

1987

The
Johnstonian



Memories

Neva

When I was ready to go to High School, I started the year but my mother had twins and didn't have anyone to help her. There were eight of us children and I was the oldest so I stayed home to help. The next year I was anxious to start school again. I had saved my money all year and had finally saved the required \$15.00. The first day of school I was a little late getting there and classes had started so I hung up my coat and hid my purse under it on the hook. When I went to get the money to enroll, it was gone. Since there was no more available money I wasn't able to go to school that year either. The next year my sister and I took a bookkeeping class. We passed all the requirements and the next step was to go to Pocatello, about 75 miles away, to finish the course. It only cost \$150 but we didn't have that much so we stayed home.

Denzil

I always had very nice riding horses. We had horses to do the work on the farm but our riding horses were special and I was very proud of them. When I was about 13 years old I was showing off and rode my horse up the steps of the Niter school house--there were lots of steps! It was not an approved activity.

Maxine

When I was about 15 years old I started dating. I went with a young man who was out of high school and working on a neighboring farm. We had only gone out a few times and I was still pretty new at the dating business so I was being very careful to make a good impression. One night when Roy brought me home, there was another couple in the car; the many dogs that always seemed to be around on the farm surrounded our car and were barking up a storm. I was so embarrassed, and Roy said, "We need a dog to help herd sheep on the ranch where I work." I said, "You can have the whole bunch as far as I'm concerned." I thought no more about either remark, being busy going to school and activities. I remembered later that Grandpa Johnson, who lived on our farm also, was wondering where his favorite dog was. Well, you guessed it. My boyfriend took me at my word, took the dog after he had walked me to the door but didn't happen to mention it to me. Grandpa finally got Old Tip back after inquiring all over the area about his lost dog, which of course, was the best one, having been trained to bring in the cows. I never told Grandpa that I gave his dog away.

Glen

When I was about seven years old, I stayed with my Grandparents (Johnston) frequently. One of these times my Grandma noticed that I really needed shoes so she took me to town and bought me a nice new pair of shoes. Then to celebrate the occasion we went visiting. We visited some friends of theirs who lived on a farm in Roy, Utah. They had some kids about my age. After the usual greetings and showing off my new shoes, we kids went to play.

On the back of their property there was a large, deep canal. Well, of course, we just had to play on the other side of the canal. But in order to do so, it required us to wade through a shallow irrigation ditch, then cross the canal on a wooden bridge. Now you know I wouldn't think of getting my new shoes wet, so it was decided I would go down stream of the canal, throw the shoes across, then come back to wade the irrigation ditch. I took off the first shoe, wound up for my best pitch and threw the shoe. It landed in the exact center of the canal. Woe is me. I had to go back and face Grandma with just one new shoe. What was said from that point on is best forgotten.

When I was a boy of about 7 or 8, I stayed with my Grandparents a lot. Like most boys that age, I was filled with nervous energy (well, maybe a little more than some). It used to make Grandma very nervous to see me wriggle, squirm, drum my fingers or feet, so she would sit me on a chair and say, "Can't you sit still for just five minutes?" It was a real challenge and I usually lost.

Rowing Down Rowe Street

My best girlfriends at school were Edna Rand and Judy Brittel. Starting school also meant two new and beautiful plaid dresses, made by Mommy. (Her memory of this isn't as pleasant as mine: She forgot to take a pin out of the hem of one of the dresses, and I left the pin in all day because I was afraid it would fall apart if I took it out....so my knee was a bit scratched and battle-scarred by the time I returned home. She felt distressed for me.) My fondness for the dresses was unscathed, however, and I am still drawn to red and black plaid material! (I sent Heather off to her first day of kindergarten in a red plaid jumper I made... later I realized history had probably subtly influenced my choice of material.)

Other exciting elements of the scene on Rowe Street included the giant billboard next to the house and the workers who came periodically to change it. (One of them gave me a nickle for ice cream and I was sure he was Julius LaRosa, of the Arthur Godfrey show. Mother couldn't convince me otherwise.) The train tracks crossed over Rowe Street just a few yards past the billboard, and beyond that was the street's dead end...and the city "dog pound". Along the road were banks of wild blackberry bushes, which we picked with delight (and pain). If those things weren't enough to make life exciting, there was always the Dairy Queen at the head of the street. Small cones were only a nickel, and large ones were a dime. The best treat on earth is still blackberry pie with soft Dairy Queen ice cream! (And boysenberries don't compare.)

Now, I can see that letting Glenda and me go to the corner and wait for Daddy to come walking home was probably a blessing during dinner preparation, but as a seven-year-old I really thought dads needed someone to meet them, and did it often. I remember reading the signs and looking at the broomstick factory across from the Dairy Queen.

Before Dad
put in the
new cement
sidewalk -
much better
for skating!



Some of my most vivid childhood memories are of life on Rowe Street in Roseburg, Oregon. Although I now know that was a difficult period for my parents, life seemed full of new pleasures to me in those sixth and seventh years of my existence. Having a house with stairs to play on was the ultimate in luxury, and being able to skate indoors on the old linoleum floor in the "playroom" was just as wonderful.

The upstairs bedroom Glenda and I shared must have been small, since even my memories of it have that feeling, and childish eyes usually see things as larger. But that only seemed cozy, especially since that was the room where Daddy read us bedtime stories and poems from the "How and Why" books. It was during that time that Robert Louis Stevenson poems and many other short poems and stories became permanently etched in my brain.

Having a grandmotherly landlady (Mrs. Ingles) who fussed a bit over us all was pleasant, and there were neighbors with children for us to play (and fight) with: the Days and the Dishmans. Jimmy Day was in my class when I started school in Mrs. Meeks' first grade at Benson School.

Days'
Front
Sidewalk →



← Dishmans' House

← our front sidewalk

→ To the blackberries,
railroad tracks, dog
pound, etc!

Me ↑ + Jimmy Day ↑

Of course, life was not all pleasure. It was while we lived on Rowe Street that mother first became ill with rheumatoid arthritis. I was shielded from the implications of that problem, and just remember knowing she wasn't feeling well some days. Maybe that didn't seem unusual to me since I had asthma quite often and had hard days too! Dr. Babbitt's office seemed almost as familiar as home sometimes. When mom and dad found out about a clinic in Portland that was supposed to be able to test and find out what you were allergic to, they borrowed enough money to do take me there. Skin testing was a new technique, not available in Roseburg. The trip to Portland and the hotel stay was a new and thrilling experience, which was probably part of the real thrill I felt when I got to work in downtown Portland years later (summer of 1966).

Another result of the trip (and finding out my worst allergies were animals, dust, and my own immune response) was the difficult task of giving away our cat, Dusty. But we gave him to some friends and did get to go see him a few times afterward. I also remember the subsequent rolling up and disposing of the burgundy flowered carpet, and the new cushions for the couch, etc., as the house was modified to accomodate the findings from those tests. It was so helpful to understand some of the causes of the problem.

It was also while we lived on Rowe Street that I started going to Primary...picked up at the corner by dedicated Primary leaders, who went the extra mile (or more) and really needed a bus to carry as many kids as they did! That was before seatbelt laws, and we always sat on each others laps..double or triple decker! The diligence of those sweet ladies (Gladys Pearson, Virginia Hanlin, and others I've forgotten) helped make the pathway from our home to church. (Primary got me in trouble, too: I learned the song "Roll, Roll, Roll Your Bowl, Gently Down the Street." When I came home and told my mother, she tried to persuade me that I had misunderstood the words--but I was adamant. Hard to understand how I could make that mistake, living on "Rowe" street and all!) Primary became dear to me, and was even more fun when my mother accepted a calling to teach, and we went together.

Perhaps it's not so hard to see why the Rowe Street years were important to me: many of the seeds for the rest of my life were planted there, from love of blackberry pie, school, and reading, to that all-important love of the gospel, which has guided me since that time. Knowing, in retrospect, what mom and dad were coping with then, and how little we had in terms of money, also makes me realize how unimportant 'things' are to childhood happiness. Glenda and I didn't have our own bedrooms, but we had the makings of some of the best memories I know!

Glenda

Glenda

My memories center around the early years on Hicks Street somewhere between 1956 and 1961. I can't isolate one year or date for many of the thoughts that come flooding back when I think of this house. So I will relate them in no particular order, but just as they come tumbling out.

I remember summers--and the vacant field. There were three or four large (huge! in a child's eyes) trees which had come from a logger's truck that lay in the field. They yielded unlimited opportunities for play. They became the only bridge across a raging river, the tight rope in a circus, a tunnel, a cave, a giant horse, and a primitive playhouse. I remember that Mom and Dad thought it odd that I often preferred to play there than in the darling playhouse Dad had built for us on the far side of the patio. I've often thought that perhaps this was some training ground for learning that it can be fun to 'make-do' and improvise with less than perfect materials. It has been a long lasting lesson, as I look in my front room and see some buckets with a 'sea-saucer' on top, covered by a cloth that serves as a table...

When I tired of logs there was always the 'jungle'. I suppose it wasn't as dense or foreboding as it seemed to me, but I was sure I would get lost sometime and not be found for days. Arlene Saltee, Kathryn Brown and I were constant playmates and would take our blankets and snacks and dolls to blaze a trail through the under brush and stomp out a place to lay our planket and play. It was just a good place to play hide & seek or sometimes just to be alone.

Of course there were the blackberry bushes. I know I did not comprehend that western Oregon was nearly one big blackberry patch, because I thought we were extremely fortunate to have them so close to our house. I can't think of summer without thinking of carrying two quart jars to the patch. One was tied around my waist with a white kitchen dishtowel; the other waited to replace it when it was full. My tummy usually got full before the jars did, but with purple hands I rushed home to a patient Mom who would sort out the red ones, and then bake a blackberry pie. Why I can hardly type the words without my mouth watering. It is a sensory memory inexorably tied to childhood (that and milk noodle soup!). Sometimes we took family expeditions to the patch to get enough to can. Dad would then demonstrate how to take a plank and lay it into the patch and walk right up to the biggest, ripest ones at the top.

I remember the long green grasses that grew. I do not know their name. But they had fairly broad leaves and the top could be pulled out of the bottom and chewed on. It was sweet and juicy and a favorite lazy day passtime.



Then there was the cemetery. We didn't really go there much, but we would occasionally go to 'the dumps'. I guess this was where they threw all the dead flowers, ribbons and bows and the treasured-- plastic flowers. I drug home more styrofoam wreaths and plastic treasures than my folks probably care to recall. Mom did keep the nicest ones and secretly trashed the rest. But I guess like all children, I didn't realize that she didn't keep all of them or our house would have looked more like a funeral parlor.

No memory of Hicks Street would be complete without recalling the frequent trips to the corner store. I would run errands for one or two grocery items, more often than not it was with the incentive that the change could be used to purchase a treat. It might be Double Bubble Gum which sold for a penny, or a candy bar for a nickle, or a licorice stick or sucker or wax toys filled with red koolaid which you bit, sucked and chewed. And yes, I even remember the time when I was supposed to get lettuce and I came home with cabbage. I insisted the grocery man had made the mistake, and refused to go back to change it. (I've never made the mistake since)

Finally there was the unrivaled play equipment Dad made. The merry-go-round which we got to paint any way we wanted. Dad taught us how to use the shadow of the bars to make straight lines. There was the huge swing set which I frequently used as a high bar to hang by my heels on--and scare my folks to death. And the old little swing set with a discarded bed springs underneath for a trampoline.

Yes, the childhood years on Hicks Street held all the adventure and excitement that one little girl could want, and more than she could appreciate

BLANKET WITHDRAWAL
(Eighth Grade Essay)
By Steven Johnston

I was five years of age and still "hooked." I would try to kick the habit, but it was too much. I was physically and mentally addicted to THE BLANKET. I'm sure you know what a person goes through when trying to get rid of their security blanket. Now take that person's need and multiply it by a very large number and you have me, when I was five, and my need for the blanket. As long as I could remember I had always had my blue pink polka dotted blanket. As a matter-of-fact, I was probably born in it, pink polka dots and all.

Then my mother said it: "If you don't get rid of that blanket you'll be sorry!" That was it. When my mom says "You'll be sorry" you either do the thing or else you're sorry. I don't just mean sorry, sorry. I mean SUPER DUPER SORRY. The real honest to goodness "I can't sit down for a week" sorry.

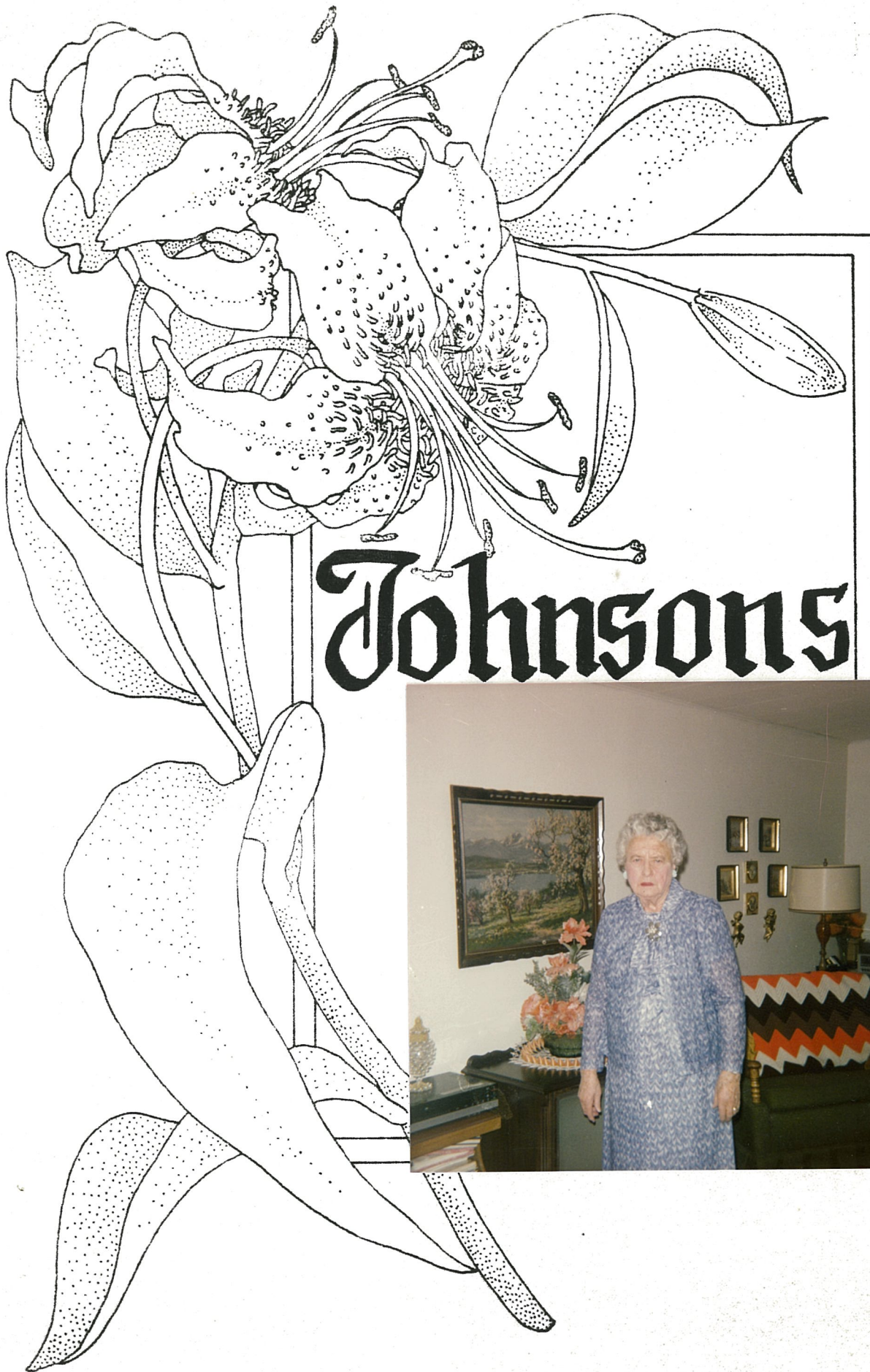
I pleaded for one last day to say good-bye. My request was granted. It was a mornful day. We went through our usual routine of fighting off dragons, rescuing maidens (whom after I had rescued I shared my blanket with), exploring new places, and so forth. That night I thought about the best way to do away with my life-long buddy. After pondering this for a while I decided to cremate it. That way, if I decided I wanted it again I wouldn't be able to get it: All it would be is smoke and ashes. I knew this was going to be terrible. I had seen other kids go through it, and it was gonna be tough.

When I got up that morning I told mom to start a bon fire to free me from the power of the blanket. She started the fire, and I just threw my blue and pink polka dotted marvel to the unmerciful flames. I wanted to grab and save it, but too late. Flames were eating away at the edges. The last thing to be absorbed was a single pink polka dot. After there was nothing left, I went into convulsions for 10 minutes. Then I was fine, and felt like a free man.

Next I went to my girlfriend's house. I liked her because we'd always play with our blankets together. I was known throughout the neighborhood as a blanket "pusher." In fact, it was me who started her on the blanket. But today was a different story. I was jealous when I saw her sitting on the lawn with her beautiful blue and red striped blanket, so I said, "Are you kidding?" "You mean to tell me you are still on that kid stuff?" "What's the matter with the blanket?" she asked. "What's the matter?" I said. "I'll tell you what's the matter. The blanket is out. I mean that went out with rattles. Get with it!"

I finally convinced her to get rid of her blanket, and offered to take it off her hands "for a small fee." We dickered, then agreed on two cents. She gave me her blanket and we went to my house. I tossed her blanket into the fire and told her it was the end of her problems. Then she called me names that five-year-olds are never supposed to know, and went crying to her mother.

And so ended my days as a blanket junkie, but not my girlfriend's. I'm afraid when she got home she cried so much that her mother, after two sleepless nights, could take no more. She had to go out and buy a new, blue and red striped blanket for her addicted daughter. And as far as I know, she still has it.



JANUARY

It was a cold month as usual, but not much snow. Ann's father passed away on the 23rd. We went to the funeral in Logan. Phil, Ann, Mitch and Nate were there so had a visit with them. We also attended the funeral of a long time friend, Evan Adams.

FEBRUARY

I made a quilt. Howard, Florence and Lance came to dinner. Phil got fired, poor kid. Still no snow and had some nice days.

MARCH

I went to the rest home with the Relief Society to visit and to play the piano for them. My sister Lillian was doing well. We went to Dr. Raymond in Logan to have our eyes checked. They were OK. We had lots of wind and rain in the month.

APRIL

Ruth and Allen Bennett took us to Roy to see our neice Bertie Hunter as she was in the hospital recuperating from an operation for cancer. We also saw Denzil's sister Zina. She was doing pretty good. Clyde and his friend Linda came to see us.

MAY

Kathleen and a friend came the week before Mothers Day and brought a gift. It was good to see them. On Mothers' Day, Glenn, Carol and Clyde met us in Logan where we had a delicious dinner at the Sizzler with Howard, Florence, Lance, Jill, Neils and Luke. We all spent the afternoon at Howard and Florences' home.



On Memorial Day weekend my brother Keith and wife Ruth came to visit us and pay their respects at the cemetery. I spent quite a bit of time over the year contacting descendents of my Grandma Turner. Her headstone had fallen apart so we all contributed and bought a new one. It was a nice experience to have contact with so many in the family.

Ruth and Allen took us for a ride around Bearlake, through Randolph and Evanston Utah. We had a good dinner and went to see Zina and Bertie again. They are better. We had our big tree cut down and the stump removed.

JUNE

Phil came to visit for a few days, then Ann and her Mom came for a few hours. The next day we went to Logan and had dinner with Ann and Mom. Glenn came that night and stayed overnight.

JULY

A hot month. The garden was growing fast. Dad spent a lot of time watering and mowing the lawn. Howard, Florence and Lance came to see us. Clyde and Linda came and enjoyed armloads of spinach from the garden. Nelda Herron stopped by and we enjoyed visiting with her. Maxine and Glen called to say they were home from vacation.

AUGUST

Glenn and Carol met us in Logan for Dads' birthday dinner with Howard, Florence and Lance. We also went to Brigham City and bought fruit to eat and can. There was plenty to keep us busy but we enjoy the fruit so much.

SEPTEMBER

All the other kids called and remembered Dads' birthday. Ruth and Allen Bennett took us to Lava to dinner for Dads' birthday.

On September 23, Phil and Ann came for a few days. My sister Lillian had a stroke but seemed to be doing better later in the month. Ruth and Allen took us to Blackfoot for a ride and we had a nice dinner. Sept. 29. Denzil went to the Dr. about getting his knee operated on. They told him to be in the hospital October 9 but found out later that was a mistake so got to be home a few more days.



OCTOBER

My sister Lillian passed away October 2. She looked lovely and peaceful in the casket. The funeral was October 5th. I gave the Eulogy. Oct. 12. Dad's knee was operated on. He was pretty sick for a few days but he was amazed and grateful that his knee didn't hurt. They even found a staple from a previous surgery. No wonder it had hurt so bad when he walked. I stayed with Howard and Florence. Their daughter Jill had her baby October 13 so Florence was with her. Howard helped a lot. All the kids called. Maxine called every day. Clyde, Glenn and Carol came to visit at the hospital. Dad went home October 19th. Clyde came and stayed the next day, then Glenn came the next Saturday. We are thankful for all of them. (Of course Mother was at the Hospital every day plus helping and protecting the patient at home) (added by Maxine)



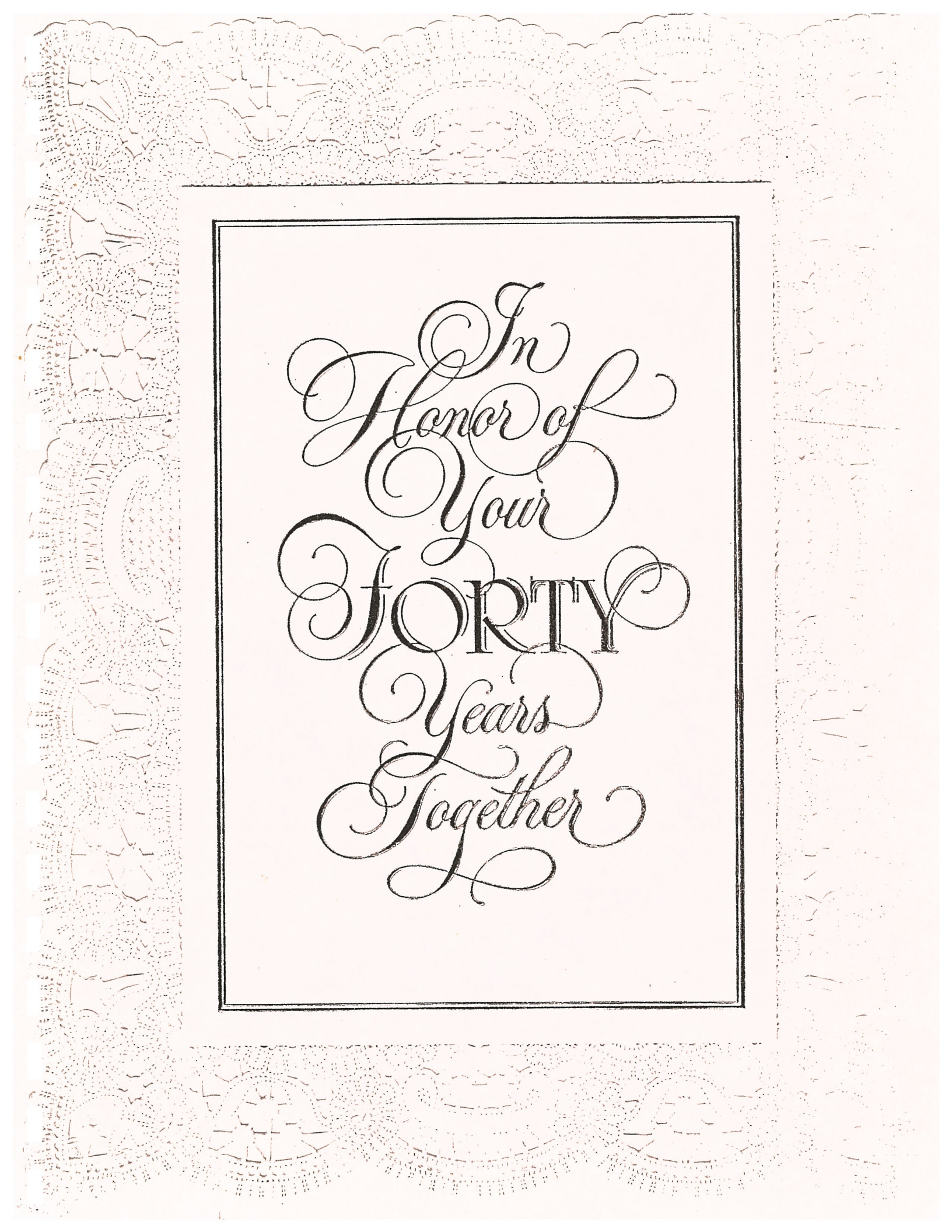
NOVEMBER

Dad recuperated with lots of physical therapy. It wasn't long until he was riding his exercycle again. Howard, Florence and Lance came to dinner. Maxine and Glen got home from visiting their family in California.

DECEMBER

Kathleens' mom passed away. Kathleen and her sister Karen came to see me on my birthday. All the kids called and/or sent gifts. We went to Ruth and Allens and then we all went to lava for dinner to celebrate my birthday. When we got home Howard, Florence, Lance and Davids' 3 children were waiting for us. We spent Christmas alone but had the house all decorated so pretty and we got along OK. It's the first time we have been home for Christmas for 7 years.





In
Honor of
Your
FORTY
Years
Together



1947

~

1987



*The children of
Glen and Maxine Johnston
invite you to join them in celebration
of their parents' fortieth wedding
anniversary at an open house in their honor.*

Saturday, April 11, 1987

7:00~8:30 p.m.

411 Durham St.

Eugene, Oregon

No gifts, please

1947-87



On April 12, 1947, Glen Roy Johnston and Maxine May Johnson were married at the courthouse in Ely, Nevada. We paid for our license with a \$2 bill we had set aside for that purpose. Our witnesses were our good friends, Ken Wahlstrom and Carrie Madison, who married later in the year. We had eloped to Nevada to keep the marriage a secret since it was against the rules to be married and stay in the student nursing program at that time. We had not planned to tell Maxine's parents until afterwards but they came to Ogden to attend a funeral and discovered the plan. At that time Glen was working in a small cafe as chef, waiter and dishwasher. Maxine was a student nurse at the Dee Memorial hospital. After all the trouble taken to keep the marriage secret we decided we did not want to be separated so much of the time as we were very much in love, so Maxine left the nursing program.

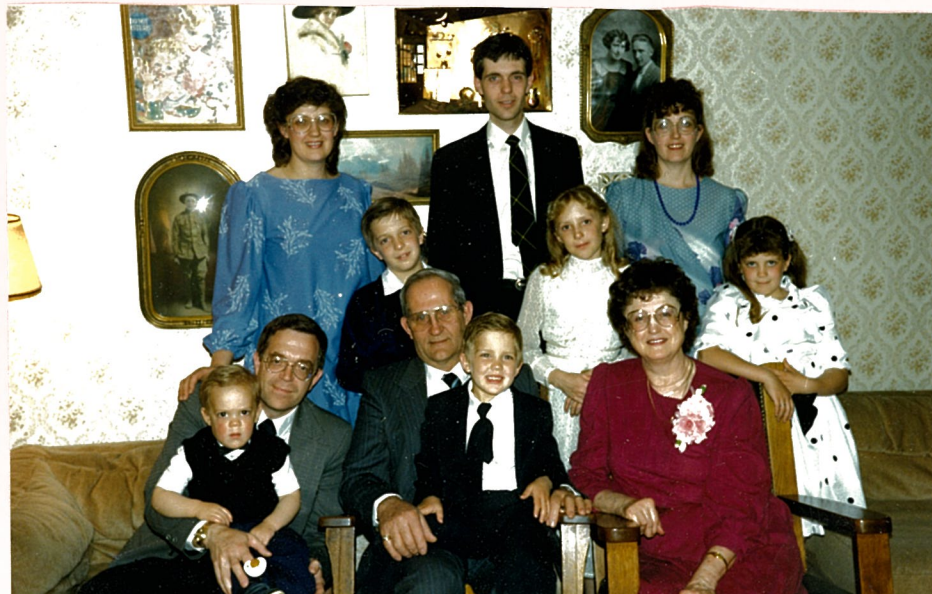


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Our first apartment was the third story of a two story house. It was a dormer window. When the studio couch was made out into a bed there was no floor space. House^{ing} was in very short supply due to wartime shortages and no buildings built during the war. Mother called it the birds nest as you had to almost climb a set of stairs like a ladder after the second floor. The iceman didn't complain very much when he had to climb three sets of stairs to deliver 10¢ worth of ice for our tiny icebox. We were soon able to find a duplex to live in with a coal cooking stove, no water heater, coal heating stove and a larger icebox. It was unfurnished and cost us \$40 a month. We had no furniture so it was pretty bare for quite a while. We got an unfinished dining room set and Grandpa George finished it for us. Mother and Dad Johnson gave us a bedroom set which helped a lot. We lived there about a year. Kathie was born while we lived there between 21st and 22nd on Jefferson St. Then we rented a little house closer to Dad and Sophia. That was very helpful as we did our washing at their house and it was an all day activity to have Dad come and get us, wash, then he would take us home. We did not have a car most of the time we lived on Jefferson. Sophia and Dad were also pleased as they were able to see Kathie more often. Shortly after we were married Glen started working for Bradshaw Auto Parts as a Mechanic, working both jobs for a while but then quit the cafe. Later he worked for Lancaster Kastings as a machinist. Due to a recession he was laid off in January 1949 and went to Wyoming to work with his brother Bob. We moved there in March 1949 to Chugwater, Wyoming. Enough history now, will save the next exciting installment for next years' Johnstonian.

When Kathie first came up with the idea of celebrating our 40th Wedding Anniversary, our first response was that nobody celebrates their 40th anniversary with an open house. She persisted however, even planning their vacation so their family could be here. Glenda and Steve were not able to bring their families at that time but were able to come for a few days. Kathie worked hard organizing everything from special invitations and decorations to good food to serve. Glenda made a beautiful wedding cake since we had not had one when we were married. Steve supplied the guest book for everyone to sign. The Brough Grandchildren gave us balloons saying super Grandpa and Super Grandma. The Winn family sent a huge computer banner wishing us a Happy Anniversary and signed by them. These all added to the crepe paper and bell decorations. We also had current family pictures displayed along with a collage of pictures taken on our wedding day and other years since then. Kathie also surprised us with a beautiful framed picture of us (like the one on the first page) that she had "tricked" us into having taken when we visited them in November. We exchanged gifts also, a gold nugget tie pin with a ruby setting for Glen; Maxine received a watch and a ruby necklace. It was glorious just to have all three children together, plus the bonus of Kathie's family. We had such a good time visiting.

The day of the open house began with Maxine's friend from work, Bess Jones, bringing 6 long stemmed red roses. Then a basket of candy with balloons afloat was delivered from Howard & LaVerna Holmes, Linda and Russ Bevans, and Barbara & Everett McVicker. Bishop & Barbara McVicker also gave us a book by Paul H. Dunn. We were so pleased that Edith came to visit and had lunch with us at Izzy's. We asked our dear friend Skip Barnwell to take pictures for us, and he and Karen did a good job of that.





While good food was being prepared in the kitchen we were free to greet our many guests. The first to arrive were old friends from Roseburg, where we had lived 25 years ago, Sam and Dorothy Skenzick. It was a pleasant surprise to see them. Ginger and Bob Smith brought a huge sugared string Easter egg, filled with goodies, and topped with a stuffed rabbit. Roma and Chad Roderick and Marilyn and Jerry Newell brought a beautiful gold lettered plate for the plate collection. Everyone brought beautiful cards for us to enjoy long after the party was over. We also received many cards from those unable to attend the open house. It was a wonderful evening, weekend and week with family and friends making us feel very special and loved. What more could we ask?

Thank you Kathie, for persevering when we tried to talk you out of the idea, and thank you to Glenda and Steve for the support you gave to Kathie. A special thanks to Winslow, Garry and Wendy for the co-operation that made it possible for us to be together and to all the grandchildren for their special greetings and love. And thank you to Heather, Jordan and April for their hard work the night of the party. It was a GLORIOUS OCCASION.





IN CELEBRATION OF YOU!

I have tried to imagine my world without you:
Soaring geese in formation, mountain peaks
hidden in snow,
The splendor of fall along a country road,
The whirr of a ring-necked pheasant at midday,
The bleating of a horned owl at midnight,
And know that none of it would be the same
Without you.

But most of all,
I could never replace your smile, your eyes,
Your gentleness and giving, your loyalty and
caring,
The memories we've filed, the secrets we've
shared.
The love that is forever there despite time or
distance.

So, today I celebrate your very existence,
Thank all of life for your life,
Express my deepest gratitude that
Of the millions of people and possibilities,
Our lives were destined to be intermingled.
And as I celebrate your being,
I want you to know, clearly and forever,
That my world would never be the same,
Without you.

James

—James Kavanaugh

*On Our Anniversary
With All My Love*

*Only you and I can know
The meaning of this day,
The memories it holds for us,
The joy it brings our way...
And nothing makes me happier
Than knowing you and I
Will go on sharing... caring, too,
As days and years go by.*

*Happy Anniversary
With My Love Always
Glen*



*A beautiful card
along with a
special rose and
carnation corsage*

Johnstons



Service Received

This was the year of much service received. My feelings are best expressed in the piece I wrote for the May Festival original composition booklet.

SERVICE

The visiting teaching message that month was about service. My visiting teacher and I discussed it and I commented that one of the things I miss the most, being as ill as I am, is not being able to give service to others. LaVerna chastises me with the admonition that it is about time I learned to accept service from others.

Neda, Young Womens President, called later that week to see if she could bring some girls to clean my house. Clean my house? MY HOUSE????NO!!!!. Somehow we can manage. Then I remember the inspired reminder that I should be willing to accept service. Reluctantly I gave permission. The appointed day comes and the girls, with their sweet leader, come to clean my house and manage to make me feel as if I am doing them a favor. Their eagerness to please and cheerfulness bring "life" into my home making that day special. I also knew that a clean house would lighten the burden my dear husband was carrying.

As time went by it was necessary to accept help in many other ways including meals and transportation. So many sisters were willing to change their busy schedules to help me. They were so loving and cheerful, assuring me that it was a pleasure to help as it gave us a chance to visit. I must remember and do likewise when I am able.

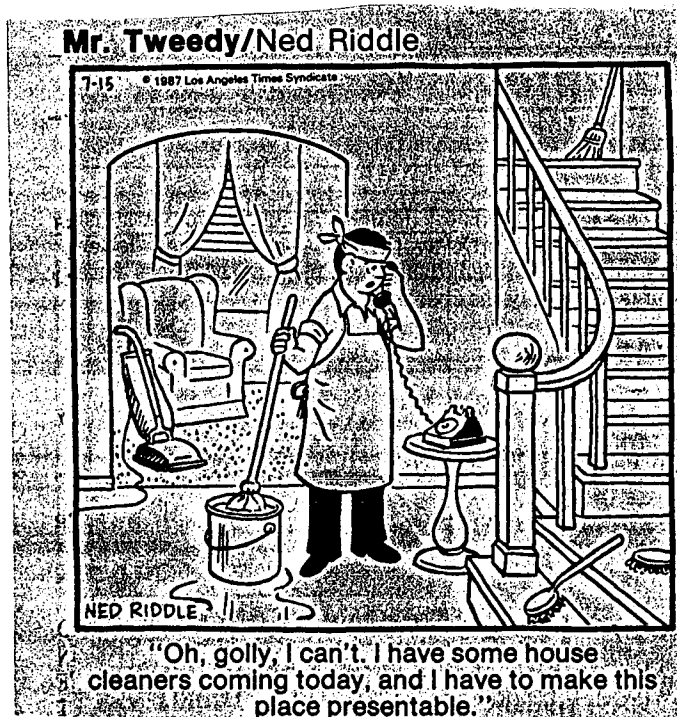
Then there were the many kindnesses expressed with beautiful flowers, balloons, cards with sweet notes added, visits and phone calls. All of these helped me feel loved and missed and that I was still a real person, something hard to remember when you are isolated by illness.

How grateful I am to all those who so cheerfully gave of time and effort, and I am especially thankful for a caring visiting teacher who reminded me what sisterhood is all about. We give when we can and receive when there is need. Joy and blessings are received in both instances.



There were so many special services done for me I must be specific about some of them. Marie Royal came to visit and ended up cooking fantastic vegetable meals, cleaning my house and doing the washing as well as buying me a book to read and spending time visiting with me. Dorothy Bacon and Evelyn Arneson took me to the dentist when I was unable to drive. Lynne Teran gave me permanents in my home when it would have been impossible for me to go to a beauty shop. Neda Livingston, Erda Johnson, LaVerna Holmes, Tammy Eggleston, Linda Bevans and Don Ainge are just a few of the many who helped in a variety of ways. The sacrament was brought to our home several times and I appreciated the opportunity of taking the Sacrament as never before. It also brought a special spirit into our home. Our home teachers, Alan Livingston and his son gave special prayers and blessings while visiting us plus phone calls from my brothers and the many calls from my parents were very special. I must not leave out the talking bear my mother sent to cheer me up. Edith came from Portland and stayed a few days while she canned quarts and quarts of tomatoes and tomato juice. Our grandson Grayson came and stayed with us and helped a lot by working in the yard and waiting on Grandma whenever she wanted anything. He watched some television but always kept it very low so it wouldn't disturb me and so he could hear me if I called.

The most important act of service was from my dear husband. He rubbed my aching body whenever he could to try to ease the pain, even waking up in the middle of the night to do so. He anticipated my every need. I had to be helped up to sit or stand. When I went to the clinic in Nevada and he was home alone he shampooed all the carpets and the house was shiny clean when I got home. He cooked the meals, did the shopping and anything that needed to be done, with never a hint of complaining, always cheerful and encouraging. He appreciated the help we received from others but the hard part was having the girls come in to clean. (See cartoon)



Glen also received special attention when he had his knee surgery. There were meals brought in, cards and phone calls, and Howard Holmes and Russ Bevans provided transportation to and from the hospital since Maxine wasn't able to drive. Also, Russ Bevans helped him construct a metal outbuilding.

We both enjoyed the delicious baked salmon dinner that Jack and Jane Jeffery brought to our house complete with salad, dessert and flower arrangement, and stayed to eat it with us and visit.

Service Given

Service given is even sweeter when you are not able to give much. What we did do was always appreciated. Lynn Terans sister and husband with their cute little daughter Misti stayed with us a couple of nights when Kevin was married. As usual Misti decided Glen was the best Grandpa a person could have.

We certainly want to take this opportunity to "Thank You" for all the work you did as counselor in our bishopric! We know much time and many hours of service are involved plus dedication.

We're also sure it was a growing experience for you and lifetime memories and friendships were strengthened.

May the Lord bless you with health, strength and love and dedication to serve well in whatever position is next for you.

You and Maxine are sure great people — we admire your many exemplary qualities.

with LDS love,

*Jerry & Terda
Johnson*

We were not able to give as much service to the church as we have in other years but did as much as possible.

Glen was released as Bishops Counselor the last of February. He received many expressions of thanks for the work he had done.

Maxine maintained the job of Leadership trainer because of the patience of her leaders. She missed many meetings but did attend when possible and did what she could. Some of the get well messages indicated that they missed my "nagging" them to set goals. I was introduced as the ward nag (with love and humor).

Glen.

I really liked the candle + holder. The color is just perfect. I also enjoyed using the wooden bowl during the holidays you made for me last year. You certainly have a "talent".

Best wishes for
a wonderful 1988!

Jim

Glen made special candle holders for Ginger and Terry at work. He also made small candle holders for me to give the girls who came and cleaned house for us.

Glen also made a clock for Russ Bevans for his office because he helped so much on putting up the metal outbuilding.

Just had to add this thank you note as our friends are so special. This gift was for Linda's 9th.

Dear Maxine,

Thank you for the very thoughtful gift. The musical, lighted basket of cones is quite delightful! It was played frequently during Christmastime and now has been packed away for next year. We three enjoyed it very much.

Thanks,

Charles Brander

I made 10 lighted, musical pine cone baskets as thank you gifts. I receive many words of thanks and other notes also. It was a fun present to give as they were always surprised that the pine cone basket had lights and music.

I also made some candy and took it to Smith & Crakes, Manley Administrators and Glens work, Staricks, as well as Dr. Abel.

Dear Maxine + Glen -

Thank you for the cute baby jacket. We'll be able to camp in style - like every new baby should! I really appreciate your thoughtfulness. Your friendship is very special to us. We enjoy so much our get togethers. Hope to enjoy them for many years to come.

Love,

Russ - Linda
& Family

May 5, 1987

Dear Maxine,

Thanks a million for taking care of the fashion show part of May Festival this year. You were great, as usual!

We appreciated your assembling the models and working with them, and rehearsing, and then reading. It was so much fun! Someone told me that was the best part of the day, in fact.

And thanks for the picture of Julie, and your primary class. I've sent it to her for her scrapbook.

(And now 'on with P. of Ex.!")

Sincerely,

Jean Hill

I was fortunate enough to be able to get the fashion show together with lots of good help. It was a funny one with ridiculous outfits and was fun to do.

I gave a class on time management and setting goals. It was very successful and I was asked to do it again but was too ill when the time came.



Eugene, Oregon 97404

30 June 1987

Dear Maxine,

Been thinking about you a lot--especially last night, when I was making "gravel". That is the neatest thing to have little packages of in the freezer, and I had run out. Now the situation is remedied.

Every morning when I am waking up I am very pleasantly reminded of you, and so appreciative of the fact that you made me think out a solution to a problem--that of getting out of bed in the morning! I always go through my stretching exercise routine before attempting to get out of bed. Once I missed it, and once was enough. Taught me that I don't do too well without it!! Doubt if it would ever have occurred to me to do some stretching like that had I not been motivated by your "nagging"!

Just wanted you to know that we are thinking about you--and miss not seeing you around--and that you are very much in our prayers.

Much love,

VISITORS

We had many visitors this year and as usual we always enjoy company. Don and Pam Ainge were the first in the year. We had a lovely lunch with them at the Valley River Inn. The visit was as delicious as the food. Glenda flew in April 8th, Kathie, Winslow and family arrived April 9, Steve flew in April 10, minus part of his luggage. They were here for the anniversary party. Glenda and Steve left April 13th. Kathie and family stayed until April 18th. We enjoyed visiting with them and also had some fun activities. We went to see an exhibit of dinasauers. Drew was disappointed that they didn't want anything to eat.



We all went to Papa's Pizza to celebrate Nathans' birthday. There were lots of fun things to do there and everyone enjoyed that as well as filling up on pizza..yumm.





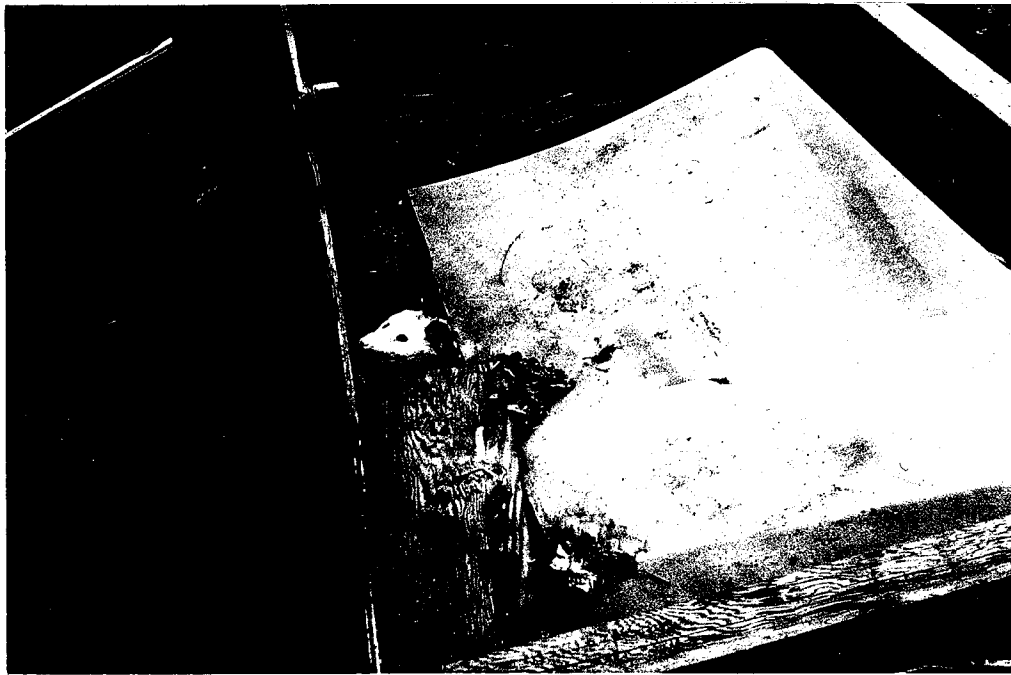
Everyone but Glen, who had to work that day, took a picnic lunch up to Hendricks Park. It was a beautiful sunny day and the rhododendrons and azaleas were in bloom. A beautiful place to be. The kids enjoyed running up and down the hills too.

We had a lovely time visiting. Kathie brought the kids into Smith & Crakes where I worked, so I could show them off. Everyone thought I was a very lucky grandmother. They went to lunch with us at a Chinese Restaurant. Their manners were excellent. I was so proud of them.



We bought OREGON shirts for the kids for Easter. We colored eggs and then since it wasn't Easter yet and the Easter Bunny had not arrived, Grandma and Grandpa hid the eggs and everyone had a race to see who would get the most. It was exciting.

We were sorry to see them leave with Winslow still suffering from a bad back and a car that gave every indication of being sick but they arrived home safe and sound.



Grayson came back with us from our vacation in California. He was here the last of July and the first of August. He was so helpful as well as being lots of fun. We took him to Izzy's for his birthday dinner and to a cafe in Portland for a giant strawberry shortcake. He went to Bend and Burns with Glen and they both had a good time. He had a good time shopping and going to garage sales with his Grandpa. We enjoyed having an opportunity to get to know him better and discover what a fine young man he is.



Dear Grandma and Grandpa,

I enjoyed going to your house. I liked going to Bend with Grandpa because we did fun things and played around. I enjoyed being with you, Grandma, you were nice and you weren't mean or anything. I liked it when we went to Izzy's for my birthday dinner. It was nice of you. She present you gave me was fantastic because I like skaters. I still play with it. Grandpa's dinners were very good. I like everything you ~~gave~~ two did for me. I wish I was still at your house. Thank you for taking me to Portland Airport that was really nice. I love you both and hope to see you again.
Love, Grayson

Marie Royal and her mother Irene Snipes came in August.

Glenda, Garry and family came Dec 21 and stayed until Dec. 28th. It was a very special Christmas. (See holiday section)

Edith also came to see us during the year. To can tomato juice, to our anniversary day and for Christmas.

One of our guests came uninvited. She brought her family and just moved right in. We didn't even know she was here until one day Glen was cleaning out the wood bin and there was Mrs. Possum grinning ear to ear with razor sharp teeth, warning Glen to stay away from her babies. Glen politely asked her to leave but she refused to do so. He uncovered her home so it was exposed to the elements (sun) and she finally decided our hospitality did not meet her needs.

Special Correspondence

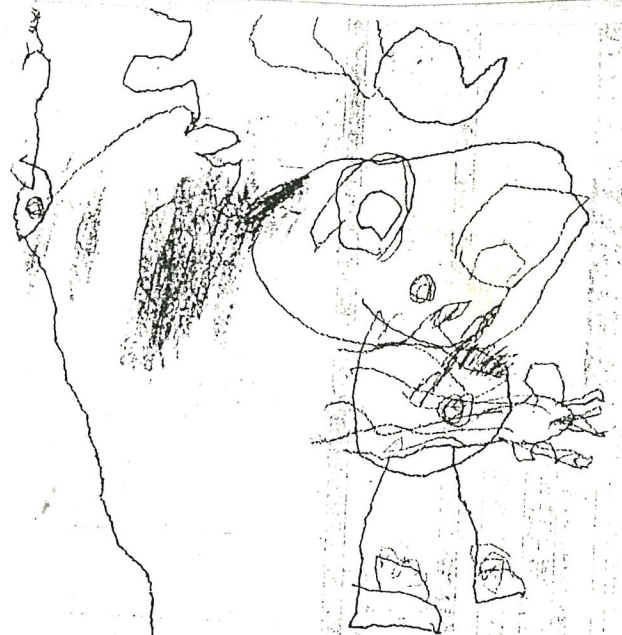
Dear Grandma and Grandpa,
Thank you very much for the
Blue Berry doll. She smells
great. I can't go to sleep without
her. She is my favorite doll!

Love,

April

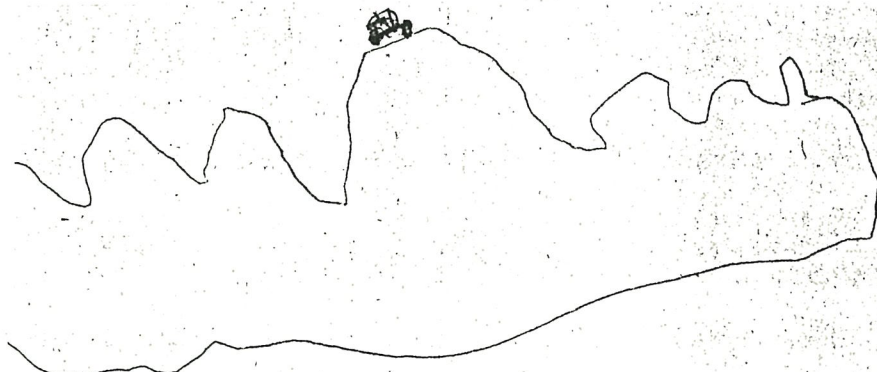


10-87



Grandpa Johnston
(He's going to take me
to a mountain if
I come see him
again.)

Andrew
10/87



Dear Grandpa Johnston -

I can't wait to go up to hills to see the snow.
I want to go to the mountains to see the snow
with you and Grandma.

Andrew

12-87

Dear Mom -

Thanks for...

loving enough to lecture
caring enough to cuddle
seeing enough to sympathize
and
talking enough to teach.

Happy Mother's Day

I love you.

Kathie
and all
partners and
subsidiaries

MOM.

bet you never thought your
daughter would turn out like
I did...

Grateful

Thanks for everything, Mom,
and Happy Mother's Day!

I'm so excited to have
a Post-Mother's Day
with you —
And I am Grateful!

Love
Lynne

So because you are so thoughtful
In your very special way,
A world of love and gratitude
Comes with this wish today!

Happy Mother's Day
With Love

Hope you're feeling better
mom. Take care,

Love
Steve & Wendy

Dear Grandpa + Grandma Johnston,

Thank you for the cupboard
and the pen + watch I use my watch alot
I use it so much that every minute almost
I tell my mom what time it is I haven't gotten to
use the pen or the cupboard but I will when I have time

Dear grandma
and
grandpa,

Thank you for
the cupboard
and the dolly
with barretts.

Love,
April

Lore,

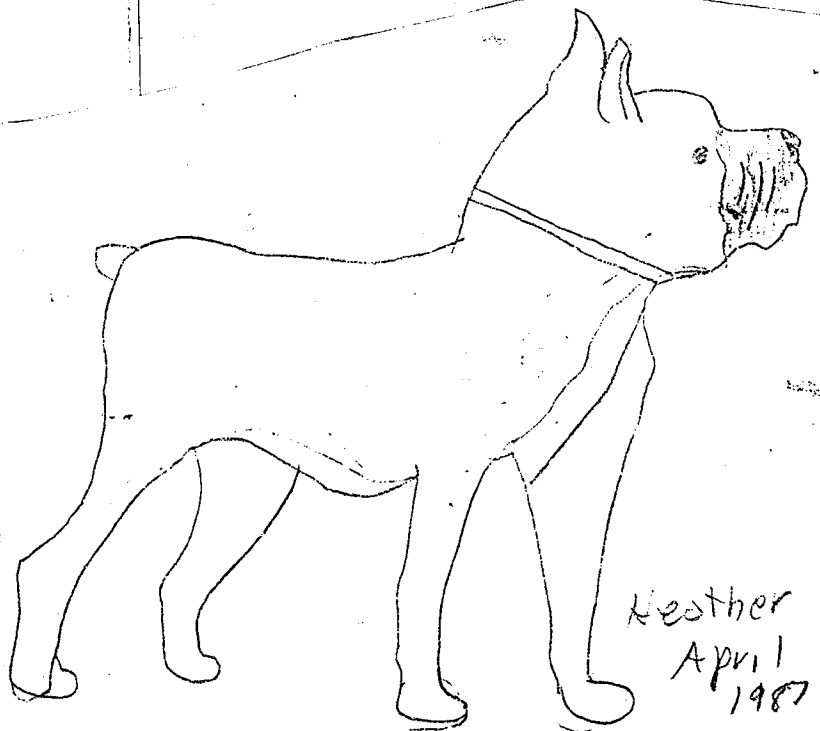
Jordan

Dear Grandma +
Grandpa
Johnston,

I like the design on the
lolly necklace you gave me.
And I can see the back of
my hair in the mirrors now!
Thanks for all the things you
gave me. XOXOXOX

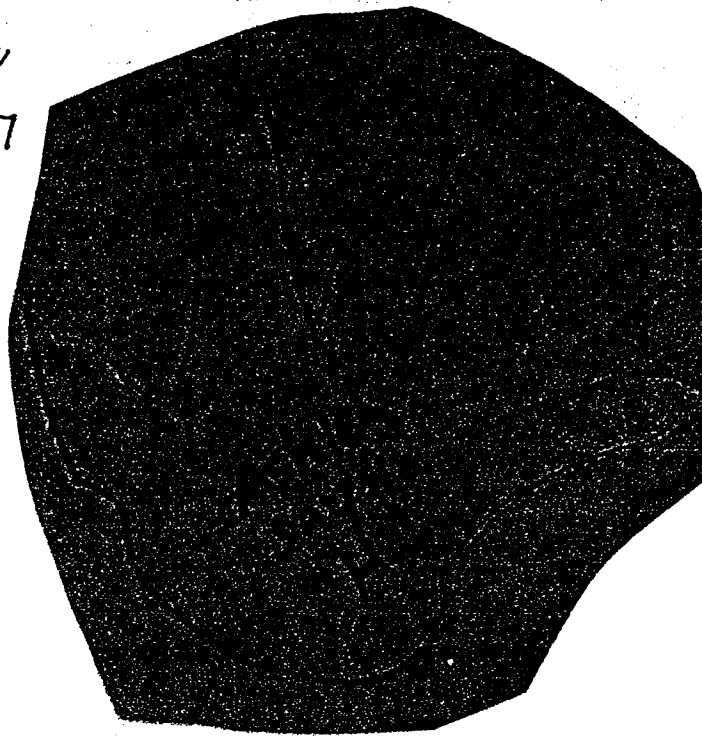
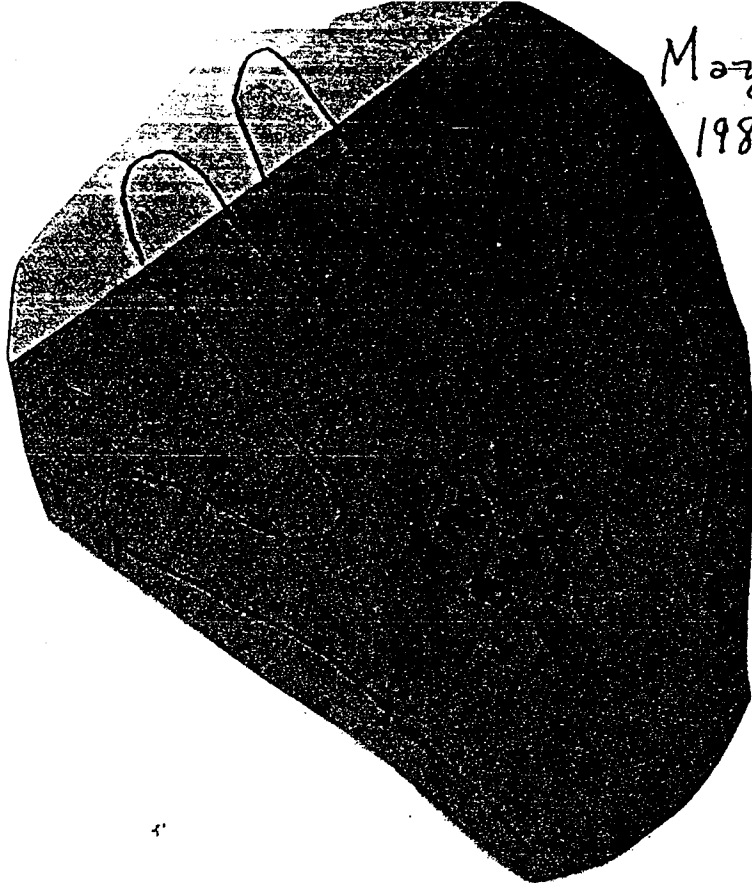
Love,
Kether

P.S. The cupboard's great!



Kether
April
1987

May
1987



Dear Grandmat Grandpa,
Thank you for the stuff for
the computer like the joystick, the
paper for the printer, the disks for the games
that we copied from our friends, the
globe which comes in handy for school,
and the ornaments that I can
hang on the Christmas tree. I
thought it was cute and thoughtful.
The money you gave us for the
game for the computer it was
used to get the game "Rendezvous
With Rama". I am very thankful
because everything I do on the
computer was mostly because
of you. I love you both. Bye!

Love,

Gentry
(your greatest grandson)

Dear Grandma and Grandpa,
Thank you for all the neat
gifts you gave my family and
myself for Christmas. I am using
them now and I know I will
be using them all in the years
to come. You didn't know it
when you gave us the computer
things, but one of my resolutions
is to become computer literate.
All those things you gave us will
help me to achieve this. It will
also help me get closer to becoming
an Electronics Engineer. I love
you very much, and I hope to
see you all soon.

With love,
Eagle Scout Garrett Whinn

Dear Daddy

There doesn't seem to be as many opportunities to tell you how much I love you - but I do.

I wish I knew how to show it more. I hope you know that nothing would please me more than for you to be a whole lot closer (like in the back yard?) There's so many things I'd like for you to teach me... so many fun things to do together - just because together would make them more fun.

Thank you for all the fun memories and for caring - even when I'm a 'pud'. I just hope we can see you soon.

Love,
Glendy Sue

Dear Daddy -

You're a dad that I can count on
To care and understand,
You're always willing to listen
Or lend a helping hand...
And although I seldom say it,
I'm hoping that you know
You mean so very much to me -
More than these words can show.

HAPPY FATHER'S DAY
WITH LOVE

Attie + Company

Something useful +

something fun... I love
this water game + hope you
will too

GRANDDAD,
if anyone deserves
the best, it's you!

That's why
you have us!

Happy Father's Day

#1 grandson Your
Dad! wet noodle
Grant

The Great Grandpa
Thompson

G.D. Gentry.

Your Precious
Genessas
Sue
Winn

YESIREE!

YOU'VE GOT TO GET UP
PRETTY EARLY
IN THE MORNING
TO FOOL MY DAD!

Did we fool you? If so,
it's the first time. Give
mom a hug for us, we
love both of you and
understand if you have
to cancel all or part of
your vacation plans.

Love,

Steve + Wendy

In SICKNESS

and in health.

Since my poor health was a major consideration for most of the year it seems only fitting that there be included some note pertinent to it, gloomy and boring as it may be.

Altho many of the problems were leftovers from 1986 I started out the year feeling pretty well. Then Jan. 27th I was diagnosed as having pneumonia and started taking antibiotics. I was off work for two weeks and then only worked a few hours a day for a week. I continued to cough however, and started taking prednisone on March 2-15. I felt good until March 25th when I started coughing again and by April 5th was on antibiotic and prednisone again. Five days after I quit taking them I had pleurisy and a massive viral infection so was back on both again.

One Specialist recommended 'GOLD shots-No Thanks

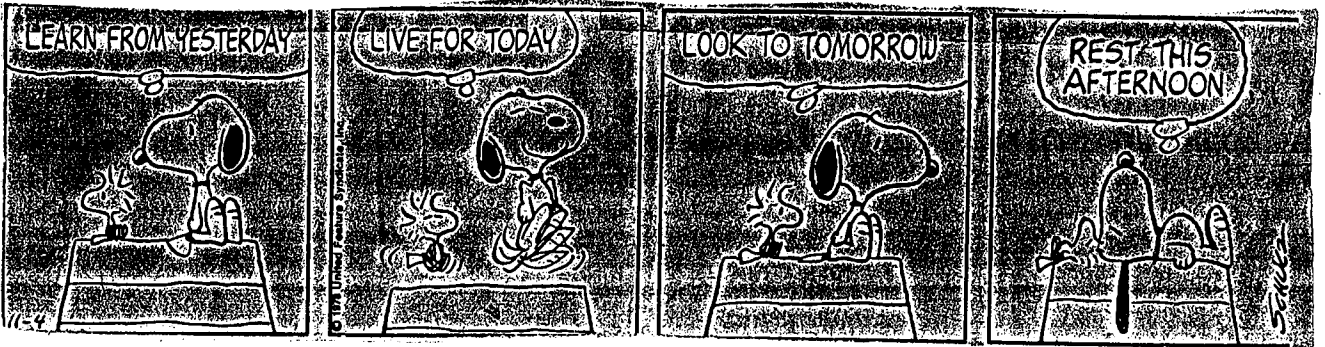
B.C./Johnny Hart



On May 12th I went to the Nevada Clinic where I received complete relief from my cough. In fact I had no problems with coughing until December when I had another infection. Dr. Royal diagnosed me as having Epstein Barr Virus and said I must spend some time in bed, which I did. I continued to feel worse however. I was trying to work and my legs swelled and arthritis became worse than it had ever been, probably because of having so much prednisone previously. By the last of June I was only able to work 2 or 3 hours a day as I was in so much pain. After another visit to the Nevada Clinic in July I received some relief from the pain but was still very ill. I have gradually become stronger and have much less pain.

All the time I was ill I was doing everything I could think of to get well, of course. I told my mother she would know how desperate I was to get well when I told her I was eating oatmeal, a food I had always refused to eat. Glen was so good to me all the time with adjusting seats higher when it was so painful to get up and down and always helping me when he could. He rubbed my dry skin with vitamin E oil when it itched so bad and he was always trying to think up ways to make life easier for me.

He and Kathie had been particularly insistent that I quit work and apply for Social Security Disability. I was equally adamant that it was no use as I knew of too many cases that had been turned down. Kathie had the Soc. Sec. office send me the information and Glen talked to Dr. Abel. They convinced me it was worth a try. In the meantime, I had faced the fact that I would not be able to go back to work for a long time, if ever, and I knew I would have to decide before September 1, when I would no longer be an employee of Smith & Crakes (I was being transferred to Manley Administrators) and therefore would not have any disability insurance. It was with a great deal of emotion that I went to Betty Larsen at Smith & Crakes and Gene Manley of Manley Administrators and told them of my decision. They were both very supportive. Through the help of Betty and Dr. Abel, and many prayers, I was able to get all the forms completed and after only 2 months was notified that I would receive all benefits. What a miraculous blessing.



*I did a lot of
This - All day*

Some of the successes that involved abilities I had previously taken for granted were: Being able to drive again on Nov. 7, the first time since July 8. First time since then to go to church, Nov. 8 and then Relief Society Nov. 15th. On Dec. 9th I went to town by myself for the first time. In December I finally began gaining weight, after having lost 30 lbs since January.

I received many acts of service and words of cheer, as indicated in the Service section. I include a few here.

Love,
Sandy Toz Idell

Dear Friend,

I was so sorry to hear you've been down for so long. I missed seeing you here & there but I thought "oh you & Ellen must be off seeing the kid!" I felt so badly when I asked Ned about you. I will be over after the holidays & visit. You are so dear to me. I am especially thankful to have you for a friend.

With LOTS of love,
Jerry & Linda Johnson

I thought the verse was PERFECT!!!
I hope your health returns very quickly!!!
May the Lord bless you with courage and an uplifting, positive spirit.

"So sorry" you're not feeling well. I think of you so much. You've had enough of this. My prayers and thoughts are with you. Call when you're up to lunch - my treat okay!

Love,
Lucy

I sure miss you in Relief Society and your 'encouragement' messages. Hope you are up and about very soon.

Fondest love,
Victoria

... with heartiest wishes
that you'll soon be enjoying
a complete recovery.

I miss seeing you in Relief Society! you know how much you've loved, & that means you have a responsibility to those of us who look to you for direction! This now only is a letter to NA 6 - so - we can and return to us we love you, Charm

Hope you're
Recovered Soon!

Sure do miss your smiling face. I know you will be with us as soon as your health allows. May God's choicest blessings be yours & my prayer.

Love
Dorothy Bacon



LOVE
you
grandma
FIRST
PLACE

DEAR Grandma
I hope you will get
better. I'm glad that
I can come
with all my love!
LOVE APRIL

APRIL
1987

Sunday, June 21, 1987

Dear Maxine,

I'm so sorry you're not up and
around easily and pain-free. One of these
days — soon.

I am really enjoying my "pursuit" this
year. I hope to close in on some more goals
soon.

See you, any day now!

Alan H

from Smith & Crokes
with an azalea

Dear

Violets are flowers
that stand for thoughts
I once heard someone say...

... Hope these flowers
will show our thoughts
have been with you today.

Always, Love "H" ¹⁰⁰
Sue ¹⁰⁰
Thinking of you!
Mamie

My Love to you
Love

Take care, please!
We miss you.
Love

Maxine, and we
love you most
We love to just think you
want you in the best
want you to be safe. Take care
you are so good.
There are so many
we are good as love
we are good as love
we are good as love

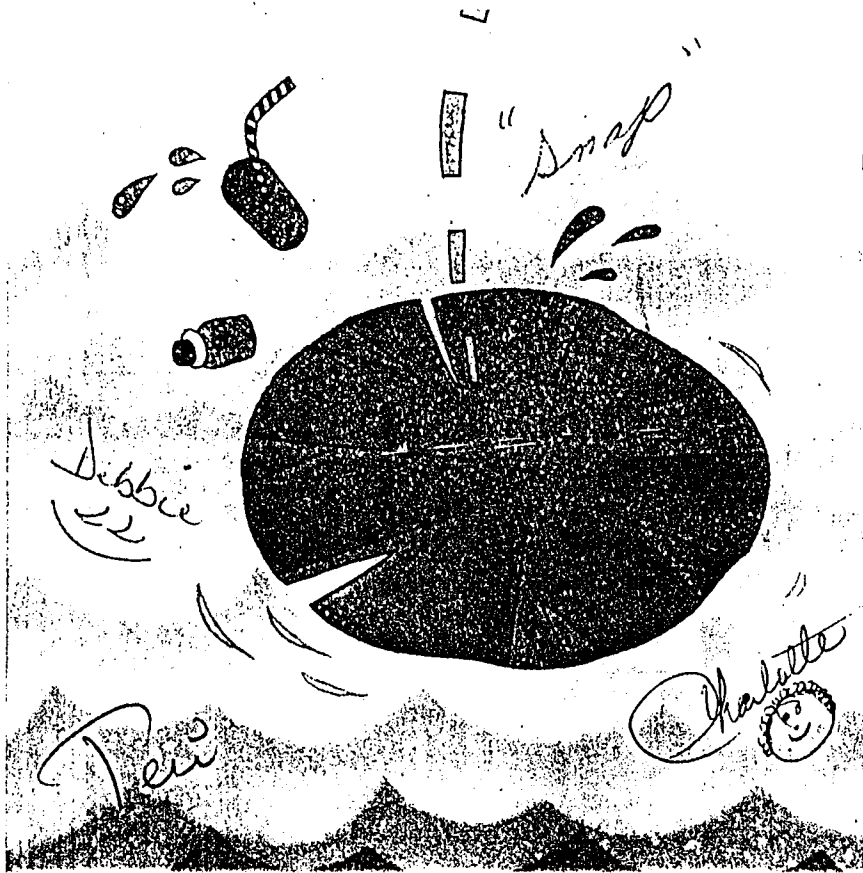
Love
Bill L.
Bill L.

Cheryl

Love
Bill L.
Bill L.

Bill

Since Maxine was getting a great deal of attention by being sick, Glen thought he would give it a try. He injured his knee on the job and had surgery on his knee September 24th. It was supposed to be a rather routine operation. He had a spinal anesthetic and was given too much so had a heart problem in the recovery room. After the Doctors had him back to normal the nurse said, "Well, you certainly got their attention" He still came home in the afternoon and within a few days was back to work. Very different from a similar operation on the other knee 22 years ago when he had a complete leg cast, was in the hospital 10 days and then a short cast and on crutches for another length of time.



.you'll have your
old bounce
back in no time!



Don Hara

Brown R.

John W. Lee

BZ

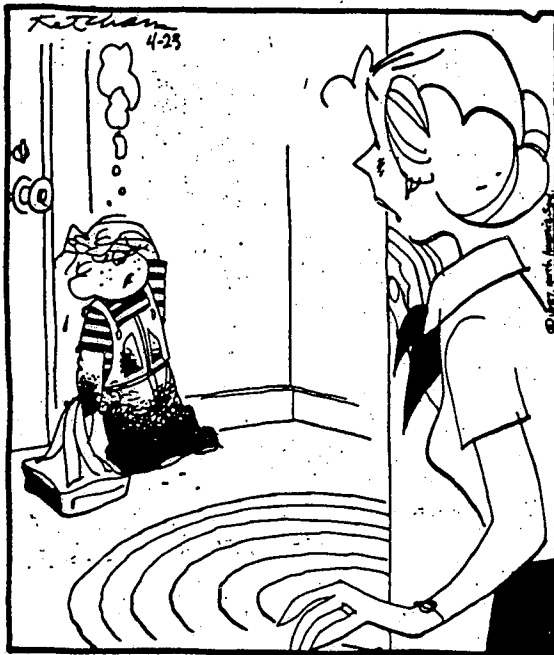
Lany

Went

Steve Henry

EMPLOYMENT

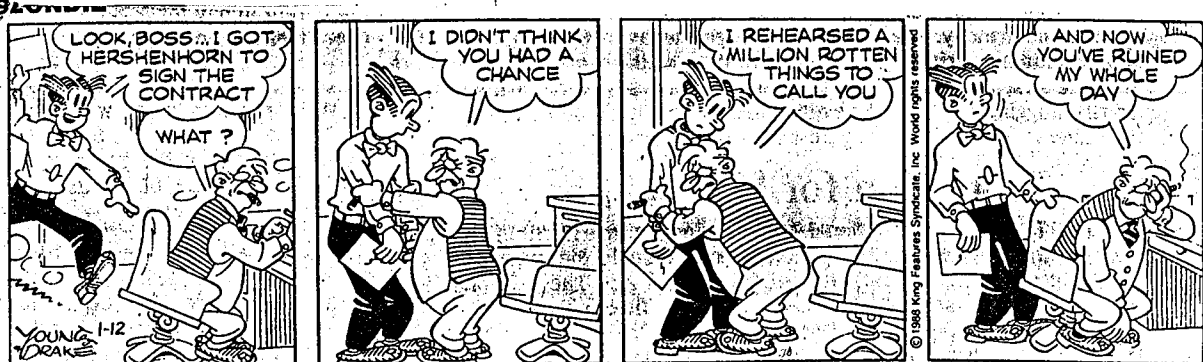
DENNIS THE MENACE



'WHEW! THIS WASN'T A GOOD DAY TO BE ME.'

1987 marked a change in occupation for both of us. Glen had worked as Service Manager most of the 17 years he had been employed by Stalick International Truck. On January 27th his job was changed to Service Supervisor with general guidelines. This was very satisfactory to Glen and was a great relief from the stress of his previous responsibilities, as now he was only doing 1/2 of the jobs he was doing before. He traveled to Bend, a 3 hour trip at least twice a month and sometimes every week, staying at least one overnight and sometimes two, traveling to Burns one of the days.

This worked very well until October when all of a sudden Mr. Stalick decided the successful sales trips were not important which left Glen with little to do, but gave Mr. Stalick great opportunity to find fault with everything Glen did do. This continued until March 1988 when out of the blue, Glen was offered the job of shop manager/salesman of the Bend store. The newly purchased 26 ft. travel trailer was moved there and Glen spends 4 days a week working there. Happiness now prevails.



Maxine quit her job with Smith and Crakes after almost 17 years, working in the Student Accident Department. The department was being transferred out of Smith & Crakes to Manley Administrators as of September 1, but she had to leave earlier because of illness. She heard lots of funny stories about insurance. This cartoon is a reminder of the volume of football claims she processed.



VACATIONS

We left for our vacation on Saturday July 11th. We drove to Yuba City to relax at a motel and visit friends who had moved from Eugene, the Graskas. Glen made a bed in the back for Maxine to rest as we traveled. Unfortunately the stop did not produce the recuperation we had hoped for. Maxine was in terrible pain and was not even able to go out to eat. We were able to go see the Graskas for a short visit.



July 13th we drove to Sacramento to visit Maxine's brother Phil, Ann, and sons Nate and Mitch. They welcomed us to their beautiful home. Phil had been NBA basketball coach to the Sacramento Kings but was fired in February so while he is still being paid under his contract he can enjoy some leisure time. We had a good visit and stayed overnight.



Tuesday, July 14th we drove to Kathies home in Livermore. Steve, Wendy, Amie and Ashley were there. This was our first meeting with Ashley. The next morning when we got up Steve and Kathie had conferred and decided there was no way I would be able to make the trip to Las Vegas with the car full so Glen and I should fly and Steve would take the car and his family there to meet us. I told Glen, "Well this is just the beginning so we had better get used to it. Next it will be," "Well folks, we've sold the house and you're going into a nursing home". Everyone got a big kick out of that. We did see the wisdom of the plan and made the arrangements were made. We had a good time visiting and enjoying Kathie's hospitality and good food.



Steve picked us up at the airport and drove us directly to the clinic. We were there much longer than we had planned and Wendy was patiently waiting at the motel with two hungry children. Since both of us were sick and didn't feel like leaving the Motel, we babysat while Steve and Wendy spent a short while seeing Las Vegas. Maxine was able to have the first full nights sleep since the first of June after the treatment at the clinic. We all went the next day and Amie was also tested and found to have the pertussis virus in her body. Maxine received an acupuncture type treatment and was better enough to make the trip to Glenda's at Riverside. Before leaving Las Vegas we had a good meal at the Tropicana and Ashley helped Grandpa drive by keeping her foot on the steering wheel.



We had a nice visit at Glenda's. Everyone visited with Maxine in the bedroom and made her feel part of the group even tho she had to spend her time in bed. Wendy made the observation that either she or Maxine has been sick when we have been together. Before the wedding she had mono, then when they came out the next Christmas she was pregnant and had to spend time in bed. I got lung infection when we went back last year. Now that we have both had two turns lets hope we can spend a well time together. Glen had a good time riding a three wheeler, watching everyone on the trampoline, with a turn or two himself, and getting better acquainted with the kids.



When we left we took Grayson with us and spent a few days at Kathie's on the way. Glen and Kathie had a good time going to the "dump" at the Lab.

SHOE

BY JEFF MacNELL



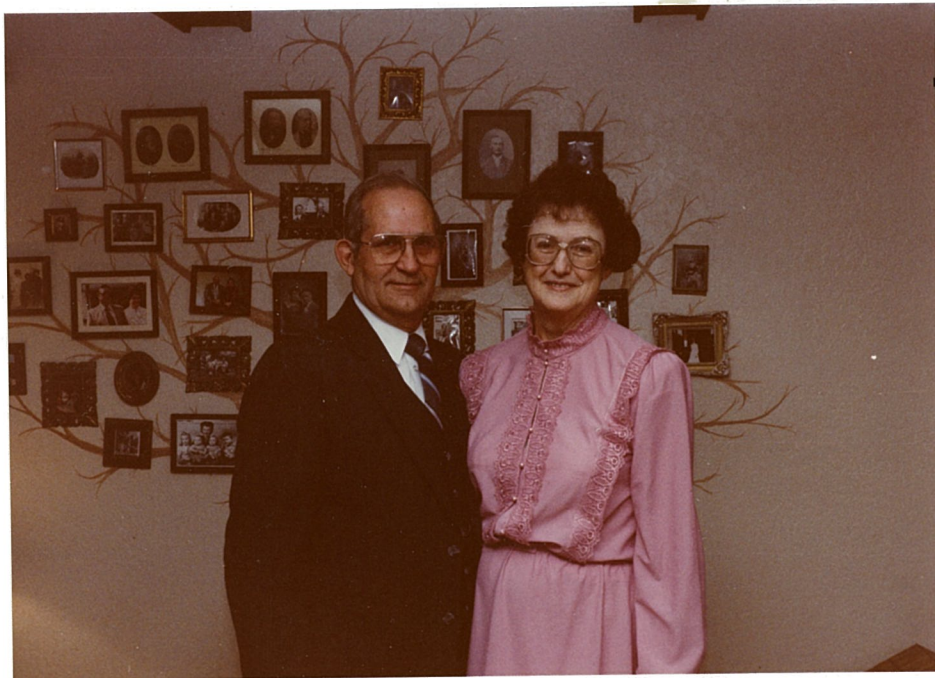
We left Eugene with our truck and 23 foot Wilderness trailer on November 12th. We had a terrible time at Dunsmuir finding a place to park the trailer. When we finally got it parked it was dark and we discovered the battery had gone dead and we had no lights in the trailer so we ate dinner by flashlight and went to bed at 7:30. It poured down rain all night. We were glad to be on our way the next morning, Glen hooking up the trailer in pouring rain. We were very glad to get to Kathie's , not only to have nice weather but to see everyone again. Nathan remembered us better and is more friendly. We enjoyed having the kids visit us one at a time in the trailer for 'changing time' where we play a game or something with each one. It is a good way to get to know them individually. We had brought down some games from our game closet and they enjoyed playing with them too. Kathie cooked such good meals and both she and Winslow made us feel very welcome. We had a fun evening out at Smorgabobs too. We also enjoyed being able to go to church with them.



We left Kathies on Nov. 19th. It was very foggy almost to the grapevine and then the wind was so bad there were warnings that trailers shouldn't go over. We decided to go a little way and have our lunch. When we stopped the wind was blowing so hard it seemed as if it would blow our trailer over. After a nice lunch and rest in our trailer the wind died down and we were able to go on to Glendas.

Marie, Mara Lea and Kimberly Royal arrived the same night and stayed at Glenda's. Marie came to pick up the canned tomatoes we had brought with us and also to go shopping. We had a nice visit. While Genessa, Grant and I were alone the day of Gentry's Court of Honor, a sink ran over and flooded both bathrooms and Glenda's bedroom. Grant was superman and mopped and swept under the frantic direction of Grandma.

We went to Gentry's Eagle Court of Honor. It was very nice. Garry did a good job of conducting. Glen gave a talk pointing out Gentry's good character and how proud we are of him. It was a nice program and Gentry gave a very good talk. Glenda decorated a cake beautifully. It was a special evening for a special young man, as his English teacher and I agreed.





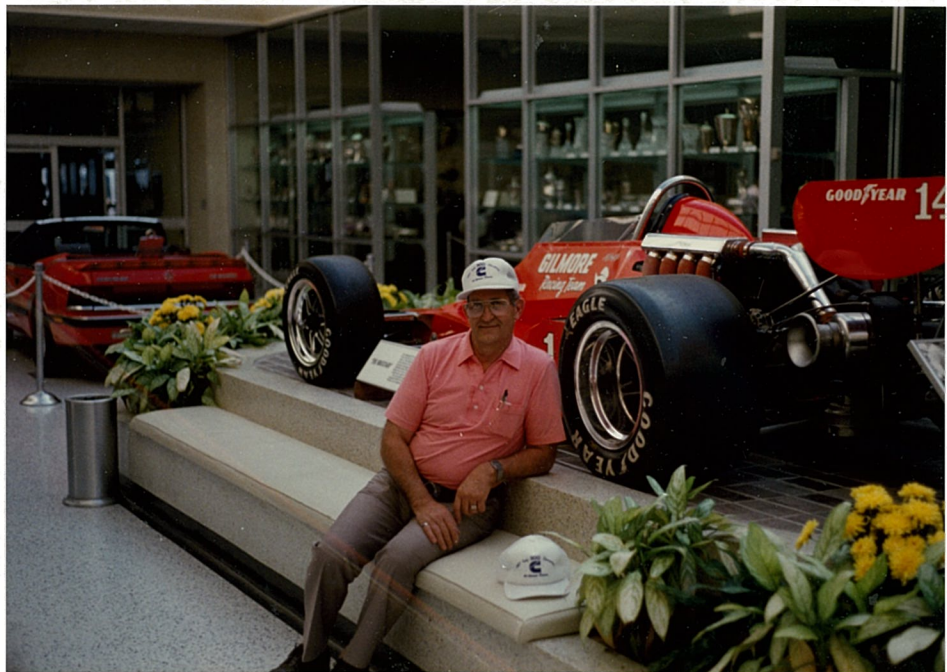
Garry cooked a delicious breakfast for all of us, even the Royals, which was much appreciated. We did a little shopping at Pic'n Save, our favorite store. We had taken some little toys to the kids and the favorite was Grant's magnetic marbles. When it was reported that Grant had broken one of the other toys I said, well, I guess we will have to take Grants toy away. Genessa, in a tiny voice said " I know someone in the same family that would like to have them". Glenda went to her school classes and we babysat Genessa. We enjoyed visiting with each one of the family. We were able to go to church with them. We enjoyed listening to Genessa and Grayson play the piano. Glen and Grayson fixed the motor bike which everyone appreciated.

The weather certainly was different. The wind blew really hard and then there were two earthquakes. One was about the intensity of 4. It was nice a warm all the time. We had a delicious Thanksgiving dinner. Glenda made curtains for our trailer.

We had a lovely family home evening where everyone told us what they appreciated about us and we took the opportunity to tell each one of them how we appreciated them. It made all of feel very close. Appreciation opens hearts. We were able to give them their Christmas ornaments with their names on them.

We left November 27th and arrived at Kathies without any problems which was a nice change. We went shopping at a Santa store and bought each one of the kids a little toy. We presented them to them one at a time in our trailer and also gave them some M&M's we had got at Glendas. We had some fun conversations with them. Nathan was very meticulous as he put the M&M's in his little truck and ate them slowly, one by one, being very careful not to drop one on the floor or he would throw it away. Drew told us about his girlfriend and he playing in the mud. A bucket of mud tipped over and the friend said "oopsie" but Drew said he knew it wasn't "oopsie" as she had tipped it over on purpose. Winslow, Kathie, and us went to the Mongolian Barbeque which is a favorite place to eat. It was as good as anticipated. We also had a family home evening and everyone told us why they were thankful for us, since it was the Thanksgiving holiday. We also had a chance to tell them ways they are special to us. We gave them their ornaments and that was fun too.

We left early on the 29th. We had planned to stop on the way overnight but got so close to home we came in. Glen stopped several times and we rested in the trailer. It was very nice to be able to do that.



SPECIAL OCCASIONS and EXCURSIONS

Our one and only trip to the coast was to Coos Bay when Glen had to go to look at a truck and we both went. It was an enjoyable time but we missed our usual good times camping there.

We drove to Portland and stayed at Ediths new apartment May 10th. Glen came back to Eugene and Maxine left for Riverside by air the next morning. Glenda took time off her classes to take me to Las Vegas to the Clinic on the 12th. I stayed at Royals' and Glenda stayed with a friend from BYU days. I was much improved after the clinic visit. Glenda and I visited a gambling casino on assignment from one of Glenda's professors while Marie tended Genessa. We got lost on the freeways and Glenda stayed at Royals because it was so late. We left for Riverside on May 14th. I enjoyed a belated Mothers Day celebration while I was there. I flew back to Portland May 17th.

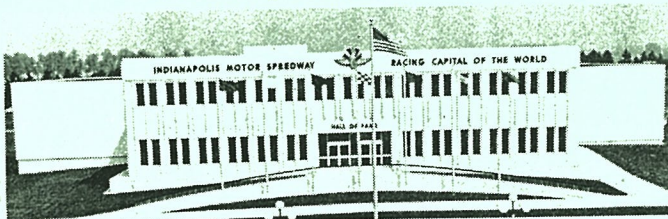
In August, Vic Hollenback, Parts man for Stalick International Truck and Glen were chosen to go to Columbus, Indiana to visit the Cummins Engine manufacturing plant as representatives of Stalick Int. Truck. We and other Navistar representatives were treated like royalty.

The trip started with a flight from Eugene to Indianapolis where we were greeted by officials from Cummins and were then taken by chartered bus to tour the Indianapolis Speedway. We also visited the speedway museum. It was a great place. We saw race cars of years past up to the latest winner which happened to be powered by a Cummins engine. Then it was off to Columbus, which really should be named Cummins, as most of the employment is due to Cummins. They have plants and research buildings all over the city. We spent two days visiting the various locations including the assembly plant which is very clean, modern and automated.

The all expense trip included some of the best meals I've ever enjoyed and was climaxed by an elegant dinner at the local Country Club.

The trip home was unusual in that we flew from Indianapolis to Dallas-Fort Worth to Portland then home to Eugene.

INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY HALL OF FAME MUSEUM



148042 ADMISSION \$1.00
NOT GOOD IF COUPON IS DETACHED

In January we went to Portland twice to see Portland-Sacramento NBA games. We always enjoy them and seeing Phil and visiting with him for a while after the game. I took homemade peanut brittle to Phil and to the team but it didn't help any as they lost the games anyway.

portland trail blazers
vs.
SACRAMENTO

JANUARY 23, 1987 **GAME 21**
FRI. 7:30 P.M.

SS 25 HH 2
ENTRY SEC ROW SEAT

MEMORIAL COLISEUM COURTSIDE \$22.50

AN EAGLE SOARS

The following is the talk given by Glen at Gentry's Court of Honor.

I am really happy to have a few minutes to brag about my grandson, Gentry.

We are long-distance grandparents. Unfortunately we only get to see our grandchildren for a few days at a time, once or twice a year. Those times are quality times. I would like to share with you some of my observations of Gentry as a young man, a student, a citizen and a scout.

I've noticed that Gentry is always filled with enthusiasm. For instance, after a merit badge review his parents told him they would take him to McDonalds for a treat. When asked if he wanted to take off his scout uniform, he assured them he did not because someone might choke and he would be recognized as a scout who could offer assistance.

Last summer we had the privilege of taking Gentry and Garrett on vacation with us. We stopped in Easter Oregon for dinner at a smorgasbord. They had one of his favorite foods, barbecued ribs and you talk about enthusiasm. I've never seen a young man put away so many ribs!

It's this enthusiasm that helps make him a good leader. He knows how to make a task a fun experience. A good example of this was when he organized his Eagle project. This project was to paint the Center inside and out. When he called his friends and fellow scouts they all came...so many, in fact, that he had to ask some of them to stay home the second day because there wasn't enough for them to do.

Gentry is a perfectionist. He proved this from the time he was in the first grade. His teacher said he was the best student in the class, but just didn't know it. If one of his papers wasn't perfect he would wad it up and start over again. Gentry still insists on excelling. This last year he set a goal for straight A's and in the end he accomplished it. He also decided he was going to be an Eagle Scout before he was 14. He had completed all the requirements a couple of months before his 14th birthday. Then on his 14th birthday, he passed his unit Board of Review.

This young man emulates the principles of the Scout Law. He is always considerate and polite...so much so that I started calling him Gentleman Gentry several years ago.

Congratulations, Gentry. It is a real privilege for me to be here at your Eagle Court.

We both were very proud of Gentry and his attaining the honor of Eagle Scout. We were pleased that he was willing to wait until November when we would be there to have his Court.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas at our house begins as soon after Thanksgiving as possible. Since Maxine had been so ill she wasn't sure how much decorating she could get done but Glen pitched right in and did lots more than usual. We were excited to learn that Glenda and family had decided to come for the holidays as we had thought we would be alone. Maxine made some candy altho not the volume of previous years. She was able to sit and make lighted, musical pine cone filled baskets for several people as a thank you present. They were fun to give as everyone was surprised at the lights and music.



Glen was busy making candle holders for the Young Women who came and cleaned our house. We presented them when the entire Young Men/Young Women group came to carol, listen to a story and see the decorations. Glenda, Garry and the family arrived on December 21. They got here just in time to have a bowl of soup and then go caroling with the Rodericks, Bevans, Lakes, Slaughters and Newells. Glen and I joined them at Newells for donuts and cocoa. There were 53 of us.

The Christmas spirit certainly was high, with the shopping, wrapping and cooking going on. The boys enjoyed the challenge of keeping the train going around the ceramic village

Genessa and Grandma studied arithmetic and the alphabet; Grandpa and Genessa had lots of conversations, hugs and kisses with Grandpa's bear.



Edith came from Portland on the 24th and joined in the festivities. Evelyn Arneson, our friend who has shared Christmas Eve with us for several years, came for Christmas Eve supper and Home Evening. After supper we all piled into Glenda and Garry's van to deliver a few goodies and see some lights, as is our tradition. We then had our Christmas Home Evening with everyone taking part, reading stories, poems and singing. Genessa sat so still during all this, holding Grandmas antique doll, and dressed as Mary, that everyone was amazed, especially Aunt Edith and Evelyn. Genessa and Grant ended the evening with a pantomime of the Saviours birth, beside the ceramic Nativity Set in the corner



Christmas day dawned bright and early with much excitement. Because of the video, everyone had to take turns seeing what Santa had brought but it was fun to be a part of the excitement and surprises. It was so much fun to unwrap presents when there were so many of us here. After the presents were unwrapped then the boys found that their gift from us was in Riverside, a pool table. They enjoyed it when they got home. It was an abundant Christmas. We had a delicious turkey dinner then relaxed and enjoyed the rest of the day.



The next two days were spent shopping, visiting, Garry taking the boys to play in the snow and lots of relaxing. We all enjoyed playing Win, Lose or Draw. Sunday we were able to all go to church meetings together which is such a joy. We are grateful that all our children and grandchildren have a desire to attend church and live the gospel. The family left on Monday morning, fearing bad roads but were blessed with no problems.

We ended the Christmas Holidays with a special New Years Eve "party" at our house. Maxine was too ill to go out to eat with the "gang" so they decided to get Chinese Food for everyone and bring it to our house. It was a delightful evening. The Lakes. Newells, Rodericks, Slaughters and Bevans came. They honored Glen for his birthday with a cake and card.

