as his older brother, Jody.

These six grandchildren are a real joy to Relda and me. We feel so blessed in the fact that they are all well, normal and happy children, and are being loved, cared for, and taught properly by kind and loving parents. Jody is now in the second grade and Dawn Mari is in kindergarten. It is hard to believe that the years are passing as rapidly as they are. Since my original life history was written, my son Whitney has moved his family from Provo, Utah to Salt Lake City where they have been residing for the past two and one-half years. Whit has been involved during the past 4 or 5 years in selling tax shelters promotion programs and penny stocks and other securities. Several months ago he passed his Federal Securities Examination and is now a licensed Federal and State Securities Broker. He is employed as an account executive with R. L. Smith & Associates Brokerage in Salt Lake City.

My son-in-law, David Johnston, has been employed for the past 3 years at the Morton/Thiokol Chemical Corporation west of Brigham City in most recently as a carpenter. He seems to be enjoying his work quite well. For the past year he has been associated with a local country/western band. They have been quite successful and are in demand to perform almost weekly at some Northern Utah city.

During the past five years, my daughter, Kathi, has been employed for a time at American Greetings Card Corporation in Brigham City as a forklift operator. Also, at Morton/Thiokol Corporation as a keypunch operator and for the past year in my office as a part-time legal secretary. She is doing very well and it has been a nice association to work this closely with her during the past year. It is my hope that when I retire or for some other reason discontinue the law practice in a few years, that Kathi will have sufficient training to obtain a good position as a legal secretary in the future should she so desire.

During the past five years, I have had some health problems. In March of 1979, I had emergency eye surgery to replace a detached retina on my right eye. This was done by Dr. F. T. Rickhof at the Holy Cross Hospital in Salt Lake City. The doctors felt that the surgery was quite successful. However, I now only have between 20/40 and 20/50 vision in that eye. Approximately 1 year later I had cataract surgery of the same right eye at the McKay-Dee Hospital in Ogden by Dr. Winn Richards. Because of the possibility of future trouble with the retina, Dr. Reikhof advised against having an interocular lens implanted in the eye. Consequently, the entire lens was removed, and for the past three years, I have been wearing a soft contact lens in the right eye. Inserting the lens each morning and removing it each night and going through a cleansing and sterilization procedure is rather annoying at times. I

am greatly blessed to have the left eye with good 20/20 vision and realize what a blessing it is to have good eye sight.

In late August of 1981, I had a blood clot form behind the right knee. Tests that were made erroneously revealed it to be a popliteal cyst. Dr. Joseph Hillam, the son of our good friends Clark and Margaret Hilliam, did surgery on the knee and found that it was not a cyst, but rather a blood clot. Dr. Hillam did not remove the clot, but kept me in the hospital for some ten days on I.V.'s to thin the blood. For a period of six months, I took blood thinning pills. Since the surgery, I have worn a long elastic stocking on the right leg and it seems to be giving me some relief. The calf of the right is swollen all of the time. It seems to be much warmer than the left leg. I have considerable evidence of varicose veins which I suppose I inherited from my mother and Dr. Bunderson says that we must continue to watch any further developments in this regard in my legs. I continue to walk to and from the office several times a day as well as other walking and exercise. I am not inhibited in the amount of physical activity I can do.

This past summer, on having a routine check of my blood pressure, it was determined that it was high, I have since been taking blood pressure pills to keep it under control. I suppose this is my age telling on me as I turned 63 on my last birthday, March 16th.

Other members of our family have also had health problems during the past several years. My sister, Mildred, had abdominal cancer surgery approximately 4 years ago. Periodic examinations show that she is having no reoccurrences, for which we are most grateful. My sister, Maureen, has had a hip replacement, removal of her spleen and trouble with her eyes. These problems have been brought on by a blood disease, lupus, which she has had for some twenty years. Maureen's husband, Ralph, has had prostate surgery.

My sister Vera's husband, Ken, had a stroke approximately 5 years ago. It has been a great blessing that Vera has been retired and able to care for him in their lovely home in Burbank, California. Ken has also had several heart attacks during the past year or so and last summer had an attack while they were visiting in Salt Lake City, from which he has not recovered. Vera stated on the phone last week that he is very much restricted in his activity, does not sleep well, and has lost weight. The doctors advise that he not engage in any physical exertion. Consequently, it will not be possible for them to be coming to Utah for family visits. We hope to drive to California after Christmas to visit Vera and Ken. The Umbreits are here from Spokane and will drive with us. (This was done and was much enjoyed.)

My sister, Dorothy, has had female surgery and heart problems and Mildred's husband, Jack has had cataract surgery.

Relda's mother passed away from a stroke and heart attack in June 1981. She had been in a nursing home in North Ogden for approximately six months. We had cared for her in our home, alternating with some of her other children for several years prior to her being confined to the nursing home. During this period of time, mother Jensen's memory was such that she did not know her children. During the past year, she became a bed patient, unable to care for personal needs. The family finally concluded that the best care could be administered in the nursing home.

During the past five years, we have had a number of very fine trips to foreign countries. These trips have been under the Friendship Force Program which is an exchange between residents of United States cities and cities in participating foreign countries. Under the program we spend part of all of the two week period in the homes of residents of the foreign cities and have the rare opportunity to become rather well acquainted with our

hosts, enjoying their food, living customs, family, social life and cultures and of sight seeing in their native lands. It has truly been a memorable experience.

The first of the Friendship Force exchanges was in the early summer of 1979 when we spent ten days in Maricaibo, Venezuela. There we were hosted by a middle-aged, single lady attorney by the name of Margarita Corona. Our next exchange visit was in Korea during the late summer of 1980. We spent one week in the home of a very successful attorney, Hwang Ryong, and his wife, Suh Duk Seng, and four children in Seoul, in Northern Korea. The second week was spent in the home of a young couple with three children in Pusan in South Korea by the name of Kim Hoon and Ko Hae Sook. This young man managed a motion picture theater for his father and we spent part of our time being hosted by his father and mother who were very fine people but did not speak any English.

Our exchange for the summer of 1981 was to have been with a city in Northern England. However, the last minute because of the poor economical conditions in England, the exchange was cancelled.

During the summer of 1982 we spent one week in the home of a very fine middle-aged couple in West Berlin by the name of Dieter and Gina Schöneich. The second week we spent traveling in a 9 passenger Ford Van through Southern Germany and part of Western Austria known as Bavaria. We were with six of our friends who were also on the West Berlin Exchange from Brigham City. While in Berlin, we visited many places of interest including a visit to communist East Berlin traveling by subway from West to East Berlin and under the Berlin Wall. Our eyes were really opened at the difference between the people and living conditions in East and West Berlin.

In each of these exchanges, we were fortunate enough to be in the homes of lovely people with at least one of the hosts speaking English. In each instance, the children speak English. Our hosts were most gracious and showered us with kind hospitality, including much sight-seeing and lovely gifts. We continue to exchange letters, birthday and Christmas greetings with all of these families and our friends in Seoul continue to send us gifts. These exchange visits have truly been choice experiences and we have made lasting friendships.

In addition to our summer exchange trips with Friendship Force, we have also had several enjoyable automobile trips to Spokane, Washington to visit with Maureen and Ralph and with Vera and Ken in Burbank, California.

At this time may I say what a blessing it has been to be part of such a loving, close-knit family where we enjoy having a close personal relationship with each other. Over the years, it has been a great blessing in our lives to carry on family traditions instilled in us by our loving parents. I can't help but feel that they are pleased we have continued this close family relationship since they have passed on.

Our visits to Spokane have been during the summer time when Ralph has been so gracious in taking us on numerous fishing trips on nearby lakes in his boat. He has all of the best fishing gear and equipment and we have always caught our limits of trout. During the past several years, ^{we} have canned some of the fish and brought a good supply home with us.

Our winter visits have been with Vera and Ken in Burbank. It has been such a welcome change from our cold winter weather to spend a week or so in sunny California when Vera and Ken have entertained us. During all of these visits to Spokane and Burbank, we have been treated royally by our hosts. We look for-

ward to many more such visits in the years to come.

Relda and I have also enjoyed frequent visits with Mildred and Jack who reside in Tremonton and my youngest sister, Dorothy who resides in Salt Lake City. When the folks come from Spokane and Burbank we always have enjoyable family get togethers including, when possible, the grandchildren.

During the past five years I have continued to teach the Gospale Doctrine class in Sunday School in the Brigham City First Ward. I have enjoyed this assignment very much as it has given me incentive to make a more in-depth study of the scriptures. It has given me a greater appreciation for my membership in the church and my testimony of the gospel has grown.

In August 1978, Relda and I were called to the office of Elder Marvin J. Ashton, one of the twelve apostles. During this interview, Elder Ashton informed me that the Council of the Twelve, through revelation, was calling me to be a patriarch to serve in the Box Elder Stake. Following the interview and while we were yet in his office, Elder Ashton ordained me a patriarch. I was ordained before being sustained by the stake membership in a stake conference, which according to Elder Ashton, was somewhat unusual. A few weeks later, I was sustained by the stake membership in stake conference.

I try to give the blessings at our home on Sundays as the Lord's day seems to be more conducive to the proper spirit which should attend these sacred experiences. It has been a most humbling and yet satisfying experience to be called upon to give blessings and I feel so dependant upon the prompting of the Holy Spirit. It is my continual prayer that I can live worthy of this sacred calling.

Relda has been my secretary to transcribe and type the blessings during these past five years and it has kept her rather busy, particularly during the past two years since Patriarch Glen M. Benion and Patriarch Claudius B. Olsen passed away. During the past three years, Relda has been very busy as the ward Relief Society President and I have appreciated her willingness to act as secretary. When I was called as a patriarch, I was released as high priest group leader in the First Ward.

The First ward where Relda and I have been members since we built our first home in 1950, was divided approximately two years ago. We have continued to be in the First ward and the other ward is the ninth ward. Both wards meet in the same chapel. The chapel was renovated and enlarged two years ago. It is now a lovely facility.

After serving 28 years as the Box Elder County Attorney, I chose not to run for re-election in the November election, 1982. Consequently, my term expired on December 31, of that year and during this past year 1983, I have reverted to my private law practice. This has not taken all of my time and has given me an opportunity to spend more time with gospel study, preparation for my sunday school lessons and work around the yard. During this past year, my daughter, Kathi, has served as my legal secretary. Working mornings from 9:00 to 12:00. She has progressed very well and it has been a real pleasure to have this close association with her.

In March of 1983, all of the attorneys and the Hillam Abstracting and Title Insurance Agency moved from the 2nd floor of the old First Security Bank Building. After having spent over 36 years in an office in the bank building, I thought that I would spend my remaining years there until retirement was forced upon me. However, with all of the other tenants leaving, I was fearful to remain alone in that rather secluded area, leaving my secretary with no one to respond to her cries should someone make improper advances when I was not in the office. Consequently, I accepted

the invitation of Gary Packer and Brent Kirkland, the purchasers of the Hillam Abstracting and Title Insurance Company, to move with them to their new location at 102 East Forest Street. This new office is on the ground floor and has proven to be a great blessing to my clients, most of whom are elderly people and now do not have to climb the steps to the 2nd floor of the bank building.

For the past 5 years, I have been on the Board of Directors of the Bank of Utah. Prior to that, I served for 5 years on the Board of the Bank of Brigham City, a child protegee of the Bank of Utah and which was taken over by the Bank of Utah 5 years ago. This has been a choice experience for me to become acquainted with some very fine, reputable people and to learn the intricacies of the banking and financial industry. I wish I could have had this experience 35 years ago.

My sister Dorothy was married in October 1983 to a very fine gentleman, Phillip Rowe, of Ogden. I am looking forward to becoming much better acquainted with Phil and of having a close family relationship with Dorothy and Phil. They appear to be very happy and are excited about their future lives together. They are presently residing in Dorothy's home in Salt Lake City. Dorothy's health has not been good for the past year or so and she is considering taking an early medical retirement from her employment with the Postal Service.

I am still an active member of the Brigham City Kiwanis Club which I joined in 1950. There are only 3 or 4 of us older fellows in the club, the other 45 members being much younger. It is a nice association and I expect that I will remain with the club at least for the fore-seeable future. We have a luncheon meeting each Wednesday at noon at the Red Baron Restaurant near the south city limits.

For the past 33 years Relda and I have been members of a dinner group consisting of 7 couples. We meet monthly during the winter months at the home of one of the couples, where we enjoy a delicious dinner and spend the evening playing games or just visiting. It is interesting to note the change in the individual members of this group over the years and how our lives and activities have changed. We used to enjoy being together until the early hours on Sunday morning even though most of us had to arise early to fill our church responsibilities. Now it seems as though we are ready to go home at 10:30 or 11:00 p.m. I have said in jest that we ought to begin holding the get-togethers Saturday afternoon and break up about 6:00 p.m.

Our age is telling on the individual members when we see how the health of most has been failing the past few years. Four of our group have had cancer surgery and Velma Bunderson, the wife of Doctor Dean Bunderson is in very poor physical condition after 6 years of a heroic battle with bone cancer. One of our group, Elmo Lish, has a serious heart problem. Eugene Price has lost most of his hearing and I have had serious problems with my right eye. Four of the couples are now retired leaving only Dr. Bunderson, Eugene Price and myself employed full time.

My membership in the church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints means more to me as time moves along. My testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel increases daily. My desire is to fill a full term mission for the church with my lovely wife when I reach age 65. This would be fulfilling a promise made in my Patriarchal blessing, given when I was a lad of 17 years of age, at the hands of Patriarch Joseph Facer.

I am more convinced than ever that true peace and happiness comes only from activity in the church and living the principals of the gospel to the best of ones ability. There is no question in my mind but that we each have a kind loving Heavenly

Father with whom we can communicate in humble prayer. He will guide and direct us through the problems of life which confront each of us and are part of our growing experience here in mortality. Here we prove ourselves worthy of great eternal blessings that await the faithful. It is my fervent prayer that all of our family members will live in such a way that this beautiful family relationship will be perpetuated in the Celestial Kingdom.

Something should be said concerning the changes in politics, government, national and world economics and social events during the past 5 years. President Ronald Reagan is just completing his third year in office. From all appearances he will run next year for re-election. During the past five years, inflation has run at a high pace in our country but nothing to compare with that in many of the less fortunate countries. United States is just coming out of a serious recession the past two years. Unemployment is still high but decreasing. Interest rates are still high with bank loans running 13 to 14% but down from 18 to 20% two years ago. Federal Government deficit spending is still thought by most economists to be the biggest threat to prosperity in this country in the fore-seeable future.

There is yet a real threat of nuclear conflict between the super powers, particularly United States and Russia. The so called cold war has been fired up in the past few months as the United States has begun placing medium range missiles in the Western Europe. There continues to be much unrest in the middle east and American marines have been killed by terrorist bombings in Beirut during the past two months as part of the international peace keeping forces there.

During the past year, the United States with its marines invaded the small island of Grenada in Central America at the invitation of the association of Central America States. This was successful in putting down the communist uprising there and the American Forces, after approximately two months, have now returned home from this small island country.

Other changes during the past few years have been the increased use of computers in practically all facets of life. The business community operates almost entirely on computers. The church has made extensive use of computers in the genealogical research program and temple work and all of the business activities of the church. Small home computers are now used in many of the homes and promise to be more universally used in the near fore-seeable future.

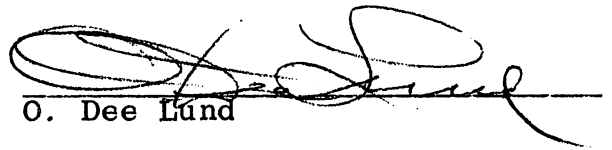
Changes have taken place in our telephone industry. The federal government, during the past year, has forced the breakup of the huge American Tel. & Tel. Company, which it maintained was a dangerous monopoly. After the 1st of January 1984, this huge tele-communication monopoly will be broken into numerous small telephone companies receiving part of the giant mother company. This will result in much larger monthly telephone bills but smaller charges for long-distance calls. Many new companies are now in the field of offering long distance services at reduced charges. Many companies during the past several years have sold telephones and many people now own their own telephones. During the past year we purchased the three telephones in our home from the Mountain States Telephone Company and have also purchased two inexpensive telephones from local stores so that we now have five telephones in our home.

As I conclude this addition to my life story, I wish to tell my lovely wife, Relda, and my children, Whitney and Kathi, and their spouses and children how much I love them and how much they have meant to me and contributed to my happiness over the years. If I were to leave a few words of admonition to them it would be that they always put things of the spirit first in their lives. That they stay close to the church and live the commandments of the Lord. That they continue to realize the value of hard work

and of saving part of what they earn even though it may be a small amount each pay day. That they plan for the future and continue to improve upon their educations and abilities and that they teach these principals to their children.

This concludes the addition to my life history this 22nd day of December, 1983. I hope and pray that I will live to again add to this life history in the future and that it will be of some interest and inspiration to my family members, whom I love so dearly.

In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.


O. Dee Lund

CONTINUATION OF THE LIFE HISTORY OF O. DEE LUND

FROM DECEMBER 22, 1983

It has now been approximately 7 years since I made the last update to my life history, and is a good time to bring that history up to date.

During these seven years, a number of important events have transpired in my life and in the lives of those who are near and dear to me. Many of which would include the following:

Whitney and Teresa have had their fourth child born, a boy born on my birthday, March 16, 1984. He was named Orville Dee Lund III. Dave and Kathi have had two boys born to them since my last life history update. They are Korry Val, who was born on July 18, 1986, and Kristopher Earl, born July 17, 1989. These grandchildren, along with the others, whose names and birth dates have been given in previous writings, and who now total 9 in all, are a great joy to my wife and me. It is a pleasure to see the children grow and develop. All of them are now in school except for the two youngest, Korry and Kristopher.

Jody is in his first year of high school, being a freshman at Box Elder High School. He is taking his first seminary class and I had the privilege this past week of speaking to his seminary class on patriarchal blessings. Jody had received his patriarchal blessing on his birthday just a couple of weeks ago, and took it upon himself to ask his teacher, Frank Rees, if he would like his grandfather to speak to the class on patriarchal blessings. Brother Rees was very gracious in inviting me to meet with his class and I thought it was a very successful half hour together.

Since my last writing, Dave has continued to work as a Carpenter at Thiokol and Whit is continuing his same line of work in Salt Lake City, where he is working with a partner in the securities business.

I retired from the full time practice of the law in November 1986, and moved my office to the basement of our home in Brigham City. Kathi had been working for me for several years, part-time, as my secretary, and upon my move of the office to our home, Kathi went to work at Morton Thiokol Corp. as a full time secretary. She advanced rapidly in her employment and gave up this employment in September 1990 in order to be with her family full time. Since my retirement, Kathi has done my legal work in her home. I have limited my law practice to uncontested matters, primarily estate planning, drafting of Wills and family Trusts, and doing probate work in estates. This has kept me somewhat involved in legal work and along with my church work has pretty well filled in my day along with the yard work during the summer months.

My health during these intervening years has not been the best. The trouble with my eyes has continued, but I am fortunate to be able to see quite well with my left eye. I use the contact lens in the right eye and only have it inserted about 1/2 of the time to prevent redness and irritation of the eye. I have also had additional trouble with diverticulitis in the lower bowel, with some hemorrhaging there. It appears that if the hemorrhaging becomes more serious, I may have to have some surgery to remove the affected part of the lower bowel. I am also having much more trouble with my left ankle which was broken many years ago. The x-rays show that there is no cushion between the bone in the left ankle to cushion the weight, and if I am on my feet more than several hours at a time, the ankle becomes stiff and gives me considerable pain. It may well be that I will have to have surgery on the ankle, also, before too long if it continues to worsen.

Relda has some health problems. She has discomfort quite often in her legs with the muscles and joints, and in her left breast. The series of tests this past year have not really revealed the problem, and she doesn't know just where to go from here. It may well be that she is afflicted with arthritis as is the case with most of the older members of our family.

Maureen and Ralph continue to have serious health problems. Ralph had extensive heart surgery two years ago, with several by-passes. He is limited in his physical activity, however, he continues to enjoy fishing and hunting. Maureen is having additional trouble with osteoporosis and arthritis caused primarily by the Lupus, which she has had for many years.

Vera has had a lot of problem, particularly of late, with osteoporosis and severe back pain.

Mildred and Jack, Dorothy and Phil, all have their problems. Again, associated with growing older. We were fortunate that each of us is able to be up and around and to enjoy life. We get together quite often as a family and it is always a joy to be together.

Relda's oldest sister, Wilda, passed away several years ago of complications arising from a heart attack and severe stroke. Her sister, Ruth, and her husband, Jerry, have also had serious health problems in the past several years. Jerry, with a heart attack, and Ruth, with an operation to remove a tumor from her brain, and also, more recently, with several minor strokes and high blood pressure.

Vera's husband, Kenneth, passed away on January 20, 1984, in the hospital in California from heart problems and the aftermath of a serious stroke that had left him pretty much incapacitated for several years. Vera got along quite well until about three years ago when she appeared to have serious problems with her memory and living alone. The family concluded that she would have to make some changes and so her home in California was sold in November of 1988, and Vera moved to Salt Lake City. She rented a nice apartment at Highland Cove, 3750 South Highland Drive. Vera occupied this apartment until December 1989, when the family realized that she was not eating properly and could^{not} live alone any more. Consequently, we gave up the apartment and for the next 8 or 9 months, Vera would take turns living in the homes of her siblings. Her memory continued to worsen and she did not seem to be happy. She wanted to be on her own and we made arrangements to move her back to the Highland Cove, into what is referred to as "the hotel". Here she has a room of her own and three meals per day are provided along with all of the other necessities. She seems to be happier there and is friendly with the other residents of the retirement center who are mostly older ladies. Vera is having a rough time with the osteoporosis in her back and seems to be suffering severe back pain much of the time.

About four years ago, Relda and her sisters, Ruth and Lucille and their spouses purchased from the family, the old family home in Grover, Wyoming. The summers have been spent since then, particularly by Ruth, Jerry, Relda and myself, fixing up the old home to make it a summer retreat. This has been a real joy and the sisters seem to get much joy and satisfaction from working together and planning for the old homestead. The Jensen family have continued to get together on the 24th of July weekend in Grover, and the old homestead has served as a place for the gathering and often we have had as many as 60 - 70 people in and about the house and yard having a big reunion together. This has proven to be a good, rewarding project for the family. Also, it is thought that as the years go by, the children and grandchildren of the three sisters will enjoy some kind of a time share on the old family home and the beauties of the surrounding Star Valley mountains and valleys.

I have continued to teach the Gospel Doctrine class in our ward and have felt that this has been a great blessing in my life to study and learn more of the scriptures. I have also continued to give Patriarchal Blessings, and for the past five years or so, have been the only patriarch in the Box Elder Stake. The last blessing, which was given to Jody on his birthday, was blessing #390.

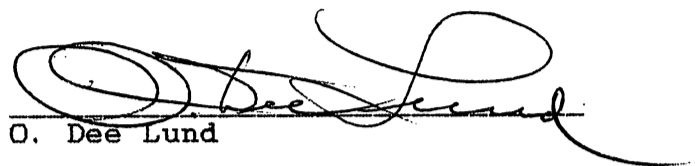
In September, 1984, President Gordon B. Hinckley of the First Presidency, conferred the sealing power upon me to be a sealer in the Ogden Temple. Since that time, I have performed as a sealer in the Ogden Temple. Usually giving two sessions of sealing each Friday afternoon and evening, with sessions at 4:00 and 6:00 p.m. In addition, I have sometimes done sealings other afternoons and evenings. This has been a great joy and satisfaction to me. It has been my privilege to perform quite a number of live sealings and marriages. Through my church activity and the reading of the scriptures together with Relda, my testimony has grown and I receive much peace and comfort from my membership in the Church. There is no question in my mind but that the gospel of Jesus Christ is true and that the Prophet Joseph Smith was called of God to restore the gospel in these last days. I am greatly disturbed at what has happened in our society during the past 10 years or so with the great problem of drugs and the immorality which is so prevalent. It is a real challenge for parents today to rear their children in the ways of righteousness with the evil and temptations that abound, and which are portrayed through television, the movies, books, periodicals and music. My fervent hope and prayer is that our children will be blessed with inspiration and guidance in rearing their children in the ways of the Lord. Surely, lasting peace and happiness can only be found in staying close to the Church and living the principles of the gospel to the very best of ones ability. We definitely live in troubled times. The United States and many of the countries of the world are involved in a war in the Middle East. This was brought about when Iraq, on August 2, 1990, invaded their neighboring country of Kuwait. The members of the Security Council of the United Nations have adopted 15 resolutions demanding that Iraq vacate and remove itself from Kuwait and that the original government be restored. Iraq refused to do this and so on January 17, 1991, United States and its allies entered into war with Iraq. The air war lasted until February 24, 1991 in which United States and its allies bombed various military targets in Iraq, and the Iraqi army which were dug into the desert in Kuwait. On February 24th the ground war started which was in cooperation with the air war. The ground war lasted only 4 days and United States and allies took 60,000 POW's. Iraq retreated from Kuwait and agreed to all United Nations resolutions. United States and its allies sustained less than 200 casualties.

On the lighter side, I should conclude my remarks by saying that each year Relda and I have enjoyed one or two fishing trips with Ralph and Maureen in the lakes around Spokane. We usually go up in early May and at times, later in the summer. Ralph has the motor boat and all the fishing gear. He knows where the best fishing is and the four of us have a great time going out several hours each day for three successive days, which is covered by our non-residents license. We always manage to fill up with a limit of nice lake trout. This has been a joyous family activity that we have looked forward to each year.

During the fall, winter and spring months our dinner group has continued to meet monthly at one of the homes. However, the group is now somewhat smaller than it was originally as Velma Bunderson has passed away, and also our dear friend, Charles Keller. A number of the group are in very poor health and I suspect that before too long, there will be others of our number leave. The time may come when we will discontinue our get-togethers, which have been enjoyed now for some 40 years.

As I conclude this update to my life history, I wish once again to tell my devoted wife, Relda, and my children, their spouses and grandchildren how much I love and appreciate each and everyone of them and desire for their continued good health, welfare and happiness. It is my constant prayer that each of us will remain active in the Church and receive the great eternal blessings that will be ours as we keep our eternal covenants and remain true to the end in the Lord's Church and Kingdom. I look forward to again updating this life story several years down the road, the Lord being willing. This is my humble prayer in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

March 1, 1991


O. Dee Lund

CONTINUATION OF THE LIFE HISTORY OF O. DEE. LUND

FROM MARCH 1, 1991

It is now time that I bring my life history up to date since the last update March 1, 1991. Since my last writing we have not had any more grandchildren born and feel very blessed that we have nine grandchildren all of whom are healthy, normal, individuals and are a great source joy to their grandmother and me. For the past several years, Davey and Korry have come to our home for about one half hour in the morning on their way to school and we have thus been helping them with their spelling and reading.

Jody, whom we now call Joe, graduated from Box Elder High School this past spring and spent the months of June through November in the military. He, with a friend, joined the Army Reserves last fall. He had several months of basic training at Fort Hood South Carolina, and two months of specialized schooling in Journalism at Fort Ben Harrison, just out of Indianapolis, Indiana. It is interesting to note that I, too, spent several months at Fort Ben Harrison following my basic training during World War II in the summer of 1943. Jody returned home from his military schooling a few days before Thanksgiving and is once again living at home and now looking for employment.

The other grandchildren are all in school and doing very well. Dawn Mari is in the 11th grade. Janni and Krysti Ann are in the 9th grade. Whitney Dee is in the 7th grade. Davey is in the 6th grade. Orville Dee is in the 5th grade. Korry is in the 3rd grade. Kristopher, who is known as Bubba, began Kindergarten this fall. So one can see that our grandchildren pretty well run the Gauntlet as far as their schooling is concerned.

Both Joe and Dawn Mari have driver's licenses. Jody received his two years ago, when he turned 16, and Dawn Mari hers this past year when she turned 16. It is hard to believe that the children are already at these ages.

Whitney and Teresa and their children live in the duplex in Salt Lake City and Whitney's office is at 45th South and Wasatch Boulevard in Salt Lake City. He continues to work with the securities, taking new, small companies public and arranging financing for them. He and a Japanese business associate have made a number of trips to Japan and other countries in the Orient this past year to develop American businesses there, and to assist making some investments of Japanese funds in this area. He also has several real estate salesmen operating under him as the broker. Teresa has been assisting Whit in his office for the past several years and this summer Dawn Mari also did part time work in the office.

Dave has continued to work at Thiokol as a carpenter, and even though he has now been there for many years, he wonders if and when he will be terminated with Thiokol continuing to cut back as the Space Program is trimmed. For the past several years Kathi has worked at AdventureLand Video, a video rental business in Brigham City. Several months ago she became the manager there and was very happy with her work. However, in September, she learned there would be an opening in the District Court office in Brigham City and was successful in receiving this appointment over ten other applicants. This is a full time job, and under the law she is not permitted to do any legal work for any of the attorneys. Consequently, she can no longer do what little legal work I have and Janni has now taken over doing my legal work on the computer, as her mother has done for many years. Her mother is assisting her in learning how this is to be done and Janni is doing very well.

I have continued to do a little legal business at home. However, each year it appears to be dropping off. I don't do any contested work in court and mainly do estate planning creating

trusts, drafting wills, and doing some few probates in the Probate Court. I also do some Pre-nuptial Agreements and the paper work for real estate transactions. I will have been practicing law for 50 years come August of 1996. Attorneys no longer have to pay the Utah State License fee to practice after they have practiced 50 years or have turned 75 years of age. I turn 75 on my birthday next March 16, 1995, and hence, will not have to pay dues to practice law beginning next year. It is difficult to comprehend I have been practicing law these many years. It has surely been a rewarding experience for me in many ways.

My health has deteriorated some since my last writing with particular trouble in my left ankle. If I am on my feet several hours at a time it becomes difficult to walk and I have quite a limp. There is an orthopedic procedure where the ankle joint is fused so that there is no movement of bone on bone and thus the pain is minimized. After numerous tests and xrays, I was going to have to have this surgery done by Dr. Kent Samuelson, an orthopedic surgeon in Salt Lake City. However, Dr. Samuelson, after several months, told me that he did not want to perform the surgery because of the poor blood circulation in my legs. He was afraid there might be some serious infection problems. I seem to have inherited my mother's problem with varicose veins in both of my legs. About the ankles, the varicose veins are very prominent. The skin has a deep red color and it appears as though I could have an open ulcer as my mother had about as long as I can remember. I try to elevate my legs higher than my heart several times a day, as the doctors have recommended. Hopefully, this will assist in the condition not getting worse. My eyes continue about the same. I have annual examinations by an Ophthalmologist, Dr. David Lewis, in Brigham City. I wear a contact lens about half of the time in my right eye. The left eye, thank goodness, continues to give me good vision, for which I am most grateful. I have been fortunate not to have serious trouble with the diverticulitis for the past several years. I continue to have periodic examinations by Dr. Joseph Hillam, of the lower bowel.

Relda's health has worsened somewhat in the past few years. She has considerable pain and discomfort in her legs, back, side, and left breast. Numerous x-rays, MRI's, blood tests, and examinations have not shown the real cause of her trouble. We hope that something can be done to give her relief.

Mildred and Jack also have health problems which no doubt are to be expected as we all become older. They have been spending most of the winter months for several years in St. George, Utah, where the climate is more gentle. We have been spending a few days with them in St. George in January or February of the past several years.

My sister Vera's condition has continued to worsen since my last writing and for the past six months she has not known any of us. She lived for about a year and a half in a private home on the East side of Salt Lake City, where a lady took care of three patients. For the past two years she has been in nursing homes in Salt Lake City and for the past year has been at the Highland Cove Care Center in Salt Lake. As nursing homes come, this appears to be one of the best. It has about 32 patients with approximately one half of them having Alzheimer's, as does Vera. They are at various degrees of the disease. We feel that Vera is getting the best care possible under the circumstances and yet we are sad at heart each time that we visit her. One can't help but wonder why such a sweet noble spirit could be afflicted with such a disease. We continually pray that our Heavenly Father will bless her as he knows best. I am reminded of the statements made by the General Authorities in the Church, that "righteousness does not immunize one against adversity".

On October 20th 1993, we received a telephone call from Maureen in mid morning, informing us of the passing of our dear brother-in-law, Ralph Umbreit, who died of a sudden heart attack when he was setting out goose decoys, while hunting with his long time hunting and fishing partner, Leo Higby. Leo got Ralph into

the back of his stationwagon and drove to the nearest town, where he was flown by helicopter to the hospital in Spokane. Maureen was notified of the situation. She felt that Ralph's passing was immediate as he slumped in the field. Surely, this is just as Ralph had wanted. He said so often how he hoped and prayed that he would not have to linger and suffer in a nursing home. It was so appropriate that he could leave this life doing that which he loved to do. Beautiful funeral services were held in Spokane and a short graveside service at the Brigham City Cemetery. Our lives do not seem the same without Ralph and he has been greatly missed. Our love and compassion goes out to Maureen. She is a real trooper and has carried on nobly. She continues to reside in the family home in Spokane. Her health, however, is poor and the time may come when she will move to Utah to be near to her family.

Dorothy and Phil continue to reside in a condominium in Sandy. They spend most of their time in the winter months in a condominium they have in St. George. They, too, have their health problems, and when we get together for a family gathering, much of the conversation seems to dwell upon our ailments. We are greatly blessed, however, to stay a closely knit family and to get together often.

Relda's youngest sister Dortha, passed away suddenly of a heart attack in California where she has been residing for the past 20 years or so. This was very sudden and Relda along with the other siblings traveled to California last month for the funeral of their sister. Dortha's life has not been a pleasant one. Her first husband, to whom she was married and sealed in the temple, died of a tragic farm accident on their farm in Star Valley, Wyoming when they had only been married a few years. She then had a brief, sad marriage relationship in Arizona, and for the past 20 years or so has been married to a spanish man in northern California. Her husband has enjoyed poor health, and Dortha has had to be the bread winner in the family. She is survived by her loving brothers and sisters, husband, son and daughter, and an adopted daughter. Relda's brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews and their families, continue to get together annually on the 24th of July weekend at the old Jensen home in Star Valley. We also get together occasionally as family at marriages, retirement parties etc... We will get together for a Christmas party of the Jensen family in Springville, Utah later this month.

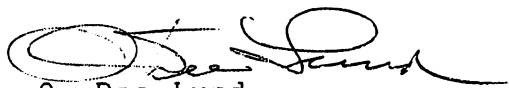
My church work continues about the same as at the last writing. I continue to average 3 or 4 patriarchal blessings each month. My regular sealing day at the Ogden City Temple is Thursday afternoon and evening. I also perform some live sealings at other times and fill in when needed at the temple. I continue to teach the Gospel Doctrine class in Sunday School, and this has been a great source of satisfaction to me over the years. My understanding of the gospel has greatly increased and my faith and testimony have grown with each passing year.

Our social life seems to diminish and we spend more and more time at home. With Ralph's passing our annual fishing trips each spring in Spokane ~~are now fond~~ ^{are now fond} memories. We do enjoy the frequent family get togethers with my family and Relda's. Our old dinner group has become somewhat reactivated during the past year. I notice that the parties become shorter. We eat earlier, and return to our homes several hours earlier than we used to. Relda and I seem to enjoy the BYU sports activities on television, both football and basketball.

In the November election this year, there was quit an upset with the Republican party becoming the majority party in both Houses of Congress. This is the first in some 40 years when the republicans have had both houses in congress and we were anxious to see if the republicans can accomplish what they have promised in making great reforms in government. Our President for the past few years has been the Democrat, Bill Clinton (and his wife Hillary, whom many think is calling most of the shots). I have noted over the years that no matter which political party is in

power in Washington, things go on about the same and it is difficult to see much change. It appears to be a situation of the kettle calling the pot black. It is too bad we can't have real statesmen running the government, rather than those who desire mostly to perpetuate themselves in office.

As I conclude this update of my life history, I wish once again to tell my dear wife, Relda, and my children, their spouses and children, and my sisters and extended family members, how much I love and appreciate each of them. Of all people, I have been greatly blessed to be part of this beautiful family and to have the blessings of the gospel of Jesus Christ in my life since birth. My testimony has grown over the years and I can truthfully say with no equivocation that the gospel is true, that our Heavenly Father and His son Jesus Christ live and love each one of us individually. We will receive the blessings we are in need of in this life and the eternal blessings promised the faithful in the hereafter, if we will stay close to the church and live the Lord's commandments to the very best of our ability. Of this I bear humble testimony in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ, Amen.



O. Dee Lund
December 23, 1994