

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 Lairds 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 Burststedt 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*