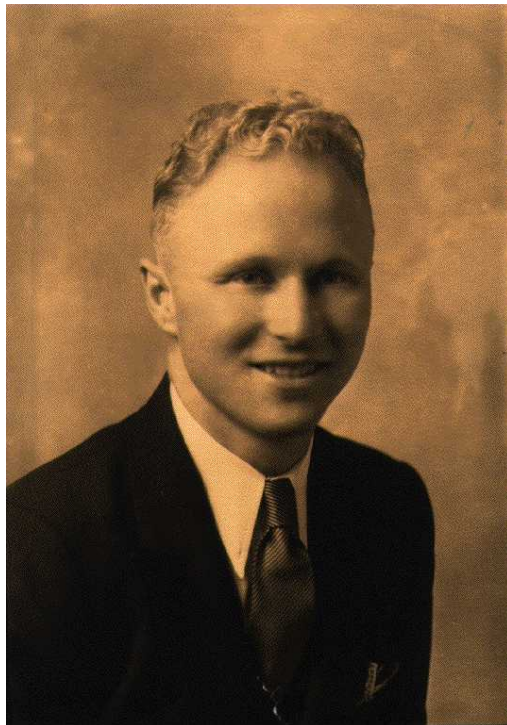


LIFE HISTORY  
OF  
AC HULL, JR.



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I was born March 25, 1909 in the rock house by the railroad track that belonged to my grandparents. My father was Alvin C. Hull and my mother was Ella Maughan. The rock house was being built by my grandfather Robert McClellan Hull in 1891 when he was killed by an Indian. Grandmother, Mary Ann Chadwick, died in 1937 at the age of 93. My doctor was Frank Emery with Aunt Lela Beckstead there to help. I was the first of eight children of my parents, all who were born at home: Harold (Tom), Keith, Loma,



*Ella Maughan  
Mother*

Robert, Dean, Russell, and Ella.

About 1912, we moved to a two-room frame house about one block south of the Whitney Chapel. In 1914, we moved to the white house on the hill about 1½ blocks east of the Whitney Chapel. This house was built in 1882 and is the oldest house in Whitney. We dug under the house for a basement

in 1924. We put water and electricity in the house about 1924, and a bathroom about 1931.



*Alvin C. Hull  
Father*

For two summers we moved to the Warner place and I would give mother fits because when she got me ready for church I would go out and sit and splash in the creek. While walking to church with father and mother, I would insist on jumping back and forth over the irrigation ditch. Sometimes I would fall in.

We lived in the Warner place during the war. The Spatigs, who were German, lived just over the hill. I was afraid that they would come down and stick bayonets through us.

Some of our favorite games were: run-sheep-run, kick-the-can, soccer, hockey, and football. Sometimes we played run-sheep-run on our horses. The ponds froze up during the winter and we would set the cattails on fire around the pond so we would have light while we were ice skating. Marbles was a favorite for Tom and I. We had to put up odds 3 to 1 before the kids would play us. Sometimes we would go to Preston and win



*Alvin, Tom, Lorna, &  
Mother - 1915*

until they found out we were so good. One day as we were playing, father came along and asked us how good we were. We challenged him for a game and he skinned both of us.

I had a big dog named Rover who was with me all the time. Sometimes, late at night, my

folks could not find me.

Rover and I would be out together. Rover was not a cattle dog, just a dog for a small boy.

During the summer, when I was too little to do much work, I would spend a week or so at River Heights with my grandparents Peter W. Maughan and Mary Ann

Naef Maughan. We either

rode down in a wagon or buggy, or rode horses and drove the cattle.

Robins ate my grandparents cherry crop so my grandmother was delighted at the dozen of robins I killed with my flipper.

As I was climbing over a fence I slipped and my left leg came down on a wicked barbed wire. It made a cut in my leg about eight inches long and one inch deep. The doctor put eight stitches in it. A few days later at the ranch, we were

burning brush and I walked too much and the stitches came out. At the age of 87 you can still see the scar. (I used to claim it was done by a bear).

Tom and I used to ride into town on Sunday afternoons to see Tom Mix and other continued shows. The show would end just when the hero was in a bad fix. We would come back

the next week to see how he got out of his mess. During the week we would discuss how the hero might be saved.

Halloween was as glorious time. A bunch of guys would get together and ride around town doing damage like crazy. We would tip over outhouses, pull gates off their hinges and carry them away, pull buggies and wagons far away, put buggies on top of sheds, take apples, melons, and other good things to eat. In the 7th and 8th grades, one of us would hide in the closet of the school

until dark and then open the door for everyone. We would empty the inkwells, put paper in the chimney and tie a wire from the doorknob to the chimney so that when they opened the door it filled the room with soot.



*A.C. & AC jr.*



*AC, William, & Lawrence  
1918*



*Mother*

We would take oiled rags from the boxings of the cars on the railroad track and put the rags on sticks, then ride on the hill and set Magpie nests and brush on fire. We would pretend we were the Klu-Klux-Klan. Fires could be seen from Whitney to Preston. We found an old buggy in Franklin and loaded it in Whitney with a big pile of greased rags up front and a small pile in the back. We started the small pile and pulled it through the streets of Preston, but the large pile started too soon and we had to gallop our horses. We left a string of burning rags and parts of the wagon through the four main blocks of Preston. At about 3rd North we took our ropes off and headed east to Worm Creek for safety.

Every afternoon a small train came up the tracks. We would make a pile of weeds and when the train was about ½ mile away we would set them on fire and run through the sugar factory to Worm Creek. The train would come close to the fire. The brakeman would get out with a shovel and put out any lingering fire.

Living on a farm, we always had enough to eat, but there were sometimes when we were short on spending money and clothes. When we did not have spending money we would do

without and substitute horseback trips or other things that did not cost money. When we were old enough to see girls, and if it was necessary to go on a date, we would take a tied sack of barley to the mill and get 50¢. The Isis theater cost 10¢ each, a banana split cost 10¢ each, and we had 10¢ in spending money for the week.

Clothes were often thin or patched. We usually had one set of work clothes and one set of best clothes. Though they were the best we had, they were not good by present standards. However, most others were in the same fix so it was not bad.

Shoes were a problem. When we were

young we were barefoot in the summer and had shoes for the winter. When we got older we had work shoes. When these were new they sometimes served for best shoes also, but when they accumulated a good cover of manure

or beet pulp they were not suitable for church. Our best oxfords seemed to be dirty and scuffed by rough use and we blackened them with soot from the stove. We walked and ran so much that the soles got thin and finally had holes. We would put pasteboard inside to protect the socks. When we were going to a dance we had to take extra pasteboard for replacement. The pasteboard was



*Mother and children - 1921*

terrible in wet weather. However, I do not remember that we worried much about wet feet.

Looking back, I do not remember just when the times of tightness were, but know that they occurred at various times in grade school and in high school, and then at times during the depression from 1929 to 1933. It wasn't so bad because everyone else was in the same fix.

In upper grade and high school years we had chicories. The group would decide where the chickens should come from (usually from some man who was a grouch). The boys would get the chickens and the girls would cook them. We



*Children - 1922*

would have a good meal and then play games, often kissing games. One night at

Wallace's we

were short two chickens. Shorty Farnes and I got two out of the Wallace coop. Another time Les Dunkey and I were to get chickens from Theron Swainson. Les caught them by the legs and the chickens squawked. Theron heard it and came out. Theron thought we were there and called his hired man to come out with a gun and gave us until the count of ten to come out of the trees. If we were

not out by ten they were going to start shooting. At he got closer to ten, the counting got slower and there was a little speech in between each number. At ten the guns went off. Theron shouted to his hired hand "No, shoot in the air, that's what I am doing!" After he went into the house, we took the chickens and ran.

I went with my Father to buy the white house that was for sale. The Japanese who were living there gave each of us a big apple. Father started to eat his and as soon as I could I stopped him and said that we would both die from poisoned apples. Father laughed and said that the Japanese would not do that to us.

All through the grades in Whitney I did well in school and was usually the teacher's favorite. Miss Foote was my teacher in the first and second grades. Tessie Lincoln who was sweet and beautiful taught the 3rd and 4th grades. Donna Bensen and I went through the two grades in one year. Donna then moved to Logan and left me with the kids that were older and bigger than me. Donna was my sweetheart and I missed her. Hazen Daines taught the 5th grade. After the 4th grade I was usually the smallest in my class.

About twice a year we would sluff school. We would go up in the hills, or down to Worm Creek, or go to the Sugar Factory. The next day at recess or after school we would have to write

about what we did.

I pitched and played for the school baseball team. I was a good pitcher but I was poor in hitting and catching. The only fight I ever had was with Merlin Farnes over Mary Dunkley. He knew how to fight and I knew nothing. He bruised and cut me but I knew he smoked and that he could not last long so I took the punishment until he got tired and then I knocked him down so hard that he could not get up.

Alvin H. Beckstead and I were going to get rich on the Muskrats in Spring Creek. There were many muskrats and we caught plenty. We did a poor skinning job so we got a low price and did not make much money. There used to be a lot of jackrabbits and big white hares in Whitney. We would catch them with wire snares around the neck as they followed their trails under the fences. We would hang them up in the chicken coops for the chicken to eat. I was assigned the care of 200 chickens in the two coops. I did this during the latter part of grade school and all during High School. It was better than milking cows.

While Bob and I were gathering cattle in the hills I did a lot of shooting with my revolver. The cylinder of the revolver had a dent and sometimes the shell would not go in far enough to be fired. I took the cylinder in my left hand and hit the unfired shell with the butt of the revolver. It

went off and went through two fingers and lodged in my wrist. I had Dr. Cutler cut it out. When he told my mother about this she was upset. The scar is still visible.

We would often take the ripe tomatoes or rotten apples and hide in the weeds and throw them at cars that passed. The drivers never caught us but father found us out and that was the end of throwing for AC, Bob, Jack, and Tom Hull. Bob wondered if the angels told Father that we did this.

When we were older we would load up a Model A truck with our overripe produce and give some Preston people a chance to clean up. Taking a group of Scouts up Bear River to camp, they unloaded the produce on a commissioners car. When we got back to camp we had to give the commissioners car the best wash job it ever had.

I attended Primary and religion classes faithfully. Louise Atkins was my teacher and she forgave me for the tricks I used to pull, such as turning a snake loose in class.

Summer was delightful. I always started the summer out by having my hair clipped and going barefoot. There were several trips to the ranch. At the ranch we would fish in the creek, shoot grouse in the willows, and watch beaver up the creek. When we were older there was work to do, but just being there was fun even with the

work.

The Chadwick and Hull reunions were fun. Father and Uncle Roy Hull would race to them, while mother and Aunt Allabell tried to slow them down. There were few cars on the road and they would race neck and neck. Father was more daring and would usually win.

Scouting was organized in 1923. I started out as a scribe, then Senior Patrol Leader, then Assistant Scout Master. The leaders that I worked with were: Ezra T. Benson, Rudgar Daines, Carl Cutler, Harold Handley, Victor Lindblad, and Preston Pon. I became the first Eagle Scout in Whitney and also the first one in the county. I attended many camps. One of the choicest ones was as Assistant Scout Master to Ezra T. Benson. We walked up Cub River and the German Dugway, down Paris Canyon, then stayed four days at Bear Lake and finally down Logan Canyon to Rick Springs.

In the winter it was fun to whirl with a sleigh on the Whitney corner. Les Dunkley had one of the best whirling teams. The Saturday night before Butch and I were leaving on a mission we had a good whirl. The runners caught in a bank and we tipped over and the dumpboards were scattered all over with Butch in the middle with broken ribs.

Tom and I were the first ones to have skis in our area. At first we would go to the pasture

slopes and then the hills above Ballifs. We would also ride in the barrow pits behind cars with a fifty-foot rope. Sometimes the barrow pits were rough and we would get piled up. We would go up to 60 mph.

I made a heavy sled about fourteen feet long and we would pull it behind a sleigh or a car. It was a sturdy sled but it was hard to steer. We went up on the hills above Ballifs. As we came down on the first ride, Les was afraid that we were going too fast and stuck out his leg to slow us down. He hit a rock and turned the sled around. He claimed that his leg was broken. We did not believe him. We said "If it is broken we would hear it grind." We twisted the leg and got a small grind and a loud scream. We hurried Les to the doctor.

One winter, Tom and I went to the Carter Ranch to spend Christmas vacation with Charlie Atkins who was feeding cattle. He would take us out hiking and show us lion tracks. We knew that they were not lion tracks, but we pretended that they were. With several feet of snow the ranch looked beautiful.

Our family haying crew was AC and Tom pitching on the load, Tuff loading, Dean running the Jackson Fork, Keith putting the hay in the loft, and Russell riding the derrick horse. We were quitting one afternoon about 6 pm when father

came by and asked us “Why quit so early?” I asked him how many loads did he put up in one day. It appears that even though we quit early, we hauled five more loads and ours were just as big.

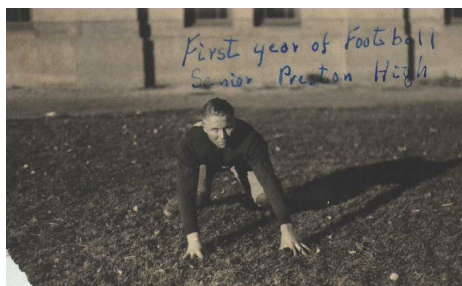
One day a flood, caused by a heavy rain, came down Spring Creek. Stuff began to pile up against the net wire across the creek. I took an axe to cut the wire and release one end. When the wire came loose the stuff behind it took me into the creek. I went down the creek about a half a block with mother screaming every time I came to the surface. I finally got to a bank, but with all the trash that was in the stream I easily could have been pulled under. My guardian angel was watching over me that time.

I had a horse named Shylock. He could gallop the sixteen miles from the ranch and still be ready to race. We often had horse races and Shylock would always win. He was also a very gentle horse, so the little kids could ride him.

The first two years at High School I rode a horse three miles to school. I was usually late with the chores and I had to gallop to get there on time. In the winter it was cold and galloping the horse gave me a windchill that would not thaw out until after the first class. I tied my horse in trees across the street from the school.

When I was a freshman in High School, I was very bashful. Martha, my cousin, was very popular and decided to help me. She invited me to a dance. When the dance was about half over I got tired and asked Martha if she could get home without me. She said yes and I took off.

Even as a sophomores Don Meek and I were the smallest kids in school. As a junior I began to fill out and at 165 pounds I was able to play football for Preston High. I played guard and earned a letter and sweater.



*First year of Football at Preston High  
1927*

I often watched our hired man chew tobacco. One fine day, Les and I each got a plug in Preston and started home. I got so sick that I fell off the horse and threw up, then rolled over and threw up again. I looked up at Shylock and imagined that he was saying “you damn fool.” This was three times with tobacco; first, last, and only.

Alvin H. and I both had model 12 Winchester shotguns. We would hunt grouse together in the hills east of Whitney and in Cub River. We would both shoot so quick that it sounded like one shot.

In 1921, I had a garden project. Howard Ballif and I went to Boise on a train. We slept and ate at the fair grounds. We had a good time and it

was good to have Howard there to show me around. Two years later, I won a scholarship to the University of Idaho with a calf project. Instead of the U of I, I went to Brigham Young University and met Mayme.

Tom and I had many choice hunting trips; usually chickens and deer. One day we rode up Slate Rock Ridge with Nate Hale. It was very cold and the wind was blowing the snow. We told Lynn that we were not cold, but sleepy and wanted to lay down in the snow for a few minutes. Nate knew that we were freezing and made us get off our horses and build a fire. As we got warmer it was extremely painful. When we got warmer, Nate shot five deer that we took back to the ranch. My first deer was Oct. 20, 1929. There were a lot of hunters at the ranch and they all told me what I had done wrong. Cousin Delores Beckstead shut them up by saying that I was the only one with a deer. I got a lot of deer in Franklin County, then in Boise, followed by Nevada, Colorado, Wyoming and other places in Idaho. I got antelope in Idaho and Wyoming and elk in Idaho, Utah, and Montana.

My favorite hunting was pheasants, blue and ruffed grouse, chukkers, sagehens, geese and ducks. In a day with my dog I got 22 pheasants

from a cattail slough for a dinner at Bensons.

Later we had a some choice rabbit hunts with the Elders, Agronomy group, or the Hull tribe. We hunted in Kelton, Howell Valley, and Promontory. We would get from 30 to 120 rabbits each. My

Browning auto-loading shotgun would get hot.

One bright September day, the folks took me to Logan to start college. We drove around the campus and I asked if I could go to the B. Y. U. They said OK so we went to Provo and there I eventually met Mayme. I boarded at Sister Amanda Dixon's. I roomed with Bruce Cox, the freshmen president. Others there were David Hart, the student body president, Irel Hart, Don Lloyd, Harold Clark, Bill Jackson, and Paul Dixon.

Freshmen were not permitted to wear corduroy pants. I wore them often and was taken to court many times. After the court case and a large wooden paddle applied to my fanny, I went home in a barrel, box, shorts, or a grass skirt, which I still have.

The pants would be put in the news office where a friend would get them for me and I was ready



1930



AC & deer

Sept. 1945

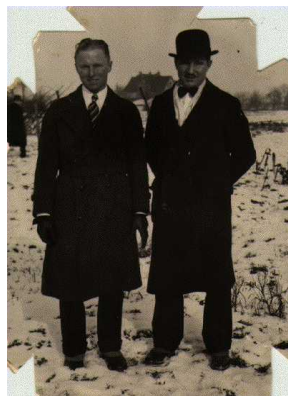
to again continue my one-man campaign to wear cords.

I went with a lot of girls to parties, dances, games, etc. During the fall quarter, I met Mayme Laird and was attracted to her. Our first date was Nov. 20. We went together quite a lot. The first Sunday, I called her to go to a show. After a silence she said "I don't go to shows on Sunday, but if you will come over we can go to church together." I did and it took her nine years to get me fit to be her husband. The second year at BYU was much like the first. The depression hit the third year and I went home to work on the farm. I worked with the tractor but I did go to Utah State University the winter quarter. I fell in love with Ora Bishop, but with Mayme in the back of my mind I cooled it off.



*AC as a missionary*

In the fall of 1930 I was called on a mission to Germany. This was terrible and the last place in the world I wanted to go. However, after the first few months in Germany, it was a choice mission and at the end of my mission it was the best place in the world. I arrived at the mission home Jan. 6, 1931. They try to teach country boys how to flush



*AC & Bill Dursteller  
1st Companion 1931*

toilets. I was set apart for my mission on Jan. 14 by Orson F. Whitney. We left Salt Lake City by train and sailed on the USS Harding. I arrived in Hamburg, Germany on Jan. 26. Then, I arrived at Fielefeld, my first field of labor, on Feb.

2. There I worked with Bill Dursteller, Conrad Kleinman, and Bland Sutton. In Osnabruek I worked with Otto Baer (a German) and Hiram Hirschi. In Uchthe, my companions were Alvin Carpeter and Dolly Layton. In Buende, I worked with Rulon Carpenter and Alfred Niederhauser (Swiss). In Elberfeld, I worked with Russell Flamm. I was the last missionary in Elberfeld. Most of the towns where I worked were medium to small size. We would also select other small towns and tract them and hold meetings in their beer halls.

Over 90% of our travel was on bikes. It was miserable when rain poured and we had 10-15 miles to ride, but we were young and got along OK. I did more tracting than most of my companions and was able to baptize



*AC on mission 1933*

nine people. The average was three to four.

One of my choice missionary experiences was when I had been in Germany about one week and was tracting alone with a prepared speech in German. One lady was friendly and I kept going back to her. Later she was baptized and she said “Brother Hull, when you came to me the first day I did not understand a word you said. I knew that it was not German, but you were so sincere that I knew that you were telling the truth.”



*AC ready to come home  
from German Mission  
1933*

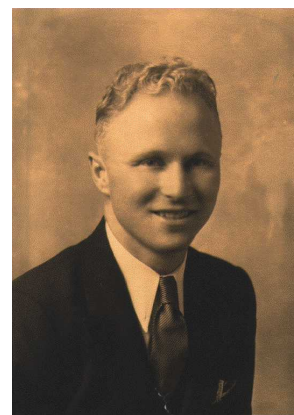
Monday was our free day. We would go swimming, to a show or opera, or some historic places such as a castle. Where it was possible, we would join with one or two other missionary couples. This was a wonderful mission and I had a love for the German people.

With two German

companions, I learned the German language well. When I went back to Germany 43 years later, I could talk with and understand the Germans. The German language later helped me attain my Doctorate degree. The Germans knew that I did not like Hitler.

With the depression, there were not many

missionaries. I left Elberfeld on August 2, 1933 and went up the beautiful Rhine river. I spent two days in Vienna and other places, and arrived in Hungary on August 7 to attend the World Scout Jamboree. At the Jamboree, I met Merrill Christopherson and Jim Anderson from BYU, Harvey Hatch, Merlin Shaw, Frank Fister, and Arthur Gaeth. We had a wonderful time and often rode out in Hungary where the natives gave us presents. Because I was blonde, I received more presents than most scouts.



After the Jamboree, Merrill, Jim and I traveled over Yugoslavia, Italy, Switzerland, and France. We wore our uniforms and they really opened the doors for us, especially on travel. We held the Pope's hand but we did not kiss it. The Pope said “Where do you live in America?” I said “Utah” and that was the end of the conversation. I got letters from Mayme in Switzerland and showed one to Merrill. He said “she loves you—Do you love her?” I had to admit that she was the only girl that I really wanted. We went to France on August 31, Belgium on September 4, Holland on September 5, and England on September 12. We left England on September 14

and arrived in the USA on September 24. I visited Merrill in New York, Shaws in Washington D.C., the World's Fair in Chicago, and Independence, Missouri.

I arrived in SLC on October 24. The folks were there to get me. Mayme was there to attend a conference and we went out that night and I had a feeling that she was mine. When I got home, I was impressed by how hard the depression had hit and how the members were not living their religion as well as the Germans.

In 1933, Tom and I wanted some independence. We asked Father if we could have half of the milk check. We divided our half somewhat as follows: AC and Tom 19%, Keith 14%, Lorna 12%, Tuff 10%, Russell 8%, and Ella 6%. As the younger kids got older, their percentages were increased. We were more concerned now about the cows. Russell and Ella chose me as their banker. When they wanted money, they would come to me. This continued until after I was married in 1936.

In the fall of 1933, I was put on the Executive Board of the Scout Council. At my first meeting in Logan, I met Ray Becraft. He seemed to take an interest in me and asked me what I intended to do. I told him I was going to school

and majoring in Agricultural Economics. He explained that he thought Range Management in the U.S. Forest Service would be better. He taught Range Management at USU. I was quite taken with him and thought that if he was a range man that it would be good for me.

I started in Range and finished in March, 1936 at Utah State University. I took the Jr. Range

Civil service examination in 1935 while I was still a junior. I obtained 87 which was the second highest in the U.S. There were 700 people who took the exam and only 105 passed.

During this time, I was the Scoutmaster in Whitney, the District Commissioner of the Franklin Stake, a member of the Scout Council Executive Board and the Superintendency of the Whitney Sunday School. I also graduated from the LDS Institute under Dr. T.C. Romney.

During this time there were trips to Idaho Falls where I fell deeper in love with Mayme. I finally chose leap year, March 13, 1936 to take Mayme to a Delta Phi dance at the LDS Institute and to give her a ring after the dance at Nicotine Point. During the dance, Mayme found the ring in my pocket, so it was not much of a surprise for her.



*Family 1936*

Jerry and Dorothy Klomp were some of our best friends. While Mayme was getting ready for the dance, I showed Dorothy the engagement ring. She was surprised I was considering marriage. Dorothy was a “Mother Hen” and very gullible so I told her I was not serious but that Mayme was well along in years and may not have another chance. Dorothy was very upset and said that I would not do this. I said that we both had similar backgrounds and the love might come. She said that she was going to tell Mayme and I said “NO!” She kept up during the dance.

Jerry and I had to travel a lot so Mayme and Dorothy had the opportunity to spend a lot of time together. Finally Dorothy asked Mayme about our love affair. Dorothy got so upset that she could hardly speak to me. For years after when she would introduce me to people, she would say “this is AC but do not believe a word he says because he is a liar.”

Mayme had decided to go on a mission in the summer of 1935. She asked me to go with her as she talked to the Stake President. He said “Now Mayme is getting along in years and marriage is more important for her than a mission. Brother Hull, will you wait for her to complete her mission?” With the Stake President looking at me

there was nothing to say but “Yes.” This YES gave me the sweetest girl in the world and a companion to help on the straight and narrow. After seven months in the mission field, Mayme came home. We decided that she would get ready for marriage and I would find a job.



*Mayme as a bride, 1936*

After I was done with school, we went to Ogden to see Dr. Stewart about a job. He said that he would keep me in mind. A week later he called me in Idaho Falls. I spent several minutes telling him that \$166 a month was a lot and that I would work for less. With the promise of a job, we set the wedding date for June 10. I went to work April 7, 1936 and was assigned to the Artificial Reservation

Project. When Mayme and I were married, I had a few dollars left out of my \$166—enough to make my final payment of \$75 on my engagement ring.

I was to pick Mayme up at 10 a.m. and we were to be married at 6 p.m. in the Logan Temple. En route from Idaho Falls, the Chevy coupe (Jersey) broke down in Shelley and in Downey. We finally got going and got to the Cache County Courthouse at 6:15 pm. We must have looked moonstruck as wandered across the lawn. The county clerk took us in for the license and said that he could perform the ceremony as it was too late for the temple. I asked if we could call the

temple. At the temple they said that it was too late and asked if we could come in the morning. I asked what time in the morning and told them that we had a motel in Ogden and we would be back in the morning.



*Wedding Day at the Logan Temple— June 10, 1936*

There was silence for a few seconds on the phone and then he said “Come right up.” We did and we were married at 6:45 pm by Pres. William A. Noble. We must have been the black sheep because neither of our families nor friends came to our ceremony. They did not seem to care if we got married.

After our wedding, we had a short tour. We went up Weber Canyon to Heber, then down Provo Canyon to Provo where we stayed with Mildred Young for two days and then back to Ogden. We rented apt. #27 in the Western Apartments on 400 27th street. We were 2½ blocks from work, ½ block from church, and ½ block from the grocery store. We got along real well on my salary of \$166 a month. We did not have a car for 3 years.

I was on the Scout Troop Committee, Advisor to the Deacons, Supervisor of the Aaronic Priesthood, Second Counselor and then First

Counselor to Bishop Grant Lofgreen. Mayme was busy with everything, especially MIA and Sunday School. We enjoyed the ward and had dances and lots of fun. We built a scout cabin, planted shrubs and grass.

In April of 1937, we moved to Mrs. Thomas’ duplex at 2616 Jefferson (same ward). Nancy was born here December 9, 1937. We were thrilled to have a daughter. She was so beautiful that we could hardly believe that she was ours.

During the first years of work we did a lot of planting on the terraces near the top of the mountains east of Bountiful and Farmington. We also put out lots of plots in Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, and Nevada. Nevada was choice. We had two new houses built for our use. Mayme and I, Henry and Margene Peterson, and Joe Cutler



*Mayme, Nancy, & AC November 1938*

would travel in two pickups for the work there. One year we planned to hunt deer there. We would finish our work Friday, hunt Saturday, go to church Sunday, and be back to Ogden on Monday. We worked like troopers and finished late

Saturday. When we told the girls we were going to hunt on Sunday it was worse than adultery. It was

Margene's turn to pray Sunday morning. She said a long prayer, but in essence it was "Dear Lord, you should strike them dead for thinking of hunting today, but we love them and so for our



*Hull Family 1939*

sakes, will you bring them back safely?" We borrowed two horses from the Clover Creek Ranch. We got a medium 3-point and a large 4-point buck. Henry wouldn't shoot so I had to do both. Tuesday, after we returned, Bishop Lofgreen asked me where we were Sunday. I said "Nevada." "What were you doing?" "Hunting Deer." "Were you successful?" "Yes, two deer." "You will never do that again because Sunday you were installed as my counselor." He was right. I have never done it again.

One day, Henry and I were walking on the ridge just above the house in Clover Creek and we saw a nest of rattlesnakes. I was supposed to rake them downwards and Henry was to have a shovel above me, to get any that remained behind. I missed two. Two of them, with their tails on the end of the shovel handle, had their heads in the steel blade of the shovel.

Robertson, who followed us, had the snakes come right down to the steps of the house.

We used the Clover Creek house for two years. The Paradise House was not finished, so

we stayed in a hotel of the Basque Saloon. It was noisy but it was very clean. We had a pitcher of water and a wash basin. Mayme asked the manager for the bathroom. The Basque took her over to the back window and pointed to a path leading out to the little house.



*Dad & Mom - 1939*

In 1939, we decided to get an M.S. degree at BYU. We closed our apartment and took all necessary belongings, and Nancy, on a bus. We found a miserable but cheap apartment near the Ladies Gym. We shared a bathroom with the owners. The walls were paper thin and Nancy cried much of the night. The kitchen was tiny with a combination coal and electric range to cook and keep both rooms warm with. We had a combination bed and living room. For me it was thirteen hours study and school, nine hours sleep, and two hours miscellaneous. Saturday was shopping. We pushed Nancy seven blocks in the stroller to



*Masters Degree  
BYU 1940*

the store. We filled the stroller with groceries and carried Nancy home.

I received an M.S. degree in Soils in 1940 from Dr. T.L. Martin. Father and Mother came down to see me graduate. Mayme, Father and Mother were proud of me. These were three hard months for Mayme, but she never complained. She helped type, read books, and everything she could besides doing housework under near primitive conditions with a crying baby.

We went back to Ogden. While there I was a home teacher, Ward Aaronic Priesthood Supervisor, Stake MIA Board, District Commissioner, and taught the High Priest class. Mayme was also very busy.

On a trip to Nevada with our Washington boss, he found out that I didn't drink or smoke. He was a Christian Scientist who did the same. This put me in good with him and the first appointment that came up in Washington, I got it.



*Hull Family 1941*

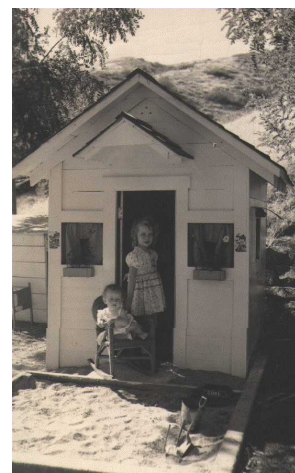
In June 1939, we bought our first car, a deluxe Chevrolet for \$700. Keith and the folks picked up the car from the factory. In 1939, I gave my first paper at the Utah Academy of Science. I was proud of it.

This was the first of 150 publications.

In April 1940, we moved to 2800 Marilyn Drive. This was an old but lovely house high on the east side in a fancy side of town. We continued to attend the Fifth Ward.

In the summer of 1941, we had a choice trip down the Salmon River. I did not realize that Idaho had so many trees, rivers, and mountains. It is beautiful.

Susan was born January 24, 1942, the week before my brother Dean passed away. We had a beautiful, dark, curly-headed girl who was too beautiful to belong to us. But we loved her.



*Playhouse that AC built for Susan & Nancy - 1942*

In the spring of 1942, I was transferred to the Arrowrock Station, 26 miles southeast of Boise. We moved there in April. It was an isolated station on the top of the ridge, south of the Boise River. The last ten miles of the road was up and down and around, seldom traveled. Every Sunday we drove in for church. We would take a lunch to eat in the park and then stay for Sacrament Meeting. With the winding road, Nancy and Susan usually threw up almost every morning. We went to the First Ward and had many good friends. In

the winter we moved to 1607 Ressigue, Boise, in the Second Ward. There I was on the Scout Troop committee and taught Genealogy. Back at Arrowrock the next summer we began to enjoy it, except for the road. We had a nice garden, I got two deer, and went on my first fire. We went on a weekly picnic with some friends with whom we held a Book of Mormon class.

On October 2, 1943, we put Nancy and Susan in bed and went out to pick strawberries. The kids came out and we told them to go back to the house. When they did not want to go they noticed that the house was on fire. Fire extinguishers and the garden house did not do any good. When we saw that the house was gone we put the hose in the basement to save some of our canned fruit. It saved some but took the labels off. The cat in the girls bedroom, my guns, and billfold, Mayme's purse, and her choice German doll, our new aluminum wear and new furniture went up in smoke. We had our work clothes on, Mayme's fur coat was in storage and her choice antique dishes were still packed in the garage. Aunt Gettie's genealogy book and two pictures were in a box under the bed in the front porch. They were not supposed to be there, but they were and so they were saved from the fire. After the fire, we moved up to the tent house and

prayed in gratitude for losing everything except our girls.

The next morning, I went in and told the Bishop. The ward had a give-away party and all items went to us. The fire was during the war, and even though we had money there was nothing in

the stores to buy. The Relief Society President came out with boxes of towels, sheets, an ironing board, egg beater, and things from the give-away party. The members and everyone brought canned goods and fruit and garden produce for canning. The Japanese who brought fruit and vegetables to Safeway always added some for the Hulls. The neighbors out in

our isolated area brought many things. The Forest Service personnel were good to bring food and utensils. Mayme got a coat to wear and I got a suit and a topcoat to wear for a month or so. People were so good and brought so many things for which we were grateful. We found that we could receive with gratitude. A member who worked for a sporting goods store got me a Remington 12-gauge repeating shot gun. Our next-door neighbor was a manager of Sears. He managed to get us a washing machine and two bicycles. One for his daughter Mary Kay and one for Nancy.

In the fall, we moved into Jensens' fully equipped home at 1718 Vermont. In the spring,



*Mayme & AC in front of  
Orange Trees*

we moved in to 913 E. Jefferson. This was a good house at a good location and a large yard and a chicken coop. The rent was very reasonable and because of the war, it could not be raised. For furniture and other things we looked in the 6 a.m. paper and got what we needed. We got a sewing machine this way.

That fall I started home teaching. I first taught the High Priests Quorum, then assistant to the Senior Scouts and Advisor to the Deacons Quorum. On June 4, while I was on a trip in eastern Idaho, I was sustained as a member of the Boise Stake High Council, a surprise to Mayme and myself. Then as secretary of the Aaronic Priesthood Committee, then as TC of Troops 13 and 113. In December 1944, I was sustained as a member of the Boise Scout Council Executive Board.



*Explorer Trip  
August 1946*

James Laird arrived June 10, 1944. We were thrilled to have a son. He had some bad red marks on his head. Bishop Rich and Bro. Fails administered to him. Bro. Fails promised that the marks would go away.

Bro. Rich promised to me that my back pains

would go away. Both blessings were fulfilled.

I received an offer to teach and do research for Cedar City, also to go with the SCS at Pullman and to do reseeding work for the Forest Service in Louisiana. Bailey gave me a raise and so I stayed.

We were very happy to stay at the Intermountain Station.

In November 1945, Norman and I got an elk near the Montana Ranch. We put the antlers in a tree and when we came back for them, something, probably a porcupine

had chewed and spoiled the antlers.

I went on my first airplane ride in a plane similar to the Ford Trimotor. We looked at an area to be seeded by a plane. Going over hills and hollows was scary at times. The next day the pilot hit the top of a ridge and was killed.

Nancy was baptized and confirmed on March 3, 1946. She bore her testimony and tears came to the eyes of Mayme and I.

I was in charge of an Explorer hike for the council into the Sawtooth mountains. We saw deer, elk, goats, beautiful lakes, and the rugged Sawtooth peaks. We caught up to 48 fish a day. We had fourteen boys; five were LDS. We had a prayer every day.

At the 1947 annual dinner meeting of the Scout Council, I received the Silver Beaver



*AC & Boise High Council - 1946*

Award. I was speechless, but recovered enough to thank my wife, parents, leaders, and boys. Mayme was proud, so was I. We took the family to the Boy Scout Camp at Payette Lake and used the scout canoes. It was a choice trip with loads of huckleberries.

On June 12, Father, Mother, Nancy, Mayme and I went on a month-long trip. I had to give a paper in San Diego and we made a circle in our travels. We visited friends and relatives in Mesa and went to the Mesa Temple. We went into Mexico. Father and Mother had a visit with Kenneth and Sara Rallison. We stayed with friends in Arizona, California, and Oregon. Father did Dean's endowments in the Canadian Temple. We visited Mayme's folks in Montana. It was a fun trip. We had no schedule. We just went where and when we wanted. We slept outside much of the time. In Sacramento, we were going the wrong direction on a one-way street. A cop stopped us and pulled out his book to write a ticket. He looked at our license plates and in the most disgusted tone he said "IDAHO." He had us follow him to a corner and said "turn right and keep going."

Every Saturday, a bunch of us would load up on pheasants (in corn fields and other crops) in

the Payette River bottoms. This was some of my choicest pheasant hunting. Most of the hunters were LDS.

\*\*\* Just a little bragging\*\*\*

Bailey and Stewart told me that I had made the best presentations of anyone at the Intermountain Station.

McGinnes and Costello said that I had done more to foster cooperation and further the research program than the remainder of the station had done in (the last) ten years.

I received a job transfer to the Rocky Mountain station at Fort Collins, Colorado. The pay was \$4902 a year. I was to be in charge of seeding at the station. I made two trips over in the fall to see what it was like. I drove our car over in February. I stayed at a hotel until I found a farmhouse two miles out of town. The house was big and old but in good shape with an upstairs. We had a barn, a shed, a big apple orchard, and a big pasture. Mayme and the kids came over by train in March. On the train they had a bedroom, quite an experience for the children.

We bought Susan a 24" bike. She was thrilled with it because Nancy and Susan could ride their bikes together to a country school, a little over a mile. They enjoyed the country school.



*AC receiving Silver Beaver Award*

Our neighbor had a cider mill and let us use it. We had plenty of cider for our ward parties from our big orchards. This is the first time that I have ever used a cider mill. I enjoyed it very much.

On June 1, 1948, Mary Kay was born at the Larimar, Colorado Hospital. We were thrilled with our third girl. Mayme had a room that opened onto the porch and the kids could see the baby every day.

Two days after Mayme arrived home from the hospital, I went to Albuquerque. It was beautiful flying among the 14,000 foot peaks. The pilot discovered a new unnamed waterfall on the Conjes River. He circled it to get a better view. It was later featured in the Denver Post.

I blessed Mary Kay and gave her a name. Susan, Nancy, and Mayme all bore their testimonies.

On a trip to Wyoming, I got my first antelope (poached). A young buck and very good eating. We had a nice four-day family trip thru Cameron Pass, Muddy Pass, Rabbit Ears Pass, Kremmling and Granby. We stayed at Rabbit Ears Station much of the time. Most of the trip was over 8,000 feet, much over 10,000 feet, and some over 12,000 feet. The timberline is 11,000 feet. It is quite a sight to see trees become prostrate and shrubs fade into the grasses and sedges.

The church members are close and friendly. They have lots of picnics and parties. The members of the Rocky Mountain Station are also very close and have picnics and activities together. They know that I am Mormon and think highly of me.

I had a five-day pheasant season with a limit of five birds. I got five birds, two of them right in our orchard. I shot a deer on the highway just west of Pogosas Springs. I aged him for ten days and he was the best venison that we have had.

In the fall, we moved to 701 S. College. The house was on the corner just across from the University. It was a big house and many of the branch meetings and activities were held there. January 2, 1949 was the night of THE BIG SNOW. The snow was only 18" deep but with the 80 mph winds it drifted up to 30 feet in places. East and west roads were closed for up to four weeks.

I was appointed District Cub Commissioner. Also Chairman of the Church Building Committee.

I did a lot of airplane spraying and seeding. I had to give a lot of talks as a result. The family went on one trip up to the spraying on Beaver Rim. The pilot took Jim and then Susan up and chased cattle and antelope. Nancy and Mayme

would not go.

We traveled the old pioneer trail from the Mormon Ferry at Casper to Independence Rock, past Devil's Gate, the Martin Handcart marker, the Willie Handcart marker, and saw the graves of Chief Washakie and Sacajawea. We slept three nights in a nice cabin in Lander and one night in a steady rain on a mountain above Casper.

The station had a delightful two-day picnic at the Manitou Station. We all had fun. Next it was Montana and fishing in the Yellowstone River. Mayme caught a 13½" trout and Nancy caught a 14" trout. Their first fish and they were proud.

We visited Uncle Russell and Aunt Lois and Mary Ann. The kids saw lots of bears at night. Uncle Russell is a good fisherman. He gets enough fish out of the Yellowstone River for his family, relatives, and friends.

I received a statuette for 25 years Veterans Award, a big write up and also a lot of talk about my accomplishments.

Susan told a friend "Yes, I know all about

Santa Claus, But Mama doesn't." We had a Christmas party at our place for the branch of children. Santa Claus came and talked to all of them and gave them a plastic stocking full of candy and nuts. We had a party for the adults in the early evening.

I was chosen as one of the top field men to attend a three-month Statistical Seminar in Washington D.C. It was supposed

to be good for me but it was a waste of time. I stayed with Keith while I was there. In February, Keith and I went to Elizabeth City and had a good time with Father, Mother, Tom's family, Russell's family, and Lorna's family. We went down two or three more times while I was there.

We left Washington and picked up a new deluxe Pontiac in Michigan. It cost \$2,120. I met Mayme at Independence. We saw all the church places and arrived in Ft. Collins on April 21. We were surely thrilled with our new car.

Our house was the center of church activities: Primary, two chorus practices a week, two dance practices a week, MIA during the



*Spraying Sage*



*Mary Kay, Mayme, Jim, AC, Susan, Nancy  
Fort Collins - Dec. 25, 1949*

summer, officer's meetings, and missionaries when there were extra ones. At a missionary conference in Greeley, I got called out of the audience to speak by Ezra T.

Benson. It was a shock and I did not do very well.

Jim and Mary Kay got hit by a car. Jim was unconscious all the way to the hospital. Jim was quite upset that he did not even know he was in an ambulance. I asked the driver to take him and Mary Kay out in the country where they went full speed with sirens blowing.

On May 6, 1950, we took Susan to Denver for her baptism. We had a good time at Elich's



*Nancy, Mayme, AC,  
Mary Kay, Jim, Susan  
Christmas 1950*



*AC - 1950*

Garden. It is a fun place to go in Denver. The Olsens went with us. We confirmed Susan on May 7 in Fort Collins.

I was elected District Commissioner for Poudre Valley Scouts. I was the only LDS person in Scouting. The Scout people rate me very high and ask for my help.

On January 11, 1951 we went to Idaho

Falls for Dad Laird's Funeral. He was a wonderful man. I hope that when I am ready to go that I will be as near ready as he was. We had a delightful picnic and camp for three days at Red Feather Lake.



*Hunting rocks in Wyoming*

Mayme was made Relief Society President. She was also crowned Queen at the Gold and Green Ball. It was a fitting tribute for all the work she has done in the Branch. Nancy was the only girl we had this year in MIA.

I was transferred to Washington D.C. We left on May 28, 1951. We hunted rocks. We visited in Idaho and Montana. We went through the Black Hills and the Big Horn Mountains. We stopped in Flint, Michigan to see the Andersons that Mayme helped convert on her mission. He was the Branch President and Sis. Anderson was the Relief Society President. They were thrilled to see Mayme.

We saw all the church historic places. We slept in the farm house in Palmyra. This was a thrill because we love Joseph Smith. We also saw the pageant.



*Palmyra, NY - June, 27 1951*

We arrived in Washington on June 28.

Sister Higgensen arranged for us to stay at Phil Horne's home who was on vacation. We later found a place at 4601 20th St. We moved there and were very happy with this home. It was a dead end street with eight houses at the end. I took over the Explorers and Mayme took the Jr. Gleaners and was also a primary teacher.

On July 20th, Lorna, Russell and Camilla came up to get Keith and Janet (Ware) married and off on a honeymoon. They have settled down in a lovely house in Richmond, Virginia.

In November, I was sustained to the Washington Stake High Council and Mayme to the Stake Relief Society. We made our trips together from Richmond on the south to Fairview,



*Niagara Falls June 1951*

Pennsylvania on the north. President Marriott was the best leader I have ever seen. He was a perfect delegator. But, he still knew what every person should be doing and bragged them up for what they did. During the three years in Washington, we went to Elizabeth City very often. Sometimes our kids were with them and sometimes theirs were with us. I especially enjoyed the beach at Kitty Hawk where I caught crabs and found

arrowheads.

We made trips to Civil War sites and other historic places. We enjoyed the Skyline Drive and the beautiful trees and hills in West Virginia. Two trips to the Okefenokee Swamp with the famous Swanee River. New York was a nice trip. We walked on Times Square where Jimmy had to go to the restroom. He was taken to the ladies room by the manager. We saw every important building in New York: The Empire State Building, Gimble's, Mayes, Hyde Park, Vanderbilt Mansion, Statue of Liberty, then up the Hudson River to West Point, then west to Niagara Falls, the



*Arlington, Easter 1952*

Palmyra Pageant, and to the Susquehanna River where the Aaronic Priesthood was restored. We slept most of the time in parks, where we could swim and boat.

On October 30, I left for Egypt and Israel. My stay in Egypt was most enjoyable as I could go where I wanted. One trip up the Nile river took 200 miles. The ex-King had a summer home on the beach 100 miles west of Cairo. This was beautiful and I spent much time there. Here I picked many figs. My good friends were Col.

Omar Draz, Nayer Ismeal, Omar Sabry, and Handy Aslan. Handy wanted me to baptize him. He said that he would marry only a Mormon girl. I put out many plots in Egypt and spent much time showing them how to do this and how to graze after planting.

I was taking pictures in Cairo and the police said “NO!” I let Col. Draz know, and he told them that if they kept me in jail the U.S. would not like it. If they would give me a permit to go east of the Suez, then I would not complain about my short time in jail. They gave me a permit and we went. I loaded up on oranges and tangerines in the Gaza Strip and then went about 200 miles south along the Gulf of Suez and then turned east toward Mt. Sinai. At first there was a poor jeep road and then it was ridges and hollows. We picked up a guide and we never would have made it without him. Sometimes we would be going up a hollow and then he would back up and try another hollow. Finally at the base of Mt. Sinai I saw the Katherin Monastery. The monks were out of tobacco and did not expect supplies for a year. I saw the burning bush where the Lord talked to Moses. I walked part way up Mt. Sinai, but it was too late to go to the top. This was a wonderful trip, but the country was very desolate. There were just scattered shrubs in the hollows. The children of Israel had to have manna.

I spent Jan. 5–7 in Cyprus to get a visa to Israel. You cannot get an Israeli visa in Egypt, and if you have an Israeli visa on your passport, they will not let you in Egypt. Kenneth Jones took me around and I was impressed with the fruit and nut trees. Much more productive and green than Egypt. I spent Jan. 7–22 in Israel. I was assigned a car and a driver and he took me on every road from Dan, in the north, to below Bersheba on the south. It is something to see the Jewish efforts to terrace the hills to plant trees and crops and to make the land blossom as the rose. When the Jews settle on the land they become farmers and horticulture workers. I was impressed with what the Jews were doing. They were pumping water from 2,999 feet. Their streets and yards were clean.

I slept one night in Nazareth. The next morning I started at the carpenter shop and walked up a thousand year old path worn into the rocks. There were donkeys, fig trees, sheep, shepherds, and flowers. I could visualize that Christ walked this path. I felt very close to holiness.

I tasted very salty water in the dead sea which is 1,696 feet below sea level and fresh water in the Sea of Galilee 696 feet below. Except in the very strict towns where the Jews are keeping the commandments, they have forgotten the Sabbath Day, and some other commandments.

For them it is more important to work in the fields and orchards than to rest on the Sabbath Day.

We went down into the desert south of Bersheba. I was given a Czech army rifle with instructions to shoot anyone who looked as though they might shoot us. We shot at chukker-like birds, but no luck. This was a very desolate area with just a few shrubs.

I spent over \$500 in presents in Egypt. I left my heavy boots, suit and other things so I would be within the weight limits. With the special passport I had, they treated me fine. It was like Christmas when the family opened their presents. I carried a big copper plate on the plane. I had a wonderful time but while I was gone, Lorna and her family came to Washington D.C. to see Eisenhower made President.

I received the 30-year Scout Service Award. There was a big build up for this. I turned down an offer to go to Iraq for two years at \$8,000, plus allowance. If it were not for the older children, I would have been interested. There have also been other offers that I have turned down.

Jim fell out of a tree and broke his arm.

When he went back to the doctor for a check up his cast was signed by Ezra T. Benson. The doctor was very impressed. Mary drank some turpentine and screamed while they pumped her stomach.

We had a nice trip to New England. We saw Independence Hall, the Liberty Bell, the Holland Tunnel, Grant's tomb, the Washington Bridge, and Plymouth Rock. In Boston, we stayed with Howard and Mattie Maughn who were

mission presidents. We had a tour of Boston, Longfellow's Home, Harvard University, Old Ironsides—commanded by Isaac Hull, Bunker Hill, Lexington, and Paul Revere's route.

At the mission home, Mary Kay and Nancy came down with the measles. We went through the White

Mountains then up the White River to Joseph Smith's birthplace, where we stayed overnight. It is in the backwoods but is a very beautiful location. There is a beautiful 38½-foot marble shaft showing Joseph's age. We drove into Maine to say that we had been there.

Susan came down with the measles next. We went to Ithaca to say hello to the Stevens. They insisted that we stay overnight to give their 5



children the measles, which we did. We bought china in Syracuse and red glasses at Corning. We went home via Gettysburg where Jim sat in the chair where Lincoln sat as he wrote the Gettysburg Address. Nancy did most of the driving on this New England trip.

Mary Kay was heard telling her friend "My daddy is working all the time or else he is at church." She once said one Christmas after seeing all the presents, "I am sure Mother and Dad are not Santa Claus, because they would never give us this much stuff."

The family went with me to Colorado where I did some work and the family stayed in Manitou Lodge. While we were there, we went to Pikes Peak and the Garden of the Gods. Then to five days of working in Delta where Jimmy killed his first rabbits. It was good to come back and see some of the work that we had done. Good results in practically everything.



*Fish from Carter Creek  
1952*

We spent twelve days in Whitney and Logan with a family reunion at Bear Lake. We visited with everyone and netted fish. Six days at Shelley where Susan and Marilyn were thrown from a horse and Gene and I

spent three long days surveying the farm. We went to West Yellowstone where Mary Kay caught two fish. It was nice to spend 2½ weeks visiting family and friends.

We drove through Yellowstone Park to Ft. Collins. We stayed with the Olsens for three days. We talked in church, showed slides, and had a nice visit.

At the last High Council meeting, I was given a high tribute for a difficult job well done.

Jim and I got the girls on a United airplane to Ogden. It was the girls first airplane ride and they enjoyed it. Jim and I left from Arlington the next morning. We camped at Lake Erie, visited Carthage and Nauvoo. We generally followed the Pioneer trail. At Chimney Rock, I almost stepped on a rattlesnake with our moccasins. We dispatched him as Jimmy's first. We arrived at Whitney at 9 a.m. We left behind many jobs, but mostly wonderful friends and enjoyable experiences. When we came west we had a choice of Ft. Collins or Logan. You can guess which one we took. At first we lived in Whitney and then we rented the Mortimers' home while they were away at school. I had a lot of work to do. I spent 95 days in the field from July 14 to November 20.

In September, USU hired me at \$100 a day with travel and expense money to take seven



*AC (grandpa) & Jim*

Iranians over the west and show them seedings.

Usually they were good but sometimes they acted like spoiled kids. We went in all the western states.

We traveled in a twelve-passenger van and had a

good time. We had a translator. The boys did not like him and so we got along without him. Mayme went with us some of the time. We had a final session at USU and the boys gave me a rating of tops. One of the boys used influence and came to the USA with his wife and two children. They invited Mayme and me to dinner to their place in Los Angeles. It was very nice. He was happy to be in the USA.

I was one of the tour leaders who took 21 chiefs from foreign countries on a tour of western ranges: Egypt 1, Lybia 2, Saudi Arabia 1, Jordan 6, Lebanon 1, Turkey 6, Iran 1, Iraq 1, and Pakistan 2. They were mostly college graduates and fine people. There wore Arab-type clothing that was very colorful. People took many photos of them. They went to some Mormon services and were impressed by Mormons. Four of the tour leaders were Mormon. Mohammed Ben Jazzi was

75-years old and the eldest one in the group. The others respected him because of his age. He tried to keep the others from drinking and chasing women. Every day at noon I was to find a place for him to pray. In Yellowstone Park, Old Faithful was spouting just at prayer time. He kneeled on his coat and prayed. There were more pictures taken of him than of Old Faithful. He would tell me about some of their raids when he was young. I enjoyed him very much.

Joe Chehab spent an evening with us before leaving for Lebanon. He was very much impressed with family prayer and Mormon family life. He said that he will never become a Mormon but his mode of living would never be the same.

At a later date we had Jacob Salti, Col. Omar Draz, Omar Sabry, and Sadak Hussini for dinner and to show them some slides of Egypt. They enjoyed it very much. Later Moini Zandi and Schabb Ansari were here for dinner. Ansari grabbed Mary Kay up and kissed her and kept this up until we delivered him to his hotel.

With Nancy's many boyfriends, we had a lot of fun. Mayme asked Nancy if she turned her boyfriends' pictures around when she undressed. She chided Nancy for not doing this and said that in her single life she had done this and when she was too tired to do this, Mayme had undressed in the dark. Susan was asking Nancy about her

boyfriend's present. "Gosh, \$5 for a present—but—I wish I had a boyfriend to spend \$5 on."

Mayme and I went to California by train for my meeting in San Francisco. We saw Chinatown, trolleys, and Fisherman's Wharf. It was a wonderful trip.

On February 12, 1955, we had a surprise party for father's 75th birthday. Mayme made a cake and we all brought things to eat and bought him a blue suit. We all stayed over and went to church the next day. He surely bragged about his family and his blue suit.

Jim found a ticket that was dropped from a plane. It entitled him to a 20-minute ride and a newspaper photo. The pilot made a few loops and Jim certainly enjoyed the ride. Nancy won the Road-E-O contest. It entitled her to a banquet, a statuette, and a newspaper photo.

Jimmy and I went to work in Wyoming. Jim got three porcupines, two rock chucks, a rabbit, and many squirrels. The first of all (except for rabbits) for him.

My history shows that Nancy, Susan, Jim, and Mary Kay have given many talks in Sunday School and Sacrament Meetings. They gave more than their

share. I am proud of them for this.

Mayme registered at USU for six hours.

Other work caused her to quit after two years.

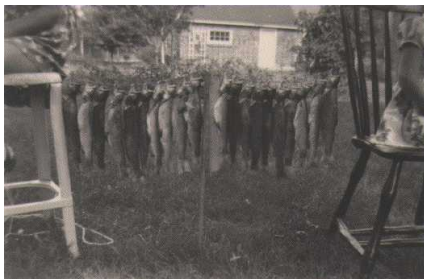


*AC & brothers - 1958*

Susan played the violin for four years in the High School Orchestra. Susan was also a twirler in the Logan High School Band. We would watch her when the band marched. She was good. Jim played the trombone for three years in the High School Band.

On June 11, 1956, Mary Kay was baptized and confirmed. She bore her testimony that day. I was very proud of her. She did very well for a little girl.

On July 1, 1956, Jim was ordained a Deacon. He is a good boy in church, school, and scouting. He was on the leadership staff for two summers as a Nature Advisor at Camp Wilderness.



*Fish from Wind River - 1959*

Our dog Sami (a Pomeranian) was killed by an automobile. We all felt terrible. Mayme and Mary Kay cried. Mary Kay wrote "Sammi never told any secrets, never laughed at my dumbness, never called me a baby, but licked my tears to make me feel better." He was a lovely dog enjoyed by the whole family.

Jim and I went on a week-long Bridger Hike in the Wind River Mountains. We fished, rolled rocks, and had lots of fun. AC came out with 54 pounds and Jim 52 pounds of beautiful trout.

During this winter and the following, there were many rabbit hunts. One time I got up to 100 rabbits.

All did well in school. Nancy and Susan with all A's, A.C. with 18 hours of A's.

On May 29, 1960, Jim received his Eagle Scout Award. This was something special and we are all proud of Jim for this.

When Mary Kay was 15 years old, she rode with me to Franklin Basin to count grass. I thought that it would be nice to go down Hillyard Canyon. We hit the big snowdrifts and the snow would fly, but through them we went. Finally, we came to a snowdrift that had a 30" douglas fir in the middle. We couldn't drive back up the hill so we walked down. It was nine miles down to Deer Cliff. There was a heavy snowstorm to Willow Flat. From Willow Flat on, it was heavy rain, thick mud, and dark. We slid in the mud and it rained so hard that our shoes got full of water. I had some sandwiches wrapped in plastic. They were so soggy that we threw them in the river for the fish. With the mud and the rain we made it to Deer Cliff. Tyra took most of the mud off us and

she found us some clothes and fed us. Mayme could not get any of my brothers so she called Wesley Dickerson to come and get her lost children. Mary Kay was sweet and did not complain.

Father, Jim, and I went to Greys River in Wyoming. We went fishing, shooting, and had lots of fun. Father caught lots of fish. Jim and I went on a scout trip to Flat Mountain Arm on Yellowstone Lake. Lots of fun and fish.

We bought a used Chevy pickup and the Plymouth hardtop. These were our fourth and fifth cars.

I bought a Remington 30-06 auto-loading rifle. It was a short barrel. I looked all over for this and I was thrilled when I found one. It will last many years and get a lot of game.

Father died December 24, 1965. That day I was hunting chukars and had slipped in the snow and hurt my back. As I came home, Mayme could see that I felt terrible, but Father's passing was many times worse. Just a gasp and he was gone. No pain or suffering. I was blessed to have a father for 85 years. He has helped me to see and do the right. I wish that he would have survived to see me sustained as a Bishop—Mother did.

Mary Kay went up with me to Franklin Basin. Just above Kellar's Ranch we found a VW off the road in the small trees, with a woman and

four small children in the car. Her husband had walked out for help. When I went to the car she let the window down just a fraction. She said that she prayed for help and then prayed again that the help would be good. I assured her that I was a Bishop and then the window came down. We cut some of the trees and with two long chains, we pulled the car out. We got her on the highway.

Susan was a majorette in sixteen parades with the Logan High Band. We watched and enjoyed her, but it was tough for the whole family because there was a steady stream of boys at the front door or on the telephone.

Mayme was made Relief Society President in the Logan Fifth Ward.

I talked in the evening session of conference. I have never before received so many compliments on a talk.

On December 18, 1956, we moved into our new home at 321 North 400 East. This is our first home and I hope it will be the last. We have a big pinion pine in the front window and the house is fixed up for Christmas. I got something for Christmas that I have waited for years for: a Browning auto-loading 12-gauge shotgun.

On June 8, 1959, Nancy graduated with a Bachelors degree and AC with a Ph.D. from USU.



*Ph.D. from USU - 1959*

It took Nancy only three years to complete her B.S. degree. I had no idea of working on a Ph.D. until I came to USU but I had one work that would make a good dissertation. Dr. Stewart and Dr. Walker and Mayme said "Go for it," so I did. Mayme helped me in every possible way. I did not think that a degree would help much but it did. It gave me a grade raise with the government and a full professorship at USU. I shouldn't be proud of it, but I am.

In the spring I walked over the old Indian Trail to the Bear Lake Summit. I found a choice metal and glass insulator from the old Pioneer Line. The metal one is known as "Rams Horn."

I had a three-month assignment to Peru on grassland improvement. I traveled all over Peru. I saw Cuzco, Machu Pichu, Lake Titicaca and all the interesting places. I went down in the jungle to the headwaters of the Amazon River. I came back to Mexico City



*Examining grass - 1963  
Picture was in the newspaper  
with an article.*

where Bill and Ella were stationed. Bill and I went to the border where we met Father, Mother, Mayme and our family. Bill bribed them into Mexico. The kids were given their Christmas allowances and they bought what they wanted. We went all around Mexico City and the surroundings. We bought a lot, always bargaining for it. After this trip I gave a lot of talks about Peru.

Mayme and I were made presidents of the Thomas Hull and the Peter Maughan families. I was elected a second term to President of the Forest Alumni Association.

Mayme and I spent three days in the Magic Hot Springs south of Twin Falls. We really enjoyed the hot water and the relaxation. We read a lot.

Mayme once said that she is not forgetful. "Why I cannot remember a single thing that I have forgotten."

Jim went in to the Army and was sent to Fort Douglas and then to Fort Bliss and finally one year on the front line in Vietnam.

My doctor told me that I had a limited amount of use left in my legs and that I could use it up fast or spread it out over the years. I bought a trail cycle but did not use it. I walked much in hunting arrowheads, hiking, and in killing

hundreds of rabbits.

In 1966, Mary Kay registered for a year at Dixie College in St. George.

We had a good trip to see Jim at Colorado Springs, then we went to Four Corners, Pipe Springs, and then to see Mary Kay in St. George. I like to travel through Indian country.

Mayme and I had a three-day trip to Greys River in Wyoming. We saw lots of moose.

Helpies tried to get 50' on the south side of our Montana property. We stopped them by going to the Montana Supreme Court. Gene surely made a dummy out of Helpies surveyor.

Mayme and I and John and Etta Thompson took 39 youth on a charter bus to Nauvoo. It was well-planned and a tremendous spiritual experience. It cost \$40 each. They slept in members' homes or in church houses.

We bought a Jeep Wagoner. This was a wonderful vehicle for hunting and going in the mountains. I went hunting at Deseret with Boyd K. Packer, Jim Bell, Theodore Tuttle, and his boys. A very good and successful hunt. It was especially good when we sat on the hill and Bro. Packer read and explained the Book of Mormon to me. Also his chastisement of Bro. Tuttle when he



AC - 1965

tied a horn on a doe.

I received a \$1,000 for teaching a class at USU. \$100 went to tithing, \$300 for taxes, and the rest for an Idaho hunting license.

On July 10, 1970, Keith passed away in Virginia. Mayme and I, the McPhersons, and the Farnsworths went to his service.

We had two weddings in one year in our family. On April 16, 1962, Nancy and Dale were married in the Logan Temple. The Fifth ward building was fixed up nicely and we had a good reception there. Mayme had fancy food and also a lovely wedding cake. Susan and Mary Kay had lovely bridesmaids dresses. Three-hundred people attended the reception. We went down to a lovely open house in their ward in California. They had a lovely house in Whittier.

On August 15, 1962, Susan and Carl were married by Bishop Dickerson. The Fifth Ward was fixed up nicely. There were plenty of good things to eat. Mayme also made a lovely wedding cake. Nancy and Mary Kay had fancy bridesmaids dresses. We all had a good time. Our family went up to a lovely open house for them in Challis, Idaho. They lived in a nice farmhouse just outside of Challis.

I was listed in "Who's Who," previously

listed in "American Men of Science" and in "Who's Who in the West."

On my assignments to Egypt, Peru, and Israel, and on the two western assignments with foreigners, I have written several pages of the details of each trip (they are included in my diary).

I was elected Jim Bridger for the Bridger Hike. This is an honor but not much work. I was appointed as District Commissioner for 64 troops. A lot of work, but I like it. I was put on the Executive Board of the Cache Valley Council Scouts. I was elected president of the Old Juniper Chapter of the Sons of Utah Pioneers. I am a life member of the Sons of Utah Pioneers.

On January 29, 1967, I was sustained as Bishop of the Fifth Ward. Gordon B. Hinckley ordained me on March 26, 1967. This was a

wonderful experience and I enjoyed it very much. The support and love of the ward members and the love and confidence of Mayme, my children and their spouses, my brothers and sisters and their families, and my mother gave me confidence.



*AC as Bishop with his Councilors—Jan. 1967*

The fall of 1970 was one of my best hunting seasons. There were plenty of pheasants, deer, elk antelope, ducks, geese, and rabbits with a lot of good companions. On the last day of the pheasant season, it was raining and I was going

hunting. Mayme said not to tell anyone that I was related to her. Owen Yeates at the service station looked at the rain, the gun, and me and said "You don't have to be crazy to hunt on a day like this, but it sure helps doesn't it."

Jim signed up for the Army Reserve. He got 98 out of 111. The S.D. said this was the highest he had seen in Logan.

In March, Mayme made this profound statement. "Even if I am doing it wrong, I will not change. When you tell me, I'll still do what I want to do."

Our family was united with great love for each other. Father would take the boys hunting and the entire family on picnics. We had wonderful experiences.

On January 1, 1971, the Whitney Scouts burned down the cabin in Montana. We took Mary Kay and Cheryl to see what it looked like. Everything except the rocks burned up. The trees were beautiful and it looked like a fairyland. We went up in March with a snowmobile to pick the site to build a new cabin. We started building the cabin in the spring. Bobby Hull was the main worker. He came up six times with groups of workers and they usually stayed a week. Dale and Nancy and some members of the Laird family came up to help. Carl and Susan and the

Crookstons came up three times during the summer to help. We finished most of the inside work and windows by winter.

On August 17, 1971, mother passed away in the Logan Hospital. We had a wonderful funeral.

In 1972, I was counting plants under the snow at Franklin Basin. The snow was 10'11" deep, double the normal snowfall.

On January 14, 1973, I was released as Bishop. This was a choice calling and I felt the Lord helping me throughout it. My wife was a sweetheart

and helped me with everything. The people in the ward supported me. The youth were my special calling. They called themselves the HULL'S ANGELS and had a big sign to this effect. We took trips to Nauvoo and Palmyra. They turned out very well. We had one-hour meetings, which became famous. They were a despair to the Stake President but a blessing to the youth and the older people. This was a good ward. We led the Stake in everything. Sacrament Meeting attendance was 75-87%. Home Teaching ranged from 90-100%. I was richly blessed and for this I am grateful.

June 19, 1973 was the last day of 37 years of work. I have been able to work with many wonderful people and have been able to live my



*AC, March 1970*

religion. Most of my work assignments have been very enjoyable and I feel that I have done them well. I feel that my family has enjoyed the places where we have worked. I have been permitted to travel in all the states and also foreign countries. I have enjoyed this very much. The entire work assignment has been fun.

In the fall of 1973, we completed the front porch on the Montana cabin. To date the cabin has cost \$3,400 + salvage materials and 213 days of donated labor.

In 1973, we started building the Cub River Cabin. We had a lot of fun with two cases of dynamite. We got the floor, footings, and the south wall in by deer season.

I went to range meetings in Tucson. They gave me the Outstanding Achievement Award, which indicated high achievement.

Mayme, Mary Kay and I had a wonderful trip to Alaska for six weeks. We spent one day at the World's Fair in Spokane, Washington. Then north through British Columbia and the Yukon. We slept in an umbrella tent with a lantern to read our books by. We stayed in motels for two nights because of bad rain and when we needed to get ready for church. We attended church in Whitehorse and the Rolfson family invited us out to their place, in the Yukon, for the evening. They later visited us in Logan. We visited with the

Haddocks in Anchorage then went on to Matanuska Valley, Fairbanks, Mt. McKinley, and Seward. At the Kenai peninsula, I caught eleven silver salmon. Mayme cooked one and we traded the rest for canned salmon. The salmon was surely good. It was a thrill to pull out these big salmon. On the Russian River, I snagged many sockeye but they were too old. We took a ferry from Seward to Valdez. We saw many glaciers en route. There were hardly any groceries in the stores in Valdez. Three hamburgers cost \$10. Valdez is called little Switzerland, a title it deserves. We drove to Haines and took the inland ferry to Juneau. The scenery is fantastically beautiful, mountains, islands, timber, rivers, and glaciers. It was a beautiful trip. Then we went on to Prince Rupert, then east to the Frazier River and then followed this crooked river down to Seattle. We visited Erma Edwards in Tacoma, Washington. She is Mayme's friend from Idaho Falls. We went on a fishing boat out of Westport, where I caught the only two fish on board. We then loaded up our fish and headed for home. People told us that we would lose our headlights and tires and ruin our car with such a trip. But the only trouble we had was 1/4" of mud that we accumulated in the Yukon and which we washed off at Tok Junction. This was a wonderful trip and I would like to do it again.

We bought a travel trailer and used it in the winters of 1975 and 1976 in Arizona and California. We hunted for rocks, even though we had barrels at home, went dancing three to five times a week, and went to garage sales. We bought Mayme a beautiful turquoise necklace and a turquoise squash blossom. We brought home much junk from garage sales.

We took Mary Ella McPherson on a trip to Europe. En route we visited with Mary Kay in Iowa City, and Jim and Laida in Chicago, and the McPhersons in North Carolina. We stayed with Bill and Ella Farnsworth in Frankfurt, Germany. They took us to many choice places in Germany, Holland, and Austria. Most of our travel was with a \$300, 31-day, Eurail pass. On the first class trains, we would sleep at night and then go places during the day. We went to all the choice places in Germany, Italy, Belgium, and Austria including the Vienna Woods, the Boys Choir, and Oberamagua. In East Berlin, Mayme was very worried about getting our passports back. We went to Switzerland, including the temple at Zollikofen and the Swiss Alps and lakes. Then to Spain, France, including the Follies and the invasion beaches, Belgium, Holland, and England.



We went through Italy twice and through Switzerland four times. Mary Ella was good to run ahead and get us a compartment on the train. Every place we went the boys and men were after Mary Ella.

Bill and Ella were wonderful hosts. Their home in Frankfurt was the base for our travels. For each trip out we would just take what we needed. This made the trip easy. This was a wonderful trip and we saw everything that was worthwhile. My German came back to me

enough so that I could talk and understand everyone.

I went on the Great Canadian Moose Hunt. Five Freed and I took two pickups and went to Pelican Lake in British Columbia. After we left the highway the roads were terrible. The last 29 miles it took 7½ hours. We rode horses for ten to thirteen hours a day for six days (I did not on Sunday). We had Indian and white guides. Only one member of the party saw a moose and then it was 700 yards off. We crossed streams, bogs, rocks, trees, brush, down timber, hills, and hollows. It was hard travel for the horses and some of the hardest days of my life.

Mayme and I went to Spain for six weeks. The airfare and lodging in a first class hotel costs

\$499. The hotel had a kitchen where we prepared most of our meals. We rode buses out to the small whitewashed villages and then we would go to their flea markets. We bought two-week Eurail passes and traveled all over Spain and into the Basque country and Portugal. We then went through Switzerland and Italy, then Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. In Norway we saw the Kon-tiki raft which gives evidence to the Book Of Mormon. We had a two-day trip across the Mediterranean to Morocco. This is where Mayme rode a camel and enjoyed their flea markets. This helped her understand Egypt. It was a delightful trip. The food was good in Spain and Morocco.

We asked for the church but no one knew one. We prayed about it and two days later we saw some missionaries. The church was in Spanish but the Elders translated for us. We could feel the spirit even if we did not understand it all. There was a wonderful group of young people, including some beautiful girls who would kiss Mayme on both cheeks whenever they saw her. They said that they loved us and could feel that we loved them.

Spain is an olive country. Sometimes when we traveled we would see nothing but olive

groves for hours. Olives have a wide range, some growing in the bottom land under irrigation, some on the hillsides with natural rainfall, and some in the rocks where only olive could grow. We saw big herds of fine wool Merino sheep. They said that the sheep and the land were owned by the wealthy, with peasants working the land and herding the sheep. The Basques developed a middle class but refused to buckle down, even at the loss of life.

In the summer of 1975, Mayme and I went to Sugar City, Idaho to help clean up after the Teton Dam broke and flooded the town. We were impressed with the terrible devastation it caused and also with the desire of all people to help with the cleanup.



*Leaving for St. George*

In the Sinks I was snowmobiling down a very steep hill and hit a hole. It took sixteen stitches to sew my lips back together. I should have a sign that reads "REMEMBER, SNOWMOBILING IS FUN!"

On November 1, 1976, we received a mission call for the Utah Mission. We were shocked thinking that we would go on an agricultural mission. When we got there we found that we were in the right place. We were called as the directors of the Visitor Center in St. George. I

put everything in order and Mayme made people feel good and love one another. We usually had nine couples and we were also in charge of the Brigham Young Home and the Jacob Hamblin



*Mission Picture*

Home. We arranged it so that we all had a turn at the various places and that we all had a different day of the week off. On our days off we gathered rocks and traveled a lot. At the Brigham Young Home we did some remodeling and

added things to some of the places. We had a great love for one another and worked well together. We did lots of work but we also had lots of fun. The missionaries kept telling us how much they loved us to the point of embarrassment. I can see why Mayme was sent here. We have had missionary reunions for the last 26 years. In my journal there are eighteen pages of choice experiences that occurred during this time. Many resulted in baptisms. We were released July 1, 1978.

The pecans were a delight in St. George. We sent six bushels home. We came home with 96 quarts of shelled nuts. Pine nuts were also good. From the single-leaf pinion in Nevada we got some that were  $\frac{7}{8}$ " long.

We went to Montana to get ready for the Laird Reunion. The plumbers did not show up, so we used the outhouse and picked huckleberries.

Ten pies later, we were ready for the 81 Lairds who came.

Mayme and I had a SUP float trip on the Colorado River above Moab.



*Christmas 1977*

There were some white water rapids. The country was beautiful.

I went on a two-day float down the Colorado River through Moab with the SUP's down to the Spanish Bottoms. Some rapids and some white water. It was a real enjoyable trip. It was very beautiful country.

We went to range meetings in Casper, Wyoming where I received the Fellow Award. A real outstanding award.

We met Mary Kay in Hawaii for a trip. Donigan met us at the airport and told us what to see on the island of Oahu. We rented a car and drove all over the island. The Polynesian Cultural Center was very good. We also went to enjoyable temple session. We visited the Utah and Arizona Memorials, the Punch Bowl, and many other places. It was delightful. I am glad that I was pressured into going.

September 1979 was our first missionary reunion in Logan. Everyone had a good time. The highlight was the Dutch oven chicken and the potato dinner in our backyard.

Mayme and I were busy giving missionary talks. The people seemed to enjoy them.

In 1979, the SUP encampment was at Escalante. We were surprised to be selected as the outstanding couple of the year. We received a beautiful heavy bronze plaque.

OH MY ACHING BACK! It started when the Arrowrock house burned down in 1943. Bro. Fails administered to me and it was alright for sixteen years. Then a series of spells started that lasted from two days to two weeks. The nerves knew that they should make my back be painful. The doctors seem to follow the old belief of heat and rest. However I found one osteopath who could have me going in a few minutes or at the most an hour. In the meantime I still struggle to lift with my legs and not my back. I can still walk very good. In hunting rabbits, Bobby and I always took the longer circles.

The floor and footings for the Cub River cabin were put in 1973. Brad Hull started to build the cabin in the late spring of 1979 and had it finished by deer season.

Now that I am retired, I have time to do lots of things: President of Temple Fork SUP,

District Leader of Scout Committee, Ward Activities Chairman, President of NARFE, Chairman of Range Seeding Committee, two family organizations, High Priest group leader, hunting, snowmobiling, my yard and the cabins.

Ella suggested that we make an ancestral tour of Europe. We took Mary Kay and Mary Ella and traveled to London where we stayed with Bill and Ella. They were marvelous hosts and took us everywhere around London that was worth seeing. In Northern England we could not find any Chadwicks but we did find many Maughans. We found the burial place of Peters' first wife, but we could not establish a relationship with anyone in England. In Scotland, the Hulls and Laids worked in the mines and were converted and baptized in the River Garnock, and the left for America. We could see the old shacks where they lived, the mines where they worked, and the river where they were baptized. The Hulls lived in Dungiven, Ireland for three generations. We saw the cemetery where some of them were buried. We met Margaret Millar who had visited the Hulls often and said that they had sold the place about eight years earlier and it was now used for cattle and sheep instead of crops. The house was still there and I picked up a small teapot as a souvenir. In Wales and Ireland we found Mayme's names but no relationship. At Corse Lawn, England we

found where Mary Ann Weston had lived and the road where she had left her parents.

Conversion to the church was usually only one family or one member of the family. Thomas Hull and Mary Benson were the only ones in their family. Peter Maughan was the only one in his family. Joseph Chadwick and his wife Mary Whitehead came alone. Mary Ann Weston grew up in a close family but left them all to come to America to be with the Saints. Jacob Naef and his mother were the only converts from Switzerland.

While I was in bed, Brad made a room out of our deck and enclosed the patio. He did an excellent job. This added a family room upstairs and a spa room downstairs. I wish that we had done this twenty years ago.

On June 13, 1981 Mary Kay graduated from the University of Utah with a B.S. degree in Nursing and as a Registered Nurse. We are proud of her.

I was on the staff for the Scout Jamboree at Fort A.P. Hill Virginia. We drove back and Mayme stayed at Lorna's house near the Washington Temple while I was at the Jamboree. I enjoyed it very much. We did a lot of sight-seeing and buying on our way home.

On July 24, 1982 we had a Laird Reunion at the Montana Cabin. Eighty-two people were there and we all had a good time.

In July we had Hull reunion at Cub River cabin. Everyone had fun. Mayme and I were in charge.

Karlo Mustonen, Mayme and I went to the Scout training session at Philmont, New Mexico. It was a very good course and I learned lots, especially that Cache Valley was ahead of all other councils. We lived in tents and houses during the training session. Mayme fell and broke her ribs. On our way home we visited Gene and went into Mexico twice.

We had a great elk hunt on Jackknife with the Hulls, Becksteads, and friends. There were eighteen hunters, six days and only one elk. It rained most of the time and it was cold. Some days I rode a horse but I was still very cold and soaked to the skin. It was a nice bunch and they had fun telling stories. The hunt was hard on men, horses, guns, and vehicles. We had other hunts and I got an elk.

The Burstedts went with us to visit the Mannings in Vista, California. While there, we went to the Rose Bowl and Parade. We stayed out overnight to hold seats for the parade. Drinking and hot rodding went on during the whole night. It was very interesting. The Rose Parade was good. Dale got four tickets for the game. Dale, Carl, Doug and I watched UCLA beat Michigan. It was a good game. We spent two months in California

visiting Mannings, Farnsworths and Maughns. We drove the Toyota pickup so we brought back a lot of junk.

Mayme, Mary Kay, and I had a float trip down the Snake River from Hoback Junction to near Alpine. We got soaked from the head down. It was quite a thrill.

Mary Kay got engaged to Bill Lorch from Alaska. For Mary Kay's wedding, Bill's family came from Illinois. The day before the wedding, we went to the Cub River cabin for Dutch Oven potatoes and chicken, our special corn, won-ton salad, and dessert. Bill's relatives were thrilled with the Dutch Oven dinner. The wedding was in our backyard. Bishop Ellsworth performed the ceremony. The backyard was beautifully decorated. There were Christmas lights on the white fence and on the trees. There was more than enough to eat and plenty of helpers. Mary Kay and Bill drove back to Alaska with a fully-loaded trailer. They have a lovely home in Valdez.

The SUP encampment in Kanab. When we were in St. George, the pilot kept asking us to fly in the Grand Canyon with him. After our mission, we took up the offer. The pilot would drop deep

into the canyon. He would dodge between rock pillars and turn the plane on its side so we could get better photos. **This is the way to see the Grand Canyon.**

May 18th, 1984 was Mayme's birthday.

We were snowmobiling in the Sinks when a post jumped in front of Mayme. Made a dent in my new snow machine. Later in the day, Mayme said "this is my last snowmobiling trip and anyone 75 years of age is stupid to go snowmobiling." I went snowmobiling for another ten years after that.

We were thrilled to be called on a mission to North Carolina. We thought this was a chance to knock on doors but instead our assignment was to strengthen the members, reactivate the inactive and work with part-member families. There were two Elders or Sisters in our town to knock on doors. Our first assignment was a few days in South Carolina with the Tatawaba Indians. These Indians have been in the Church for three or four generations and are light-colored.

We visited about twenty families. In every family, the women hug the missionaries and the men hug the lady missionaries. The elected Tribal Chieftain is Gilbert Blue. He could make lots of money with



his guitar and voice, but prefers to stay with his family and the tribe. He sang for us for over an hour. As we were leaving, he hugged Mayme and his wife hugged me. His wife is very blonde and he calls her his “White Indian.” He often represents the Indians in Washington. He lets them know he is a Mormon.

We were assigned to Mt. Airy. The population was 10,000 people. It is seven miles from Virginia and ten miles from the Blue Ridge Parkway. The country is hilly and lightly timbered with openings for corn and tobacco fields. The roads are up and down and around and around. There has been a branch of the Church there since the Civil War. They now have two wards and a branch. They are scattered over a fifty-mile area. The members were glad to see us and treated us very well. We made many good friends there. We baptized six members while we were there for six months—better than the other missionaries.

While en route home, we spent six days with the McPhersons then we went to the Atlanta and Dallas

Temples. We saw beautiful fields of wild flowers throughout Texas. We brought 800 pounds of stuff home.

We got home in time to be a delegate to

the State Republican Convention.

On the 75th anniversary of Scouts at Hull Valley, Ezra T. Benson was present and called me out of the audience.

During the summer, I slipped and broke an ankle. I was on crutches for two weeks and then on one crutch for three more weeks.

Cousin Murray Hull from Australia came to America for a six-month visit. He puts out a Hull Newsletter and has a Hull reunion in Australia. While he was here, he stayed with all members of our family. Murray is not a Mormon and will probably never be one.

We picked up Jim, Sofia and David at the airport after five years in Saudi Arabia. It was

good to see them, especially our youngest grandson David. Jim took the pickup and spent the entire summer in Montana—quite a contrast to Saudi.

July 30, 1985 was our 50th wedding anniversary. The family decorated the house and the yard and had a big party. We had plenty of fruit, cake and punch to satisfy everyone.

One choice gift was a Book of

Remembrance that they gave us. Everyone was asked to send a letter and they were all included. My sweetheart, Mayme, has been choice throughout the years. The children, their spouses



and the grandchildren are all we could ask for. My only regret is that not all of them will be families forever. This is my greatest sorrow.

My left knee was replaced with a metal one. While I was in the hospital, I caught pneumonia. The doctors forgot about my knee and just tried to keep me alive. I recovered from both. I spent six days in the hospital and six weeks at home. Mayme was a perfect nurse and kept me alive and happy.

Mayme had a club party at the Cub River cabin. I recovered enough to cook Dutch Oven chicken and potatoes. Everyone had plenty to eat and had a good time.

We went to Alaska for four weeks. We are thrilled with Bill and Mary Kay's home in Eagle River. We went on a trip in Bill's 50-foot sailboat. We slept overnight in the boat. We went ashore on an island and picked blueberries, large raspberries and salmon berries. Mary fed us in great style. We saw glaciers, dolphins, streams, waterfalls, lakes, heavy timber and grassy meadows. Bill and I caught three silvers each in the Sussitna River. We had no luck panning for gold. We had a good time reading, shopping, visiting and relaxing. Mary Kay and Bill were wonderful hosts and treated us like royalty. Mary Kay is a very good cook.

We spent five weeks in California where

Mayme bought a \$497 diamond ring. We spent many winters in California with Dale and Nancy and had lots of fun going to Mexico and to garage sales.

On our trip to the Orient in March, 1988, we first landed in Korea. There were beautiful parks and gardens, including the stadium and other facilities that they were getting ready for the Olympics. Some streets were lined with small markets with young men trying to get us to buy. We did some buying, but there was always bargaining. The people were small, well-dressed and friendly. We went through a session in the Korean Temple.

We then flew to Taiwan. We attended a Temple session there, as well. They had the same shops and bargains. They had some beautiful jewelry. Our next stop was Hong Kong followed by a full week in China.

China is a land of bicycles. Hundreds of them are on the streets day and night. We saw the palace and courtyards where the movie "The Last Emperor" was filmed. We also saw Tiananmen Square where all the students were shot. The Great Wall was unbelievable. It is made of stones. The place we visited was about thirty feet tall and wide enough on top for a team of horses and a wagon. The wall goes along the ridge tops and then down through the valleys. It was a bitter cold

day but I walked for a half mile on top of it.

The people in China were very friendly and they did all they could to help us. Two college girls took us to some of the cheaper markets and bargained for us.

On a trip down a river, we went through scores of hills for miles that looked like 50 to 100-foot tall ice cream cones turned upside down. The mountains looked like sand but they seemed to be solid with no vegetation.

We went back to Hong Kong where we did most of our shopping and where we could eat at McDonald's or Kentucky Fried Chicken. Our biggest buy was a mink coat for Mayme (which she has wanted for a long time) and a woolen suit for me. We did manage to spend \$2,180 for gifts. This was a wonderful trip and we enjoyed it. (More details of the trip are on page 366 of my journal.)

On the way home from China I got a nosebleed. All my life my nose has started to bleed for no reason. It happens in Church, in bed, etc. I have carried paper or cotton to plug it up for ten to thirty minutes until it stops. We were in the Los Angeles airport. There were only two seats left on the plane and we wanted them. We ran to get the seats and my nose started to bleed the worst that it ever has. I clogged up my nose with my handkerchief and blood ran down my throat.

The stewardess said "You can't go." I pushed her aside and said "I am going, even if I die." She finally let me sit down with ice packs on my neck and my nose plugged up. They stood there to watch me die and in about twenty minutes it was OK and we took off.

**YELLOWSTONE FIRE**—The summer of 1988 was the great fire of Yellowstone Park. We watched the flames from the front porch of the cabin. The town of West Yellowstone was threatened but the winds changed and the fire went another direction. We have good photos of flames that were 100 feet tall. The fire burned 1,600,000 acres. There were 9,020 firefighters that fought the fire. (For more details, see pages 371-372 in my journal.)

The year of 1988 was a busy one for us. We moved the well at the Montana cabin and it cost us \$4,723. We did get good water 102 feet deep and 100 feet from the cabin. It is better than the old well.

We went to California for the wedding of our granddaughter, Lori, to Rick Liljenquist in the Los Angeles Temple. They were married on June 11 and had a nice reception at Dale and Nancy's home in Vista.

We celebrated the Whitney Centennial. There was a good program and lots to eat. Ezra T. Benson, then the President of the Church, was

present and hugged me and shook hands with David , Jim, and Sofie.

Doug Burstedt married Jennifer Waite in the Logan Temple on April 29, 1989.

Dr. Hyde found a double hernia and had to operate. Mayme brought me home the afternoon of the operation and took care of me.

We took a trip down the Baja Peninsula. We saw beautiful olive grove, citrus, grapes and all sorts of garden produce, beautiful beaches and dry land grain.

We went to a range convention at Sparks. I was recognized for being an author in the first two journals published. En route from Sparks, our car stopped near Tremonton. We prayed and then it started and got us home where it stopped for good. The repair man showed me the messed up transmission and said that the car could not run a foot that way. I told him our story. He said "I believe in prayer, but not that strong." When we got home, we got on our knees and thanked our Heavenly Father for getting us home and for the many blessings that he gives us.

On February 22, 1991, I was given a brass plaque from the Republican Party for "Distinguished Service."

At the Cache Scout Banquet, I was given a

high recognition for being registered as a Scout for 70 years.

March 9, 1993 was Ardella's funeral. It was a very good service and many people were there. Ardella was a wonderful wife and mother.

Susan arranged for a five-day Hull Reunion to begin August 28th at the Montana cabin. We all went to the Playmill. We had special assignments for each family. There were activities

for the adults and the children. The kids enjoyed the treasure hunts with the top prize being \$13.50 in quarters, nickels, dimes and pennies in a saw dust pile. We picked huckleberries for pies. Everyone had fun.

During January, 1991, I went to St. Mark's Hospital for an

angiogram. They said that my heart was so bad that they would not let me go home. I had heart surgery on January 7, 1991. They performed six bypasses in a seven-hour operation. Dale, Nancy, Susan, Carl, Jim, and David were all there to support Mayme during the operation. Mayme stayed with me in the hospital so they gave her a room to sleep in. I had many visitors and on Jan. 16 Mayme drove me home (see page 404 of my journal).

Many people came to our home and



70<sup>th</sup> Birthday, 1989

brought flowers and meals. The incision on my leg where they had taken out the vein started to turn purple with infection. Dr. Hyde gave me some medicine and Mayme put packs on my leg for about three weeks. Mayme was an angel of mercy and I love her for it.

The top part of my titanium knee was broken off. The doctors cut in and replaced the broken part. Then came the murderous exercise that I would do 320 times a day, and ride the bicycle for fifteen minutes, twice

a day. I rebelled, but my therapist, Larry Hunter said the I had to do it to save my knee.

We invited all our relatives to a picnic at Cub River cabin. Forty-one people came and we had a very good time. Tom Hale wanted me to tell him about my early life. When I was finished he had twelve pages. I put them in my journal.

At Carl Felix' funeral, I was the main speaker. Carl was a great man and it was easy to say a lot of good things about him.

I went to the hospital to have my left knee replaced. Someone saw a lump on my belly and they forgot about the knee and the doctor cut into my belly and cleaned out a lot of junk. This left a huge hole that Mayme had to pack twice a day with hydrogen peroxide and gauze for about five

weeks. In February, I went back to the hospital to have my knee replaced. They changed therapists and I did not like the new one. I did some of the exercises that Larry had given me earlier. I had both legs in bad shape but managed to get along.



On June 25, 1993 Allison Burstedt married Chris Averrett in the Logan Temple. They had their reception at the Stake Center in Pocatello. It was a lovely reception with plenty to eat and a lot of people came.

They are good kids and get along well. All of my married grandchildren have been married in the temple.

We had a missionary reunion at Pres. Cooley's ranch four miles south of Williams, Arizona. It was 7000' elevation in the beautiful Ponderosa Pines. Three days of wonderful food, activities, and meetings. I believe I gained eight pounds.

In August, 1993 we took Nancy and Susan on an ALASKAN SAFARI. We met up with Bill, Mary Kay, and Eric in Anchorage, then to their lovely home in Eagle River. We rented a motor home and traveled to Fairbanks, North Pole, Chitna, Palmer, Wasilla, Seward, Copper City, and the pipeline.

In Seward, the girls went to see glaciers

and icebergs while Bill and I each caught six silver salmon (the limit). It was a thrill to see the fish break water 100' from the boat. The biggest one weighed 13.6 pounds. All of the fish were over 12-13 pounds. We smoked half of them and freeze-dried the rest. I brought home more than my share. Bill said that this was his best fishing trip. It certainly was for me. We saw the biggest cabbage at Palmer that weighed 87 pounds. We did a lot of shopping. Bill and Mary Kay were the perfect hosts. They took us wherever we wanted to go and we got what we wanted to eat. The girls said it was the best trip they had ever had—NO CHILDREN and NO HUSBANDS. Mayme did not wash a dish or cook a meal the whole time.

We stayed in Alaska and baptized Eric on August 28, 1993. Afterwards there was an open house with lots of food and Eric's friends. This was a beautiful baptism day.

On September 25, 1993 we baptized David and had a birthday party in Preston. There were forty relatives and friends. Plenty of cupcakes, cakes, and drinks for all. All had a good time on a lovely day.

One day coming home from SLC, Mayme got sick and said "Hurry home, I don't want to die here, I want my own bed."

I have had to have two prostate operations. One on Jan. 20 and the other on July 21. They do

not seem to have helped me much.

July 19, 1994 we went to Pocatello where I conferred the Melchizedek Priesthood on David Burstedt and ordained him an Elder with the Stake Presidency, the Bishopric, and David's family. Two members of the Stake Presidency, two members of the Bishopric, Susan, Carl, David, and myself all spoke for sacrament meeting. David is an outstanding individual. I was thrilled to be able to do this for him.

My grandchildren have served missions throughout the world and so have their spouses. Karen Burstedt's husband, Greg Warner, went to Minneapolis, Doug Burstedt went to Mexico and his wife Jennifer went to Brazil. Lori Manning served in Louisiana and her husband Rick served in Peru. Brian Manning went to Argentina, Michael Manning to England, and David Burstedt served in Taiwan.

What a blessing to have all my grandchildren strong in the gospel.

I thank the Lord for my sweetheart of a wife and for my wonderful children and their spouses, my grandchildren and their spouses, and the great grandchildren. Mayme has been a sweetheart and has helped me in every way possible.

Old age has slowed me down quite a bit. All my life I have been able to walk through the

woods, climb mountains, and walk or run  
wherever I want to. Now I have to take short steps

and I cannot go up even a gentle slope. I even  
have to hold onto a railing to climb the stairs.

[Mayme passed away on December 14, 1995 and AC passed away on September 25, 1998]



*Whitney, Idaho Cemetery*