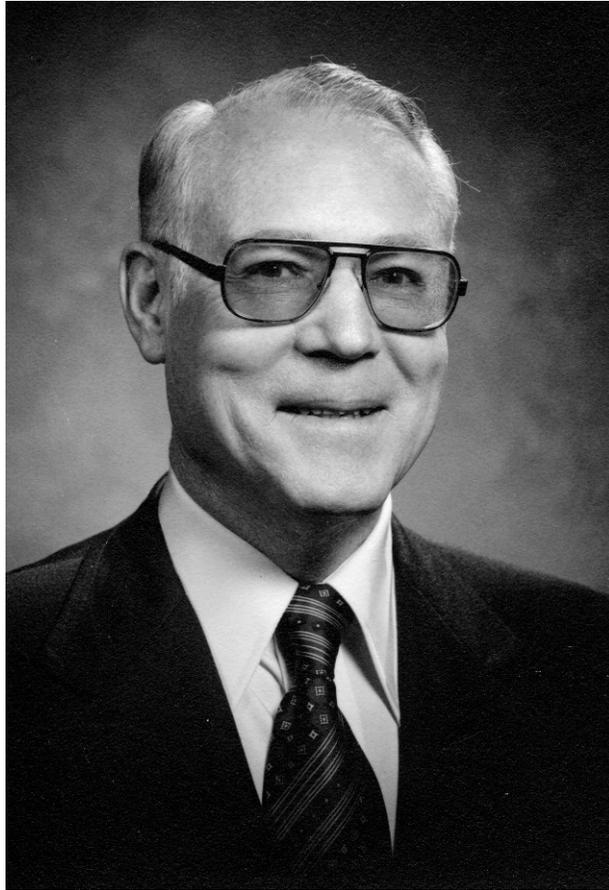


Milton
Thurber

MILTON J. THURBER

an Autobiography



Milton J. Thurber, 1977

Printed February, 2000

PREFACE

Dear Reader:

This history is undertaken with humility and with hope that everyone will give everlasting thanks to my dear sister, Helen Thurber Dalton, who has written many such documents for posterity and those still living. She is the first born of our family of five, I the youngest. Her history of me, beautifully compiled, virtually ends with my marriage to Louisa. This history fills in a few items of which sister had no personal knowledge, plus some details of occurrences after our marriage.

I hope you may enjoy some parts of this writing. It has been undertaken to comply with our LDS General Authorities' advice to leave some tracks of our doings while we still may. I am now 83, nearing 84, and still have two older than I, sister at 95 and brother Waldo 93. We love and respect them and how they have lived.

In turn, I love and respect my dear wife, Louisa, a bright and shining light to me and all who know her. She has persisted in getting this to be. My thanks to her, sincerely.

Some of the photographs in this document have been edited by a Granddaughter, Rachelle Schmid, who is skilled at doing that and does it well. Her mother, Loni Schmid, has given much computer help. The book covers have been created by granddaughter, Keani Sanders. My thanks to them.



Milton J. Thurber
12512 SE Riveridge Dr.
Vancouver, WA 98683

12 February 2000

MILTON J. THURBER

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Edited and distributed to family, December 2008

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LIFE STORY OF MILTON J. THURBER

Compiled by his Sister

Helen

MILTON J. THURBER is my greatly beloved brother. He is now sixty years of age, a tall, slender, fine looking man. At present he lives alone in a very lovely apartment at 1481 West 7th Street, Upland, California, Apartment #68.

He was born of goodly parents. His father was ISAAC ERIN THURBER, who was born 21 October 1874 at Richfield, Sevier County, Utah, the son of ALBERT KING THURBER and AGNES BROCKBANK, both of whom were Pioneers across the Plains. Isaac Erin Thurber married CAROLINE BUTLER, daughter of John LOWE BUTLER II. and NANCY FRANCETTA SMITH. Caroline was born 2 December 1860 at Panguitch, Garfield County, Utah. They were married 7 April 1903 in the Salt Lake Temple for time and all eternity. These forebears were active, life long members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly called Mormons.

Isaac Erin's father died when 'Erin', as he was called by everyone, was thirteen years of age, and at that youthful age Erin had the responsibility for his mother and younger sister and brother. He lived with them in their little home in Richfield, Utah. He did odd jobs, and attended one year at the Brigham Young Academy, Provo, Utah, later known as the Brigham Young University.

He followed mining for several years, and when he was 21 he went to the Delamar Mines in Pioche, Nevada, and worked at the mill for six weeks, where they ground up gold ore. That was before they realized there was a grave danger from the now famous Delamar Dust. At 23 he filled a two year mission for the Church to the Southern States, headquarters at Chattanooga, Tenn. On his return home he courted the sister of his best and closest friend, John Butler. After their marriage in 1903 their first home was at Kimberly, Utah, at that time a very thriving mining town.

Caroline, or 'Carry' as everyone called her, was the fourth child of her parents. When she was a baby her parents sold their ranch and farm and moved to Sevier County, in 1881, first living at various places, Joseph Town, Brooklyn, and then to Richfield where they made their home.

After the marriage of Erin and Carry, and after the birth of their first child Helen (that's me), he became dissatisfied with mining, having to be away from home, thinking it was not the best way to bring up a family. His friend and brother-in-law John Butler had gone to Camas Prairie up in Idaho to homestead some land. In the spring of 1905 Erin went up there and spent the summer working on the Twin Lakes Reservoir, which is now called Mormon Reservoir. He returned to Richfield for the winter, and they moved,

arriving on Camas Prairie on 22 April 1906, and their second child Waldo Arion was born 21 July 1906 up at Soldier, two miles from what is now Fairfield, Idaho.

They homesteaded 160 acres there at Manard. All four sons were born while there. Because of the serious birth time of their first child Helen, Caroline was taken to Soldier for Waldo to be born, but Rex, Erin, and Milton were born at the farm home.

The first few years there they prospered and did well, and then for four years hand-running heavy frosts froze the crops, and they knew they had to move out. They lived there for ten years. For six of those years Erin was Bishop of the Manard Ward.

When Rex was a baby they formed a townsite and started building the Manard Hall—a recreation hall and also for Church. Erin Thurber was Chairman of the building committee that plotted out the town of Manard. They also built the school house. They had a blacksmith shop, store, post office and a number of residences. Milton's grandmother, Agnes B. Thurber, had a little home near the school, probably about a block from. I remember how it was so neat and clean and tidy, but rather bare of furniture.

About the Delamar gold dust—In 1905 one other man, by the name of Will Thurston, and Erin, were the only men left alive who had worked in the famous Delamar Mill. Most all of the men had died shortly after working there. They discovered that the fine gold dust penetrated lungs and caused death. Before Erin moved to Idaho this man Thurston died, leaving Erin the only man left living, who had worked at that mine. And now, while he felt well, he knew he had some of the gold dust in his lungs and he felt that if he could work out of doors it would prolong his life. He had worked in the mine only six weeks, so didn't have too much of it.

While at Manard, on Camas Prairie, he was very strong—was known as a tireless worker. He could work all day in the field and wouldn't know what it was to be tired. About the time Milton was born, 23 February 1916 he had a bad spell of spitting blood—the Delamar dust was doing some damage.

In 1916 they moved to Filer, Idaho, on a forty acre place, and the four oldest children went to school at Cedar Draw School. Karl Richards came to visit us and took our pictures as we were ready to leave for school, with our lunch buckets. We had never seen this picture until in 1966 when Karl gave it to Waldo. We have all chuckled and laughed.

Erin had a hard case of pneumonia while there. The harsh Twin Falls winds were too hard, so that place was sold, and in October 1917 we moved to a forty acre place at Eight Mile, near Boise; then moving in to Boise in March 1919, first at 11th and Front streets at a livery stable where our father took care of horses for people as they came in to town. We did not like that place. We were there for several months, but then, before school started, in the fall of 1919, the folks bought a home at 1610 North 11th Streets. What a relief! How nice.

Our father, Erin, had gone into business with Samuel Worthington in the coal business. The name of the business was The Worthington & Thurber Coal Company, and the future looked bright. Yet we cannot help but think of the despair and concern and worry the folks must have had when our father first started spitting up blood in 1916. His health was failing from then on. His lungs were not in good shape. He came down with the dreaded influenza 14 January 1920 and died of other complications, 14 March 1920.

Here are the children of Isaac Erin Thurber and Caroline Butler:

1. Helen Thurber, born 7 Nov 1904, Richfield, Seiver, Utah.
2. Waldo Arion Thurber, born 21 July 1906, Soldier (Fairfield), Idaho.
3. Rex Gordon Thurber, born 16 April 1909, Fairfield (Manard), Idaho.
4. Erin Butler Thurber, born 26 March 1911, " " "
5. Milton J. Thurber, born 23 February 1916, " " "

Soldier and Manard did have post offices. In 1911 the railroad came, and Fairfield sprang up on that railroad, and gradually both Soldier and Manard lost their post offices. They were in Blaine County, and in 1917 this area was divided off into Camas County.

Milton's mother wrote the following of our father, speaking of the time they had the 160 acres on Camas Prairie:

"Erin liked doing things on a large scale. The first year he raised a grain crop his was the largest in that section. It took him and hired men all one winter to haul the grain to Gooding 25 miles away, that being the nearest railroad station. Later, in 1911 the railroad came up on the Prairie to Fairfield, from Shoshone. Erin contracted to do a part of the grading, for the railroad. The seasons were short, snow would be three feet deep on the level. At periods the thermometer registered 40 degrees below zero for a week or ten days at a time; however, this was a dry cold.

"Erin was a very studious person. He liked to get up early in the morning. He never required much sleep. He used to get up at 5:00 o'clock every morning to study and read before he went out to work. He was considered a very fair minded man. He liked politics a little but never did much with it. He especially liked law, history, science, astronomy. I never remember him reading a novel.

"He was like his son Waldo, in that on the side he would take a course in Public Speaking—or some other thing—always wanted to learn, but he spent so much time in the mountains, mining, for his living. He was of a refined nature. He thought he would like to go into the law. He was quite a student of Shakespeare.

"He very much liked Ralph Waldo Emerson's works, and he read them a lot. He was a good mixer. He was very tolerant of other people's views and ideas—he respected other people in their beliefs. He made quite a study of science and religion, comparing them."

-- Caroline B. Thurber, wife of the above Erin, from the
Life Story of Isaac Erin Thurber.

Milton was four years and three weeks old when his father died, so he could just barely remember him. His mother lived to the age of 88, dying 11 May 1969, having been 49 years a widow.

Coming to Boise was a good move for the Thurber family. It is sad that our father could not live longer to enjoy the fine prospects held out to him. Besides establishing the Worthing & Thurber Coal Company, he had been called to be a member of the Boise Stake High Council under President Heber Q. Hale. Also, they had bought a farm at Star, Idaho, placing a renter on it. This renter, however, did not pay mother the portion of the crops, then mother had nothing to pay the next mortgage -- the lawyer dilly-dallied, and in the end she lost the farm; but in 1919 things had looked quite bright for them.

ABOUT MILTON'S MOTHER, CAROLINE BUTLER THURBER:

She was the fourth child of John Lowe Butler II. and Nancy Francetta Smith. When she was about five, at Richfield, Utah, she was playing at the back step of the house, when she slipped and fell, breaking a blood vessel at the back of her ear. This caused her much trouble over a period of several years. She had the nosebleed so much, sometimes for several hours at a time. When she was around eight she had lost so much blood that a condition of dropsy set in. One day (this is quoting from her history) her nose started to bleed and bled for 24 hours. The doctor said that what little blood she had left would turn to water and a dropsical condition would set in; and in a week or her father took her by wagon (making a nice bed in bottom for me to lie on) to the Manti Temple. The morning they went into the Temple she was so bloated her dress would not fit, and her ear lobes were transparent. Her father carried her to the Temple. Through faith and prayers in a few days she was well.

During the years when she was almost an invalid, naturally the family had great compassion and did so much for her. She grew up as sort of a dependent person; and then as she was married, she in turn depended so much on her husband. When the "crash" came with the death of her husband, and partly because of her ill health, she came to depend on her children. In a partial manner, it seemed, she treated her children as adults.

On 10 May 1959, as I, Helen, asked our mother questions in preparation to writing her history, she said

"Helen, if it hadn't been for you children, I wouldn't have tried to live. When we lost the farm I hit a new low -- but I stuck out my chin and said, we'll make it anyway. I got \$1,500.00 insurance because of Erin's death, and with that I paid debt to Mr. McCann on Camas Prairie, and I paid burial lots, casket, and finished paying for our home. I remember now one time when Old Man Plant came over to me at Church and said, 'Sister Thurber, I have noticed that you always keep your chin up -- even if it does quiver sometimes.'"

I, Helen, have heard my brother Rex, in later years, speak of those years, and also

when we lived on Eight Mile the year before our father's death, and he described them as "Grapes of Wrath" years. Madge told me once that Milton remembers those early years, and as a result has ever since had a fear of poverty. And then again, on the 10th of May, 1959, when I had asked mother a number of questions about this time, she said "whenever the children get to talking about those times it just makes me shudder -- and I just don't want to talk about it."

Our mother had eight major operations in her life time. For most of them, probably the last five or six, her sons paid for them.

She died at Boise on Mother's Day, 11th of May, 1969, age 88.

I remember that in 1929 she had an opportunity to marry a very fine man, a former Bishop of the Ward, whose wife had died. We children were kind of aghast. And one at least reminded her that that would be almost disloyalty to our father. We do not know whether she was 'tempted' to do so, but if she was, the attitude of her children helped her to refuse, or at least not to consider it.

In later years there was reason for her children to have more compassion toward her. Because of rather poor health none of us expected her to live long, but she was a widow for 49 years. Much of a widow's time is lonely, especially if they are basically socially minded, as she was. She loved being with people. But when parties were held for husbands and wives, she was out of it. She never complained about it, but I, her daughter, observed and discerned. How much better it would have been for her to have had the companionship of a good man.

As it was, her life was in her children. She simply doted on them. She never found fault with them. If she saw faults and failings she kept them to herself. Her loyalty and love was great, and complete.

LIFE STORY OF MILTON J. THURBER

As compiled by his sister

Helen

What follows is that which was written of Milton in June 1959, being 17 1/2 years ago. I shall first copy pertinent information from his Personal Record Sheet of that date.

Milton J. Thurber was born 23 February 1916 at Manard, Blaine County, Idaho. (Later Manard lost its post office to Fairfield, and in 1917 the county was divided. So that now his birthplace could rightfully be listed as Fairfield, Camas County, Idaho.) He was named and blessed 3 April 1916 by his father, Isaac E. Thurber. He was baptized 9 March 1924, at Boise, Ada County, Idaho by Leslie Glenn Labrum; confirmed 9 March 1924 by Bishop Alfred Hogensen.

He was ordained an Elder by Audubon M. Dalton on 27 October 1935; Ordained a High Priest by Marion G. Romney 7 July 1946.

He married Mary Madge Crowley 13 April 1937 in the Salt Lake Temple by George F. Richards, Temple President, and they were sealed also. His Patriarchal blessing was by William H. Edgley, Patriarch on 5 May 1929. He was the son of Isaac Erin Thurber and Caroline Butler.

And now follows that which was written 17 1/2 years ago:

I, Helen Thurber Dalton, desire to write a few incidents in the life of my brother Milton, according to my memory, perhaps also from incidents our mother has told, but mostly from my memory.

In our home there were four of us children. I was the eldest, then Waldo Arion, Rex Gordon, and Erin Butler; then mother went five years before the birth of her fifth and last child.

MILTON'S BIRTH:

I was 11 years old when mother told me that she was going to have another baby. I was so thrilled, and since I had three brothers I very much hoped this one would be a little baby sister. In fact I counted on it being a little girl more than I realized, I felt quite grown up because mother had told me about babies and I appreciated her confidence in me enough to explain these things.

We did not have hospitals at Manard or at Fairfield which was about six miles away, but the Doctor, Dr. A. A. Higgs would come from Fairfield. When the day came I remember mother walking back and forth in great concern, and she told me the baby would be coming during the night. Aunt Annie Thurber came, and I was so interested and

tried to make myself useful. Then when my father came and said he was taking me and the boys over to Uncle Josh Thurber's to spend the night -- I felt pretty hurt! I went along obediently, and said nothing, but I felt so badly! I had felt so sort of grown up and important, mother confiding in me and all, that it was her time -- and now I was being treated as a little child!

The next day word came to us that we had a little brother! And that was just about the last straw -- I wasn't even interested now -- my new found "grown-up-ness" was shattered, and there it was just another boy! That day I went wither to school, or to Sunday School I cannot remember which, and that evening when I went home and saw mother in bed I talked to her a minute and then went about my business, not asking to see the baby.

Now it just seems to me, if my memory is correct, that it was later that evening or the next day someone asked if I wouldn't like to hold the baby and whether I refused I cannot be sure, but I wasn't at all enthusiastic, and from that time on, for at least two or three years I just took him for granted.

HIS NAME:

The folks had decided to call him Milton, but had not selected a middle name. And it seems to me that our father liked Milton because of his high regard for "Paradise Lost" by Milton. Well, we were riding in the sleigh to church, and Milton was to receive his name and blessing. And I seem to remember they thought the initial "J" would be nice, but since they did not select a name for it to stand for they just named him "Milton J. Thurber."

OUR MOVE TO FILER, IDAHO, AND THEN TO BOISE:

In October 1916, during World War I. our father traded our 160 acre wheat farm on Camas Prairie for a 40 acre place at Filer, Idaho. Dad's health had started to break, and there had been four years hand running when our wheat crop had frozen, so they knew we would have to move. We moved to Filer. My father had pneumonia while there and really was not well.

MILTON FALLS IN THE DITCH:

It was while living here at Filer that Milton as a very small child, probably no more than one and one-half years of age, fell into the ditch near our house. I distinctly remember the ditch and the little bridge which went over it, and although I did not see the incident, mother has told us about it until in my mind's eye it just seems like I did see it.

She saw him crawling up out of the ditch, that little tiny soul, who looked like a drowned muskrat. Mother ran to him screaming -- but there he had climbed out by himself. She quoted Milton as saying later "that he remembered how he sat down on the bridge and leaned over and tried to see how far he could lean over -- and he fell in. He said he paddled like a dog, and he seemed to know it was up to him to get out by himself and he succeeded." It still is hard for me to understand how he did it.

THE TIME OF MILTON'S BIRTH, as written by his mother:

"When Erin was five years old he needed his tonsils removed. My husband Erin was "lambing out" a bunch of old ewes—the winter was very cold when our fifth child Milton J was born, 23 February 1916.

"My husband Erin's health commenced failing the day before Milton's birth. He took ill spitting blood, etc. A nephew, Jodie Thurber, was helping take care of the ewes and lambs -- the lambs were dying -- what a time we were having.

"Dr. Air Higgs came, with Ora Bean nursing. The afternoon of February 22 my cousin Jim Butler came to see us, and while there he cut Erin's hair. We were rather a sorry pair, me not well, but Erin insisted on sitting up by me; Helen and Waldo were taken to Joshua Thurber's place to stay all night. Erin B. was but five years old so we put him to bed. Grandmother Thurber (Agnes B.) also was there. My own mother passed away about three years before this, on April 21, 1913, at Manard -- at her home near there. We took her to Richfield, Utah and laid her away by her companion, my father John L. Butler.

"Milton arrived that night 25 minutes after midnight. Poor Helen was so disappointed, as she had asked for a little sister; It took her some time to get over that, but she learned to love him very much.

"The climate seemed to be against us. That spring our wheat crops froze, being the fourth year in succession we lost our crops from frost. My husband's health was failing. We decided to move. We had 160 acres here."

-- written by Caroline B. Thurber in her history page 13, written
(commenced at least) January 4, 1948.

PERSONALITY TRAITS

AS A CHILD:

His mother wrote of him: "Milton J. my youngest, was born 23 February 1916 at Manard.

"He was a wiry little thing, moved so fast and made his own decisions, and when he made up his mind it was made up. He was so different to Erin -- when Milt was a year old he could walk well. He danced a jig the day he was one year old when I put some little new short pants on him. That day I was taking some pans of milk out of the cupboard and put them on the table to skim the cream. I put one over in a hurry, and before I could turn my back he (Milt) ran over and threw an old muddy shoe into the pan of milk, cream and all. Why two little boys could be so opposite. With Erin, five year older, while he was little I could set something down and tell him not to touch it and he would obey, but Milton -- Milton kept me on the run.

"I looked out the door one day when he was about 18 months old (when we lived at Filer, Idaho) the ditch was full of irrigation water and I looked out and saw him coming out of the ditch, crawling. I ran to him screaming -- he looked like a little drowned muskrat, and there he had climbed out himself. He said later that he remembered how he sat down on the bridge and leaned over and tried to see how far he could lean over -- and he fell in. He said he paddled like a dog, and he seemed to know it was up to him to get out by himself -- and he succeeded. It still is hard for me to understand how he did it.

"At first, when our last child was coming, Helen wanted a little sister, and when Milton came a boy, she took it hard, but as time went on she became attached to him, then she took him many places as he grew to be a very outstanding, loving brother, so he never suffered for want of love from his sister.

"How thankful I have always been that I was privileged to have those five spirits, and that I could live and help care for them until they could go on their own."

-- Caroline Butler Thurber, from her history, page 25, written by her (commenced) January 4, 1948, and copied by Helen in 1959.

BIRTH CERTIFICATE - MILTON J. THURBER

PLACE OF BIRTH		STATE OF IDAHO	
County of <u>Blaine</u>		Bureau of Vital Statistics	
City of <u>Fairfield</u>		CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH	File No. <u>37425</u>
No. _____ St. _____	Registration District No. <u>58</u>	Registered No. _____	
Hospital _____		Primary Registration District No. <u>2138</u>	Registered No. _____
FULL NAME OF CHILD <u>Milton J. Thurber</u>			
Sex of Child <u>Male</u>	Twin, Triplet, or other? _____	and Number in order of birth _____	Legitimate? <u>yes</u>
(To be answered only in event of plural births)		Date of birth <u>2 - 23 - 1916</u>	(Month) (Day) (Year)
FULL NAME FATHER <u>L. E. Thurber</u>		FULL MAIDEN NAME MOTHER <u>Caroline Butler</u>	
RESIDENCE <u>Fairfield Ida</u>		RESIDENCE <u>Fairfield Ida</u>	
COLOR <u>white</u>	AGE AT LAST BIRTHDAY <u>41</u> (Years)	COLOR <u>white</u>	AGE AT LAST BIRTHDAY <u>36</u> (Years)
BIRTHPLACE <u>Utah</u>		BIRTHPLACE <u>Utah</u>	
OCCUPATION <u>Farmer</u>		OCCUPATION <u>Housewife</u>	
Number of child of this mother, including present birth. <u>5th</u>		Number of children, of this mother, now living, including present birth. <u>5th</u>	
CERTIFICATE OF ATTENDING PHYSICIAN OR MIDWIFE*			
I hereby certify that I attended the birth of this child, who was <u>Born alive</u> at <u>100</u> M. on the date above stated. (Born alive or stillborn)			
*When there was no attending physician or midwife, then the father, householder, etc., should make this return. A stillborn child is one that neither breathes nor shows other evidence of life after birth.		(Signature) <u>D. D. Higgins</u>	
Given names added from a supplemental report _____		(Physician or Midwife) <u>MD</u>	
Address <u>Fairfield Ida</u>		Filed <u>2 24 1916</u> <u>D. D. Higgins</u>	
S-V CO., 16670		Registrar	

of each, in order of birth stated

State of Idaho.....)
 County of Ada.....)

THIS IS TO CERTIFY That this is a certified copy of a certificate filed with the State Department of Health under Title 39, Idaho Code.

JUL 12 1967
 Date Issued

W. W. Benson
 State Registrar of Vital Statistics

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. _____

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. _____ on chart no. _____

2 Isaac Erin THURBER

B: 21 Oct 1874 beps
P: Richfield, Sevier, UT
M: 7 Apr 1903
P: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT
D: 14 Mar 1920
P: Boise, Ada, ID

1 Milton J. THURBER

B: 23 Feb 1916 beps
P: Manard (Now Fairfield), Camas, ID
M: 13 Apr 1937
P: Salt Lake City, S-Lk, UT
D:
P:

Mary Madge CROWLEY

Spouse

3 Caroline BUTLER

B: 2 Dec 1880 beps
P: Panguitch, Garfield, UT
D: 11 May 1969
P: Boise, Ada, ID

4 Albert King THURBER

B: 7 Apr 1826 beps
P: Foster, Providence, RI
M: 30 Oct 1867
P: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT
D: 21 Mar 1888
P: Ephraim, Sanpete Co., UT

5 Agnes BROCKBANK

B: 5 Jun 1851 beps
P: England Or Holy Well, Flintshire, Wales
D: 30 Nov 1933
P: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT

6 John Lowe BUTLER II

B: 28 Feb 1844 beps
P: Nauvoo, Hancock, IL
M: 23 Jun 1873
P: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT
D: 30 Dec 1898
P: Richfield, Sevier, UT

7 Nancy Franzetta SMITH

B: 4 Mar 1853 beps
P: Parowan, Iron, UT
D: 21 Apr 1913
P: Manard (Now Fairfield), Camas

8 Daniel THURBER

B: 6 Sep 1803 bes cont. ___
P: Foster, Providence, RI
M: 9 Oct 1825
P: Foster, Providence, RI
D: 19 Jan 1888
P: Foster, Providence, RI

9 Rebecca Rhodes HILL

B: 15 Dec 1806 bes cont. ___
P: Of Foster, Providence, RI
D: 26 May 1889
P: Scituate, Providence, RI

10 Isaac BROCKBANK

B: 17 May 1805 beps cont. ___
P: Underbarrow, Westmoreland, England
M: 1835
P: Lncshr., Eng. Or Salt Lake City, S-Lk, UT
D: 1 Apr 1878
P: Spanish Fork, Utah, UT

11 Elizabeth MAINWARING

B: Jul 1812 bes cont. ___
P: Liverpool, Lancashire, England
D: PROBABLY JUL 1852
P: Lost On Plains Near Fort Laram, , WY

12 John Lowe BUTLER I

B: 8 Apr 1808 beps cont. ___
P: Smpsn, KY
M: 3 Feb 1831
P: Smpsn, KY
D: 10 Apr 1860
P: Spanish Fork, Utah, UT

13 Caroline Ferozine SKEEN

B: 15 Apr 1812 beps cont. ___
P: Sumner County, TN
D: 4 Aug 1875
P: Panguitch, Garfield, UT

14 John Calvin Lazelle SMITH

B: 8 Sep 1821 bes cont. ___
P: New Salem, Franklin, MA
M: 12 May 1846
P: Nauvoo, Hancock, IL
D: 30 Dec 1855
P: Parowan, Iron, UT

15 Sarah FISH

B: 24 Oct 1828 beps cont. ___
P: Hatley, Stanstead Co., Quebec
D: 31 May 1905
P: Parowan, Iron, UT

Prepared 12 Feb 2000 by:
 Louisa S. Thurber

Family Group Record

Sheet 1

Husband Milton J. THURBER				
Birth	23 Feb 1916	Manard (Now Fairfield), Camas, ID	B:	9 Mar 1924
AFN		6FL6-XL	E:	13 Apr 1937 SLAKE
Death			SP:	BIC
Burial				
Marriage	13 Apr 1937	Salt Lake City, S-Lk, UT	SS:	13 Apr 1937 SLAKE
Father	Isaac Erin THURBER (b 21 Oct 1874)			
Mother	Caroline BUTLER (b 2 Dec 1880)			
Other spouse	Louisa SCHAAF		SS:	10 Dec 1976 LANGE
Marriage	10 Dec 1976	Los Angeles, Los Angeles, CA		
Wife Mary Madge CROWLEY				
Birth	4 Jul 1911	Idaho Falls, Bnnvll, ID	B:	2 Aug 1919
Death	30 Sep 1975	Upland, San Bernardino, CA	E:	13 Apr 1937 SLAKE
Burial			SP:	BIC
Father	Clarence Emdund CROWLEY (b 13 Feb 1881)			
Mother	Mary Elizabeth OLMSTEAD (b 18 Oct 1879)			
Children				
1	M	Anthony Milton THURBER		
		Birth	9 Apr 1938	Washington, D.C., USA
		Death		B: 4 May 1956
		Burial		E:
		Spouse	Jo Ann Marilyn MERCER	SP: BIC
		Marriage	21 Sep 1960	Salt Lake City, S-Lk, UT
				SS:
2	F	Bonnie Elaine THURBER		
		Birth	11 Sep 1946	Upland, San Bernardino, CA
		Death		B: 1953
		Burial		E: 17 Feb 1990 PORTL
		Spouse	Cheng Tsang LU	SP: BIC
		Marriage	23 Jul 1976	Salt Lake City, S-Lk, UT
				SS: 17 Feb 1990 PORTL
3	M	Timothy Craig THURBER		
		Birth	4 Mar 1948	Upland, San Bernardino, CA
		Death	Nov 1991	Salt Lake City, S-Lk, UT
		Burial		B: 3 Mar 1956
		Spouse	Bonnie BENCH	E: 1992
		Marriage	11 Jan 1970	Salt Lake City, S-Lk, UT
				SP: BIC
				SS:
4	M	Erin Bruce THURBER		
		Birth	6 Apr 1949	Upland, San Bernardino, CA
		Death		B: 4 May 1957
		Burial		E: 4 May 1968
		Spouse	Rosemary PERKES	SP: BIC
		Marriage	10 Dec 1974	Los Angeles, Los Angeles, CA
				SS: 10 Dec 1974 LANGE
5		Birth		B:
		Chr		E:
		Death		SP:
		Burial		
		Marriage		SS:
6		Birth		B:
		Chr		E:
		Death		SP:
		Burial		
		Marriage		SS:
Prepared 12 Feb 2000 by:		Comments:		
Louisa S. Thurber				

Family Group Record

Sheet 1

Husband Milton J. THURBER				
Birth	23 Feb 1916	Manard, Blaine, Idaho	B:	9 Mar 1924
Death			E:	13 Apr 1937
Burial			SP:	BIC
Marriage	10 Dec 1976	Los Angeles, Los Angeles, California	SS:	10 Dec 1976 LANGE
Father	Isaac Erin THURBER			
Mother	Caroline BUTLER			
Other spouse	Mary Madge CROWLEY		SS:	13 Apr 1937 SLAKE
Marriage	13 Apr 1937	Salt Lake City, SLC, Utah		
Wife Louisa SCHAAF				
Birth	16 Jun 1930	Los Angeles, Los Angeles, California	B:	3 Dec 1955
Death			E:	10 Jun 1967 OAKLA
Burial			SP:	17 Jul 1976 LANGE
Father	William Frederick SCHAAF (b 1 May 1894)			
Mother	Pearl ATHENOUS (b 1 Oct 1894)			
Other spouse	William Francis BATTERSHELL		SS:	10 Jun 1967 OAKLA
Marriage	30 Apr 1966	Hacienda Heights, Los Angeles, California		
Other spouse	Jerome Wilkens SANDERS		SS:	
Marriage	26 Aug 1949	Los Angeles, Los Angeles, California		
Children				
1				
	Birth		B:	
	Chr		E:	
	Death		SP:	
	Burial			
	Marriage		SS:	
2				
	Birth		B:	
	Chr		E:	
	Death		SP:	
	Burial			
	Marriage		SS:	
3				
	Birth		B:	
	Chr		E:	
	Death		SP:	
	Burial			
	Marriage		SS:	
4				
	Birth		B:	
	Chr		E:	
	Death		SP:	
	Burial			
	Marriage		SS:	
5				
	Birth		B:	
	Chr		E:	
	Death		SP:	
	Burial			
	Marriage		SS:	
6				
	Birth		B:	
	Chr		E:	
	Death		SP:	
	Burial			
	Marriage		SS:	
Prepared 12 Feb 2000 by: Louisa Schaaf Thurber			Comments:	



Albert King Thurber
1826-1888



Agnes Brockbank
1851-1933

Children of Albert King Thurber



Top Row: William Edwin, Joseph Heber, Albert Daniel
Orson Claudius, Robert Taylor
Seated: Bertha Malvina, Joshua Albert, Thirza Jane,
Isaac Erin, Cynthia Amelia, Harriet

Bertha Malvina, Joshua Albert, and Isaac Erin Thurber
were his children by his second wife Agnes Brockbank.
Picture taken at Richfield, Utah about 1899

THE BUTLER FAMILY



John Lowe Butler II
1844-1898



Nancy Francetta Smith
1853-1913



Children of John Lowe Butler II and his wife
Nancy Franzetta Smith. Standing, left to right:
Jane, Caroline, Horace, Olive, Kenion Taylor.
Seated: Sarah (Sadie), Eva, John, the mother,
Nancy Franzetta, Leland Thomas, Franzetta (Zettie).
Picture taken about 1901



Milton and Kirk Anderson 1923



Milton 1930

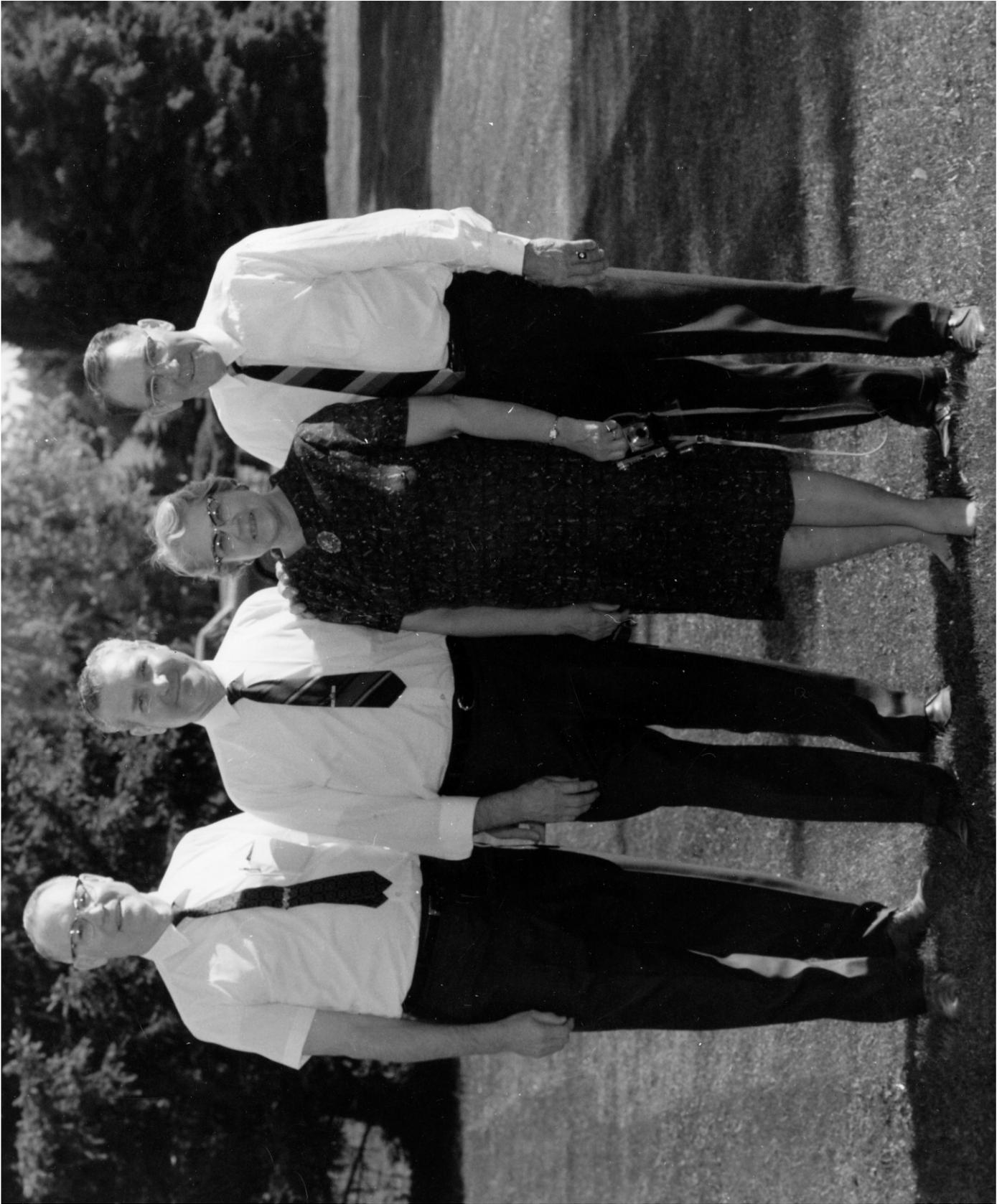


BROTHERS AND SISTERS: ERIN, REX, WALDO, HELEN, MOTHER (CAROLINE), MILTON

1917



Thurber Brothers: Waldo, Rex, Erin, Milton. 1936



MILTON THURBER, REX THURBER, HELEN THURBER DALTON, WALDO THURBER 1969

FAMILY

The Family I Was Born Into:

Here are the children of Isaac Erin Thurber and Caroline Butler:

Helen Thurber, born 7 Nov 1904, Richfield, Sevier, Utah.

Waldo Arion Thurber, born 21 Jul 1906, Soldier (now Fairfield), Camas, Idaho.

Rex Gordon Thurber, born 16 Apr 1909, Manard (now Fairfield), Camas,
Idaho.

Erin Butler Thurber, born 26 Mar 1911, Manard (now Fairfield), Camas, Idaho .

Milton J. Thurber, born 23 Feb 1916, Manard (now Fairfield), Camas, Idaho.

Some of my sister Helen's recollections of our early years, all of us, and some of our mother's memories of the five of us are included in sister's history of me as well. So they are largely omitted here. Sister's history is good, good reading . I was the youngest of that history so necessarily my memories of the other brothers and sister are shortened. I love them, each of them, and will add somewhat to that account of them.

I barely remember living in the dwelling on Front Street in Boise. It was the operation center of father's and Sam Worthington's jointly owned business of hauling household goods and coal. The horses used in that business were stabled and cared for there. When I was still three years old, we moved to our home at 1610 North Eleventh St. in Boise. Before then, I recall our gathering at a window at night so we could watch our military readying to go on board at the railroad station just across the street. It was World War 1, so probably in 1918. Most of my memories from that time relate to 1610 North Eleven Street.

There is an account in another writing of my squeezing into elementary school. Pretty much the center of our activities was in the kitchen of our home. On the day I started school, the older kids had gone off to work or to school except me. My birthday (my 6th) was not until 23 February so I was technically forbidden to be a school boy. But it was mid-year, Longfellow School had a short group to start then. I begged, no doubt pleaded with my mother to let me go, catch up with older brother or brothers, and start to school! I was most anxious to go. Dear mother shed a few tears, dried her eyes, and sent me off, her youngest.

She loved me, always, then and later.

School was for many years a walking exercise, not always relished but an obvious necessity. I loved to study, evidently was blessed with a retentive memory. So for years I could and would answer classroom questions from my own knowledge, not trying to show off but simply because I knew -- sometimes welcomed, but not always -- spoiling a teacher's train of thought. Because of starting first grade at mid-year, and receiving two special promotions during the eight grades at Longfellow Elementary, I went through

them in seven years, entered high school as a freshman at age 12, graduated in 3 and 1/2 years shortly after age 16. Then to work, and appreciative for the teachings. It seems probable at this point that Boise was blessed with a large student body and could attract a good quality of teachers.

I did not experience, but learned later when older, that after father's death (when I was barely four years of age) mother, sister Helen, and brother Waldo had counselled together about the financial future and agreed that Mom would stay at home, do cooking and housekeeping and attend to the younger ones. Helen and Waldo would seek employment to provide income. It was a tough road to hoe, they being 16 and 14 years of age. My hat and heart go out to them for their courage and determination.

There was only \$1,500 in life insurance on father, which went into debts; an interest in Worthington & Thurber partnership which was sold to Brother Benson and paid a bit at a time; \$20 a month from the county's widow pension until I, the youngest, reached 16 years of age. No other pension, no church help I have ever heard of; the gift of an old(?) electrical appliance from a Richfield relative who had repossessed it, and the earnings of the older children until they grew old enough to marry. Thin, thin, thin! But we made it! Or rather, they did.

Now a few memories, recollections of my family members.

My father, I.E. Thurber, I barely remember. One time when we were living at 8-mile near Boise, on a farm, I must have been barely able to walk on my own, I recall going to the neighbors up the road a bit, being given a cookie, then running down the road a bit in such a hurry that I stumbled and fell with the cookie getting in the dirt of the road; picked it up, finished running home, found my father in the kitchen and proudly displayed the cookie. He looked at it, threw it into the stove. Broke my heart but I am sure he realized the dirt mixed with the cookie. I hadn't learned that yet.

Other memories in the Front Street home have been recorded in another place, will not duplicate them here. I can and do recall the visits of many family and church members during my father's last illness, vaguely. I was too young to understand the painful realities of that time.

About my dear mother. She was a persistent doer of what was good and righteous, even though with severely limited financial resources with which to work. She wanted all of her five children educated, which in those days meant getting through high school. There was little or no thought, much less discussion, of going on beyond that goal. Waldo and Helen never, never graduated from high school -- but each of them became well educated by independent study and work. Helen worked as a secretary, Waldo went to work in his middle teens in an office supply business firm, then in a bank, then in a wholesale dry goods firm. He and a good friend together eventually studied for the CPA exam. Waldo passed, his friend did not but succeeded with ownership in a series of retail stores. Tough way to go.

To this day -- 27 October 1999 -- Helen is or very soon will be 95 years of age and is a remarkable keeper and indexer of an astounding number of gathered and typed pieces of data, often called upon as a reliable source. Waldo is or soon will be 93 years of age, financially retired but with an active mind and body. He made his nest egg by years of gathering and holding on to things, has acquired a reputation for ethics at a high, high level. Bless them both.

Brother Rex lived to age 81 after graduating from high school at the usual age, then eventually being a draftsman in the highway department of the state of Idaho, then to Bonneville Power Administration in Portland teaching and training other draftsmen, then becoming a budget officer for that firm. He nearly always was a handsome guy ready for a good time. He enjoyed drinking beer, wine to the disappointment of our mother. Even though he drank, I can't recall ever seeing him drunk or failing to do his work. She taught all of us the importance of doing well whatever we chose to undertake.

Brother Erin B. was five years older than I, did well in high school, then to work as an accountant for business retailers. He was the only one in our family to be asked to serve a mission, in tough times financially. Mother encouraged that. He was called to the Toronto Canada mission and did it well. His own money gave out about 14 months later. I had by that time gone to work in the state highway department, and for the remainder of his time sent him \$25 per month (all he needed) until end of his 24 months. Occasionally I would send him \$30 and hope he would treat his companion to a dinner. Slim days!

Uncles and aunts were visitors, always welcome, at our house. Father's relatives including some cousins of ours would stop with us. Uncle Elmer Nielson would sometimes stay with us long enough to negotiate some bank credit for his farming operation. One day Waldo came home, told Mom he was leaving in perhaps a half hour to drive to Camas Prairie and she could go with him if she wished. She, in a hurry, could only find one head of cabbage to take to her sister, ever afterward a source of amusement to hear it.

It is heart warming to recollect that every one in our immediate family above has been protective, encouraging, lifting of me as the youngest brother. No one has failed in substantive ways to boost me, no doubt beyond what I ever deserved. They would take me places, find work I could do, send me there or get it for me, all those little things which end up being big things in my small and young mind. I am ever grateful to each one, and hope they are aware of it, even if beyond the veil of death. I mean it.

There came a time when I was 21 years of age, dating girls while trying to save some money for college, when Ariel Crowley's sister Madge came to visit them. She was single, unmarried, never had been, a beautiful girl. We had two or three times together, fell in love. I proposed, to be married in the Salt Lake Temple enroute to Washington D.C., she accepted and away we went. I was smitten. My mother went to SLC, was in the temple with us, and several of the Richards cousins saw us off on the railroad that night for the long ride all the way to the east coast. What courage that took on her part!

To make a long story short -- if possible -- our first son came four days before our first anniversary, then we lost two or three babies before we had three more. All four are listed below:

Anthony Milton Thurber, Born 9 Apr 1938. Washington, D.C.
Bonnie Elaine Thurber, Born 11 Sep 1946, Ontario, San Bernardino, California
Timothy Craig Thurber, Born 4 Mar 1948, Ontario, San Bernardino, California
Erin Bruce Thurber, Born 6 Apr 1949, Ontario, San Bernardino, California

Each of them has earned a college degree or degrees, Tony, in law at the University of Utah; Elaine in physical therapy at the same college, plus a degree at BYU; Timmy Craig a doctorate in chemistry at U of Utah; Erin in Spanish at Riverside California. Good kids, all of them. Some of them even had good sense! Wonder of wonders!

Madge's health was cause for concern for many of the years she was working so hard to provide for her own. In one year, I believe 1964, she had four surgical operations within the year. Eventually she was a bed patient in the University of Utah Medical Center for six months of a year and a half period before being released. She used to wonder about herself, would say she guessed she had not been put together right. On 30 September 1975, she passed away in the San Antonio Community Hospital, in Upland, California, an unwanted but merciful release from intractable pain. A painful memory.

I would not have had another wife after that, and made it plain to my family and friends, no matter attractiveness, health, wealth, genius, abilities, nor any other praiseworthy faculties. It was a year of simply duties -- probate her estate, pay some taxes, pick out a mausoleum, all those grim necessities when my spirit was not in it, not at all. And accepting the compassion, in some cases the love of those who had known her. She had been a long time Relief Society Board member, steady and faithful, a superb teacher. I had not even sent Christmas greetings after her death as we had done for years.

A year later that changed. Christmas, 1976, I sent a greeting and mention of Madge's death to Louisa Sanders, as my stake mission companion and I had known her some 20 years before, and had baptized her and friendshipped her and children. She had, -- so she replied from the state of Washington -- divorced her husband. We corresponded several times. That summer she wrote that she was planning to fly to a nephew's wedding in Downey, California at the insistence of her sister Pat Cramer, and might we see each other?

A full account of Louisa's and my joining our lives in beautiful love and harmony is already in typing, dated November 21, 1976 with but few alterations. - not included in this history. It is in 10 typed pages and from each of us. An amazing thing about it is that I had never, never kissed either Madge or Louisa until first proposed to and accepted as an eternal companion. I had kissed other girls before but no others with purpose and intent of a never ending relationship as is a part of our gospel faith. In each instance it has been including a promise (understood) of faithful commitment of each to the other, with no

violation of that principle so dear to our hearts, even in a society generally skeptical of faith. Louisa and I treasured our belief. We still do.

It is of interest to any person not of our faith that each of us had previously been sealed to another spouse by priesthood authority, and here we were intending to do so again. What to do? We researched and studied it as fully as we knew how to do, talked with my sister Helen about it, she studied and prayed all she knew how to do, and we all concluded that it was acceptable for me to be sealed to another bride when my original wife had died, but for Louisa's sealing to her former spouse to be cancelled authoritatively before she could be sealed to me as her one eternal companion. This we applied for and did.

It was of interest that when her letter of cancellation of sealing was received from the First Presidency, it contained a reminder that it did not include cancellation of any children's sealing. Logically, they are given the opportunity of choosing which parents they may be assigned to, or if neither is worthy, be adopted into another and different set of parents. It is important to understand that any child must be identified with both a father and a mother for the eternities. All may by this means be or become a worthy parent and/or a worthy child of an eternal parentage. Not quite so simple, is it? Think of it -- all worthy persons will become, in time, a worthy parent and a worthy child. This is the principle of never ending togetherness, if I understand it.

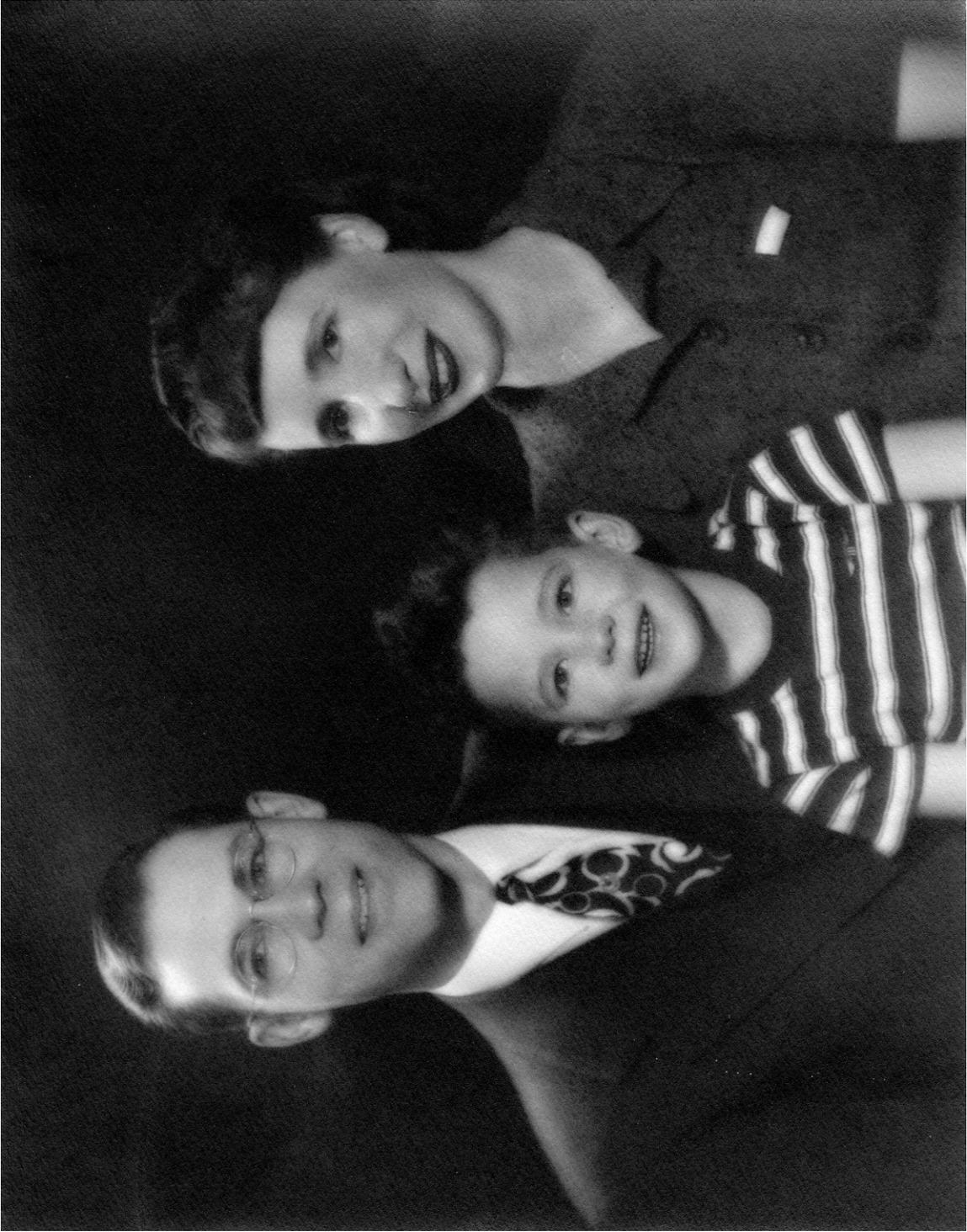
This being the case, Louisa and I are in complete agreement about our hoping to have her children in our patriarchal order, of their own free choice. There is a great community of interest with each of them which we share. It took me a while to come to the certainty of this decision, barely entertained by me at the beginning of our loving relationship, a never ending concern of hers as a biological and spiritual mother for eternity. They are hers, I understand that magnetism between mother and child which is so strong in her, I honor it and commend it. They are:

Ona Lavonne Sanders, born 19 Dec 1950, Lynwood, Los Angeles, California
Mark Jerome Sanders, born 21 Jun 1954, Lynwood, Los Angeles, California
Michael Lee Sanders, born 5 Jul 1955, Whittier, Los Angeles, California
Eric J. Sanders, born 23 Sep 1958, Pomona, Los Angeles, California
William Francis Battershell, born 28 Dec 1950, Los Angeles, Los Angeles,
California

Bill, as we know him, was fathered by Bill senior and his birth mother (not by Louisa) but was reared and taught by Louisa from about 14 years of age to and including his missionary age in central America and thereafter. There is a remarkable affinity between them even to this day, he is loved and admired by the both of us. He was sealed (to his biological father) and to Louisa during their marriage. His biological father is now felt not worthy, but that remains to be seen. Bill Jr. has made a choice of his own to be with Louisa and myself. We feel and consider that he is truly ours, both here and hereafter. We surely hope so.

Each of Louisa's natural children and Bill Jr. we have kept track of, have counseled with them when appropriate, have financed Eric's mission to Spain and Montreal, previously financed Bill Jr's mission to central America, worried about the challenges, big and little, with which they have been confronted, have hoped for their good choices, prayed about them and have undertaken the usual parental problems concerning them, have informed them of our temple missions both going and returning. We have acted as truly their parents, with their interests heavily and naturally toward dear Louisa. She is truly, truly maternal.

At the time of this writing, 29 October 1999, we are proudly great grandparents of five new births in this calendar year. As my old and wise father-in-law attorney used to say, "We are taking the country by multiplication".



MILTON J. THURBER, wife Madge, and Anthony Milton Thurber. 1941



ANTHONY THURBER, MADGE THURBER

1945



TOP BACK: MILTON, MADGE, TONY
TOP FRONT: CRAIG, ERIN, ELAINE 1951

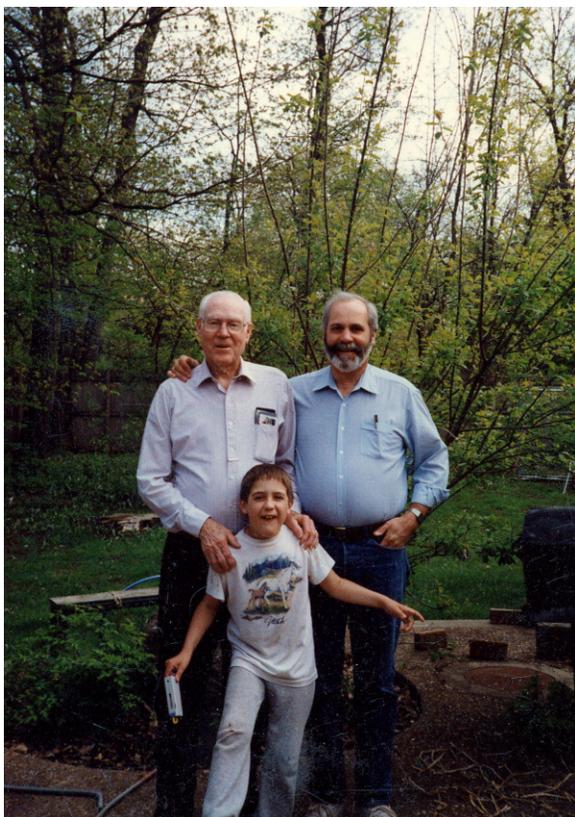
MIDDLE BACK: ERIN, ELAINE
MIDDLE FRONT: CRAIG, MADGE, MILTON 1963



MADGE THURBER 1935



Tony Thurber, Elaine Thurber Lu, Milton, Erin Thurber 1991



Milton, Craig Thurber,
Mathew Thurber 1990



Louisa J. Battershell and Milton J. Thurber

*join in wishing you the joys of Christmas,
and delight in announcing to you
our forthcoming marriage and sealing*

on December 10, 1976

in the Los Angeles Temple of

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints

*We will be at home after New Year's day
at 1481 West Seventh Street, Apartment 68*

Upland, California 91786

and will welcome your calls

*May you, with us, know peace and happiness
in this and coming years.*

No Gifts Please

(714) 985-0091



*You are cordially invited
to a reception on December 18
from 2:00 till 4:00 p.m.
honoring the marriage of
Louisa S. and Milton J. Thurber
The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints
9075 Baseline Road Cucamonga
No Gifts Please*



Top:
Bill Battershell
Mark Sanders
Erin Thurber

Bottom:
Eric Sanders
Loni Sanders Schmid
Rosemary Perkes Thurber
Michael Sanders

1984



Combined Family 1984

HEALTH HISTORY

This section of my history is for those readers who have an interest in it. Others are welcome to skip it if they choose!!

As a boy or a youth:

The early events are related elsewhere in this history, such as my early attempt to conquer the bridge across the flowing small stream behind our home, probably in Filer, Idaho. Add to that my childhood ear aches and ordinary diseases such as the mumps which showed up at my father's funeral, of all places. Much later, I was once walking back from downtown Boise to our home on 11th street, alone and in daytime, cold weather and a bit of ice on the way, saw an empty can and kicked at it. The can left but so did my footing, I slipped, fell, and fractured my left arm just above the wrist. Walked on home, Mother and some of my brothers and sister were there, called a medical doctor to come, he snapped it back into place, instructed us what to do. It hurt! Lesson, don't kick.

I had an operation to remove tonsils and adenoids. Later, at about age 20, I had an infected tonsil stub which a doctor removed surgically in the hospital.

At about age 40 or over:

My stomach would hurt, could do little to mitigate it. One Sunday morning I vomited some blood. Our family doctor, Walter A. Sullivan, was called. He put me in the San Antonio Community Hospital in Upland and assisted the surgeon who surgically removed half to two thirds of my stomach and connected the remainder to the small intestine. Dr. Sullivan told me later that I had barely enough blood supply left to sustain life before the operation. The pain before had occurred because of spasms of the pelorus (sp), the exit from the stomach. These many years later they know more about that pain and its treatment. It is called a subtotal gastrectomy. The modern treatment is far simpler.

Age 47 to 58:

During these years (11 years) I was being treated by a very good internal medicine M.D. for depression. It was a horrible experience. I would never know when its beginning was about to occur nor why and for how long, nor when and why it would stop. Its physical and emotional effect was to neutralize my power of judgment and will. It might last for seconds, minutes, or days. My doctor gave me good care. After 11 years I experienced a stop in it, exactly as if an electric switch had turned off, what a relief! It never came back, for which I am eternally grateful. To this day I have deep, deep sympathy in my heart for any one who is afflicted with it. Medical literature during my time with it expressed the idea that cause would be from some sort of interplay with two chemicals in the brain. I don't know what it is today.

Age 50s:

High blood pressure; diet controlled diabetes (both corrected by 60s.) My doctor had me do a blood sugar test, phoned me later at home and told me I had diabetes. It was a disappointed feeling with me, rather than a surprise. We were living a stressful life. He directed my treatment and did it well. Many years later, in Vancouver, our doctor here told me I did not have it. I asked how he could tell. He said “you don’t show the signs of it.” Best news I had in a long time!

Age 60s:

Occasional headaches behind the eye which would go away by resting. At age 64 I had an abdominal pain, hard and fierce. Turned out it was an angry gall bladder, another cutting after the long ago gastrectomy, hospitalization required and welcomed. Surgeon, Dr. Graham, did a good job of the procedure, I learned later that the wall of gall bladder was infected, I believe thicker than normal. It came at an awkward time as Louisa and I had agreed to move to the Seattle Temple and work as ordinance workers, went a bit later than we had planned, but still made it for our one and a half years of full time service there. A time of enjoyment, deep pleasure, satisfaction in putting our experience in the Los Angeles Temple to practical use high in the northwest.

Age 70s:

Numerous skin cancers, removed successfully. They were caused by long years of exposure to the sun, according to the Dr. Spolar who did a fine job of attending to them. Also had phlebitis in the right leg, possibly also earlier.

Age 76:

Had a heart attack resulting in an angiogram at the hospital, removal by ambulance to Good Sam Hospital in Portland, a fine heart surgeon, Dr. Swenson, performed an angioplasty. I had become nauseated, aspirated material. This angioplasty failed, collapsed, and a second one performed which, fortunately, did not fail. So a good deal of hospitalization, with intensive hospital care. One day the three members of our stake presidency called on me with love and caring, for which I still thank them. Had pneumonia, fortunately long gone.

Also had glaucoma and a corneal dystrophy, cause unknown. Later the eye doctor Rundle attributed it to a mini-stroke.

At age 78

I had atrial fibrillation for which was treated in Maryland when serving in the Washington D.C. Temple.

Now at age 83:

Subsequent mini-strokes.

Dental: Excellent dental condition. No dentures or bridges, several fillings and crowns.

Hopefully, end of this dreary recitation of aches and pains. No one should welcome them.

SCHOOL

Keyed in by Milt 07/10/1999

My first memory of attending school was when I was barely approaching my sixth birthday. My older brothers, Rex and Erin, had attended Longfellow School. I was the only one left at home and anxious to go. I begged and pleaded with my fine mother to let me go, since we had word from the school authorities that they had only a small mid-year group attending for the second semester. She, brave soul, finally relented, shed some tears, and sent me off to catch up with older brothers. I was delighted, anxious to learn, wanted to learn. She was foreseeing.

My first grade teacher was Ms. Orford, kind and teaching. She had us memorize the names of many birds whose images were on a poster in the classroom. I was delighted, named them off perfectly and, to her surprise, equally with another student whose family were well learned learners. The two of us together were sent to demonstrate in a higher grade in the school our feat of memory.

Longfellow was a school with first to eighth grades. I was given two special promotions, in the third and (I think) in the sixth grades. Some teachers were Ms. Sackett and Ms. Rainwater, the names of others I have lost in memory. In time a fine girl student came to our school, name of Arline Booth, who graduated first in our school, I in second. Much later she became a member of our church, LDS, friendly with the Arthur family of girls. She was an only child. Her parents evidently left it to her to affiliate with LDS girls, and she later became the wife of Seth Redford, first president of our Boise Temple.

I was a very poor athlete. One day, when in seventh or eighth grade, I went to observe football practice, intending solely to watch. The teacher who was the coach saw me standing there and assumed I wanted to play - and asked me to join the practice, to my surprise. So I did, became an end on the team, and became the poorest end in recorded history. Too rough for me. We had a good quarterback, Carl Smith, who later was on a California college team.

My elementary school years came to graduation. It had been custom to give eighth grade graduates a certificate before going on to high school. The principal explained to us that ours was the first class who did not receive such a diploma, it was being discontinued. Progress!

Taped by Milt in 1992:

Louisa just asked about my high school days. I went to the Boise High School and went through it in 3 1/2 years. A few months after I was 16 years old, I graduated. I had two older brothers who attended Boise High School, so the way was

prepared for me to be socially acceptable in the fraternity that they had there. I think they had four boys' fraternities and three or four girls' fraternities. And so I was asked to join the Billikens, as they were called, also called Phi Alpha Epsilon. And we'd have several dances a year. Each fraternity and each sorority would have one formal dance a year, and all of the members of the other fraternities and sororities received, automatically, invitations to each formal. We also had from fall until spring a dance almost every Saturday night at the Stake Tabernacle in Boise. So there was a lot of social activity. The fraternities and sororities had a number of informal dances.

L. Did they have initiations there?

M. Oh yes! They had a brutal initiation. I had to report along with the other inductees to the Lemp triangle, which was a big, bare lot and , oh, they paddled us for a little bit, and then they assigned demeaning or embarrassing things to do. I was told to go bring in some milk, find some milk. Where am I going to find milk? Anywhere. And so I was just roaming around the neighborhood. I saw some milk bottles on the front porch of a home, and I just walked up and took one and walked off with it. The initiation usually took three nights, and the third night you were inducted into the fraternity.

L. Did you have anything serious in the way of injury?

M. Oh, man, my bottom was black and blue. And then either next year or the year after, I graduated. The High School Principal, Jed Lee Foy was his name, - he was a southerner. He eradicated the fraternities and sororities. He did away with them, and I think it was a good thing.

L. You were a class officer, weren't you?

M. Yes, I was Freshman Class President, and Sophomore Student Council Representative, and Senior Class Treasurer. I just skipped being a Junior. I graduated, as I recall, 17th or something like that in my class, in grade standings.

L. How many were in your class?

M. Oh, probably, two or three hundred, I imagine.

L. What were your extracurricular activities?

M. Oh, I was in the Dramatic Club and was in several plays that were produced there. And the last two years I was in High School, I worked after school and Saturday mornings at the Public Library which was just about two blocks from the High School and earned thirty cents an hour, and tickled to death to have it, because that provided my spending money during those two years. And one reason why it was good for me was because even though I did not have a large hand span, I could

hold so many books just by compressing my hand around them, that to this day, I have pretty strong hands, even though they're not particularly large.

L. Did you read a lot?

M. Oh yes, I haunted the library for many years beginning in the children's section downstairs in the library. There were times, not every day of course, but there were times I'd go to the library and choose a book, read it that night, the next day take it back, and get another book.

L. Did you have any plays, or anything like that, in your last two years of High School?

M. Yes, both at High School in the Dramatics Club and the Dramatics Class and at Church. We used to have contests at Church in public speech, drama, and music, dance. And now they don't do it anymore. For one thing, it became so competitive and there was a lot of criticism of the grading and judging. One time Neil Labrum was in a group that was singing, and the song they were singing was "Holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, Holy, holy," (Milt singing), and they had a break, and all of a sudden Neil Labrum came to and he went "Ho" all alone. And he stopped as soon as he'd gotten it out. (Laughter)

Carl Worthington was a good drama teacher in the Church group. I remember one play that we put on that he directed, and we did a pretty presentable job of staging it and acting it.

Later after graduation when I went to Boise Junior College, they presented plays in French and in Spanish, and to nobody's surprise, I don't suppose, I was in the Spanish play, and a French play. About all I can remember of the French was, or maybe it was Spanish - I can remember one line. And in a French play it was - let me think - it'll come to me, but not just yet.

I was also on the debating team, for I think two years, and one time we had a trip to Twin Falls, or to Burley, and Merle McKaig was on our team, which was the negative. He was a handsome, sharp minded guy.

L. How do you spell his name.

M. McKaig, maybe that's not right. It's in the school year book, anyway.

L. So you had the negative.

M. Yes, we had three members on the negative, and three members on the positive team. Paul Ensign was the science teacher, and he was the debating coach. He'd read things, make notes on them, and pass them out to the debating team.

- L. Do you remember the subject?
- M. I think we were negative on the subject of whether there should be Workmen's Compensation Insurance. Or maybe it was Unemployment Insurance. I've forgotten now which it was.
- L. When did you develop your love of English Literature?
- M. Ah, my days at Boise Junior College. This was in the second semester of the first year it was in existence, and the dean was a very learned woman by the name of Dorothy Atkinson, and maybe not the first year, but maybe the second or the third year, I took an early morning class that she taught in English Literature, and she was a good teacher, and I developed a love for the English Literature which persists to this day, although I don't read much anymore.
- L. How many years did you go to Boise and-----
- M. Oh, 1933 to early 1937, four years. And for all except the first semester, the second semester of the first year, when I went full time, the rest of them were early morning classes before I went to work, or evening classes, occasionally. And then after the class was over, I'd hie to the Post Office and pick up the mail, and then hie over to the State Capitol Building and go to work.

I remember that when I was a Senior there was an English teacher by the name of Miss Semple who taught a class in creative writing. She invited me to attend her class, but I was going through High School in three and a half years, and I simply didn't have the time, along with the work that I did after school and Saturday mornings, to take her creative writing class. I would have liked to do it, but I didn't.

And late in my Senior year, somebody I don't even remember who, on the faculty, told me that I had been considered for a scholarship to Whitman College up in Washington, which was a surprise to me, because I didn't even know that there was any such school. A few of the students went on to college but very few of them did in those days. My graduation was in 1932, and a few of the more privileged kids went on to college, but I didn't expect to unless I put myself through.

I had to save up the money to do it. At one time I had it all figured out that I could attend full time at the University of Idaho, in Moscow Idaho, for \$400 a year, and I was saving up my money to do that until the time came along in early 1937 when G. Douglas Taylor, who had been an auditor for the U.S. Department of Public Roads working out of Ogden, had come up periodically to check the work that I had done on preparing claims for reimbursement of federal funds for highway and bridge construction in the State of Idaho. We became friendly, and I invited him out to the house a few times. He'd had polio in his younger days, so he was

partially crippled. But he gave me some good advice. He said to take a Civil Service exam, and get on a register, and it doesn't make much difference what job you take, but it will take you to Washington D.C, and you can get through school there working for the government during the days, and going to school at night. He said there were educational opportunities there that were hard to surpass. And so I did. I took a Civil Service exam and then received an offer from the Social Security Administration in Baltimore, and I didn't want to go to Baltimore, so I turned them down. I received an inquiry from the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and they wanted to know if I'd accept a position as a Junior Finger Print Classifier as a starter, no experience. And so I took it.

And before taking it I had to make a trip all the way up to Helena, Montana, to be interviewed by an FBI agent there. That was a long trip and it was cold, it was in the winter. And when I got back I went directly to the hospital to see Mother. She had had an operation. But the FBI came through with an offer.

Just then Madge came along, and she and I were married and sealed in the Salt Lake Temple in April, and that night we got on a train and started lolligaging all the way across the country to Washington, D.C.

- L. You told me something about your instructors. I think that was interesting.
- M. Ah, yes. We went to Washington, D.C. in the spring, but when it came time to enroll in school in the fall, 1937, I just looked around, and I planned to study law, and lawyers were starving to death all over the country, but I didn't know an accountant who was out of work, so I took accountancy, and in some ways, it's probably a good thing that I did. It took three years, and the instructors at Columbus University, which no longer exists, were people of achievement in their chosen fields. One accounting instructor was an independent CPA by the name of Gillis. He was a shrewd old, bald headed, Maine yankee. And he used to say in teaching partnerships, for example, now A says (says) to B, he says, looka here B, and go on with his example. If you're going in to do an audit, and you need to count the cash, he said, don't be in a hurry to do it. Give them time to put it back.

The instructor in business organization and management, and financial organization and management was secretary of the Securities and Exchange Commission. Instructor in statistics was head of the statistics division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. We had an instructor in economics by the name of Novak, who was very good. We had in instructor in law who was good.

- L. What were their backgrounds
- M. Experience

L. In other words, they were currently working in their fields?

M. Yes

I graduated from Columbus University, with a degree called Bachelor of Commercial Science, in 1940, and in the three years that I studied there at night, I'd earned three cash awards that had been offered, probably because nobody else wanted to take the time to write them up, and graduated second in my accounting class. I don't remember how many there were, but there may have been 50 to 100, something like that. And the leader in grade average was a sharp, young Italian fellow.

L. Now, this Columbus University, was that the Catholic Knights of Columbus?

M. Yes. They had only two schools, and both of them were at night. They had a School of Law, and a School of Accountancy, and at one time the School of Law had a higher enrollment than the Harvard School of Law, which was a highly prestigious school of law.

One reason I selected accountancy instead of law was because Ariel Crowley, who had been a friend of mine for several years in Boise, and he was a lawyer, he'd come from Idaho Falls as an Asst. States Attorney, - yes, Madge's brother - and we used to play tennis together, and at one time we team taught a Sunday School class - and he urged me when I was getting ready to leave Boise to study law and then come back and be his partner, and then in all seriousness he added, "You know if you make over a hundred dollars in your first year in law, you're a crook," and he was not kidding. And this is one reason I turned my back on law and took up accountancy. One thing I liked about accounting is the logic of it. I did not like the idea of the adversary relationship in the practice of law, anyway.

L. A hundred dollars a year - what would that be equivalent of today?

M. Probably about a thousand dollars a year, now.

L. What were you making working for the government? What did you make there?

M. I think I started at \$105 a month, and when I ended up I was making about \$145, or maybe \$150 a month, minus the Civil Service Retirement fund that was taken out - 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 % to begin with.

L. We're talking about your sending on your 21st birthday - we're reading Helen's history of you, and I notice she talks about giving you a party on your 21st birthday - What about the flowers you sent your Mom?

- M. Oh, I sent her some rose buds with a card that said, "With Sincere Appreciation."
When I got home she was crying.
- L. I don't wonder.

Recorded in 1993

To some extent what I'm about to say may be partially duplicated by what has been recorded previously. This the first day of November, 1993, and we are in our apartment in Kensington, Maryland. Reflecting back, I entered High School in Boise, Idaho, at the age of 12 because I had gone through the first 8 grades in 7 years, and had started early. And, to my surprise, I was elected Freshman Class President for the second semester of the year of entry.

The second year of High School, I was elected as Sophomore Representative to the Student Council. And the third year, was elected Senior Class Treasurer. The National Honor Society in my Senior year honored me by electing me President of the National Honor Society, itself, which was simply an indication of academic honor. I did not graduate highest in my class. I had worked after school and Saturday mornings at the Carnegie Public Library, under Miss Egan, who was the head librarian, and it was an interesting thing, how that job came to be.

I had frequented the library a great deal during my growing years, and when Walter Lockwood, who was my predecessor at the library in shelving books and straightening up, and so forth, was graduating, and he apparently recommended me to take his place, but in any event, whether he did or whether he didn't, I was hired. There was a Miss Carpenter, who was an Assistant Librarian, who took me in, and Miss Cheeseman (?), also, and gave me some training about what to do and how to do it, and it was a very interesting time. I worked for 30 cents an hour, and very glad to have it. During those two years it provided most of my spending money during the time when I needed it, and when our family was very close with money, because there simply wasn't much.

My hands were a little bit on the small side, or at the very best average size and average strength. Well, working with books, shelving them, taking them off the returned shelves, I did gradually develop some strength in my hands, by gripping the groups and carrying them, and straightening on the shelves, and putting them where they belonged. It was interesting that I developed quite a memory for where books belonged, and what part of the shelves they belonged to. The fiction books, the novels and so forth, were alphabetically by author, and the non-fiction books were numerically indexed. Sometimes during wet weather, when there many books that had been taken out, and many books returned, there was a great deal of work to be done.

Back to the school time, during my three and a half years in High School, I was a member of a boys' fraternity. There were three boys' fraternities, and three girls' fraternities in High School at that time. My two brothers, Rex and Erin, had been members of the Billikens Club, also known as the - Phi Alpha Epsilon was the Latin name, and they had a great many social activities. Each of the clubs would have at least one formal dance during the school year, and all of the members of the other clubs were invited to attend. Now, you couple that with the dances that we had at the Tabernacle almost every Saturday night, as I recall, not Friday night, but almost every Saturday night, Church sponsored dances, and altogether there's a great deal of activity going on, much from fall until spring. And then during the school year there were informal dances for each of the fraternities and each of the sororities, to which the other ones were not invited.

The year, or perhaps two years after I graduated in 1932, the school administration outlawed all fraternities and sororities, and they were simply done away with. That was probably a good thing because there was a great deal of pecking order. Many of the leaders in Student Government and Student Body activities were members of a sorority or fraternity, but some very good people were not, and this was an unfortunate thing because they were fully as deserving as some of those who were popular enough to be invited into a fraternity or sorority.

During the school years, I was on the debating team for at least two years, or perhaps three, but at least two years, and a member of the Dramatics Club, and we participated in some school dramatic presentations. I remember that after I had been in school for a year, or maybe two years, something like that, an English teacher and a Latin teacher by the name of Miss Semple invited me to attend a Creative Writing class, and I regretfully refused, because I just had too much going on between the school activity, the school work, and the work at the Library. I just simply couldn't make it all.

I was a member of the Spanish Club, and I remember that our first year Spanish teacher was a Mr. McDonald, who had tried for a scholarship to Oxford College in England, and had failed to get it. Those were hard times, those were tough times. He taught us pronunciation, but the best Spanish teacher, by far, that I had was the second year teacher, who was a Miss Silva. She was a native of the Canary Islands, and Spanish, I suspect had been her native tongue. Well, she drilled us and drilled us and drilled us in Spanish pronunciation, and we learned.

It was an interesting thing that there were many Spanish Basque students in the High School at that time because Boise, Idaho, was the site of the largest group of Spanish Basques in the United States, many of whom were involved in the sheep raising business and tending sheep. The Basque language is different. It's not the same as Spanish. It's not even related to Spanish. It's a much older language. And it was interesting that several of the students who were in my Spanish classes were Basque students, and they had to work just as hard, and maybe even harder than the rest of us did to learn to pronounce and to use the Spanish language.

Many of the Basque boys were fine, fine athletes and were very active in student sports, and some of the girls were beautiful girls.

The High School experience was a good one. I had to work. I had to study, and I was growing, and it was a fine, fine thing in the way of social activity. I tended to be a little bit on the retiring side, because in Grade School years, I had been an avid reader, and avid readers very often tend to be kind of loners. And that had been my lot, but in High School I had to be somewhat outgoing, which was a little bit beyond my usual nature at that time.

The debating team was coached by a teacher, who was a science teacher by the name of Paul Ensign, and he worked very hard trying to help us organize. He would research at the library and give us notes on what he'd found, sources and so on, so we could use them in debates.

My dramatics teacher was Miss Helen Mayer, and she was the director of the school plays that were produced. She drilled us on memorization, and on phrasing and public speech, and we would have to memorize and give readings before the class. She was Jewish, but she was very good at what she did. And she was a long-time dramatics teacher there for many years after I graduated and up until the war years.

An economics instructor was Mr. Hays, and the unfortunate part of my taking economics was that it was right after lunch, and I would sit there and go to sleep, especially if the weather was warm. This was in the old Boise High School, and now, of course, the High School training is scattered all over the city. At that time there was only one High School, and that was right in Boise. Right across the street from Boise High was a place where you could get milk shakes and sundaes, and buy candy and things of that sort, called the, I don't remember now, but some name related to school or college, and I'd very often stop there and get a little something before I went to work at the Library.

The chemistry instructor was a nice old, experienced man who tried to teach us chemistry, but they did not have the money to conduct laboratories, and so we just didn't get to get our hands and fingers into chemical experiments. Too bad. One time he brought into the chemistry class a man who had been conducting some experiment with radioactivity, and he had burns on his hands from the radioactivity.

There was a mathematics instructor by the name of Mr. Boesinger, who also was a basketball coach. The principal coach for both football and basketball, and I guess track and most everything else except tennis, was a fellow who was very successful. He was very good. We had some winning teams primarily, I suppose, because Boise was the largest High School in the state and so had the largest student body, and many of them, of course, were very good in athletics.

One of the outstanding leaders in Student Government was Jim Corcoran. He was the editor of the school magazine or yearbook, and later I learned that he had become an FBI Agent, and later a Certified Public Accountant in Southern California, I believe in Pasadena or Glendale. Another outstanding student and a very fine athlete was Kenneth Robertson. He was the Senior Class President.

I graduated from Boise High School in June, 1932, after three and a half years, and at age 16. I had turned 16 in February, and this graduation was in June.

Forty eight years later we had the one and only Class Reunion that we ever had. Arlene Booth was a member of the committee. She had married Seth Redford, who became the President of the Boise LDS Temple. She was a convert to the Church, and a fine young woman. And she graduated with high scholastic honors. She was a member of the committee that was organized to bring together our forty eighth class reunion, and her explanation was that if we waited until fifty years, some of us might not make it. And she didn't live too long after that. She died of a heart ailment, as I recall, in the hospital in Salt Lake City.

When we had the class reunion forty eight years after 1932, it was held in Boise, of course, and we had a nice dinner and a nice ball and some reminiscences in the old Hotel Boise. I remember when the hotel was built. It was quite an event. And it was a real drawing card for the travelers who went through Boise, which was the principal city of commerce, as well as government, in the state of Idaho. When we had that forty eighth reunion, Madge had died, and I had remarried, and Louisa and I went together. We drove over from Vancouver, Washington, to attend the reunion. We stayed with brother Waldo and his wife, Evian, in their nice home on Mesa Vista on the first bench in Boise.

I was privileged to introduce Louisa to those of the graduating class who attended. Some had been killed in the war, World War II, and some had not come from great distance, but some had come, and some had stayed in or around Boise and were successful in what they undertook. And it was interesting to hear Clinton Atkinson, for one, and Max Hyde, for another, and I don't remember if Jess Swan was there. Kenny Robertson and Vernon Gilbert, who had been military. Some of the other graduates in the 1932 class had gone into the armed services. I was in the Navy for 20 months beginning in 1944 and ending after the war was over in 1946.

One of the dramatic productions that I participated in in High School was called "Submerged." And it was a one-act play about a crew that was in a submarine that could not rise to the surface. It was sunk. Another was the story of the French Revolution, and I think that was a three-act play. I was a dressed up member of French royalty.

We had dances. Edith Welch and I once were George and Martha Washington, in costume, for a service club meeting. And Edith was a fine Mormon girl, and a

very bright student. She later moved to Logan, Utah. And there I think that she married a faculty member, or at least he became a faculty member, if he was not already.

Some of my friends were Jack Cummock who was a fine golfer, and some of the fraternity friends, some of the Billikens. Sometimes I could get a ride to a dance or a party with one or the other of them, and once in awhile one of my brothers would let me borrow his car and go on a date. Generally, I went around with borrowed rides, and sometimes it was a little embarrassing but that's the way it had to be. I just didn't have the money to buy a car, and I didn't expect to be provided with one, so I had to beg rides from my brothers or from friends.

During the High School years we would present some plays and have some dances at Church. And I don't remember the titles now, but I was in several Church plays. And we had contests. We had public speaking, and dramatics, and we retold stories, and so on. And we would be graded, and we'd compete. Dancing was fun. My brothers taught me how to dance. I started dancing at about age 13, I think, because I was Freshman Class President, and that meant that I was invited to the dances of the older classes, the Sophomore and Senior classes. And I was shy. Oh, man, I was shy.

- L. How tall were you then?
- M. I'd grown about a foot in the eighth grade as I played football. The one and only time that I ever was on a football team that had any merit at all to it.
- L. What position?
- M. I was at the end. And I was the poorest football player, probably, they ever had.

I learned to drive a car by having my brother, Rex, let me drive his clutch operated Ford from our home down to the school, and then he'd take the car on to his job at the State Capitol building in Boise. That's where it started. Back in those days, I didn't even have to have a driver's license. Nobody had to have a driver's license. That came when I was working later in the Capitol Building in Boise after graduation from High School.

I was probably about 13 or 14 years of age when I started learning to drive. And I recall that sometime probably after I graduated from High School, my brother, Waldo's, firm asked me to go to North Powder, Oregon, in the middle of the winter to bring back a car that they had taken in as a foreclosure on an unpaid bill by somebody to his firm. Well, I left Boise on the train, the last car on the train, just barely catching on to it with my coat flapping in the breeze, until somebody came and let me in the door of the car. Well, we went to North Powder, Oregon. I got off the train and went to the only hotel in that little, old town, and took a room. I don't think it cost over \$2 or \$3, if that. The fellow who let me in asked if that

was all I wanted, if that was all I needed. And I told him that was it. Except I wanted to get up in the morning and take possession of the car that was to be driven back.

Well, I started a fire in the little, old stove in the room and went to bed, tired. I woke in the morning, got dressed, ate, went down and picked up the car and started driving home to Boise. Well, along about 10:00 or so, the roads were icy, just bad icy, and the sun had risen to the point where the ice was starting to form a little film of water on top. I was driving very, very gently and going around an easy curve in the highway, the car just switched around and turned over. And I ended up - I can remember to this day the dashboard going around in front of me like this, and hearing the tinkling of glass, because the glass was broken.

When the car ended up on its side, I got out, climbed out the window. A fellow with a grain truck came along and saw that I was in trouble, and he hitched up something to the car, and we tipped it up and put it on its wheels. We tipped it up and pulled it out on the highway. And I drove the rest of the way home with a broken window and just nearly froze myself half to death, and feeling just terrible because of the damage done to the car. Waldo's firm took the car, and I was never chastised, but it certainly represented a loss to them, a financial loss of some sort. But it was a lesson there. I was very careful going around that easy curve, and it was just like glass with a little melted water right on top of the ice. And it was just like glass. Oh, it was terribly slick.

Changing the subject briefly, we lived in a house at 1610 North 11th in Boise that had been bought when father was still living, and he died in that house. It was just poor, bare house, but it was home. And there was a good feeling in it.. We didn't have an indoor bathroom in it. There was an outdoor privy with running water, but it was an outdoor privy, and eventually there was an indoor bathroom built by a partially employed good neighbor by the name of Scotland.

- L. Did the outdoor privy have running water.
- M. Yes, the outdoor privy had running water, but we had a basement with a dirt floor in it, and just basics, basic rooms, kitchen, living room, dining room. But it was home, and we enjoyed it, and we appreciated having it. It was the home in which my father died when I was just four years old. Four years and three weeks old. Eventually, somebody, I don't remember if it was Mr. Scotland or Frank Kloepfer, who was a building contractor, probably Mr. Scotland built a sleeping porch on the back. And we had two beds, as I recall, out there.

One time I remember waking up after a snow storm at night, and some snow had come in through the screen of the sleeping porch, and we had snow on the bedcovers. And it was cold.

- L. You didn't have any covering on the windows?
- M. No, there was a partition up about like this, and a screen from there on.
- L. What about five feet high - the partition?
- M. About five feet high, and then screen above that up to the roof of the sleeping porch. And upstairs we had one, two, three or four very plain bedrooms. Mother slept in one, and I think we had two beds in one of the bedrooms, and one bed in another. I remember one time that we had a fire. Mother and I were walking home alone from downtown in the summer. I take it back, it may not have been summer, it could have been maybe a little cooler, and when we arrived home we found that the chimney had leaked. There was a fire in the kitchen stove, I suppose, and the chimney had leaked some sparks and started a fire in the attic. But the fire was put out by someone, I don't remember who. And then there was damage that had to be repaired.
- L. How old were you?
- M. I was possibly eight or nine or ten. Somewhere along in there.

I remember one time when mother and I were walking home alone. We stopped by the excavation where the Stake Tabernacle was to be built. And we admired the big hole in the ground. And a workman came over and was explaining to mother what they were doing. He pointed over to one corner of that big hole in the ground. He said, "That's where they'll put the pool tables and things like that for recreation." Mother looked kind of snickery, and on the way home she snickered over that. She said, "He doesn't know that we're not going to have pool tables there. It's a Church building." But we had many good times in that Stake Tabernacle, and some good Stake Conferences in it. There were dances in it almost every weekend from fall until spring, and lot of good times, plays presented, contests, dancing, singing, dramatic presentations, retold stories, and I won some, and I lost some, which isn't unusual.

Besides the Stake Tabernacle, we had the little old frame Chapel at 4th and Jefferson Streets in Boise, where I mostly went to Church in the years that we lived there. I suppose somebody else owns it now, long since. But there were good times there. It was a very basic building with some wires strung on which plain cloth curtains could be hung to separate it into classrooms. Well, everybody could hear most everybody else. But in that 4th and Jefferson Chapel I remember that Heber J. Grant came through and spoke to us. That's where I first started teaching as an assistant to Ariel Crowley in Sunday School. I don't know if I taught anyone anything, but I worked at it.

That was the Chapel from which Madge and I were married. We were married and sealed in the Salt Lake City Temple in April 1937. And that night we got on

the train and headed east to Washington D.C. so I could work for the government during the day and go to school at night, and study.



Milt's High School Graduation - 1932



Milt in 1936

Accomplishments

Inter-scholastic Debate - 3

Freshman Class President - 1

Student Council - 2

Honor Roll - 1-2-3

Ni-Ny Club - 1-2-3

Spanish Club - 2-3

Vice-President - 2

Inter-Class Debate - 1

Y. L. P. Club - 1

Dramatic Club - 2-3 - Treasurer - 3

One-Act Plays - 2-3

"The Black Flamingo" - 2

Junior Honor Society - 2

Constitutional Convention - 2

Admory President - 3

Senior Class Treasurer - 3

History Club - 3

National Honor Society - 3 - President

~~Debate~~ - 3

Forty-Ninth Annual

COMMENCEMENT WEEK

BOISE HIGH SCHOOL

BACCALAUREATE SERMON
8:15 P. M., May 29

CLASS PLAY, "THE NERVOUS WRECK"
8:15 P. M., June 1

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES
8:15 P. M., June 3



1932

CLASS OFFICERS

KENNETH ROBERTSON	President
JOHN EDLEFSEN	Vice-President
JOHN LUKENS	Secretary
MILTON THURBER	Treasurer

CLASS ADVISERS

MR. POLLARD	MR. PAUL
MISS KJELDSEN	MISS STEWART
MISS MAYER	MR. JORDEN
MISS WENSTROM	MISS MARSH

SCHOLASTIC HONORS

(ARRANGED IN ORDER OF SCHOLASTIC RANK)

ROLL OF HIGHEST HONOR

(Students whose grade averages fall within the highest five per cent of the class.)

Pauline Johnson	Merle McKaig
Edith Welch	Raymond Vaught
Arline Booth	June Fleming
Ddwain Vincenz	Clyde Koontz
	Ray Downing

ROLL OF HIGH HONOR

(Students whose grade averages fall within the next highest ten per cent.)

Rosa Asumendi	Bertram Nash
Marjorie Wertman	Eileen Peck
Margaret Maxwell	Jo Jean Duff
Eddie Schwab	Eleanor Jones
Milly Downing	Margaret Simpson
Milton Thurber	Harold Kenzie
William Chennay	Ruby Neake
William Cherterton	Oley Greene
Ethel Everett	William Pauley
Jun Yamamoto	Charles Fisher
Marjorie Hays	Howard Scott
	Eugene Smith

ROLL OF HONOR

(Students whose grade averages fall within the next highest ten per cent.)

Dorothy Lenfest	Dorothy Hawk
William Ash	Clarine Wordan
Jo Betty Wickes	Harold Mayes
Eileen Anson	John Crowe
Clinton Atkinson	Elmer Fox
Eileen Smith	John Lukens
Vernon Gilbert	John Schaefer
Ray Wood	Kenneth Robertson
Norm Hillman	Winifred Harris
Eileen McConnell	Wanda Labrum
Lucile Nelson	May Louise Smith
	Robert Brown
	Boyd Burnett

SCHOLARSHIPS

College Women's Club, \$250	June Fleming
Pan-Hellenic Association, \$250	Ruth Farley
Whitman College, \$200	(To be selected)

SENIOR MEMBERS OF NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY, CHAPTER 424

Rosa Asumendi	Dean Kloepper
Clinton Atkinson	Clyde Koontz
Arline Booth	Dorothy Lenfest
Robert Brown	John Lukens
William Chatterton	Margaret Maxwell
Maxine Cordon	Merle McKaig
Jimmie Corcoran	Lucile Nelson
Ray Downing	Eileen Peck
Jo Jean Duff	Kenneth Robertson
Ethel Everett	Margaret Simpson
Clark Falls	Iris Thornton
Charles Fisher	Milton Thurber
June Fleming	Raymond Vaught
Vernon Gilbert	Ddwain Vincenz
Pauline Johnson	Edith Welch
Kathleen Kennally	Marjorie Wertman
	Jun Yamamoto

BACCALAUREATE SERVICE

HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM
8:15 P. M., May 29, 1932

Processional: "Marche Pontificale" - *de la Tombelle*
Boise High School Orchestra.
HOWARD DEYE, *Director*.

Invocation - - - - - *Rev. John Gresham*
Pastor Emmanuel Methodist Church.

"Were You There?" - - - - - *Burleigh*
A Cappella Choir.
DONALD FOLTZ, *Director*.

Sermon: "Possessions, Real and Fancied" - - - -
- - - - - *Dean Frank Rhea*
Rector, St. Michael's Cathedral.

"Fairest Lord Jesus" - - - - - *Arr. Noble Cain*
A Cappella Choir.
DONALD FOLTZ, *Director*.

Benediction - - - - - *Rev. Charles E. Ward*
Pastor First Congregational Church.

Recessional: "Marche Aux Flambeaux" - - - - *Clark*
Boise High School Orchestra.
HOWARD DEYE, *Director*.

*Audience will please remain seated while members of
graduating class enter and retire.*

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM
8:15 P. M., June 3

Processional: "Marche Pontificale" - *de la Tombelle*
Boise High School Orchestra.
HOWARD DEYE, *Director*.

Invocation - - - - - *Father Gerald M. Scanlon*
Principal, St. Joseph's School.

String Quartet—"Nocturne" - - - - - *Borodin*
Raymond Vaught, Elmer Fox, Merle McKaig,
Neola Fox.

Address - - - - - *Isaac McDougall*
President of Boise High School Class of 1912.

Vocal Solo: "Winds in the South" - *John Prindle Scott*
Mary Ellen Burns.

Presentation of Class to Board of Education - -
- - - - - *C. F. Dienst*
Superintendent of Schools.

Presentation of Diplomas - - - - - *J. W. Crowe*
President of Board of Education

Announcement of Honors and Scholarships - *Zed L. Foy*
Principal of Boise High School.

Benediction - - - - - *Pres. Heber Q. Hale*
Boise Stake of Latter Day Saints.

Recessional: "Marche Aux Flambeaux" - - - - *Clark*
Boise High School Orchestra.
HOWARD DEYE, *Director*.

*Audience will please remain seated while members of
graduating class enter and retire.*

Boise High School
 BOISE. IDAHO



This is to certify that **Milton Chamber**
 having honorably completed the prescribed Course of Study, and filled
 satisfactorily all other requirements for graduation, is awarded this

DIPLÔMA

Given by the Board of Education, and the Faculty of Boise Public
 Schools, at Boise, Idaho, this *third* day of *June*, 19*32*.

W. L. Lewis
 President of Board of Education

J. O. Gray
 Superintendent of Schools

J. O. Gray
 Principal of High School

Member National Honor Society

Boise Junior College

PRESENTS

"The Youngest"

A comedy in three acts

By Philip Barry

CHARACTERS

Mrs. Winslow.....Pauline Johnson
Oliver Winslow.....Milton Thurber
Mark Winslow.....Earnest Allman
Augusta Winslow Martin.....Betty Callaway
Allan Martin.....Preston Hale
Martha ("Muff").....Lois Rankin
Richard Winslow.....Dean Kloepfer
Nancy Blake.....Margaret Luther
Katie.....Margurite Haman

Act I. —The living-room of the Winslow house. Late June.
Act II. —The porch. Fourth of July.
Act III.—The living-room the following evening.

The action of the play takes place in a
Small New York State City

Executive Staff

Business.....David Pinkston, Owen Sproat, Kenneth Robertson
Properties.....Bill Chatterton, Wallace Cowan, Leah Foster
Stage.....Vernon Gilbert, Fern Leighton, Otto Power, Bert
Schenberger, Boise High School S. M. S. Club

Dishers.....Dorothy Lenfest

with mother, in connection with Pres. Mrs. Debra J. Hille
Present - Below

(A Review)

3-30-33

"The Youngest," a three act comedy by Philip Barry, which was presented Friday evening in the high school auditorium by members of the student body of the Boise Junior college is an ingenious variation of the Cinderella theme.

The hero played by Dean Kloepfer, is the youngest of five children in the Winslow family. After finishing college he prefers to spend his time writing short stories instead of entering the pin factory run by his older brother, Oliver. The downtrodden son comes into contact with a charming busybody (Margaret Luther) and learns to assert himself, turning upon his family in fine style. But as he says "you forced me into it."

Parts were well taken, the honors going to Dean Kloepfer and to Milton Thurber, the "head of the family" as well as of the pin factory.

The climax of hilarity comes when Richard, having torn up the speech which Oliver, as the host of the day, was supposed to give to the many visitors, stands on a rickety chair with one foot on the table and orates on subjects ranging from patriotism to cross fertilization.

Miss Gail Hungeford directed "The Youngest" which is the first big piece of dramatic work the Junior college has presented in Boise. Dean Goserud, accompanied by Miss Ruth Estell at the piano, sang two solos between the first and second acts.—V. M.

Extensive ruins believed to be those of Gergovia, an ancient capital of Gaul, have been found near Clermont Ferrand, France, by a painter in quest of art subjects.



*The President, Trustees and Faculty
of
Columbus University*

*request the honor of your presence
at the*

Conferring of Degrees

Thursday evening, June the sixth 1940

at a quarter after eight o'clock

at Constitution Hall

NAVY YEARS

The following was transcribed from a tape made by Milt and recorded by Louisa in 1992. We transcribed it together for the most part, with Louisa operating the recorder and Milt typing.

Tape One, Side One

M. In the spring of 1944 my draft number came up. It was a low draft number, and so, I had the pre-induction physical exam in St. Louis Missouri. And it was an interesting experience, because there was a whole large roomfull of us lined up, and we were two lines, or maybe three lines. Something like that. Oh, there were probably 100-125 men there, and when we were all lined up, the man in charge said, "any men who can't read or write, step down to this end of the room," and I was surprised at the number of men who stepped out and went down to the end of the room. They could not read nor write. They also asked for those who had a college degree, and there were a few of us who stepped forward. I had a Bachelor of Commercial Science from Columbus University in Washington D.C., which was a night school only, and had only two schools, a School of Law and a School of Accountancy.

I went into the Navy, was sworn in on August 3rd in Los Angeles, because my draft records had to be sent from Prince George's County in Maryland, where we had been living.

L. Why were you in Los Angeles

M. Well, after I passed the pre-induction physical exam, I knew I'd be called when they got around to me, so I took the car, with Madge and little Tony, and we drove all the way across the country to Ontario, California, where my brother, Erin, and his wife, Afton, were living. She was Madge's sister, of course, and we waited there to get my induction call.

While we waited we bought a little house on Rosewood Court, which cost us \$2500. It was a small, two bedroom house, and it was the dirtiest thing I think I've ever seen.

L. I don't think it was on Rosewood Court.

M. Yes, well no - it wasn't on Rosewood Court. It was on Plaza Serena. An income tax client of Erin's by the name of Clem Svoboda was the owner of it, but he had it rented out to a family, a young family, and Clem decided he'd sell it to us, so we bought. And that house was so dirty that I spent most of my time before my induction call came cleaning it up inside, and painting the outside. It was a small, white house. My dear brother, Erin, bless his heart, saw that the cook stove was so

old, and so filthy, and so dirty, that he gave up on it, and simply bought us a new gas range.

Well, the induction call came, but more than three months had passed since the pre-induction physical exam before the call came, so I had to have another pre-induction physical exam in Los Angeles, and I went down there prepared, and they were putting us through in an old building in the downtown section, somewhere. And at one point there was a line of us just stepping into a small office. There were two officers in there just looking at us, and then we would step out another door, and I wondered what in the world those fellows were doing.

Well, one of those men stepped up to a good looking, very well built young man, just behind me in line and said, "Son, how'd you like to be in the paratroopers?" He said, "No Sir."

- L. Were you dressed or undressed? You told me none of you had clothes on.
- M. That's right. All of us were jay-bird naked. At one point the line had to step up to be examined by a medical doctor who was called the Rear Admiral.

I remember one young man had to be called aside and seated, they apparently found that he had a heart murmur, or heart ailment. We had a choice to make as to which service we wanted to go into. And I told them I wanted to go into the Navy, and so they segregated out those going into the Navy. We were sworn in, loaded on buses and taken down to San Diego. And our company of 160 men, was company #44-467. That meant we were the 467th company to be formed at the Naval Training Center there in 1944. They sent us through Equipment and Supply, and we ended up with blankets, and sea bags, and jeans and blues, maybe dress blues, I don't remember for sure, but the dress blues were part of the Navy uniform, so they had to be supplied. And black shoes, and all the rest of it.

The Company Commander was a Chief Specialist A by the name of Harry Butler. He finally got us all out into the open, and lined us up, and he said, among other things, "Are there any Mormons in the crowd?" It turned out I was the only Mormon. And he said, "You go to Church over here," and he said, "Are there any Jews in the crowd." Well we had one or two Jews, he said, "You go to Church over there," and pointed. Then he said, "Are there any Christian Scientists?". I don't remember if we had any, but if there had been, he would have pointed out where they went to Church. "Are there any Catholics?". Well, the Catholics stepped forward. Then he said, "All the rest of you are Protestants. You go to Church over here." And it turned out later that he had quite a high opinion of Mormons because he had handled Mormons from across the west and southwest at other times and in other companies.

Well, in time I went to borrow the use of the typewriter in the Company Clerk's office, and when Chief Butler saw that I knew how to run a typewriter, he asked if

I'd be interested in being a Company Yeoman, which simply is a company clerk. There was one fellow he had picked to be a Company Yeoman, and he wanted two. So, the other fellow and I were the two Company Yeomen. The other fellow was quite a savvy guy. He wasn't too awfully smart, I think, but that's beside the point. When there were dirty or hot or nasty jobs to be done, he found work for us to do in the office, so we couldn't do the dirty, nasty, undesirable jobs.

Harry Butler, when he found out that I could type, had the two of us together prepare the pay slips for the Company the first payday, and so the other yeoman and I made them up, and then we went to be paid. Each man had his pay slip, and it was an open air thing, because this was summer, and the pay officer would take the pay slip, examine it to be certain that it was correct and proper, and then he'd pay in cash. And when the company was all paid, Chief Butler commented to us that that was the smoothest pay line he'd ever had. So we must have done the work right. But in any event, there was no hitch. There were no mistakes that came to light, which was remarkable in itself.

During Boot Camp, all of us had to take examinations, so they could determine where to place us. One young man wanted to fire a machine gun. That was all he could think of, and that was all he was interested in. He wanted to fire a machine gun.

We also had Boot leave at the end of the 12 week Boot Camp, and one fellow, who ended up in Quartermaster School was a bright conniver. I think his name was McConnell, and he claimed that his home was in Florida, and so he got Boot leave with enough time, in addition to the time in Florida, to travel all the way to Florida, he claimed to have a sister there and that was his principal home, and all the way back. So he just took a Boot leave and stretched it.

When it came time after the examinations were graded and passed upon by whoever did it, and we were called back for classification, one by one, the enlisted man who got me said, "I see you're a graduate accountant. You rated high in your exam, your general proficiency exam. He said, "You could go to Radar Operator School." Well, I wasn't much interested in Radar Operator School.

Tape One, Side Two

- L. You were talking about cost inspection.
- M. Yeah, the classification guy said, "Say, the Navy wants accountants and auditors in the Navy Cost Inspection service." I said, "Well that suits me." I expected to be sent to a Supply School of some sort and then sent to an overseas base in Naval Supply. But they arranged to send me to the Navy Cost Inspection Service in Seattle, Washington, 13th Naval District. So I went aboard a train, bucked and mangled all the way to Seattle. I went to report at the Exchange Building and the Chief Petty Officer who was on duty there. That was the 13th Naval District

headquarters, and the Navy Cost Inspection offices were on the 13th floor. So the Chief Petty Officer on duty there booked me in and said, "Well, you have to go get yourself a place to stay." So I asked him where might be some possibilities and he said. "The Army-Navy YMCA is right straight up the street about two or three blocks." So I slogged up the street and checked into the Army-Navy YMCA and lived there for quite a number of months.

Later I had Madge and Tony come up and we stayed for a few nights at a hotel that the Navy had taken over, and then we got into some public housing out at Renton Highlands, or Heights whatever it was. I commuted back and forth on a bus as long as Tony and Madge were there. We attended church at a ward. So I had some interesting experience at the Navy Cost Inspection there, assigned as an audit report examiner or analyst or reviewer.

All of the Naval officers in the Naval Cost Inspection Service in the 13th Naval District were CPA's except one, and he was in charge of the largest Cost Inspection Office at the Todd Shipyards in Tacoma, Washington, where they built every type of vessel up to and including escort carriers.

One thing they had me do was to prepare responses to exceptions taken by the General Accounting Office so I would try to write responses that were hopefully persuasive. I don't think I ever did know how they turned out. At one time the head of the office, Emmett S. Harrington, who was a very bright CPA, asked me to do a little research and draft a proposed audit procedure on accounting for small tools. The Navy, itself, must have had millions and millions of dollars invested in small tools all over the 13th Naval District.

So I went up to the library, and did some research, drafted a proposal on small tools, and Richard Hanlin, who was a Naval Cost Inspection Officer, was directly in charge, and Emmett Harrington was over him, and when he read it through, thought highly of it and said the only thing you haven't covered here is accounting for small tools on ship repair contracts. So something was added for that. Emmett Harrington reviewed it and said he wouldn't be surprised if they made this Navy-wide. I never did know whether they did or not. He had to send it on, of course, to someone else. It was a good study and a good proposal. Later on, I took the CPA exam in southern California and one question was on accounting for small tools -- I had the answer right at my finger tips.

L How long did Madge and Tony stay?

M Oh, maybe six months, or eight - not as much as a year. They finally went back down to Ontario when the war was over. They knew that I would be released as soon as I had enough discharge points, so they went back on the train. I waited until my discharge points matured, and then went over and spent two or three days in the Personnel Separation Center at Bremerton, got my discharge, took the ferry back to Seattle with my seabag containing all the personal possessions I had with

me. I went straight to the train station and got aboard the train and bumped and humped our way all the way down the coast to Ontario.

When I got aboard the train I said to myself, I don't ever want to see Seattle again.

The following was transcribed by Louisa in September, 1999

L. Where did you live after Madge and Tony left?

M. Back in the Army/Navy YMCA.

This is typed into the computer by Milt on Tuesday, 27 October 1998

During my Navy service in Seattle, I went to the Pacific Fruit & Produce warehouse and was hired to do part time work evenings at 95 cents an hour. It was a good spare time occupation as it involved physical exertion, and I could quit whenever I chose, go back to my Army-Navy YMCA, shower, and go to sleep. My Navy duties were entirely day time regular office hours in the Exchange Building, which was 13th District Navy headquarters

I started at PF&P by working under an experienced warehouseman and hauling a rubber tired flat cart around, loading it with items listed, in preparation for delivery by truck the following day. Those lists were orders by retailers and included canned goods, bananas, sugar, bottled pop, nuts, etc. My work customarily commenced after my evening dinner time and would ordinarily take two, three, or four hours. The foreman was a husky man by name of Rufe Carman. We would be paid by company check late each week for the prior week's time.

If a rail car of bananas had come in, we would unload it by carrying a stem into the warehouse and hanging it in a special place for ripening, being careful to watch out for snakes and spiders, sometimes carried all the way from Latin America. Fortunately, I was never bitten nor stung.

Snowfall was common in the winter. One time we had heavy snow so the build up next to the rail spur was quite a bit. One time we learned in the evening that a man on day shift had slipped and fractured his leg on it.

When Madge and Tony were in Seattle with me, we roomed together in Renton Highlands on a bare subsistence level. When discharge time was approaching, they returned to Ontario, California, and I moved back to the YMCA. I could earn my needs at PF&P and send my Navy earnings to them. It was at this time that I saved the money to buy a beautiful emerald ring for \$50 or \$100 at a jewelry store. The ring was for Madge, and after she died it went onto Elaine, and I think she still wears it.

When victory over Japan was celebrated, the city went wild. Before that, I had returned from lunch one day and told my co-workers that it was nearing the end as the

first atom bomb had been dropped. The entire staff started preparing for their post VJ day, whenever that would be. Part of my preparation was determining to prepare for the CPA exam, which I had never taken. This I did by evening and week end study, using the free materials offered by the U.S. government. They were very useful, especially on business law and auditing.

On boarding the train in Seattle for transport to Ontario, California, in full enlisted Navy uniform, and with my discharge symbol visible, I chose a vacant seat and settled for a long ride down the western coast. It was ride, sleep, ride some more, sleep some more. It finally ended at Pomona, California, where someone met me, tired and sleepy, but excited and ready for the next experience in life. Madge and Tony (our son) were good bricks, still living in the small frame two-bedroom home we had purchased at (I believe) 500 Block on Plaza Serena.

MILTON'S NAVY PERFORMANCE REVIEW

Supervisory Cost THURBER, Milton J. 881 62 59
 DIVISION Inspector NAME SERVICE NO.

DATE	RATE	PROFICIENCY IN RATING	SEAMANSHIP	MECHANICAL ABILITY	ABILITY AS LEADER OF MEN	SPECIAL QUALIFICATIONS OR SPECIAL DETAIL	CONDUCT	INITIALS OF DIV. OFFICER
12/31/44	Slc V6SV	4.0			4.0		4.0	SLH
6/30/45	SK3c V6SV	4.0			4.0		4.0	SLH
12/31/45	SK2c V6SV	4.0			4.0		4.0	SLH
4-12-46	SK2c V6SV	4.0			4.0		4.0	NK

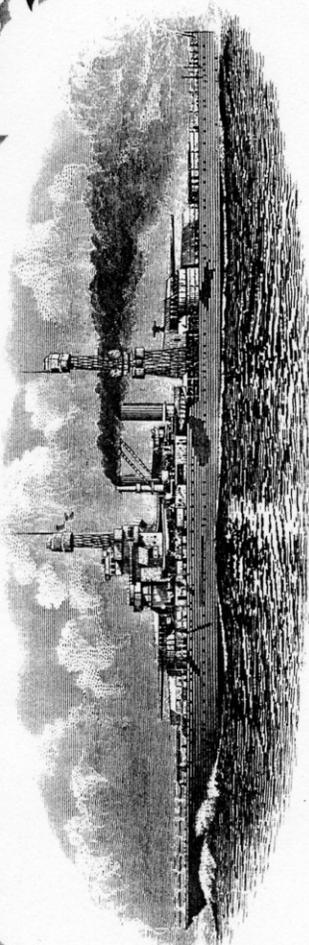
MARKS REQUIRED: HONORABLE DISCHARGE: BuPers Manual D-8020 (3) (a). 16-40198-1 GPO
 GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL: BuPers Manual D-8020 (3) (c).
 ADVANCEMENT IN RATING: BuPers Manual D-5107—and BuPers C. L. No. 134-44 or any subsequent revisions thereof.

EXECUTIVE OFFICER ASSIGNS MARKS IN CONDUCT. ENTRIES TO BE MADE IN INK.
 QUARTERLY MARKS CARD NAVPERS-618 (6-44) Refer to Arts. 8019 (7) and D-8020 BuPers Manual.

C3010842

Series C

Honorable Discharge



from the

United States Navy

This is to certify that

MILTON "J" THURBER

a Storekeeper Second Class

is **Honorably Discharged** from the Personnel Separation Center, USNB, Bremerton, Washington and from the Naval Service of the United States

this 14th day of April 1946

This certificate is awarded as a Testimonial of Fidelity and Obedience.

Harold Bye

HAROLD BYE, Captain, USN

RECEIVED AT REQUEST OF
APR 14 1946 at 2:07 p.m.
In File No. 1852 Page 132

OFFICE OF THE
Sergeant Major, Callie
3302 H. C. ...
Deputy

NO FEE - FOLIO 4

L. OLSEN, ATTORNEY

INCOME PRODUCING YEARS

This is the beginning of an account of my working years, starting with my earliest recollection. My older brothers would take me down to the Pinney Theater in Boise, we would stand in line to see if they would get to us and hand out door to door leaflets advertising theater programs. If we were in time, we would receive leaflets, be directed to our section of the city, pass out the advertising, then go back to be paid -- 5 cents for 15 minutes, 20 cents an hour. And glad to get it!

In time later we would go, generally together, do our work, then phone home to Mother Thurber to ask permission to spend a nickel to attend a theater show, often a western movie in black and white, many times a continued story or serial week to week. All silent movies with sometimes an organist or accompanist providing musical background appropriate to the visible action. Many years later we had "talkies" meaning we could hear the dialogue or sound effects. I remember the stir of interest when Eddie Cantor's voice was first heard to go with the movie action.

We also saw many of the Douglas Fairbanks thrillers such as Zorro and others. He finally faded away when talkies became popular, his voice being dim, faint, or high pitched.

We were so poor at our house, with my father having died when I was barely four years of age. As each child in our family became old enough to earn something -- anything--each was expected to do whatever would produce some income. I was the youngest. My older brothers would often have me follow in their footsteps as they went on to better paying activities. I would, as an example, sell magazines door to door, or take some honey for sale. One nice elderly lady would buy strained honey from us for 50 cents a quart and glad to have it, being produced by a family living a block from us. In time I would mow lawns for perhaps 50 cents each, including hand trimming of edges. One woman who lived around the corner from us was in health care but lived alone, Miss or Mrs. Maxwell. I would split her kindling or carry her coal into the house, and she would pay me when asked.

The last two years I was in High School, I worked after school and Saturday mornings at the Carnegie Public Library for -- I believe -- 30 cents an hour, re-shelving returned books and related chores. More on this work item in another place. It was most interesting, led to powerful but small hands to grasp and haul books to where needed in the stacks. A priceless experience. My friend Howard Martineau I recommended to take a job helping the janitor so he could work after closing in the evening, washing the floors or whatever else was needed. Howard much later became the owner, operator, of a radio station in northern California and was a bishop there as well. Many years later I was performing sealings in the Portland Oregon Temple with a group from that part of California. A woman in the group asked my name, I told her, she introduced herself as the widow of Howard Martineau. We had a brief chat about her husband and some of my memories of him.

My brother Waldo sometimes arranged my employment by his Boise Wholesale Dry Goods firm, full time if needed in the summer, part time otherwise for pricing inventories. My brother Rex was working as a draftsman in the Highway Department of the state of Idaho, and arranged a job for me as a helper for the blueprint operator in the basement of the Capitol, Rusty Wilson. This ended when time came for school to start at end of summer; then the following year I was hired as blueprint operator which lasted until end of construction season

Shortly after my High School graduation I was again hired to work in the Capitol as the principal blueprinter with an older man as my assistant. Not long afterward I was offered a position in the accounting division on the second floor of the Capitol doing clerical work, including drafting of claims of Federal funds on highways and bridges being constructed. This involved a good deal of working with Federal auditors out of Ogden, Utah, and lasted several years, until my age 21 when I took a job with the FBI in Washington, D.C. as a beginning fingerprint classifier and searcher, new for me. And most interesting work for me.

It permitted my earning a subsistence income (\$105 per month I believe at the beginning) compared to the \$150 per month I had been earning in Idaho, but it allowed me time and cost of going to night school. In another place I have recorded my choice of accounting studies through Columbia University, for three years and why I dodged becoming a lawyer. They were starving all over the country, and I could find no accountants out of employment. This was done with a bride, and a year later our son, Anthony, to go with Madge and myself. More of that in the FAMILY section of this personal history.

The FBI work was taxing but interesting, a part of the Dept. of Justice. Fingerprint cards from all over the world would come to us, be classified, and when sent to my part of those voluminous files (with another person on that same row) one or the other of us would have to search to see if we already had those prints in file. If not, it indicated it was new. If found, it would have to accompany the print in file and if "wanted" would have to be taken immediately to a supervisor. There were some changes of names, some chronic violators of law, some pitiful brief stories on the new card. In 1937, 1938, I did some, then transferred to Bureau of Public Roads as an accounting clerk during 1939 and 1940, thanks to my experience with some of their auditors when in Idaho.

In the BPR our office was in a shabby building upstairs over a drug store and/or restaurant at 14th & Columbia Road (I believe) just off a trolley line in downtown Washington, noisy. My first day there, it was so hot and stifling we were closed up and sent home early.

The other workers there were a cross section of career government workers, including all sorts. Some hard working and skilled, some few widows of deceased husbands in the military including the Navy. A good deal of our work was preparing a monthly report on roads and bridges in national parks. This had to be done on an old

Elliot Fisher flatbed machine, now long outdated. A good deal of work was entering costs and expenses on such to bring it up to date. I would sit down and key into the machine a lot of data when otherwise I would have been idle. I turned it over to our supervisor when finished, he took it to the national parks people, and came back with a glowing report on my accuracy. That resulted in a \$5 per month pay raise for me, slim but much appreciated.

An interesting thing occurred in the BPR while I was still there. Once in awhile I would assist a field auditor by name of Richard Helmintoller, a Virginian, a widower about 55 years of age and wholly committed to his Christian Science church and doctrines.

I respected that. One day he came to work with a rip snorting cold, sniffing and sneezing, obviously uncomfortable but bearing up with it. We met each other in passing, I stopped to ask about him, knowing he would not acknowledge his ailment openly. I asked how he was feeling. He responded, "Guess I haven't been thinking right". Thinking he might go to a CS practitioner, I asked what he could do for it. He answered, "rise above it."

After my graduation from accounting school in 1940 (second in my class) I started looking for a job which would take me out of Washington, a relatively miserable place to live. It had long ago been a political compromise as to locality, mid-way between north and south, on the Potomac River, high humidity, many colored residents, vestiges of Civil War humanities being overcome bit by bit- largely by reason of slowly changing on the part of Federal government toward African-Americans. Now, many years later, the D.C. population is highly colored. And it is still a most interesting place for tourists, with all the museums and government buildings.

One of the friends I had made in the FBI, Lester Bush, had gone to work with the Federal Credit Union office through its Washington headquarters. Les advised me to apply there for work as an auditor, which I did and was hired as a transferee from BPR. It was interesting work. After training, I was assigned to a western part of the U.S. and did well financially even though there was a good deal of travel including Madge and Tony. Soon I received an offer of employment from the U.S. Rural Electrification Administration as a field auditor. This was much to my liking, auditing and helping teach and train office employees and administration members in mostly new independent rural electric systems, also traveling a good deal but in a fine part of our country. Many of them did their jobs well, some of them badly for lack of knowing how to conduct their business. Many of them were financed by government loans, some of them by political manipulations. To this day, many have survived, done a good job of extending central station electrical service to scads of farms. It cost the U.S. government a lot of money to start them but many have survived with no or low interest on their beginning funding.

In time (with world wide war #2 waging) I was made an audit report analyst in St. Louis, Missouri to which REA had been decentralised because of wartime needs of office space in Washington D.C. A reorganization led to my being assigned as one of two personal assistants to the chief of the Finance Division, Joseph F. Marion, for whom I worked until my draft number came up in 1944. I was offered a deferment but said no

thanks, fully expecting I could qualify for the military.

I applied for a commission in the Navy, knowing my eye vision was not the best. I had been an avid reader for most of my life and it took its toll, was refused, and waited for my physical. It came at Jefferson Barracks in St. Louis, with the account reported elsewhere. We were ready, passed it for enlisting man status, left a few days later, packed up what we could, drove all the way across the country to Los Angeles where Madge's parents and my brother Erin (in Ontario, California) lived with his wife Afton (sister of my wife Madge) and other members of her family. On the way we drove through northern Texas in a terrible storm of rain, finally pulled off the road for safety and waited it out before resuming. In El Paso, Texas we decided to walk across the International bridge just to be able to say we had entered Mexico, then walk right back into U.S. An American official asked if we had any U.S. money, I said yes, he asked if we had it in \$2 bills, I said no, and he explained that we should change it into \$2 denominations, that when we re-entered we would be asked to show it, as the Nazis had gotten hold of some U.S. currency and were bringing it in through Mexico, but they had not gotten any \$2s. This we did, were most unimpressed with the sight and sounds in Mexico, walked back to our car and went on our way.

When we reached Mesa, Arizona, we parked in front of the Temple there, a fine sight. I asked an attendant there if he could direct us to someone who could care for our son, Tony, while we went into the temple that night, that we would gladly pay for it. He directed me to cross the street and knock at the second house on the left and ask if they could help us. I did so, an elderly man answered the door, told him my name, he gave me his, and I was prompted to ask if he had worked in the south, back around the turn of the century. He said yes. I asked if he had had a companion missionary by name of Thurber, he said yes. I said his companion had been my father, Isaac Erin Thurber. Brother Redd was delighted, invited us in, and that night accompanied us into the temple while his wife stayed at home with little Tony. They were as hospitable as they reasonably could be until we went on our way the following morning. Gracious, gracious people.

We made it to Ontario, California, and stayed there with Clarence Edmund Crowley (Madge's father) and wife, waiting for my call up for military service. That took some waiting as my draft board was in Prince George's County, Maryland, and time went by until I had to undergo yet another physical in a big old building in downtown Los Angeles. My brother Erin had a physical prior to mine, was found to have an ailing kidney and was classified with a 4F, meaning they didn't want him. His wife's brother, Edmund, had been studying in Chicago under another M.D., had asked for Erin's physical data and informed Erin they felt he could be treated successfully and NOT to have surgery. So he remained at work in public accounting and had some clients referred by others who were expecting military calls to duty. He and Afton were extremely good to us to the extent they were able.

One thing they did for us was to recommend we buy a small, two bed room house on Plaza Serena owned by his client, Clem Svoboda, dirty but treatable, which we did for

\$2,500. I spent most of my time until called up for duty in getting it cleaned and painted, a difficult time in the light of shortage of building materials.

The following account of my years in public accounting practice is divided into three segments of ten years in each. They will be: 1946 to 1955, 1956 to 1965, 1966 to 1976.

1946 -- 1955

My honorable discharge from the Navy was in the spring of 1946. I went immediately to Ontario, California, to go into practice with my brother Erin. He was a public accountant with his office in C.E. Crowley's law office. He installed me at the back of his portion of the area, with a table or desk and adding machine, the basics. The law office was at the front, then Erin's space, then mine. This was an old business building adjoining a furniture store operated by a Goldman family, on south Euclid Avenue. He gave me some relatively simple work to do -- I thank him for that. My original charge was \$2 or \$3 per hour. Many years later it had graduated to \$100 per hour, in connection with consultations on and preparation of Federal estate tax returns. In time, I one year cancelled 227 income tax clients, with thanks.

I recall the first income tax season with my limited preparation and knowledge of it. Erin gave me the data for an Italian client who had experienced a fine crop of grapes and an excellent price. I worked through it, came up with the results and called for him to come in. Thinking he would like to know the details of his operations I started to explain it to him. He waved it away, asked, "how much I make"? I told him (after having him seated) thinking he would be astonished or disappointed. He then said, "how much I have to pay"? I told him. He said, "Whata percent of what I make." I told him. He said, "notta bad". Then wrote a check to pay his income tax. It was a fine lesson for me, that he had made it and was willing to pay for it.

An income tax season later we worked many more income tax returns, many of them by hand or typed. Erin was good at it, I slower or more methodical. Then during the summer he and Afton went together to a Governor's ball for his service club, in Long Beach. The second dance (I believe) he collapsed to the floor, was taken to a hospital and was found ill from a brain hemorrhage. He was treated properly as far as I knew. A week or two later I had arranged for him to be brought back to Ontario, I was in the Red Chief Motel serving a client when a phone call came that he had died of a second and massive subarachnoid hemorrhage. It was devastating. He was only 37 years old. He left a wife and three sons, was a senior president of his 70's group, had served a mission in Toronto, Canada, for his LDS church.

I had recently received notice of having passed the CPA exam. Many of Erin's clients remained with me, and what a challenge that was. It was the hardest and most protracted work I had ever undertaken. Made me old too soon. I buckled into it, gradually earned a reputation for reliability and ethics. Some Italians, for example, were avid to know -- how another Italian was doing with his business. My response was, "ask him". This brought me more Italian clients by referral. Several years later a client

informed me that I was the cheapest accountant in the community for income tax work. That reputation I did not want, and gradually worked away from.

1956 --1965

Income tax work involves never-ending reading and study. It is interesting if one can stand the strain, and can be fine at answering many questions quickly and accurately. Most of the answers can be from memory and experience; occasionally one must answer, "I don't know but I will find out, or research." There were times during this period when we (meaning the office) produced one thousand or more income tax returns.

1966 -- 1975

These were the harvest years by reason of having come to personal knowledge of some of the estate tax work, on Form 706. Until later changed, the requirement was for a return if the total gross estate of a decedent were \$60,000. or more (I believe). Many of such engagements were by referral from attorneys, were most interesting to work with and defend if assigned for field audit by IRS. Shortly before my retirement from practice, the filing requirement was increased to \$1 million or more . During my years of practice I prepared 240 or perhaps a few more by reason of the \$60,000 filing requirement.

RANDOM THOUGHTS

Some random thoughts entered into computer by Milt 21 October 1999:

1. Early in our stay in Ontario, Sam Wickersham, a client who operated an appliance retail store, asked if I would serve on a community committee to consider whether to offer to Los Angeles the ownership, or operation, of our locally built airport. It had appeared obvious to us that the city could not stand the tremendous cost of improving the airport as appeared likely. We recommended to the city council that we transfer that burden to L.A., which was done, and to this day it still is an international airport, well equipped. I have been in and out of it many times when attending meetings of the Ontario Savings Board from Seattle or Portland, Oregon.

2. C.E. Crowley and I were owners of our office building at 121 N. Plum in downtown Ontario. Both had our offices within it for many years, until I moved mine to the corner of F Street & Euclid Ave. when it became apparent that I was becoming more interested in estate tax taxation and related, including probate, problems. The Davidson law firm owned their building, had an increasing accounting firm as tenants but were moving to larger quarters, and Davidson offered me their lease. I welcomed it and made my own improvements. Many of my estate tax returns came to me from the Davidson firm. Afton, I believe, was glad to see me go.

3. I had acquired some capital stock in the locally owned bank and maintained my account there. For many years they had me serve as a proxy at their meetings of

shareholders, interestingly so. Years later they opened a trust department with whom I did some estate tax work. After we moved to Vancouver, Washington the bank failed on account of poor real estate investments, but not until after I had sold my stock in it.

4. In 1971 I was nominated to serve on the San Bernardino County's Grand Jury. My name was offered by a local attorney -- also he was, I believe, a judge -- and drawn early in the county seat. We served for a full year with both law and county government problems, with some meetings listening to drug/and or murder cases, or child abuse. Our sole result was deciding whether a case would go to trial or not. This jury also would not hear from a defendant's counsel with results we were sure were warranted and needed.

It fell to me on the various committee results to clarify the language and clean it up, not changing the principal, but making the language more clear.

One committee of our several assignments was chaired by Jim Nellors, of Chino, and included our review of the county office of choice registry, a fairly large and important office. We gave it a good upbeat. The county had a huge area of desert land with but few areas of questionable dealings.

5. I recall one income tax client by name of John Valle, an Italian, who explained to me that he had been to Loma Linda Hospital and was told he needed an operation. He explained that he had left the hospital without the "operate." He explained that "he needed no operate." "How did you know?" He said, "I have no exaray, no blooda test."

6. Over the years many clients who operated or knew of others who knew about them in the bar business would come to me for accounting and taxation services. Knowing they were accustomed to having customers among them, I would explain that I would take their account only if they would expect honest dealings and that I would spend absolutely nothing in their business from me. Free warnings to them and those who knew them. At one time I had a client retired from the Detroit Police Force who operated three bar rooms at a time and knew of my rule. He had such tight rules for his bartenders that he could tell at the end of a shift how much liquor he knew a bartender was taking, would allow only a certain amount, then no more. One time I reconciled his bank account, and found he had some Perkins Truck accounts charged to his account, traced them down. He was happy to know they were not his and highballed to the bank to tell them how, and handily and no doubt loudly, he had told them so.

7. Very few of my clients came to my office smelling of alcohol. One time I went to Frank DeAmbrogio's for some purpose and saw his aged father looking under the weather. I asked Frank about it. His response was that his father was so soaked up in home made wine that he was ordinarily besotten by noon time. Home made wine was the usual among the Italians since they were permitted to make a limited amount of their home making. One time I visited Miguel Carrari, a long and good client, and saw a hose running from the large vat in the garage area to the basement of his home's house. I asked about it. He said could I hear his nephew whistling in the basement, I said yes. He said he must keep whistling while drawing the wine. Apparently a folk custom.

8. Overall, there was a large and great variety of questions and problems with which I dealt over the years, most highly interesting, many common and repeated. One was the question of income tax treatment of a parcel of land which had been sold to the city with a part of the price paid down and the remainder in two or perhaps more installments. This had apparently been negotiated as an installment sale agreement. An IRS agent had disagreed with that and had maintained that the entire sale price was taxable in the year of sale. It went through IRS review, the client had asked a Pomona attorney to represent her, and it went to U.S. District Court where the presiding judge summarily decreed that the city had no legal right to undertake the time payment as a debt measure undertaken without legal vote. I saw the Agent later, kidded him about it, he agreed.

The above are many, just a sample, of problems undertaken by a public accountant.

MAJOR INVESTMENTS

Skyline Cable

While in the F St. & Euclid Ave. office, a nephew of Madge's (Lionel Crowley) came to me and offered to buy an existing cable system in the San Bernardino mountains which they knew was for sale. They didn't have the money to buy it, nor the credit. The Crowley boy and his brother in law both were experienced in installing and operating just such a system. I agreed to finance it with my credit at the bank and to have its stock holdings split equally between the three of us. They wanted to expand the cable system.

It was acquired, they built it, three years later they wanted to build it even more. My wife, Madge, was ill and doing badly. I agreed to sell my interest to them or a Gish boy for \$150,000. so I could get out of their way and let them go. The bank loan I had secured was paid in full. I took my money and said goodbye, thank you.

This money helped me purchase some more of Ontario S&L stock which became available at just about that time.

Ontario Savings

One day in Ontario two business men came to our house, Chuck Latimer and Mike Kelber, to offer me the opportunity of purchasing some stock in a new corporation they were forming, intending to start a new thrift enterprise. I agreed, was helpful in securing consents to invest some savings in it and otherwise help it get started, attended the meeting in which they and some competitors submitted their arguments for being granted opportunity to open. Our license was granted, the others were dismissed, and we were off and running.

This charter was being much sought after at that time in California. Chuck Latimer died not long after -- a few years -- and Mike Kelber largely managed it on an almost daily basis. Our friend, Dr. Walter Sullivan, was on the board with Kelber, his brother Bernard, Pete Borba, Chuck Latimer, myself, Jack Glassford, later Dewey Harnish, and one or two others, all local.

After its start there were profits from it almost always, thanks to Mike Kelber's astute management. He was a sharp, brilliant, good Jewish business man who seldom made an error in judgment. He was absolutely honest, had a computer mind in his head, compassionate, good judge of people. He was highly kind to me in many ways. I was on his board, even though gone at times on account of church service, until Ontario Savings was finally sold after 29 years. I would offer to resign when going, he would refuse it and no doubt wonder why I would be gone so much. It was interesting, it was fun, and it was highly profitable. As long as Mike Kelber was on the job.

Ontario Savings was sold three times before it finally went. The third time it went for \$20 million or more, exact book value. We took our share of that, paid our tithe and income tax, gave some to our kids, and put the rest to work and fun. This made it possible for us (meaning Louisa and Milt) to retire with comfort. We are so grateful, the Lord has watched out for us, prompted us, we have wanted and tried to be obedient. There is no other satisfying way to live, in faith and goodness. Mixing religion and business? You better believe it!!

COMMUNITY SERVICE

In the years we lived in Ontario, from 1944 to 1979 (35 years) I was in a variety of community projects. One was in the Ontario Rotary Club, another the Price Foundation, another the San Antonio Community Hospital. Another was being with or on the board of several others at times. Perhaps a paragraph or more for each of the main ones.

Rotary Club

I was invited, part way through my time in the community, to enter this service club. Ernie Wagner, an engineer with General Electric Company, was taken in the same day, so in effect we were twins. This club was very active, lively and well represented in the service area. When we moved to Vancouver I had been a member for about 13 years, not enough to qualify for inactive, meaning -- which would have been -- not having to attend meetings.

One day after a luncheon meeting I showed a fool-proof card trick to one of the older members. He was fascinated by it, next meeting couldn't remember how it was done, had to show it to him once again. More fun!

Price Foundation

This was a charitable foundation established by Fred Price, a client and long time member of the California Legislature, with funds from his elder brother James Price, both Welch immigrants. Jim was growing old, had worked and saved, thrifty, had two daughters whom Fred's wife, Clara, had reared after losing Jim's wife to death. He had provided well for his daughters, wished a good part of his estate paid into the foundation with brother Fred managing it, which was willingly done. The board was from local residents with the principal focus being to fund worthy persons who would not fit into other cases of worthy and fit need.

This was done, carefully and well, by men and women worthy and knowledgeable with well established credit and repayment policies. Many individuals were advanced amounts which put them through college or post graduate training such as dentists, as an example. Other professions were singled out and served. A part of our policy was to provide funds with no repayment asked or required until one year after graduation. There were few losses.

San Antonio Community Hospital

One day Audrey Armstrong, a principal in the Armstrong Nurseries, rose nurseries, came to my office, asked if I would serve on the hospital's Board of Trustees. I replied that I would be happy to do that. They met monthly to review financials, ask questions, determine or explain policies, always with one or more M.D.'s on the board and ready to respond in the community in surgical and medical matters about patient care. It was a well established community hospital, old and firm, a leader in the community in surgical and medical care including emergencies.

My service on that board lasted eight years and was a real eye opener. For five of those years I was treasurer of the hospital. One occasion turned out to be a precedent maker. Two of the physicians on the staff were found to be lacking in substantial skills, were severely restricted in their privileges, and the younger one sued the hospital, won his suit in court, and that resulted in an enactment by the legislature which forbid him to use privileges paramount to what the board had enacted. The younger M.D. had a history of admitting patients to the hospital, directing something as simple as water to be given him, then going off skiing, neglecting them, and virtually being forced by nurses to see them in the hospital. The older M.D. had been educated in Vienna (the best training in the world when he was learning) had practiced for many years in California but was hung up on penicillin, thought there was never anything superior to it. He had grown well to do, understood and accepted the idea that he was no longer keeping up with the progress of modern medicine, accepted the board's judgment.

When we decided to move to Vancouver, WA, they gave me a fine memento at a meeting of several of the board. The eight years were my learning and giving. One thing I contributed to the board's functioning. At a regular meeting I asked near the end if we ever had a review of lawsuits or claims against the hospital. The administrator said no. I

asked if we might have a periodic (every 3 months) report on claims including our insurer's estimate of the probable dollar value of the claim. They started producing them each 3 months, interesting enough. It had been the practice to have any patient injured or mishandled to sue every one in sight including nurse, doctor, or anyone else in sight or not, including the hospital and/or staff.

Estate Planning Council:

In my years in Ontario, several of them toward the latter part and middle of the center part were in meetings of the Estate Planning Council in Pomona. Most of those attending were CPA, or attorneys, or life insurance agents. Many of the speakers were trust officers, Los Angeles attorneys, or a scattering of highly thought men of related specialties. Always it was time well spent. Example: One attorney from Los Angeles taught us to direct our clients to an annual independent review of their wills, even if then put away without change, or wait and see if some change were necessary simply because of the passage of time. Good advice!



MILTON Aprox. 1955

Retirement Party 1979



Bernard Kelber, Harriet and Frank Finlayson



Joe Inkrott, Mia Thyzel, Milton



Tony and Flora Bellatrutti



King Dalton, Thomas Scott Dexter



Milton and Louisa



Leila Bemis, Alice Harper, Sharon Dalton

TESTIMONY

I have been blessed with a faith, far more than simply a belief, that God is my heavenly father, the father and organizer of my spirit; that Jesus Christ is his first born and chosen son, our redeemer and savior. That the Holy Ghost, about whom we know so little, is the means by which we may have this witness, this great gift of spirit and mind. I know that the gospel encompasses all truth, including that which is known and that which is not yet a part of man's body of knowledge. Truth includes things both spiritual and material.

Spirituality is a thing of highly personal, individual conviction. If we desire for ourselves the blessing that is contingent on the living of a law, we must live that law. Otherwise we deny to ourselves that blessing. My witness to you is that God, as my loving father, is anxious for his children to comply knowingly and voluntarily with his laws so he may have the deep satisfaction of giving his blessings to them. This is my belief, my faith, my certain knowledge. I have known from my earliest recollection that it is true.



Milton J. Thurber
12512 S.E. Riveridge Dr.
Vancouver, WA 98683

25 February 2000

PRIESTHOOD AUTHORITY TRACED

1. MILTON J. THURBER was ordained a High Priest by Marion G. Romney 7 July 1946
2. ELDER MARION G. ROMNEY, an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve Apostles, was ordained a High Priest 20 April 1935 by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith.
3. JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH was ordained an Apostle 7 April 1910 by Joseph F. Smith.
4. JOSEPH F. SMITH was ordained an Apostle 1 July 1866 by President Brigham Young.
5. BRIGHAM YOUNG was ordained an Apostle under the hands of the Three Witnesses of the Book of Mormon, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris, on February 14, 1835, and the ordination was confirmed at the same time by the First Presidency of the Church, then Joseph Smith, Jr., Sidney Rigdon, and Frederick G. Williams. (See History of the Church, vol. 2, pp.187-188.)
6. The Three Witnesses, OLIVER COWDERY, DAVID WHITMER, and MARTIN HARRIS, were called by divine revelation to choose and ordain the Twelve Apostles. They were set apart for this purpose under the hands of the First Presidency 14 February 1835, Joseph Smith Jr., Sidney Rigdon, and Frederick G. Williams. (References; D & C 18:37; History of the Church, Vol. 2, pp. 187-188; Times and Seasons, vol. 6 p. 868; Roberts' Comprehensive History of the Church Century 1, Vol 1, Chapter XXX, especially footnotes 13 and 14, pp. 374-375.)
7. JOSEPH SMITH, Jr., was ordained under the hands of Peter, James, and John in June 1829. His counselor Sidney Rigdon was ordained a High Priest in June 1831 by Lyman Wight, who was ordained a High Priest in June 1831 by Joseph Smith. His other counselor Frederick G. Williams was ordained a High Priest 18 March 1833 by Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. For the Prophet Joseph Smith's ordination refer to Doctrine & Covenants, Section 27 and 20:2-3.
8. PETER, JAMES, AND JOHN were ordained by the Lord Jesus Christ who was sent of God. (See John 15:16.)

Compiled 13 June 1959
By Helen Thurber Dalton

LETTER FROM FRANK FINLAYSON

126 E. Princeton
Ontario, Cal 91764
Nov 4, 1976

Sister Helen T. Dalton
149 No. 12th Ave
Upland, Cal.

Dear Sister Dalton: I greatly appreciate your request that I say a few things about my friend Milt Thurber. I must admit, however, that I'm not very good with words, so it is hard for me to do.

I have known Milt rather well for many years, both in the Church and in some business relationship and I must say at the outset that I have developed the highest regard for him.

You ask that I comment particularly on his personality and character traits. I will try to do that, as I see him and have seen him, with no attempt to organize things in order of importance.

He is friendly and yet reserved, so that I suspect he has few friends in which he really confides. I feel privileged to have been one of them. I am similar in that respect and have confided to him things that practically no one else knows. I have done that because (1) I know that he will respect my confidences and (2) I value his wisdom and judgment and thus go to him for council on personal & private matters. Very few people still come and visit with Harriet and I just to be friendly, but Milt does. I believe that he has come to visit more times since Harriet's stroke than any other individual and this we appreciate.

He is generous perhaps almost to a fault and he's never concerned about getting credit first. For instance, when I retired in 1968 I went to him as usual for help with my income tax returns. He had always charged a very nominal fee, which I included the next year as a proper deduction. Well, the next year when I went to prepare my Inc. Tax data I looked for my canceled check to M. Thurber and could not find it, so I mentioned to him that I must not have paid him last year. He replied "Oh I didn't bill you -- that was my retirement present to you." He'd never have mentioned it if I hadn't found out about it.

He's always doing nice little generous things for people. He never goes to the church orange grove without bringing us & others fresh oranges. I predict that the things he does for people that no one else knows about would fill a book.

I consider him to be absolutely honest. I would trust him with anything I have including my good name. A couple of years ago I was ill with a heart attack and I needed someone to take care of a financial situation that had arisen. I gave him access to my safe deposit

box and power of attorney to transact my business. There are not many men I would trust that far.

I've gone to him regularly over the years for counsel on financial & personal matters because there is no one whose judgment I trust so much and who, I am sure, would not try to take any personal advantage of me or anyone else.

I have found few men who are as reliable in carrying through on assignments & commitments, whether in the church or otherwise. When he agrees to do something you can consider it done. He is a very well organized and orderly person. This not only shows in his work but in his public speaking. I always enjoy his talks in church because he digs into the subject and presents it in an orderly, instructive and convincing manner. It is always a good-- worthwhile meeting when Milton speaks.

He is absolutely loyal to those to whom he gives his loyalty -- sometimes when I have wondered why. He is kind and considerate of people's feelings and very slow to criticize others

There was one period in his life that disappointed me, as he was well aware. That was a time when he got involved in a feud between his wife and her family. Believe me I understood the provocation, but did not agree that he should allow it to effect him as much as it did -- including his activity in the church. I'm sure he has learned that the passion of resentment hurts yourself more than its object, which is one reason why the Lord instructs us to forgive & forget.

He is a thorough gentleman. His conduct is always such that I am proud to be with him. He is clean in thought, action, and personal appearance. He is a man of courage -- never afraid to stand up for his conviction and to speak his mind whatever the circumstance. He loves the Lord and would make any sacrifice, I am sure, to further His kingdom. I've heard him say more than once that there has no time in his life when he did not have a firm testimony of the Gospel.

Milt has all the virtues that make a man loved & respected by everyone who knows him, and which make him a choice "Man of God".

Sincerely,

/s/ Frank E. Finlayson

Editor's note: Above transcribed from the sender's handwritten notes. President Finlayson was our Stake President, a very good one, as well as a graduate from the college in Logan, Utah in electricity, worked after college for only one employer, the General Electric Company in research and manufacturing.

CHURCH SERVICE

1935 - 1977

My dear sister Helen has prepared a story of my life to about and shortly after my marriage to Louisa. She has included it as Page 30 in that history under the heading of Church Activities, Special Appointments. I shall go through those items and add some thoughts of my own.

Junior Assistant Scout Master, 1936, Boise, Idaho

This was in our church troop, in the Stake Tabernacle, after Frank Kloefer had been our Scoutmaster, maybe even after he had become our Ward Bishop. He was a very good boy's man. I had drifted out of scouting since having graduated at age 16, was a Life Scout with about 25 or more merit badges, lacking only two required for Eagle rank. Too bad, too late.

Sunday School teacher, 1935-37, Boise.

Friend Ariel Crowley had asked me to team teach with him, alternating. Ariel had a whiz of a mind and a marvelous memory. I tried but never was his equal in those years of teaching.

Counselor to Sunday School Superintendent, 1936, Boise. No comment.

Counselor to Branch President, at Greenbelt, Maryland, 1938-1940.

This was a dependent branch of the Washington D.C. Ward. Don Wagstaff from Salt Lake City was President of the branch and a very good man for that calling. Sadly, Leon Manning from Ogden, Utah was caught taking church funds by altering dates on official receipts. A man from D.C. who was an official in the U.S. Bureau of Prisons learned of the defalcations, accused Leon of it, who admitted his wrongdoing and the amount was made up by our cosigning a bank note, which Leon paid. But many years later I learned that Leon had taken his own life in Ogden, apparently at some time following his divorce from his grasping wife.

Ward Dance Director, Boise.

My brothers had taught me how to dance, which I enjoyed immensely. My brother Waldo had at one time taken his dance partner to Saltair in Utah to participate in a dancing contest. He was so graceful.

Counselor to M.I.A. Superintendent, St. Louis, Missouri, 1943-1944

We lived in St. Louis two years, working for the U.S. Rural Electrification Administration until my draft number came up. My Finance Director there offered me a deferment which I declined, saying I knew of no reason why I shouldn't do my own military service during World War II.

Counselor to Bishop Dewey of Ontario Ward, Ontario, California, set apart 7 July 1946, released 1948.

This required my being ordained a High Priest in San Bernardino, California by Marion G. Romney, a General Authority. It seemed peculiar to me that he not only did that, but in his setting me apart made particular mention of my working with the young people in the Ward. I had relatively little assignments or concerns with the young people. Some I did well, some I feel were botched. Oh well.

Sunday School class leader of young people a good deal of the time in Ontario Ward until now (June 1959).

This puzzles me, but my much loved sister said so, it must have been so.

Stake Missionary of Mt. Rubideaux Stake, from June 1955 until December 1957; was resustained in June 1958.

A most interesting activity, with some refusals and some successes. My missionary companion in 1955 was William Stanley Abel, commonly known as Stan Abel. One day he told me he had received a telephone call to go, the two of us together, to the home of a new family which had moved into our Ward. So we went to call on the Sanders in western Ontario (Montclair), knocked at the door and were greeted by a young wife and mother who invited us in, Mrs. Louisa Sanders. We learned she had been taught by full time missionaries in Whittier, California, she believed all they had taught her, but her husband had just been transferred to our area. His name was commonly Jerry, short for Jerome. They had three children and later a fourth.

Louisa had understood and accepted the principles of the gospel, the missionaries had answered all her questions to her satisfaction, and she wished to be baptized. Stan and I were stunned to say the least. She was golden. She was attractive. A few weeks later we baptized her. But her husband never joined her, to his detriment. Stan and I had read to him the passage in Moroni 10 about faith, had encouraged him to undertake its challenge. The next time we called at his home we asked him if he had tried it. His answer was, "I tried it. Nothing happened."

Gospel Doctrine Class Leader in the Ontario II Ward. No Comment

Alternate High Councilman, sustained 19 April 1970. Late, do not know the date, he was sustained as High Councilman. He was released 3 December 1972.

On this same date Pomona Stake was divided off, and now we are in Upland Stake. Frank E. Finlayson was retained as President of the Upland Stake, with Marwood Stout and Gerald Brown as counselors in our new stake.

Executive Secretary to the Upland Stake Presidency, sustained 3 December 1972.

This was a very interesting and challenging church assignment. In Church organization, an Executive Secretary is in effect an additional counselor to the Stake President. President Finlayson, was a fine, fine man in his calling and a personal friend of mine as well as an income tax client. I used to go regularly to the church's large orange grove in the Riverside area to pick oranges, or cultivate such as weed discouraging, buy a couple of bags (big ones) and take one home to him, thoroughly appreciated.

In my High Council and Executive Secretary callings, we had some highly interesting assignments in addition to the usual callings for the theocratical government of the church members within our boundaries. High Counselors regularly were assigned to speak in Wards, and often on assigned subjects. One time Pres. Finlayson asked me privately if I would be interested in attending (I believe three days) council on Alcoholics in Salt Lake City or Provo with a large attendance and speakers on specifics. It was most enlightening. It was a privilege for me to use it as a speaking subject in several different Wards. Among many aspects, I would often point out that an alcoholic in a church family was usually hidden from public notice, pridefully and shamefully.

Added Notes

A bit of further information about Louisa Sanders, whom my companion and I had baptised. She was one of the following list, a modest one but a highly interesting activity.

Francis Cherry - Nov. 1955
Michael Cherry - Nov. 1955
Louisa Sanders - 12/3/55
Blessed her children, under 8 years of age.
Opal Elwell - April 1956
Teddy Elwell - April 1956
Gerald Elwell - April 1956
Henry Elwell - Sept. 1956
Kay Lewis - ?
Charles H. Kerr - 8/30/58
Eldora P. Kerr - 8/30/58
Candace E. Kerr - 8/30/58
Charles B. Howell - 9/62
Sarah Howell - 9/62
Martha Howell - 9/62

When it seemed likely that we would have a baptism from a family, we tried to have the faith to bring the entire family into the church. Some remained faithful, some I suspect did not. All were fruit of the spirit, all were loved and admired. All were taught that the gospel as we were teaching it would almost certainly make some changes in lifestyle and thinking, which would require a new and sometimes challenging of values. The rewards would lead, through fasting and prayer, to a new and different, fulfilling attitude about self and others.

Louisa Sanders and family were guests at our home regularly, especially during the hot weather when we would invite them to come and swim in our pool and eat some barbecued buns and meat, perhaps some ice cream bars as dessert. We would go to their home as home teachers, and perhaps as visiting Relief Society teachers as well. Her first assignment was teaching in the Primary with young children. She told me years later that she would absorb the teaching she was receiving, wide eyed and taking it in. More about her later.

CHURCH SERVICE

1977 - 1999

This is typed into the computer on Sunday, 25 October, 1998. My age now is 82

I performed yesterday my last Active Sealer function in the Portland Oregon Temple, a living couple by name of Geissler, bride's name Styz, a Ukrainian name which has been modified in this country for simplicity. They are from northern Idaho, with three young daughters now sealed to them for all eternity, beautiful young girls with the youngest still a baby. The bride's witness was her father who has been, and perhaps still is a branch president. A touching event for them and for me.

The following is entered into the computer on Saturday, 28 November 1998 by Milton J. Thurber

Because of my recent release from sealing in the Portland Temple of our faith, I am undertaking a bird's eye review of our temple experience during the past 22 years together.

Our Temple Years:

Los Angeles Temple - 1977 - 1979
Seattle Temple - 1980 - 1982
Milt receives Sealing power - March 23, 1982
Swiss Temple - 1982 - 1983
Seattle Temple - 1983 - 1985
Santiago Temple - 1985 - 1986
Seattle Temple - 1987 - 1989 (Concurrent with Spanish Extraction)
Portland Temple - 1989 - 1993
Washington, D.C. Temple - 1993 - 1994
Portland Temple - 1994 - 1999

LOS ANGELES TEMPLE:

Dear Louisa and I were married and sealed in the Los Angeles Temple on 10 December 1976. Shortly thereafter we were asked to report to the President of that temple, Richard Stratford, and were asked about our availability to serve as temple ordinance workers. It was a happy calling, very much so. We responded that we had already planned a trip in the spring to Europe, so were asked to report and be set apart shortly after our return. More about that trip in another place.

We reported, were set apart and undertook our training for that thoroughly enjoyed calling, serving each Friday afternoon and evening and the following Saturday, until no longer needed that day. At that time the basic Saturday shift was from early morning until

after the last session, which started at 12:00 noon. We read instructions, listened to experienced temple workers, and did our best to absorb the major points and a host of smaller ones.

When we felt qualified, I remarked to our Saturday supervisor, Brother Jones from San Diego, that I felt the training had been so disjointed and poor that if it were a profit venture (which I had worked with for many years) I felt it would have fallen on its face. To my surprise and consternation, shortly thereafter on our reporting to the temple on Saturday morning, I was called aside and told by the counselor in the temple presidency that I was to be assistant supervisor of men on Saturday. That continued to the end of our two years and a half in that temple, with occasional acting as supervisor when he was necessarily absent. Correction: Brother Blackburn had become Saturday supervisor, Brother Jones had been released.

A few highlights of our experience there. There was unfailing love and kindness. The Los Angeles Temple had been designed and built some years prior to our serving in it. It had four endowment rooms, each holding slightly more or slightly less than 300 patrons, all of the rooms beautifully decorated -- especially the Creation Room and Garden Room with their fine original wall paintings. A problem was that each company had to be marched to Room 4, the veil room, for completion of the endowment. After we left, that was changed to accommodate a substantially larger veil.

On a Saturday when we were on duty, blockbuster news was made public by the general authorities and spread all over the world, to the effect that all worthy male members could receive temple blessings. This news was received joyfully by most, with reluctance by some. Example - our son-in-law Wayne Schmid had served a mission in Brazil years before when the general instruction had been to avoid teaching any one who had the blood of Ham, in other words Negro blood. Now this obstacle had been removed. It had been a major block in missionary activities. Some time later I had the pleasure of introducing a full blood black man at the veil of the temple, a young man by -- I believe the name of Alan Page. Wayne was delighted.

On one occasion I was sent to permit patrons to enter past the Recommend Desk. I learned that Sister Stratford, the temple matron, had forgotten her key to enter a service door so had to come to the main entrance and past the Recommend Desk. Horror of horrors -- her recommend had expired, her husband had to be called to permit her to enter, and he gave her a public scolding.

One Saturday when we were on duty it was a priesthood day, when all lockers, on both sides, were used by men and the few sisters used the baptismal lockers. To our surprise and consternation, here came an unannounced tour bus from Utah nearly filled with single sisters doing a temple tour. Where could they change street clothing for whites? The few men on the bus could use the usual mens' lockers. Solution - put visiting sisters in the chapel, curtain the entrance, place a guard to insure its privacy, and let them change.

Another Saturday we were having no initiatories, and here came a Taiwanese ship's captain with a perfectly valid recommend for him to be endowed, with the usual procedure to be followed. He was in port for this one day, would leave early the following day, and what were we to do? We held the first Mandarin Chinese session ever in that temple, by recruiting a few returned missionaries. The ship captain was a handsome middle aged man with only a few words in English. When he was finished, he thanked us and said, "Next time I bring my wife." At this writing, on 30 November 1998, they have their own temple in Taipei and no further need for "bringing his wife."

My dear Louisa and I learned in Los Angeles Temple the basics of temple purposes and administration, many of which we used to advantage in years to come. We were married and sealed in it; we served in it for two and a half years before voluntarily leaving it to move to Vancouver, Washington, knowing full well that there was going to be a temple in that state with little likelihood that there would be people found to serve in it who had prior temple operation experience. We made many friends in LA, quite a group of whom joined in a farewell party for us. Among them, Russ & June Knudsen, the Pinders, and many others including the Boyles. We have returned occasionally, and gladly.

The following is entered into the computer on 01 December 1998 by Milton.

In our LA Temple time and experience we enjoyed the beauty in words and meanings of the ordinances and covenants, especially since we ordinarily heard it in English. There were sessions periodically in Spanish; and on at least one Saturday per month in Samoan, on another in Tongan. On one occasion I was starting a session as assistant supervisor when the officiator, obviously well aware of the importance of his assignment, started the sound track and it was in SPANISH!! He nearly came apart. He stopped the sound track, started over again in ENGLISH, so I left.

SEATTLE TEMPLE:

During our time in the Seattle Temple, Bro. William Bangerter who was in charge of all the temples in the world, and Bro. Derek Metcalfe came to look into our methods and suggest changes or improvements. Our temple president, Bro. F. Arthur Kay and his wife, Eunice, hosted a small luncheon for them and invited myself and Louisa to attend. I had been serving as mens' trainer and dear Louisa as bridal supervisor. She and I fell into conversation with Bro. Metcalfe during a lull, and asked him if he had any use for the two of us elsewhere as temple missionaries. He asked us what languages we had in our backgrounds, I told him of my high school Spanish and junior college French; Louisa had studied French in years past. Bro. Metcalfe seemed pleased and recommended we prepare our applications but to instruct our stake president, when he sent them to Salt Lake City, to direct them to the Temple Department rather than to the Missionary Department. He had in mind sending us to the Swiss Temple. So we followed his advice.

When I reported this information to Pres. Kay, he seemed disappointed but pleased, and asked that we stay and help in Seattle for six months before leaving.

The following is typed into the computer by Milton on 28 Dec.1998.

Regarding the Seattle Temple, when we were asked to report there to a member of the presidency, we went to see a councillor in the presidency. We told him we were living in Vancouver, Washington (about 170 miles south of the temple site) , were experienced by two plus years in the LA temple, were willing to come to Bellevue, Washington, either one full week each month, or full time for some agreed period of time. He and the President agreed to call us for full time work We agreed, but I don't recall if there ever was agreement on how long that might last. It lasted for one and a half years.

We were correct in our assumption that there were few experienced temple ordinance workers, available and willing to work. It started off with great enthusiasm but a great deal of teaching and training had to be done. We were never called to serve that temple as missionaries since we lived in the temple district. Quite a number of experienced people were recruited from the St. George area in southern Utah, most of whom were dismissed with thanks as soon as President Kay could do so in good taste. He put Louisa to work promptly as bridal supervisor, I as his training director of men.

We moved into an apartment complex with several other temple workers, were there day in and day out during all the time we were there and, generally speaking, enjoyed it. Our boys had helped us move some living essentials to Bellevue as we rented out our home in Vancouver; and at the end, some help in moving back to the south in preparation for our time in the Swiss Temple.

We became members of the local ward of our faith. Louisa eventually did teaching in the Relief Society ; I did some in the Gospel Doctrine class on Old Testament. I never did feel confident of my teaching capacity on that subject, including the book of Isaiah. We did have our set of Clarke's Commentaries and relied on it primarily as a source. My office employee in Ontario, California had for 18 years been a first class assistant, and knowing my interest in Bible history, had at one time purchased and made me a gift of a full set of Clarke's. Eventually she died of breast cancer, poor soul. Her name was Lucile Armstrong.. Many years later we made a gift of all six volumes of Clarke's to our son Bill Battershell Jr., who was and is basically a scholar.

SWISS TEMPLE:

President Kay and his wife, Eunice, took us to a nice dinner before we left. His daughter and son-in-law had been generous about sharing some space in their beautiful home for storage of our modest art collection. The rest of the home furnishings we had with us were loaded into a rented truck and hauled, some of it to Woodland, Washington, and the remainder of it into rented storage space. We received much appreciated help in this move.

Our mission call was to the Swiss Temple for ordinance worker purposes, for one and a half years, with French as our second language, so we checked into the Missionary Training Center in Provo, Utah for about three and one half weeks of instruction and memorization in both languages. We were the first called missionaries to have the privilege of having our French instructors with us in the Provo Temple for learning all the temple ordinances in French.

As soon as notice came of our approval to enter Switzerland we left quite promptly, flew to Zurich, took the train to Bern, were met by Temple President Stanley D. Rees and his wife, Temple Matron.

The following is inserted on 25 September 1999

Shortly before leaving the MTC in Provo for the Swiss Temple, we were sent to Pres. N. Eldon Tanner, a Counselor in the First Presidency, to receive from him the sealing power. We met there Bro. Henry & Sis. Montess Anderegg who were also going to the Swiss Temple and for the same purpose as we. They later became our friends and still are. A photocopy of that conferring is in our files, dated Tuesday, March 23, 1982. Bro. Anderegg is of Swiss parents, had served a mission in Switzerland years before and was still fluent in German and Swiss.

The following is entered into the computer on 6 January and 8 March 1999 by Milton.

The Reeses took us to their home and fed us a nice meal, then took us across the street from the temple and introduced us to our rented apartment, in a building not owned by our church but adequate for our needs. It turned out we were grateful to have the bit of independence since all 13 of the temple-owned apartments were occupied, and we ended up happy to have it that way. We later learned there was a good deal of contention among the other missionaries, which we were happy to escape.

It soon came to light that Pres. Rees was experienced in church administration but had not, apparently, ever been involved in temple operation. I learned that the temple ordinance workers (the men at least) were poorly trained. I had just come from the Seattle Temple as a full time trainer of men, so I went privately to Pres. Rees and offered to help. His response was, "my counselors and I are responsible for that training and we don't have time." What a cop out! There were other examples of poor thought and judgment. Many years later we finally saw the tendency to appoint presidents of temples who had some prior temple experience. We feel the Reeses did the best of which they were capable, with poor preparation for the calling.

Our Swiss Temple experience was most enjoyable over all. When we were there, all the western European languages except Norwegian were heard in our temple district from Finland and Sweden on the north, to and including Spain, Portugal, and Italian on the south and with a scattering of others world wide. My Louisa learned (among other

things) why her German ancestors were so rigid in their manners and behavior, down to her own day.

Quite a number of interesting occurrences were ours, sometimes in collaboration with others on the temple staff. Pres. Rees authorized my studying all temple ordinances in English, Spanish, and French, passing them by memory in his presence and a native speaker, then instructing me to use solely English in sealings, but the others in new names and at the veil. In time I had also memorized the veil in German and Italian without a card. In subsequent years, in the Santiago Chile, Portland Oregon, and, Washington D.C. temples, I performed thousands of sealings in Spanish as well as English, for the living and for the dead.

In the Swiss Temple we one day received a married couple, young people, to be endowed and sealed. They were intelligent people with a young child or two, plus others at home in Ghana, black and bright, well prepared for their sacred ordinances. Their stay in Germany included preparation for returning to their native land and teaching the gospel to their own. It would be interesting to know if they realized that worthy desire.

Another time I was assigned to serve as a witness in sealing of a native English woman and her Swiss husband (both of whom spoke far better English than I) to her ancestors or each other. When that work was completed, I quietly commented to her, "Did you know your grandmother was here"? She said no, how did you know? I said I saw her, full length, beautifully gowned and coiffed, eager and enthusiastic, a typical French woman, happy to have that uniting to her eternal companion. She, her husband and I, happened to meet each other later in the temple cafeteria. She asked me there if I knew her grandfather was in the sealing room. My response was I saw in the background, quietly watching, the head, shoulders, and face of a man. She was delighted, stating "my grandfather was a very quiet Englishman".

We had many interesting short trips while serving in the Swiss Temple. Almost always the Temple was closed Sundays and Mondays, except when a traveling group came in on Monday, and preliminaries should be performed on that day. This happened, for example, when a group, the first, came from Portugal on a chartered bus after two or three days travel just to get there, tired and dirty but happy to be at their temple. Many were to be endowed and sealed so part of our work had to be performed on Monday getting them cleaned and measured for white clothing. Many stayed in the Herrberg where they could prepare some food, get showers, and have a place to sleep, simple but adequate.

When Serge Athenour and his wife Danielle would come from the south of France, they would stay in our apartment which had enough room, and attend the temple. They would have come from the Provence area, and Serge although a native Frenchman could speak and understand enough English for us to communicate. His faithful wife Danielle spoke no English but Serge could translate for her. They were happy to stay with us, as they were relatives, and welcome. Years later they were separated and divorced, sadly. We assume he had suffered some financial reverses which led him to resort to his career

in the police activities of France. Their eldest son, Sylvain, at this writing (23 January 1999) is serving a mission in northern Italy for our church, LDS, who months ago wrote us a very nice note when enroute to Italy from the Missionary Training Office in England, by air, and in English.

The Swiss have a fine railroad system, much of it electrified, all over the country. With the beautiful scenery in abundance and short runs it was a delight to take one-day trips most anywhere, then be home in the evening and ready for our temple duties the following morning. A few of the temple missionaries undertook the expensive trip to Israel through Dan Rona, a Jewish man and LDS member who was a tour director with American and Israeli citizenships. We did not afford that trip until years later, and enjoyed it immensely, partly on account of his knowledge and understanding of history and scripture. We did travel all over Switzerland, to northern Italy and southern Germany.

One time in summer it was very warm, uncomfortably so, and when our work at the temple was done we took a train to Grindelwald high in the Alps, hiked from the depot there to take a room in one of the many lodging places available. That evening we could hear some music, went to our balcony to listen, and learned that an American college band was playing in the town center for the benefit of any one who cared to listen. So we did. It was a most romantic setting

When in Switzerland, Louisa's sister, Daisy, from central California came at our invitation for some sightseeing and day travel there and in southern Germany. We had a good time together, left her at a place of her choice and with explicit instructions on how to return to Zollikofen and our apartment. We feel she enjoyed it even though a new experience for her. Some years later she was included in our family travel plans for her, Bud Cramer and Pat, eldest sister June and Robert, and, Louisa and myself, in a rented van from central Germany, through southern Germany, to the south of France (Provence) where Serge Athenour, a cousin and LDS church member, had arranged a large family gathering which we all enjoyed, the first ever on such a large scale. Louisa's mother had been born an Athenous (with a final S). That grandmother's father had been issued a naturalization certificate in Arizona, handwritten, with the final R, which we assume the court clerk had taken to be an S so it persisted in that spelling down the years.

About our return home following our Swiss Temple assignment, Henry Anderegg another temple missionary with his wife, had a car and was generous about volunteering to take us with our luggage to the train depot in Bern. That took us next to Paris for a visit, then to Luxembourg, to London, thence home by air. It seemed odd to travel that way but it saved quite a bit on the ticket fare.

SANTIAGO CHILE TEMPLE:

The following is entered 17 March 1999:

Louisa and I had mentioned briefly to ourselves the possibility of our going on another mission. We had mentioned to the Perrys this possibility. Unknown to us, they had passed it on to President Kay, the original president of the Seattle Temple who by now had become a General Authority. One morning our phone rang; it was Pres. Kay asking about our possibility of serving another temple mission. We indicated our interest in doing just that, so he said for us to send our mission papers (through our stake president) to the Temple Department rather than to the Mission people, mentioning that he had in mind two temples -- one in Argentina, another in South Korea, to which I gulped in spite of his saying we "would have no difficulty with the language." So we prepared our mission papers and ultimately received a call to the Sydney Australia Temple, which was a surprise to us. We had some modest facility in French and Spanish, but neither Argentina nor South Korea temples were yet ready for use. So we agreed to go, even though surprised at the place of the calling.

We started gathering information about Sydney, writing to the temple president there asking about clothing needs, lodging, transportation locally, etc. He responded nicely by letter, mentioning that they were trying to find us a place to stay "within 3 miles of the temple" and asking us to bring enough money to buy a car. So we scraped up \$10,000. to take with us.

The day we left Vancouver, intending to fly directly from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles then to Sydney, we cut off at the Portland airport by an airline attendant who informed us the plane was full. We ended up taking a plane to Seattle, then to Denver, thence to SLCity so we could fly to Chicago to attend Eric and Susan's wedding there. Funny thing was we received a full refund of our ticket cost Portland to SLCity and arrived before our baggage did. We stayed the night with Elaine and Cheng, tired but happy. Early the following morning our phone rang and it was from Pres. Kay, at the church office building in SLCity, asking how our trip had been and asking if we would mind a change in assignment to the Santiago Chile Temple, which we agreed to and our comment that we had been expecting a change. He agreed to our request to spend 8 weeks in the Missionary Training Center in Provo studying Spanish. He was then, and is now, a fine man.

The following is entered into the computer by Milt 22 March 1999:

Our weeks of training in Spanish at the Training Center in Provo were interesting and in some particulars, hectic. Our teachers both were natives of Honduras, each of them men with English facility as well as their native tongue. One of them was a fine entertainer, especially when he had his guitar. We spent eight weeks studying under their tutelage, and well done by them. It was new to dear Louisa and she really took to the language with her French background. Some words were cognate. I had many years ago a two year high school class in Spanish -- our second year teacher was a Miss Silva who was a native

of the Canary Islands and drilled us in excellent Castilian Spanish, expecting and requiring our mimicking the sounds and intonations. Years after my graduation I had two years of junior college French instruction with the first year teacher a Mrs. Power, who also drilled us repeatedly in sound imitations much more complex than Spanish, but so interesting. She claimed as her background a degree from Tours where the purest French was taught and spoken.

Anyway, during our stay in Provo Louisa studied hard and I slept. One day she was walking in the Center and mumbling some Spanish to herself when along came a vehicle with Joe Christensen in it, director of the Center. He slowed down the vehicle, aware of her concentration, and called out to her, “atta girl!”, then went on.

We often walked up around the temple in the evening and enjoyed it. When we were finished at the Center I told Louisa privately that I never wanted to return to the Center again, facetiously. She asked why. I responded that we were about to leave tired and over-fed!! It had been our second experience with similar results each time. But it truly had been a lifting thing to go through, priceless. While we were there the second time we had offered to prepare a vocabulary for future temple missionaries in English and Spanish, containing words and phrases commonly used or expected of a temple worker. It was agreed to, carefully edited by our senior Spanish teacher and we took a copy with us to the Chile Temple, was later expanded by a Chile office manager in that temple and left with them just before we were to return to our Vancouver home. It had been interesting, challenging, hopefully of use to Americans called to serve abroad. Ever since our Swiss temple experience we have encouraged American seniors (of any age) to study any foreign language to learn differences in culture or sound as background for facility in any foreign language with or without prior familiarity in the language they will need to use.

We flew Salt Lake City to Atlanta, had a two and one half hour layover during which we never left the terminal, transferred to Lan Chile for a night flight to South America with a short layover in Lima Peru due to fog in Santiago. We were greeted at the Santiago terminal by Bro. & Sis. Arthur Strong, temple president and matron, on (I believe) 6 August 1985. They were kind and loving, saw to it that we had temporary living accommodations with a part-member family until we could find our own. This we did within a few days, a small apartment within walking distance of the temple, thanks to some one in the temple, a sister, who had us look at several possibilities. Our landlord was a native Chileno who spoke English and was in the business of manufacturing high class clothing dummies. He had a California checking account and preferred our rentals to him to be there, satisfactorily. When we finally left we had no differences nor complaints other than the receiving mail arrangement. Their postal arrangement was for the house to house clerks to knock on our door each month and for us to pay him for deliveries. Evidently their postal service did not pay them a sufficient amount, so those receiving mail helped. During our stay in Chile, we paid this “extraction” as a matter of local custom.

Pres. Strong and wife, Nedra, were fine to work with. He had years before served as a mission president in Argentina so was accustomed to conversation in Spanish. He

informed us early on that our principle function was to help prepare the Chilenos to administer their temple themselves rather than depend on Americans for daily operations. His wife, Nedra, a fine woman, had never felt conversant in Spanish as she had had American missionaries at hand in Argentina, so could depend on them in English. I could understand Spanish if not slurred (as they often did) and enunciated clearly. Thanks to my high school Spanish teacher, she had drilled us in castilian Spanish and some of it still retained in memory, besides having memorized the temple ordinances and practiced them in the Swiss temple and in the missionary training center in Provo. Louisa did admirably in Spanish, still today can help native speakers in our Portland Temple when necessary. I love her with all my heart and admire her cheerful personality.

Early in the Chile Temple we had the interesting experience of having two sister patrons, native Indians, come for their temple blessings. Both were mature women, both about four feet tall, no more, at home in their temple. I received both of them at the veil, gladly, and in their Spanish language. Another time I was assigned to seal in marriage a couple with the groom an American missionary who had served honorably in Chile, then returned to his parents in Maryland, then came back to Chile to court and win the heart of a beautiful Chile girl. According to local law they had to go first for a civil marriage, then they came immediately to the temple for their eternal uniting. I asked the groom if his bride to be understood English, he said not. Then I said I could seal them in Spanish, but I would like him afterward to sit with me on the side of the sealing room and listen to the words of the sealing ordinance in their original English as anything else would have been a translation. He was agreeable to this, and we did so.

Every year since then we have received Christmas greetings from them, almost always with thanks for our worthiness and their happiness. The first came from Maryland, then from northwestern state of Washington, California, and again from Tacoma or Federal Way, Washington. An interesting episode and heart warming results. Years later we met his father in the Washington DC. temple, a worker there. Sadly, his parents had become divorced.

Another interesting occurrence in the Santiago Temple was the single sister temple missionary who had compiled her Swiss ancestors, all with German names, and brought them to the Santiago Temple -- even though long dead -- for their temple ordinances by living proxies. I had learned a little about pronouncing German names while in the Swiss Temple, but the native Chileno sealers, naturally Spanish speakers, tried and tried to pronounce their names with sometimes hilarious results. It was so interesting and fully effective.

We had two very interesting trips out of Santiago while there. One was a Christmas trip while the temple was closed for some rebuilding of the sound system in the endowment rooms. The Missionary Training Center was also closed at the same time, and Pres. and Matron of the temple arranged for our use -- meaning all the North American missionaries -- during the closing, of the van ordinarily used by the missionaries in training. We went west to the Pacific coast, saw Vina del Mar, Concepcion, and other seaside cities, villages, scenery, etc. We spent a night in Temuco, saw the very interesting

oxcart trains hauling coal from inland down to the coast. We went to Sunday church in Temuco. Afterward, our Pres. "passed the hat" for a collection to purchase hymn books for the ward as we had seen none in meeting. He took the collection to the presiding priesthood authority, offered it, and came back with it intact. The bishop had told him that Temuco was predominantly Indian in nature, LDS members felt that they owned or could help themselves to anything loose in the chapel and simply took home the hymn books, so there was no use in buying more. So our Pres. recommended that we turn our collection over to the volunteer fire department for purchase of tires for their equipment. It was another example of a cultural difference. We understood and accepted it.

We also made a stop at a volcanic site, common in Chile. We at one time counted seven volcanoes in sight, not a common thing back home in the U.S. We went as far south as roads went without going over the mountains, at one time were very close to the border with Argentina. Lake Esmeralda was a beautiful fresh water lake.

A most interesting trip was our flying to Arica on the northwest coast of Chile, taking a taxi across the border into Peru, exchanging for a big wad of Peruvian money, then flying to Peru's white city, Arequipa, enroute to Cuzco, old and fascinating. There were some of history's landmarks which had occurred there! We were warned repeatedly about the possible effects of our staying there for several days at that altitude, ten thousand or eleven thousand feet above sea level! Good warning, and we needed it. Louisa and I each had some of the symptoms of altitude sickness but thoroughly enjoyed the things we saw and did. Example - we learned that the day before we arrived in Cuzco, some one had set off a bomb in the train depot with fatalities resulting. Result - when our time came to take the train to Machu Picchu, there was an armed guard in each railroad car. We, fortunately, had no such problem. But it was interesting to experience the train backing to an even higher elevation, then going forward to go over the cup in which Cuzco was situated, then downgrade to a lower level through some interesting sights. We arrived at a station nicely situated with some trees and a lot of selling of native handicrafts including beautiful carved and decorated gourds, some of which later we purchased before our return journey.

The journey to the top of Machu Picchu was by tourist bus both ways, meaning up and later down, over dirt roads and by drivers who would put even the wildest big city taxi drivers to shame. There were innumerable switchbacks with certain stretches, by unwritten agreements, would permit going up or down the preference in passing. Our arrival at the top -- high and unseen from the bottom -- was cause for rejoicing. The sights at or around the top were stupendous, truly. The bare idea that a community as large and at that altitude was breath taking. Question: how were they fed and organized? Someone will figure it out in time. Altitude, roughly 8,000 feet! There are some beautiful pictures of the buildings and surroundings in the scrapbook Louisa prepared.

On the bus trip back down the mountain, a native young runner was seen at our start who ran down all the way, skipping some of our twists and turns but arriving at our station as we did. Our crowd applauded his sturdiness and courage and some of us gave

some money in appreciation. The return train trip to Cuzco was, again, most interesting, but uneventful.

A most beautiful trip was arranged for a small group of our people in a tour bus from Cuzco -- I think toward the south -- to an out of the way old Spanish church which was completely hand-decorated in its interior and hand-colored over every inch of it. In a loft of the church was an old organ, handsomely decorated, which was still playable. In the treasury of the church we were shown some gorgeous vestments, all done by hand, and some silver and/or gold beakers and associated religious things. Any museum in the United States would have given their eyeteeth to possess and show them. Returning toward Cuzco that same day, we stopped at some rock ruins of ancient buildings, probably pre-Inca in age, roofless but well organized and showing evidences of some religious interest by cubbyholes small enough to have housed some articles of worship.

Our return to Chile started well enough but we could not be airlifted out of Cuzco so the airline put us up in a fancy hotel for the night at their expense, then the next day by air to Arequipa and thence by taxi across the border to Arica, then by air to Santiago Chile. We were delighted to be home safely but thoroughly enjoyed this fringe trip to a part of South America -- wouldn't have missed it for anything. In Arica we saw briefly a native sister whom we had served with in the temple, a faithful sister who had been sent home by the temple presidency as she was dying of cancer, a sad farewell. Her name was Sister Iris Leon.

Following was written and inserted 25 September 1999.

When in the Santiago Chile Temple (late in our stay there) Pres. Strong asked me to prepare a manual of instruction for the men. I did so, had him review it, and duplicated it in Spanish, with translation help from the Chileno Office Manager, and in English. It was released shortly before dear Louisa fractured her shoulder. Talk about mistakes -- a native Chileno at the recommend desk pointed out to me that early in the manual I had written Aaronic Priesthood, which should have been Melchizedek Priesthood.

Following was keyed into the computer by Milt 03 May 1999.

Our rented apartment in Santiago was within easy walking distance of the Temple. One day toward the end of our allotted time in that temple (one and a half years including our time studying Spanish in the MTC) we were walking together on a Saturday morning when my dear Louisa stumbled on a cobblestone crossing an intersection, fell and hurt herself badly. Traffic was coming on, I had been trying to hurry her, probably my poor judgment, and she called for my help which I gave immediately, helped her up, and walked her the short distance to the temple office. They put us both into a temple car and took us to the Clinica las Condes, the best hospital in Chile, where they put her into an upper body cast, treated her the best they knew how, and kept her overnight. I soon phoned to Elaine in Salt Lake City and to daughter-in-law Patty, a registered nurse in Vancouver, Washington, knowing they would know or find out appropriate treatment for

this shoulder fracture. They soon called back to tell us that the casting had not been done in the U.S. for 20 years, to bring her home as soon as possible.

I went to President Diaz in the Temple and told him of this -- that the medical treatment was obsolete when casted as it was, we were medically advised to get her back to the U.S. soon, if not sooner. He was disappointed but agreed to release us so we could get home in the far north, cast and all. He soon had us on Lan Chile's modern jet liner to Miami, Fort Worth, and Salt Lake City where our Elaine met our plane and took us immediately to a medical doctor whose work she knew. The first thing he did was to remove the upper body cast and throw it away. He and Elaine talked about method of treatment and agreed, so we spent some six weeks with Tony and Carolyn as their uninvited guests while Elaine worked on Louisa's arm. I hated Louisa's being injured, not for my sake but for hers. I had been hurrying at the intersection in Santiago, necessarily so I thought, and ended up with my sweetheart badly, badly wounded. What a thoughtless shame.

During our time in Salt Lake we went to the public library and consulted the buyers' guide for advice about a new small car, ended up buying our 1987 Honda Accord model D which has been with us for 14 years, a good car. We recently traded it off to Grant Schmid in exchange for his 1993 Honda Civic.

Everything considered, our experience in the Chile Temple was well worthwhile. We left behind us a good feeling and affection for the Chilenos, good and faithful people. Among them was an elderly gentleman named (I believe) Ricardo Garcia, the first man baptized to our faith in his country, and an active sealer although he had suffered a stroke. Another was the temple recorder, who I thought was taking advantage of his position of trust.

Interestingly, when Louisa was in the hospital at Clinica las Condes, a staff nurse asked her why she was in her country, in Spanish. Louisa responded. The nurse told her that her children had been receiving some instruction from two fine young men, apparently a pair of our missionaries, who obviously had been transferred, and her children were asking her questions which she did not know how to answer. Louisa asked if she could send someone to teach her and the children. The nurse finally, just before going off shift, gave her name and address to Louisa, who later referred it to the secretary to the mission president, and we learned later that she had sent two lady missionaries who converted her and the children who were of suitable age. Hurray for Louisa, conversions from a hospital bed!

Our return home, though painful, was a happy time. We were soon called to head the Spanish name extraction program in our Vancouver Washington Stake and the Vancouver West Washington Stake, taking two and a half years. At the end of that time our bright new Portland Oregon Temple had been completed and was ready for the open house prior to dedication. It was a beautiful dream realized, a series of hard work and miracles combined to see it done. A fine attorney, Jim Bean, was head of the committee

to accomplish that. He gave a fine report in our stake on various problems arising and solved during construction, so interesting to hear how it was done by good connections and miracles of timing. More about our time spent in Spanish name extraction following.

Briefly about my time spent in temple sealing work. A fascinating part of that work is its spiritual enrichment. I had fallen into the habit of counseling those who were to be proxies for sealing to think silently of the name for whom each ordinance was being performed (speaking of the dead) and to invite silently that person to be present and listen to the words used in whatever language its blessings were being pronounced, and to hope that each would understand and accept its fulfilment. Some would accept that challenge, some would not, leading to my conclusion that they still had the power of choice. More about that later perhaps. No matter what language they had used when living, those dead would grasp the meanings (by thought transfer??) and make their choice, to accept or to reject, which they were free to do. We often would not know but could hope. I have been greatly blessed with the privilege of performing thousands of sealings for the dead, a few for the living for themselves and in predominantly English and Spanish, a few in French. My physical capacity finally faded away so I was released as an active sealer. Of interest however, is the principle that having been given that power I would have it for life but only as to my lineal descendants.

SPANISH EXTRACTION:

The following typed into the computer by MJT on 08 March 1999 and moved here.

Louisa and I spent two years or more in extraction of Spanish names in charge of others from Vancouver Stake and Vancouver West Stake. Extraction was from microfilms of records of various parishes, mostly from Mexico, but a bit from Dominicana and the Filipines, and perhaps others from Central America. We ended up with 77,000 or more cards for submission to Salt Lake City. We went up to the Seattle Temple one weekend per month to serve as ordinance workers, a trip of 3 and 1/2 hours each way. We stayed overnight (always on Friday) at the home of a fine young couple. He had served a mission in Denmark.

The following is typed into the computer by Milt, Monday 0 May 1999.

After our return from the Santiago Chile Temple, it took some time for Louisa to feel fully recovered from her fractured shoulder. Soon, so it seems, we were called to supervise the Spanish name extraction activities in the Vancouver Washington Stake and the Vancouver Washington West Stake. Each had the facility for doing that work and some willing workers to undertake it. But none of them had familiarity with the spelling and grammar in that language, nor did we in some ways. The microfilm supplied to us would be projected on a screen and the worker would block print onto IBM cards the pertinent data such as names, date, gender, names of parents, if given, etc., from records sometimes beautiful in their handwriting and sometimes a struggle to decipher at all.

Louisa and I, or either of us, would answer questions if we knew the answers, review the work for quantity and quality, and submit them to Salt Lake City.

We worked at this for two and a half years, producing between the two stakes, 67,042 christening cards and 11,513 marriage cards, each of them containing up to three generations of genealogy and information for multiple temple ordinances. It was a pleasure to work with men and women, many of them with grey hair, who understood the reasons under which they worked and for whom we were grateful. Many of the films sent to us were from parish records in old Mexico, some were Mayan names or other Indian names, toward the end we had some from Filipines, Dominicana, or other Central America countries, Spain. But we skipped over deaths and burials. Louisa has kept a file on extraction which contains all that. We made many friends in the course of this work, good people and willing workers. Their names are in the extraction file, bless them.

PORTLAND OREGON TEMPLE:

The following was keyed into the computer on 06 June 1999, by Milt.

The Portland Oregon Temple was opened for use in August, 1989, and both Louisa and I were parts of the original staff on a part time basis. Louisa had a world of experience by this time on new female endowments and sealings, I on such sealings. Our original temple president was Ted Perry, and his wife as matron, Nelle Perry. They soon called me to be a Thursday morning men's supervisor which entailed lots of running up and down the stairways to keep things organized and running smoothly. I did so much galloping from one level to another that it ran me down and I soon asked for another primary calling, which was sealing and my most enjoyed activity. I worked with Spanish as well as English including sealings of the living, as did Louisa. In time Don Morton and his wife went to and returned from a missionary assignment in the District of Columbia temple as ordinance workers. I asked him about that temple and living conditions there, and he responded helpfully, even offered to call the temple matron there to ask if my limited physical capacity would be of help to them. They answered favorably so Louisa and I prepared our application and sent it in, for a 12-month missionary calling.

WASHINGTON, D.C. TEMPLE:

We flew to D.C. airport, or rather Dulles, were met by the temple employee whose family name was Bartholomew, he drove us to the auto dealer in Maryland who had a new 1993 model Honda LX ready and waiting for us, picked it up and followed him to the church's apartment complex where our lodging was waiting for us.

Our temple president was Brother David King, his wife was a registered nurse and it was she who largely administered the personnel challenges of that temple. President King was fluent in French, had previously served as a U.S. ambassador in Haiti and perhaps other governmental assignments, was knowledgeable in Greek and a fine student

and instructor, who later treated all of us to a course of study shedding some light on passages in the Bible. It was a treat being under his tutelage. His wife assigned me to a 5-hour workday because of my heart problem and history, my thanks to her and her knowledge of health caretakers in the area.

Our work in the D.C. temple was similar in principle to the work we had previously done in the Los Angeles, Seattle, Santiago Chile, and Portland temples. The differences were slight and involved mainly the languages and cultures of the people who came for themselves or as proxies for the dead. Our time in D.C. was largely Tuesday through Saturday, in a polyglot of languages from all over the civilized world as a magnet for all sorts of visitors drawn because our seat of Federal government was here. Ordinarily the temple was closed -- always on Sundays, often on Mondays, so our temple group was frequently free on Mondays for arranged trips which would put us home, rested and ready for our work on Tuesdays. Those trips we paid for according to seats desired and included visiting such areas as tidal basin when cherries were in beautiful bloom, to and through neighboring mountains, the Baltimore tidal basin, to Philadelphia historical sights, to the Amish area in Pennsylvania (so very interesting), and others which were out and return in a day; usually one trip per month in good weather.

Patrons for the temple were usually from areas in the temple district by previous assignment. Quite a few came from the Caribbean and central American areas, so many of them had to be served in Spanish, many from the Boston area in Portuguese who also understood English. They were (from Boston) largely connected with the fishing industry. Many of those who came from Puerto Rico, Dominicana, Guatemala, etc. flew from home states directly to the Washington D.C. airport, otherwise they would have had to fly to Miami, change planes, then fly to Atlanta or Washington D.C. In this way they could fly from home to the D.C. without changing planes. Economy!

One brother from Guatemala came with two fine sons to be sealed to his living parents. They all were delighted with this eternal parentage. The next time we saw him, he had brought his two parents for their own sealings and for him to be sealed to them forever. What a happy group!! And he told us this time that his two sons were in the Provo missionary training center, preparing for their missions.

Some Chinese patrons came to the D.C. temple, obviously well educated and wishing for the blessings of the temple to be theirs.

It was of interest that groups of temple patrons, especially on Friday and Saturday week ends, were frequently Spanish speakers, many of them bilingual, who requested Spanish sealers for ordinances as they were more comfortable in that native tongue. There were several sealers to whom that was their native language and idiom. I would often be asked to seal in Spanish, in addition to those for whom it was their native tongue, and glad to do so. Many patrons were doing family file sealings and would request various living persons to serve as selected proxies for various sealings, often one selected group for a favorite or designated deceased person who was remembered among those still living. That was sometimes awkward to do but usually to the satisfaction of the living person

who recalled from personal experience this or that person now deceased. Another expression of the togetherness in family filings, person to person. It was sometimes made known to us that the deceased person was spiritually present and delighted at this uniting, an humbling evidence of the power of priesthood and communication, as if they were speaking to us to let us know they understood and approved of what the living were doing for their beloved dead.

It was especially touching and humbling to seal the living to the living, as spouses or as children to eternal parents, and to realize this was a valued and enriching relationship, eternally, conditioned on the worthiness of all, past, present, and future.

When Louisa and I were released after our 12 months in the D.C. Temple, our president there, Brother Bradley, called us in for a well meant farewell. To our surprise -- and I felt to his surprise also, he gave each of us a promise of exaltation in the celestial realm. We were dumbfounded, astonished, taken aback, humbled but enriched. It was one of the most striking farewells we ever had, either before or after that kind of service. We had remembered and cherished the farewells we had from the Los Angeles Temple, Brother Stratford, from Brother F. Arthur Kay (president of the Seattle Temple) who had been so kind to us and had thought well of the experience we had brought from the L.A. Temple, from Brother Arthur Strong as President of the Santiago Chile Temple (both he and his wife, Nedra, now deceased). The one exception was President Stanley Rees in the Swiss Temple, an unthinking autocrat if ever there was one. They were in the habit of taking to dinner any missionary and wife shortly before departing. In our case they didn't bother until the day before our last day there, to ask us to dinner. My response was we had only one night there and it was spoken for by others. He was, to my thinking, the sorriest temple president we ever had -- then or later. He held the appointment, he had the authority, and his word was law, like it or not. I didn't like it in many instances. Part of my long years of independence, no doubt.

The following is entered by Milt 30 July 1999.

The preceding pages of this personal history could not by any means be complete without acknowledging the part my dear Louisa has taken in them. She is vital to all that has taken place in these nearly 23 years. I have recorded in another place the marvel, the miracle which occurred to the both of us and put us together that long ago. Each of us was single then, and we have the belief and the faith that if we live worthily we will never again, now and forever, be without each other as loving eternal companions. We pray so.

At this time she is still the early morning every Friday sister supervisor in the Portland Oregon Temple. She is 69 going on 70 and feeling it, but the president of our temple, Pres. Keith Sellers, has volunteered to her that he will never, never ask for her release from that spiritually fulfilling assignment. So she plans, intends, that she will stay with it for the two more years of this presidency, then to retreat to be once again a regular ordinance worker. We shall see. She has recently had personal health problems which are manifest in energy reduction but stays on the job. Hers is the voice of experience and good judgment, who loves the women assigned to her shift, is kind and thoughtful to

them, and the epitome of loving thoughtfulness toward them and to the patrons who come hoping for and looking for spiritually being added upon. This is the focus for all the sisters who come to seek assignments in this beautiful temple. May it ever be so.

My assignments have come and gone, partly by reason of my physical health problem of energy reduction and the 26 miles distant from our home in Vancouver to the Portland Temple. I ended my sealing "career" as I was not willing to commit more time for temple assignments asked for by the president.

Our callings to serve together for the nearly 23 years have been a delightful experience taken together. It is a wonder to me how Louisa has endured my many imperfections during them. She is loving, kindly, smart in the purest meaning of that term, seldom if ever critical or cynical. She came to it like a proverbial duck to water. She has applied to it the wisdom distilled by her nature and kindness, and by her experience in the business world in years past. She recognizes problems and applies to them her feelings for the sanctity and personal worth of each person involved. She has acquired the reputation of applying good sense to the rules. I occasionally remind her that if she had not married me (perish the thought) she would have been an ideal companion for a general authority of our beloved church. What a blessing she has been to me!

The Los Angeles Temple

CERTIFICATE OF RELEASE

MILTON J. THURBER

This certifies that you are honorably released from your labors as a worker in the Los Angeles Temple.

No greater service can be given than the service in the House of the Lord in behalf of the living and the dead.

Your labors are greatly appreciated and, without doubt, there are many souls who are rejoicing because of the benefits they have received through the help of your unselfish labor. With these souls, you may have the privilege of mingling in that great day when all things are made new in the celestial kingdom.

We extend to you our appreciation for your devoted labors, and trust that there will come to you great joy in the pleasant memories which you will carry with you of your labors in the House of the Lord.

Our prayers and blessing go with you, and may you ever retain the spirit of devotion to the gospel of Jesus Christ.

April 21st 19 79

Kenneth Harper
Arthur Godfrey
Justus P. White

TEMPLE PRESIDENCY

THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST
OF LATTER-DAY
SAINTS

SWISS TEMPLE
Tempelstraße 4
3052 Zollikofen
Switzerland
Tel. (031) 570912

March 3, 1982

Brother and Sister Milton J. Thurber
1411 145 Place S.E. Apt. 307
Bellevue, Washington 98007

Dear Brother and Sister Thurber:

We were very pleased to receive word that you have been called to labor with us as temple missionaries in the Swiss Temple. You will find working in the Swiss Temple quite different from any other temple in the church, in as much as we are working with so many different languages, and also in that all of our missionaries serve in all of the capacities within the temple, which I am sure you will find most interesting.

We are enclosing a bulletin with pertinent information which we feel will be helpful to you in preparation for your coming here.

With kindest regards and looking forward to greeting you here.

I am sincerely your brother
SWISS TEMPLE PRESIDENT


Stanley D. Rees

Enclosure
SDR:br

Salt Lake City, Utah
Tuesday, March 23, 1982

I have this date conferred the sealing power upon
MILTON J. THURBER to be exercised in the Swiss
Temple in behalf of both the living and the dead.

By/ 

President Spencer W. Kimball



Louisa and Milton on Swiss Temple Mission 1983

LA IGLESIA DE
JESUCRISTO
DE LOS SANTOS
DE LOS ULTIMOS
DIAS

TEMPLO DE SANTIAGO, CHILE

CASILLA 116
SANTIAGO 29
CHILE

07 October 1986

AVENIDA POCURO 1940
TELEFONOS: 223-9976/223-3860
CABLES: QUICKMERE
TELEX: 40262 PBOCH

President Edwin Livinston Poyfair
2208 S.E. 149th Ave., Vancouver
WA 98684

Dear President Poyfair:

Enclosed are certificates of Release for Brtother and Sister Milton and Louisa Thurber, who have been released upon completion of their mission here as missionaries in the Chile Santiago Temple.

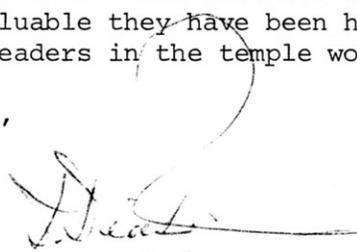
We released a few weeks early to this couple because Sister Thurber suffered a breaking in her arm and need to be translate to Salt Lake City for medical care and so on.

Elder and Sister Thurber have rendered an outstanding service here in the training of local workers to take the place of the temple missionaries as they are now beginning to leave for other assignments or to their home upon completion of their missions.

Elder and Sister Thurber have now returned home but the fruits of their labors here will last forever, for they have had a great influence for good in assisting the local saints in this work and they will remain in their thoughts and our thoughts with grateful appreciation forever.

We want you to know how much their services and abundance of love were appreciated and how valuable they have been here in the training of the local workers and leaders in the temple work.

Sincerely yours,



David G. Diaz
Temple President

DGD'cns.
c.c. Bishop Stephen Bradley Gillespie. (Cascade Park Wd)
Elder and Sister Thurber.
Enclosure : 2

CERTIFICADO

LA IGLESIA DE JESUCRISTO DE LOS SANTOS DE LOS ULTIMOS DIAS

de
Relevo Honorable

_____ MILTON J. THURBER

habiendo servido fielmente en sus responsabilidades desde

_____ 01 JULIO 1985 _____ hasta _____ 09 OCTUBRE 1986

honorablemente se le releva con gratitud por el devoto servicio prestado

_____ DAVID G. DIAZ, Presidente

_____ ROBINSON CANALES, Primer Consejero

_____ BELISARIO ITURRA, Segundo Consejero

09 OCTUBRE 1986

Fecha

_____ TEMPLO DE SANTIAGO DE CHILE

Templo

CERTIFICATE OF RELEASE

MILTON J. THURBER

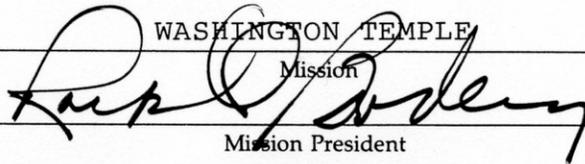
Missionary

This certifies that you are honorably released from your appointment as a missionary in this mission. No greater service can be rendered than to labor faithfully for the salvation of the souls of men. The gratitude of those who have been the beneficiaries of your voluntary, generous labors will ever be a source of satisfaction and inspiration to you.

May the joy that comes from the conscientious performance of the duties of this high calling ever abide with you and inspire you with a constant devotion to the gospel of Jesus Christ.

WASHINGTON TEMPLE

Mission



Mission President

APRIL 9, 19 94

THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST
OF LATTER-DAY
SAINTS

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84150

August 25, 1994

31 488 194

President Thomas Y. Emmett
Portland Oregon Temple
13600 SW Kruse Oaks Blvd.
Lake Oswego, OR 97035

Dear President Emmett:

In response to a memorandum dated August 24, 1994, from Elder W. Eugene Hansen, authorization is hereby given for Milton J. Thurber to exercise the sealing power in the Portland Oregon Temple. Since Brother Thurber was given the sealing power on March 23, 1982, for use in the Swiss Temple, it will be unnecessary to confer it on him again.

It is suggested that when you advise Brother Thurber of this authorization, you give him a copy of this letter for his record.

Sincerely,



Howard W. Hunter
President

INTERESTS

Rock Hounding & Cutting, Polishing:

Early in the 1930s I became interested in this, did many field trips from Boise and have enjoyed gathering, admiring others and their collections. Came to special interest in opals, as did my eldest son Tony.

Stamp Collecting:

At an early age collecting stamps was an interest of mine, still is to a minor degree.

Reading:

I have been an avid reader for most of my life. Much of what little I know has resulted from this fascination.

Coin & Currency Collecting:

It has been fun. But I virtually withdrew from it when it became obvious that many of the people in it were doing it simply to make money. Some do, and welcome to it.

Travel:

A wonderful way to enjoy it, as we have done mostly in our temple assignments, is to observe and learn differences in culture, language, handicrafts, why so many wish so hard to come to the U.S., patterns of thinking.

Art:

We love to look. Works of art are chosen by those who paint or craft it to express their feelings about what life is or has been, maybe is yet to be. We love to feel it, to understand what went into it, to gather something once in a while.

TRIPS AND TRAVELS

Aside from fairly regular trips in the western states, which I will not attempt to detail for want of a human interest in them, this recital will concentrate on major travels including overseas and within the United States.

In 1963 Madge and I undertook a 3-month trip to Europe with Elaine, Tim, and Erin. It covered a railroad trip from Pomona, California to Chicago, change trains, on to New York where we spent several days. Then by Icelandair to London, where we spent several days, on to West Germany where we picked up the new VW camperbus previously paid for in Pomona with added camper equipment, then all over western Europe as if we had better sense. All in all, it was a wonderful trip. Following are excerpts from sister Helen's personal history of that trip and later, quoting from our Christmas letter that year:

“Milton and Madge did enjoy traveling, and they seemed to lean toward going to Europe, especially to the Art centers.

“1. 28 November 1963: They had just returned, Milton, Madge, and Elaine, Craig, Erin. Their Christmas letter that year described it.

‘The main event this year was our three months’ tour of Europe, where we visited nine countries briefly but most pleasantly. Many places have given us the great desire to go back for the stays of some length and with greater facility with the language, so we could extend our understanding and appreciation of the people and their customs. It has been most enlightening to find other people have great joys and happiness in ways far different from ours.

‘We traveled in a very informal way, preferring to stay in municipal camp grounds in our VW Camper Bus when possible. There we felt closer to the people by far than when we stayed in hotels. After the camp grounds closed in October, we stayed in hotels. After the camp grounds closed in October, we stayed in hotels and pensions entirely.

‘The most beautiful church we visited was in Nice. It was a small Eastern Orthodox one with the most beautiful painting of Christ we found anywhere.

‘We saw the Pope, visited the famous St. Peter’s and many other points of interest in Rome; visited Madrid and the “El Escorial” of Phillip II fame. We also visited the memorial to the Spanish Civil War dead, which made us wonder if the million men sacrificed in the war and the ensuing poverty justified the war.

‘Paris had us fascinated. We visited and revisited the Louvre, saw the lovely Rodin sculptures, and strolled on the famous boulevards. London food convinced us the English are rather unimaginative when it comes to food-- more or less of a grim necessity!

We saw the treasures of the cathedrals in many famous places, the crown jewels in the old Tower of London. All in all, it was a wonderful trip.’

“2. The fall of 1964: Milton and Madge took time off this fall for a flying trip to Mexico City and spent ten days in and around the metropolis. The splendid new National Museum of Anthropology was particularly delightful. Madge would like to live in Cuernavaca with its mild, pleasant, unvarying climate at 4,000 feet altitude. Milt took a liking to Taxco, the old silver mining town built on the hills.

“3. Milton and Madge left Los Angeles Airport 28 September 1965. London, Venice, Florence, Paris. They returned 30 October 1965. Madge was not well on this trip and they tried to take it easy.

“4. 1966: Milton and Madge left Los Angeles Airport 29 September, to Lisbon and Funchal, Madeira. Then they visited the Art museums in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington D.C. and returned to the LA airport 29 October 1966.

“5. 1967: Milton and Madge left 13 May 1967 via Air France Charter plane, enroute to Paris, then London, and Copenhagen. They bought a 1967 Ford Cortina. Returned to Los Angeles Airport 7 June 1967.

“6. 1968: Milton and Madge left LA Airport 10 May 1968, by World Airways; London, Athens, Greece, and the Aegean Islands, Vienna, Munich, and Paris -- returning home 9 June 1968.

“7. 1969: Milton and Madge left 29 May 1969, and returned 30 June 1969. They visited London, Stuttgart, Munich, Zurich, Brussels, and Amsterdam.

“8. 1970: Milton wrote “We spent a month (May) in Portugal, the island of Madeira, and four days in London. We enjoyed our trip, which was probably the most leisurely one we have made. We took a boat from Lisbon to Funchal which has cabins for only about a dozen passengers, takes general cargo there and returns loaded with bananas. That took two days but we liked it.

“Then eight days on the island were spent mostly in just relaxing, soaking up the sun and sleep, savoring the excellent cooking, and appreciating their profuse quantity of flowers in bloom. We rented a little Simca back in Lisbon and drove through central Portugal, western Spain, to Madrid. Saw lots of interesting things and lots of good art. We stayed in a couple of old castles that have been made into lodgings by the government. The old walled city of Avila is fascinating. From Madrid we flew to London, spent several days there in art museums and seeing a Shakespearian stage play, then home in a long hop with refueling at Chicago. Glad to be home.

“9. 1971: On account of Madge’s poor health, they kept pretty much at home this year. By Church assignment Milton flew to Salt Lake City in June to attend the 20th

Annual Conference on Alcoholism and other drug dependencies, sponsored by the University of Utah -- a most revealing and sobering experience.

“In August Milton and Elaine attended the Family Reunion at Pine Top, near Boise, which was much enjoyed.

“10. 1972: This year Madge spent about 16 or 17 weeks, on several different occasions, in the Medical Center of the University of Utah. They finally determined that she had Cushing’s disease, which is of the endocrine glands.

“During one of these stays, while Madge was in the Salt Lake Hospital for a month, Milton decided to take a trip to Mexico, and he did. He went to Yucatan -- there were some special things he wanted to see there.

“While there he picked up an infection, which started out with a Bronchitis, which hung on for some three months, and this caused him some trouble.

“11. 1973: There were no big trips, I believe. Madge’s health was not good. They did go back and forth to the doctors and to the hospital, checking on her health. And of course, their son, Tony, lived there (in Salt Lake City), also Elaine works and lives there. Elaine is a Physical Therapist in the Research Hospital in connection with the University of Utah, the same place there Madge was being treated. Also their son, Timothy Craig, and wife, Bonnie, lived in Salt Lake as he was attending the University of Utah.

“12. 1974: To EGYPT: Milton and Elaine go. They left March 15th, and returned March 29th.

“This was a wonderful trip. Elaine has always been interested in Archeology. They saw many wonderful things. A complete record of this should be made.

“13. 1975: No big trips with Madge. Oh, oh, that is a mistake. Somehow I did not have a record of it -- usually Milton has sent me a record of where they would be going, but not this time did he -- he left the record with King, however.

“It was in the spring, probably in early May, when Milton and Madge left for Europe, planning to be gone for 5 and a half months, according to my memory. Madge was not well, and because of that fact she was concerned about going on that far away trip, and as time for departure drew near, she told me “I am going.” As I remember she was quite well for the first two weeks, then began having health problems, and while they were in southern France she became quite ill, and she feared having to go to the hospital there she would not be able to talk with the doctor, not knowing the language. The doctor counseled them (through his wife) to come home, which they did. They were gone for six weeks.

“I do know that they were both blue and discouraged on their return. Madge told me she did not think she would get well. Indeed, her premonition was correct, for her

death came some three months later, on 30 September 1975, in San Antonio Community Hospital of Upland, California.

“It was probably a month or more after their return from Europe that Milton invited me to go with him to attend the Tenth Annual Genealogical Seminar on the BYU Campus. Madge approved but preferred to remain home.”

The above concludes my sister Helen’s report on our travels, with only a few editorial changes. My own follows:

My dear Louisa and I were married and sealed in the Los Angeles California temple on 10 December 1976. Can you imagine my feeling, my sense of starting a new life at my attained age, fourteen years older than she. I was deeply grateful to her and to the heavenly committee that put us together. Imagine my cup running over, simply spilling as it had not been for long years. There is a typed account of it showing my feelings and Louisa’s feelings, running to many pages. I loved Madge, I love her still. Louisa understands this. She also understands that I love her, as and for herself alone. My only challenge has been accepting her children as my own, in my patriarchal order. Since I have been released as an Active Sealer, effective November 1, 1998, I may seal effectively only my descendants by blood relationships. This was substantiated by letter from the Temple Department in Salt Lake City after our inquiry. Louisa and I are thoroughly joined in our hope and plan that her descendants will be ours by their own choice. Now we have to live to deserve them.

After our marriage and sealing, we spent Christmas honeymooning in Hawaii, late 1976. A thoroughly happy time. Getting to know each other.

In the spring of 1977 we spent 11 weeks in Europe, happily.

There have followed in our 23 years together trips incident to our temple service in Los Angeles, Seattle, Switzerland, Santiago Chile, Portland Oregon, Washington D.C. Our current temple time is in Portland, but I am growing old. And feeling it, not a complaint. It has been a wonderful, happy time together. The love between us couldn’t be imagined. In this past year (1999) we have made trips to Taiwan and its temple, to Paris where we stumbled into a strike the day after we arrived, but enjoyed it, and family members there. A few years ago we had a trip to Guatemala and southern Mexico; and another to Egypt and Israel. Where haven’t we been??

1980: London. An amusing introduction to this trip. Living in Vancouver, WA, the time came, or was approaching, for son Tim Craig’s birthday. I had been, many years before, a coin and currency collector. Remembering that Tim had a similar interest, I decided to survey the remnants of my own collection to see what might be attractive to him. I sorted out several things, took them to a local dealer, and asked which he might like to offer to buy. One was an 1892 U.S. half dollar, purchased years before at an Orange County Coin Club meeting which was well attended by collectors and dealers. I had made the rounds

of dealers tables and had selected and bought a beautiful 50 cent piece for that first year of issue, a beautiful coin. The local dealer examined it closely, under magnification, consulted his price sheet publication, stated it was an MS 65 -- extremely high quality, offered me -- I believe now -- \$3,500. for it! He could have floored me.

I took it home simply to show dear Louisa, have her hold it, asked her how she would like to have it pay for a trip to London, and be careful, careful with it. She did and we went. On 50 cents! It had cost me, years before, probably \$40 or \$50.

We had a nice trip, but cold. London is big and old, dirty and smoggy, but filled with many beautiful things and places to see. On this or another trip we had taken a train from London to a place where we changed trains to one that wound around old Surrey and ended with a short walk to our LDS London Temple.

1982/83: Serving a mission call to our LDS Swiss Temple. An account is in the section on Church Service.

1985/1986: Serving a mission call to our Santiago Chile LDS Temple. Our second language here, obviously, was Spanish. An account is in the section on Church Service.

1987: We enjoyed a pleasure trip with Bud and Pat Cramer, and sister, Daisy, to Vancouver Island in British Columbia. A major attraction there was Butchart Gardens.

We also went to Europe with Louisa's sisters Pat, June, their husbands Bud Cramer and Robert Vleerick, and sister, Daisy, then a widow.

We had an interesting experience at Frankfurt. Bud Cramer and I had gone to claim our rented van while all the others waited. We learned to our consternation that we could not reach them as we had thought, so we went around again two or three times, each time waving to them, and they to us, until finally we simply bulled our way to them, packed up and left with all the fun and tired hilarity we could muster.

1992: Again to Europe. Met son Eric in Germany, hosted by son Mark in Heidelberg, a good, good time. Then we went to France, in the south. From Nice we took the train across the south to the border with Spain, down the east coast of Spain to Valencia, spent a few days there, then by train to Madrid, highly interesting.

A heart-stopping happened to us in Madrid. We did not know -- perhaps we should have -- that the train has two separate stops there. Louisa, I ushered off the train, was following with our hand cart when the train took off without her! Worry! I got off at the second stop, rushed to station agent for help about my absent wife, alone with only a bit of language, conflicting advice from two, wanting to be helpful, men. Finally, she came to my station, and with some help from a woman employee, we were reunited. We have lived it over and over since then. Sometimes with worry, sometimes with amusement.

We had fun in Valencia, taking a bus to the Lladro factory second shop. Oh what a chance to stock up on their wonderful, artistic work. That would be a chore of a lifetime, to live over again all the work of packaging and shipping all that gorgeous workmanship! Some for us, some for friends or family members.

1993-1994: 12 month mission to the Washington D.C. LDS Temple. An account of this time is in the Church Service section.

1995: Highlight was a trip to Guatemala and southern Mexico, with wonderful exposure to the Mayan culture and ruins, in company with Bill and Kathy Battershell. They made public announcement in the tour bus, first day out, that they wanted to be in our patriarchal order, pure delight for us.

1996: We indulged in a conducted trip to Egypt and Israel through Daniel Rona, who has both Israeli and U.S. citizenship, is LDS, an experienced tour guide with intimate knowledge of biblical history and firm believer in Joseph Smith, again with Bill and Kathy.

1998: Trip to Taiwan

The following is typed into the computer on Saturday, 07 November 1998

We have recently spent a month, most of it on the island of Taiwan. A most interesting time and the fulfillment of a year's planning ahead. We (Louisa and I) had booked far ahead for flights Portland, Oregon to southern California, thence to Taiwan and after three plus weeks there returning to Los Angeles, change to United Airlines immediately and home to Portland. A most interesting and enlightening change of scenery and companionship.

Our principle purposes for the Taiwan trip were multiple. Son in law Cheng was a native of Taiwan and has family members there still. He had been runner up for seven years in Kung Fu, a martial arts science; and then for two years was champion of all the island of Taiwan before emigrating to the U.S. where Elaine met him and they married. Their eldest son Tyhao has spent a mission in the Sydney Australia South Mission, Mandarin Chinese speaking, and we planned (Cheng and Elaine, their two other children) and I to meet Tye there on his honorable release, have Tye teach his relatives in their own language, we planned to see the National Palace Museum of Chinese art, one of the four best in the entire world, and were delighted to brouse about in it especially the jade and pottery exhibits; and to see perhaps other parts of the island than the extreme north where the capitol and largest city is located.

Our extended stay in Taiwan was a pure delight. Cheng had apparently communicated by phone with his younger brother there, so we were met at the airport by a swarm of family members, very few of whom spoke English but they did everything they possibly could to accommodate us and make us welcome and comfortable. Tyhao arrived by air two days after we had arrived from Los Angeles. He had flown Sydney to Hong

Kong, changed planes, then to Taipei, with approval of his mission president.

Our several days in Taipei were most interesting. We saw most of the local sights, a trip to the north coast, the jade market which is weekly, and prepared to move our group to Cheng's native city of Changhua, center west coast of the island. The move was by rented van loaded with luggage and some passengers, and by auto, through luxurious countryside. Cheng's young brother and wife greeted us, housed us all in his home, five stories high on a business street where he had conducted his tailoring activities.

The time previously spent in and about Downey, California -- a few days only -- we stayed with Patsy & Bud Cramer and in a rented Alamo car, seeing Robert Vleerick and son Bob, sister Evelyn Dobbins, a good time altogether. Then to the Los Angeles airport, turn in the rental car, transport to the international departures and connect with Cheng and Elaine Lu with their Ming Da and Bette, boarded the huge China Airlines 747 and were airborne for the 13 hours plus to Taipei. The flight attendants were of course bilingual in Mandarin Chinese and English. We had no background in Chinese language, a new experience for us. We still have no working knowledge in that tongue.

In Downey we drove one day to Upland to see sister Helen T. Dalton, spent the night in the King & Sharon Dalton home, had lunch out with Clyde G. Kimball and his wife Erma Lee, a thoroughly good time.

The following is entered into the computer Wednesday, 18 November 1998

Our aircraft arrived Taipei, capitol of Taiwan, timely and we were met by a coterie of Cheng's relatives and friends including spouses and children. They bundled us all into their vehicles and we had a drive from the north coast into and through the city of Taipei, to what was described as a "mountain cabin" which comfortably housed all of us visitors during our several days there, owned by a relative of Cheng's who we later learned was a Taiwanese business man. One day I asked him what he manufactured, his response was electrical "pots". I asked further where he sold them, his answer was, "all over the world." It turned out that his electrical "pots" were in reality electrical "parts." So much for my misunderstanding his pronunciation in English.

Everyone we met in Taiwan, related or not, was eager to attempt conversation in English if they had ever studied it. Some times the results were hilarious, sometimes we had to ask Cheng or his son Tyehao or someone else who had some English for translation or to speak more slowly, always in good cheer and perfectly willing to simplify or explain or repeat.

One good native was an electrician by trade but also a student of Kung Fu, who took time off his work several times to haul us about in his car for sightseeing, would take us to a museum, leave us there, then return when told by telephone we were ready and take us to another sight well worth seeing. There was apparently a bond of some sort between Cheng and many of his former students of Kung Fu, both here and later in Changhua. It was remarkable. In Salt Lake City Cheng was a little frog in a big puddle;

here in Taiwan he was treated as a national hero and he acted it well and gracefully. We were much indebted to him and Elaine for the treatment and kindness we received. It is not possible to single out every invitation which came our way, for which we thank him. We were by far the recipients of a great deal more in care and attention than the modest gifts we had brought with us to give to them.

Cheng had arranged in Changhua for chartering a bus for four days and three nights. About thirty of us occupied it, all relatives or friends of the Lu family. The bus was driven by its owner. First he took us down the west coast of Taiwan, very productive and well developed land, to the southern tip of the island, to the city of Kaohsiung enroute, a huge industrial development which has the reputation of handling the fourth largest tonnage in the world through its port including incredibly large oil tankers. Thence on to the southeast to Kenting, from there north up the east coast of the island. Some of the roads were fine, some were unbelievably rough and torn up with construction or repair. All were well worth seeing.

Taiwan had been found to contain large deposits of fine quality marbles in a wide variety of colors. We saw in Changhua some beautiful marble floorings in Cheng's brother's home, the nicest I had seen since in Italy some years ago, and much like the Vermont marbles in the Portland Oregon Temple -- beautiful whites with streaks and patterns of gray or black. Astonishing similarities! They were widely sold, many for useful and practical purposes. In one store we saw a beautiful work in rose marble, about my height, round and well shaped, with a multitude of other shapes and sizes. This one would grace any home in America.

The last remarkable sight we enjoyed to the fullest was the Taroko Gorge, which in years past had been declared a national park and well worth it. It was a marvelous gorge, naturally cut through layers of rock for a long way, emptying into the Pacific Ocean. From there we started through the mountains on the Cross Island Highway, south west enroute to Taichung and Changhua. Lots of climbing and curves, eventually ending in Changhua. One city we passed through was called the center of the island.

The following is entered into the computer Friday, 20 November 1998

In Changhua Cheng had arranged for an auto with driver to take us to the airport on the north coast outside Taipei. An interesting trip even though surprisingly long, with one slow down because of a traffic glut. We arrived timely, checked in our goods except for carryons, with complete good cheer from the airport employees, found our way to our waiting area, and boarded our 747 plane in good shape, not surprised that it was only partially filled with passengers. Our flight to Los Angeles took only 11 hours plus, with plenty of leg room for sleeping.

Louisa was given special attention because of her crutches, having broken a bone in her left foot two days before leaving. She was in an Oriental temple trying for a better angle to take a snapshot, had not noticed that she was stepping into a depression in a tiled edge, slipped and fell. Elaine was right with her and took charge of care and treatment

because of her experience with such. They took her to an Xray facility, snapped the picture and took it with them to try finding a boot which she could wear and still walk, even if with crutches. Cheng did acupuncture with good effect and to this day she still feels some discomfort although much better. She had expected to be kept awake with pain but it was minimal. She is an excellent “soldier” about personal aches and pains, bless her heart.

Our stay in Taiwan was most enjoyable in spite of our difficulties with language. We attended the temple there; and later attended Sunday church in Changhua where we were asked to express our testimonies through a bi-lingual translator, an American boy serving a mission there. All good, good people.

An interesting experience was ours in Changhua, by taking a train to Taichung for going to the jade market there on a Saturday morning. There were jades galore, and many other goods (many of them antiques) offered for sale. We bought a quantity of carvings in jade for gifts back home in America, plus a few other things for ourselves. And hand carried them, too, all the way, and had a ball letting our family members choose their own piece of jade with our promise that most of them would also receive at Christmas their choice plus a suitable chain on which to wear them. Louisa had purchased in Changhua fifteen good chains for this purpose, plus others here in Vanvouver. More fun!!

In the Los Angeles airport we parted company from Elaine and Cheng, Tyehao, Ming Da, and Bette so they could fly home to Salt Lake City, and we could board our United Airlines flight Los Angeles to Portland, where Mike Sanders met us and kindly took us home, tired but excited. A happy time!!

1999: Trip to Paris. The transportation for this trip was without cost to us (except for airport landing fees) by use of sky miles through Delta Air and Air France, from Portland Oregon to Chicago, then to Paris. We were there only a full week, enjoyed the sights we were able to take in, limited, and meeting with Danielle and family from Tours. Also met with a Stanley Roy Thurber and wife, Bobbie June, they serving a mission. He is a descendant of Albert King Thurber. Returned with a stop at Chicago for a few days with Eric and Susan. We saw once again the Sainte Chapelle with its strikingly gorgeous stained glass windows, a pure delight.

THE LAST CHAPTER

Written by Louisa S. Thurber October, 2006
Edited and distributed to family, December, 2008

Milton J. Thurber's autobiography was printed and distributed to family in February, 2000. He passed away on September 19, 2006. The purpose of this chapter is to complete the record of his life according to my memories. Others will have additional or different memories. Milt had a talent for words, and language was important to him; its correct usage was a joy. Putting this in writing would please him.

Much of his last years was spent dealing with the effects of small strokes with accompanying dementia, and Alzheimer's Disease. I have been told by those knowledgeable in the field that about 75% of his problem was due to the strokes, or Multi Infarct Dementia, (MID). The biggest difference between Alzheimer's and MID is that with MID, the patient is much more aware of what is happening to him. Milt had a sure knowledge that he was failing in mind and body.

At the start of his illness, in the summer of 1998, when Milt and I made our traditional berry jam, I noticed a lot of seeds in the fruit. Milt had used an old strainer and had forgotten about the better straining tool brought from Switzerland many years before. He was very proud of this European strainer. In prior years he had commented on it many times to friends and family. That year, he forgot entirely that he had it. Many of us forget things, but then remember them later or when reminded of them. A person with dementia does not remember at all. It is as if it never existed.

Dr. John Rundle, our ophthalmologist had been treating Milt for some time for a vision problem in his right eye. It was apparent that the problem was not in the mechanics of the eye, but in the translation of what the eye was seeing. He suggested that small strokes could be the problem and arranged with our Internist, Dr. Thomas Reis, to have an MRI taken.

The results showed much "white matter", and we were sent to a Neurologist. This fellow noted many changes, but was inconclusive as to the cause of Milt's problem. It was difficult because there was something wrong, but we didn't know what. Dr. Reis took a number of tests, with no positive results.

I want to mention here that there are several conditions that can cause dementia. One of these is a thyroid problem, and there are others. It was important to find the cause of Milt's dementia in case it could be reversed.

Milt's confusion was growing, and it manifested itself in many ways. He had trouble with direction, handling financial matters became more difficult, and driving was getting unsafe due to vision and/or spatial problems.

My son, Mark, arranged for him to be examined by Dr. Graitzer, a Gerontologist for whom Mark had worked. Dr. Graitzer's report, based on his examination and the Neurologist's notes, indicated possible underlying Alzheimer's Disease. Still, there was no definite diagnosis.

In the spring of 2000, shortly after the publication of his personal history, we were sent to Dr. Marlene Dietrich, a very fine Neurologist. She said that there were some definite changes and suggested that we treat him for dementia of the probable Alzheimer's type. She said that tests were not readily available to diagnose the various types of dementia and, whatever the cause, treatment would be basically the same. We decided to follow her recommendation.

Dr. Dietrich also asked for a driving evaluation. Milt did not want his driving tested, but reluctantly agreed. The test results showed vision loss on the right side.

During the same time period Milt was being checked by Dr. Arroyo, a Urologist, for possible prostate cancer.

In May of 2000, Milt and I went to Seaside, Oregon, for a few days. We were coming back on a Monday morning so that Milt could have an early afternoon prostate biopsy. On the way back I was very sleepy so let him drive through the mountains where there were few cars. He took a curve too fast and too wide. The car went out of control, we hit the side of the mountain, and the car rolled onto its top. The driver of a car headed up the mountain stopped and helped me open my door so that I could get out. We immediately got Milt out of the car. We were blessed in that neither of us was injured. The car was totaled.

It was arranged with Dr. Arroyo to have the biopsy early the next morning. It couldn't be delayed because Milt had been off Coumadin, a blood thinner, for 5 days due to the coming procedure. The result of the biopsy was positive for cancer.

Milt never drove a car again, which was a blow to his independence. He understood the reason, but it was still a difficult adjustment.

Our Internist, Dr. Reis, had prescribed medication for Milt's heart and possible strokes. In addition, Dr. Dietrich recommended medications to slow the progress of the dementia. He tried Aricept, however it caused multiple nightmares. What finally worked best was either Reminyl or Exelon, both of which use the same treatment principle as the earlier Aricept, but with less side effects. (Note: Since that time, additional medications have been developed.)

That fall I started having some Atrial Fibrillation. I grew concerned about Milt's safety if I became unable to care for him. I had started attending some AD Support Group Meetings and had received good information and suggestions, among which was that of having him

spend a couple of hours some days at a care facility as a volunteer. If I were hospitalized for any reason, they would have his records and be able to care for him.

I went to the Hampton, which is less than a half mile from our home and asked if Milt could show travel and art slides to the residents. They were happy to have the help. He started showing the slides twice a month and staying for lunch.

Holly, the Hampton's Activities Director, was very kind to us. She included Milt and me on Monday bus rides and also the monthly field trip. It was on one of these bus rides in 2003 that Milt had a small stroke. I didn't go with him that time. When he returned he told me there was a time on the ride when he couldn't speak, then returned to normal. That evening he had trouble talking and walking straight. The next morning the symptoms had passed, but I took him to the Neurologist who examined him. Looking back, I realize I should have taken him to Emergency at once, but didn't know this at the time.

I also called Dr. Reis and asked for help with instruction and equipment to care for him at home. He sent Home Health Southwest, and they were an immense help in choosing the right bathing and toileting equipment, teaching Milt how to sit and stand up – whatever we needed to help in home care.

Milt was very cooperative and considerate, and we had some happy times. Milt's daughter, Elaine Thurber Lu, a Physical Therapist, recommended that we buy a lift chair. This proved to be an excellent suggestion, and Milt spent much of his time in it. Later, he told me that this was the way he had pictured growing old - sitting in a rocker by the fireplace.

As the disease progressed he had trouble sleeping through the night. The neurologist tried various medicinal combinations without success. We spent a week in SLC with Cheng Lu, Elaine's husband, giving him acupuncture hoping that would help. After returning home, we contacted an acupuncturist in Vancouver, and saw her several times. It became apparent that this wasn't solving the problem.

The number of times he woke up varied from once or twice, to four or five times. Each time he woke, he needed assistance, and many times he fell getting out of bed. Milt's son, Erin, came up from Salem to spend a night once a month, and that was a help. However, I became dangerously tired.

For a few months Milt spent two nights a week at the Ashley, the assisted living part of the Hampton, and that helped me get some rest. Finally on April 18, 2004 he became a resident of the Ashley. This was unbelievably hard for me. Milt was not happy about it but cooperated for my sake.

In early December of 2004, seven months after moving to the Ashley, the administrators recommended moving Milt downstairs to the Hampton's Alzheimer's unit due to the

progression of the disease. I resisted, and it wasn't until I could see that it was necessary for his safety that I agreed to consider moving him.

I checked into another facility and even had Milt have lunch there with me. It was not acceptable to either of us. I also visited a recommended Adult Group Home, but felt it was not suitable for Milt. He could still enjoy organized social activities, and I felt he needed this mental stimulation. I talked with a social worker/friend about caring for him at home. She didn't recommend it, but gave me necessary information. I made arrangements to bring him home, but changed them when I realized that I didn't have the consistent strength needed give him full time care.

The rooms at the Hampton were two person rooms, shared with sweet men who had problems. Milt's first roommate was combative and foul tongued – difficult for Milt to live with. I had him changed to the East Court, a transition area between the Ashley's assisted living care, and the Hampton's full care. His roommate there repeatedly went through Milt's things, including taking his glasses, and would “fix” Milt's television by unplugging the wires. Milt went back to the Hampton where his roommate was also a sweet man who would spit his food out on the carpet and pee on the floor. The last roommate was a lovely man, a gem of a roommate.

In mid October of 2005 I traveled to SLC to see a brand new great grandchild, Bette Lu and Adam Arcaris' new baby, Addison. I had planned to spend a few days, less than a week. The day before I left for home Milt called to say that he was not feeling well. He had thrown up and he had a cough. While I was at the SLC airport waiting to board my flight, he called again and said he was worse. I called the Hampton, and talked to the head nurse there. She examined him and agreed that he needed to see the doctor, and probably needed IV antibiotics. I called Dr. Reis' nurse, and she said to take him directly to the Emergency Room where they had facilities for testing. As soon as I arrived in Portland, I picked up Milt and headed for the ER at Southwest Washington Medical Center.

He was diagnosed with bi-lateral pneumonia and was admitted to the Hospital. When he was released four days later, he was placed on Hospice. Dr. Reis told me that if family wanted to see him, they had better come the next week, as he didn't expect Milt to last more than a couple of weeks. I returned him to the Hampton, where the Hospice people said he would get the necessary care. Milt didn't want to go to the Hospice House at that time. He had been at the Hampton, or associated with them for five years, and he felt comfortable there. He knew the workers and they knew him.

All of our children, and many of the grandchildren and great grandchildren did come to say their goodbyes. Elaine, Milt's son, Tony, and I made mortuary arrangements. However, Milt surprised us all by lingering. He never really rallied, that is return to his condition before the pneumonia, but he did regain a little strength.

The Hospice people were wonderful. Karen, his nurse, came twice a week to see him. Sherilyn, the social worker, came once a month, and we became friends. He was also examined twice by a speech therapist for his swallowing ability. After the first six

months, Dr. Plant, the Hospice Internist, examined him every two months to re-certify him for Hospice care. He received their services for 10 ½ months, for which I am so very grateful.

On December 15, 2005 Milt had another more apparent mini-stroke and became aphasic, or lost the ability to easily communicate through speech. As time passed, he increasingly lost the use of his left arm and leg.

In late August of 2006 the Hampton management told me they needed to move Milt to South Court, their highest care area. I realized he needed increasingly more care, but when I went to see the room, I found that his roommate was a groaner – that is he grunted every two seconds. Also, a woman in the next room screamed “help” at the top of her lungs from time to time, regardless of whether help was given or not. I protested the move and talked to the Hampton’s Administrator, the Hospice social worker and nurse. Due to his need for increased care and the difficulty of moving him to another facility at that time, he was moved to South Court.

The day of the move, which was the Friday before Labor Day, Milt started a downward spiral. It appeared that he wouldn’t live long. The local family, that is those in Vancouver and the Salem area, came to see him on Saturday. On Sunday he rallied and the two of us had a wonderful day together. He could talk, with some effort, but he could say what he wanted to say. It was truly the surge of energy that sometimes happens. I thought he would be gone the next day, but instead he lingered, not as he was on Sunday, but still here.

His living situation continued to be difficult. The people at the Hampton helped all they could, and we compensated a bit by having him spend some time by the fireplace in the unit’s small living room, there seemed to be no good alternative. The thought came that I needed to move him to the Ray Hickey Hospice House, and Milt agreed. On Thursday, September 14, I called for an appointment to tour the facility the next day. That night I talked with my social worker/friend, Shanti Potts, and she agreed that this was the best possible solution and asked if I wanted her to go with me for the tour. I gratefully accepted, and on Friday morning, September 15, we looked at a sample room and talked with their person in charge. I decided to make the move.

When I returned to the Hampton to see Milt, it was evident that he had taken a further downturn. The Hospice Nurse came shortly after I arrived, saw the change, and made arrangements with Hospice for the move. I decided to take him by a van service in his wheelchair at noon the next day, Saturday, September 16.

This was a wonderful change. He had a quiet, private room. A few family members living nearby came to see him on Saturday afternoon, Sunday, and Monday. I went home late Saturday night, content that he was in good hands, and came back early on Sunday. I spent the night on Sunday, as it was apparent that he wouldn’t last long. On Monday night I went home after asking the nurse to be sure and call me if there was any change.

A little after 2:00 AM on Tuesday morning she called and said there was a change in his breathing. I arrived at 2:35, and sat by him and talked to him, releasing him. He relaxed, his breathing slowed, and stopped about 2:55. I called the nurse at about 3:05 to tell her. He was pronounced dead at 3:10. I sat with him for about half an hour.

My daughter, Loni, came to be with me and arrived shortly after Milt died, then returned home. The Hospice House has a custom that I had read about but didn't know if it was followed in the middle of the night. They assured me that it was. I called Loni and she came back for the short ceremony. We toasted Milt's life with some sparkling grape juice, talked a little, and then we put a quilt, one which I had made for him, over his body, but not over his head, crossing his arms on his chest as if he were asleep. He then was wheeled out into a white van, and the quilt was returned to me.

I realize this is a long, sad tale, but I want to make some observations regarding these months/years. Some good things happened along the way:

- *High Quality Care* - I want to emphasize that the staff, both management and caregivers at the Hampton did the very best they could to care well for Milt. However, it is a community of ill people, with many needs. They were constantly striving to give the best of care, and balance the needs of all. Milt was a favorite. The staff and caregivers were very fond of him. I received a note from one of them after his death. Many of them were like family.
- *Increased Bonding* - Milt and I had always been close, however these years forged a very tight bond. When he became a resident at the Ashley, I visited him every evening. He counted on those visits. When he went on hospice I visited him both at noon and in the evening, most of that time feeding him his lunch and dinner. I spent anywhere from 5 to 7 hours a day with him. Actually, I was supplementing his care. In the earlier years we watched movies. Later, they were too much for him, so I read to him, played music, and we talked.
- *Increased Understanding* - When life gets short, much that has been defense melts away. It simply isn't important anymore. I've heard it said that the trappings are gone, and these are the most tender of years. This was our experience. He could talk about old fears, old difficulties. My understanding of him grew.
- *Memorable Events* - In the early years of his illness we made several trips to Seaside, Oregon. We spent our 24th wedding anniversary there with the management of the Sea Side Inn arranging for a special anniversary dinner for us. We had a room with a full view of the ocean, and could watch the sunsets.

On our 29th wedding anniversary in 2004, the chief cook at the Hampton prepared a special dinner for the two of us. We dressed up and had a private dinner in front of the fireplace in their library.

We went on bus trips with the Ashley folks and became friends with many of them.

One of the many advantages of this type of care is the mental stimulus offered through activities. There were dances (Milt and I won the “twist” contest at one of them), and there were parties.

- *Home Visits* - I brought Milt home for visits. He would spend a couple of hours, and then want to go back.

I think it is helpful to remember that with Multi Infarct Dementia the person is aware of what is happening to him. Milt was generally accepting. There were times when he longed to be in his own home, times when he was frightened as he could see that he was slipping. This was when we clung together the hardest.

- *Sharing Travel Experiences* - We were able to enjoy our travels by sharing slides from our trips with others. In the early years, Milt could narrate. We brought things gathered in these places to show and pass around, increasing a feel for the culture of the country. We also shared art slides and even made some. We could not buy Norman Rockwell slides, but a lady in the education department at the Rockwell Museum suggested that we take slide pictures of some of the paintings in our large books. It worked and proved to be much fun.
- *Increased Tolerance* - Milt was married when he attended college, so he never had a roommate not of his choosing. He was inherently kind, and learned tolerance through his experiences with the other men.
- *Strength Through Faith* - His faith was of great importance through the disease process. Our Home Teachers, Tim Rademacher and Bill Meyer, and others who came most Sundays to give him the Sacrament were greatly appreciated. In the early years, he especially enjoyed seeing BYUTV and its varied programs. He talked often of his concern for others at the Ashley who didn't share his faith. Many times he would announce to all those present at dinner that he and I were Mormons and that we had been sealed for all eternity. His religion was somewhat of a trademark. Through this we were able to know several inactive members who had not attended Church in many years. One of these, along with another inactive member we had previously known took the Sacrament with Milt, and all of these ladies are now receiving Visiting Teachers, and perhaps Home Teachers.

He wasn't afraid to die, and said towards the end that he had been ready for a long time. He said several times that there was an assignment waiting for him after his death. I am certain that Milt is well and busy now. I am also certain that the Lord has his own timing, knowing what is best for all.

- *Help From Others* – We received help from family members and friends, both before and after Milt went to live at the Hampton, and at his death. There were phone calls and much service, for which I am very grateful. I hesitate to give names, but I do want

to mention Loni's husband, Wayne Schmid, who would visit with Milt when I needed to be away for a few hours, then died of his own illness in 2004.

We met some wonderful people through the Support Group. We separated after greeting each other, and he had the opportunity to visit with others in the same situation, and I received help from other caregivers. At the beginning we attended a 6-week course for those with early memory loss. I believe it was helpful for him, as well as for me. I also attended an 8-week course intended for the caregiver and his/her welfare. It was most informative. I also attended a Support Group at the Hampton and met good people there.

- *Wife vs. Caregiver* - There is another facet to being a part-time, rather than full-time caregiver. My role changed. Instead of being the one giving him personal care, and telling him what to do, I again became the wife. We went for walks, talked, watched movies, went to activities, and simply enjoyed being together.

What did his illness do for his family? What did we learn? Each would have to answer that question personally. As for Milt, he left us all a legacy of compassion, courage, and love.



Milton and Louisa Thurber, Milton's 80th Birthday, 1996



Milton Thurber on his 80th Birthday, 1996

PALL BEARERS

Tyehao M. Lu	Michael Sanders
Daniel Thurber	Eric Sanders
Nathan Thurber	Spencer Schmid
Evan Thurber	David Schmid

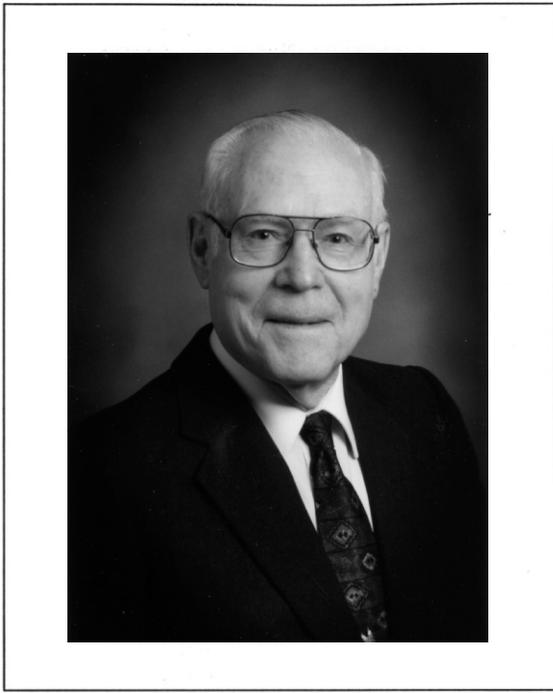
HONORARY PALL BEARERS

Mark N. Sanders	Venoy Sanders,
Jon Sanders	Ming Da Lu

INTERMENT

Garden of Inspiration
 Evergreen Memorial Gardens
 Vancouver, Washington

U.S. Navy Recognition Taps by King T. Dalton
 Dedication of Grave King T. Dalton



Milton J. Thurber
 1916-2006

MILTON J. THURBER

Milton J. Thurber passed away on September 19, 2006 in Vancouver, Washington at the age of 90. He and his wife, Louisa, have lived in their home in Vancouver for 27 years. Milton was born in Fairfield, Idaho February 23, 1916 and raised in Boise, Idaho. He was a retired CPA, having been in private practice in Ontario, California for 35 years. Milton enjoyed service in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, travel, and viewing and collecting art.

Milton was preceded in death by his wife, Madge, son Timothy Craig Thurber, and son-in-law Wayne Schmid. He is survived by his wife, Louisa, their combined children Anthony and Carolyn Thurber, Elaine and Cheng Lu, Erin and Rose Thurber, Lavonne Schmid, Bill and Kathy Battershell, Mark and Jeneva Sanders, Michael and Patty Sanders, Eric and Roxana Sanders, and their families.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Milton J. Thurber
Monday, September 25, 2006

Conducting..... Bishop Randy Schachterle
 Chorister..... Rhonda Lehman
 Accompanist Robin Garner

Congregational Hymn No. 293
 "Each Life That Touches Ours for Good"

Opening Prayer Elaine Thurber Lu
 Eulogy Tony Thurber
 Speaker..... President David Garner, Vancouver Stake

Musical Selection..... Calleen Grover
 Accompanist Janae Smith

Speaker..... Erin Thurber

Musical Selection..... Bill Meyer
 Accompanist Deanna Rose

Speaker..... Grant Schmid

Musical Selection..... Cascade Park Choir
 Director Barbara Ballard
 Accompanist Robin Garner

Closing Prayer..... Mark Sanders

Prelude/Postlude Music Robin Garner