

MY HISTORY
by
Glen Brown Harding

I was born the 21 of April in 1911. The house where my family lived, at that time, was on about 533 South 500 West in Provo, Utah. The house has been torn down now, and a plumbing establishment is on this spot. My parents were William Edward Harding and Phebe Dianthia Brown Harding. My Father is known to many people in Utah County because he served as a Deputy Sheriff to Sheriff Boyd, who was Sheriff of Utah County for many years. I was the last child born to my parents. The other children are: Ila Harding Sheaffer Bullock, Dean Harding, Edna Harding Moore Harvey, and Ellis Harding who died as an infant.

When I was a baby, my family moved to Taber, Alberta, Canada. Two of my uncles had previously gone to Canada, and had established a successful harness shop. They said they could hire Dad and the prospects looked good. Most of the people who were settling in Taber were Latter-day Saints and it would be easy to make friends. Canada was sparsely settled at this time with few planted fields, orchards, or homes to cover and hold the soil. A strong wind blew constantly and dust was a continual problem. My mother suffered with asthma and the dust made the attacks worse. Mother was a meticulous housekeeper and the constant fight with the dust on the furniture and in her cupboards made her very unhappy aside from the uncomfortable affects it had on her ailment, so after two years they decided to return to Provo. Father found a house for us close to Mother's parents at 5 South and 3rd. West.

Just before I was six years old, my parents and family moved to Magna, Utah and Father worked at the smelters there. When I was about nine we moved back to Provo. Father bought a little three room house on ninth west and third south, but soon traded it in on a house at 74 South 800 West which is still there. At this time Dad got a job as custodian for the Utah Power and Light Co. in Provo. When Provo City voted to go Municipal with their electricity the Utah Power and Light Co. moved to American Fork, but I was in the army by then and when I returned I stayed with my sister Edna and her family. My work was in Provo and I was going to get married to Muriel in the spring. I never really lived at the home in American Fork.

My first two years of school were spent at Magna, Utah. I attended the Franklin School for the next four years. May Scott was one of my teachers and I remember receiving a prize for being the best one in penmanship. Byron Jones was the principal the year I attended 6th grade and a Mr. Paulson preceded him. I attended Junior High in the old building which was on the same block as the High School. The new Provo City Center is now located on that block. I attended the new building for my Senior High School days. This building was very nice. It had a swimming pool which was an

unusual thing at that time. The pool was later condemned because some parents thought immoral things happened in the pool. For years High School students in Provo did not have a swimming pool. Now both of the High Schools have pools. Everyone seems happy about it. Time changes peoples attitudes.

I was a Senior in High School when the great depression came. Money was scarce and there was much unemployment. I decided to do something to help out in this situation. I became an apprentice to W. R. Scott, a painter and paper-hanger. Mr. Scott was a very fine man and we got along well. I learned to love him. I will always be grateful for his careful training and for the chance to know and to work with him through these trying years.

The first structure I helped with was the First Ward Church at 2nd. South and 1st. East. The church is still in use and is a lovely church. My first job with Mr. Scott was to dip shingles into paint, some dark red and some dark green, and to lay them to dry by putting them on an old iron fence which had fallen down. The shingles were thicker and heavier than those used today, but they last for 40 years before they had to be replaced. I also helped with the inside of the building. It was here that I learned to be a careful, conscientious worker. I learned good habits of work which have helped me all my life.

I worked for Mr. Scott for five years and then I was offered a job as salesman at Bennett's Glass and Paint in Provo. I worked here until I entered the army in 1942 which made 8 years with that company. When I left Bennett's because of the war, they told me that the job would be open for me when I returned. The company kept its promise and when I returned after 3½ years, I went right back to work as soon as I got home.

When I left for the army, the manager of the store was Alma Wright. We had become very good friends. We often met at the Timp Golf Club very early in the mornings and have a round of golf before we opened up the store. Together, we made plans to leave Bennett's when I returned from the army, and become partners in a store of our own. Shortly after I returned, we secured a building on 35 North 200 West and opened a glass and paint store. The store was named Wright's Glass and Paint. We did all right for a new store, but competition is high in this field. There wasn't enough money to give ourselves any fringe benefits such as hospitalization and retirement. In 1953, I decided to return to Bennett's where these benefits were available. I stayed with Bennetts until my retirement on August 31, 1973. I retired early because I had recently had open-heart surgery which had been a frightening experience to both Muriel and I. Muriel decided that 43 years of teaching were enough so we both took an early retirement. We have never been sorry about this.

I still go to the store on Saturdays. Many of my old customers wouldn't let any one else wait on them and they would wait to come to the store on Saturdays. This pleased me very much. We save what I

earn by working on Saturdays and label it "our tripping money". When we go to California to see Cora, or Colorado to see Irene, or to Arizona for fun, we use this money and it pays our way so far as gas and motels go. Since we have to eat at home we use that from our usual money.

My Mother died on November 6, 1954. She had never been an especially healthy person. For years she suffered with asthma. She was a wonderful mother and I missed her very much. Dad came to live with us. He and mother had been inseperatable and it was hard for him to adjust to mother's death.

We fixed up a basement room for him where he could have his privacy if he wanted it, but Dad was a very sociable guy and didn't seem to mind being with us upstairs most of the time. He was a pleasant fellow to be around. He knew lots of jokes and was an excellent story teller. The girls loved him and we did our best to make him happy. Father died on October 14, 1958. Mother and Father are buried in the Provo Cemetary.

There is room on the family plot for one more grave. We have assurance that two people can occupy one spot by being placed one over the other. This is our plan.

Sports Activities and Hobbies

I didn't have as many toys as children have now. There wasn't even as much variety in the stores as there is now, and no T.V. advertisements to describe all the desirable things that were available and seemingly necessary to own. I had some toy soldiers, some wind up toys and tinker-toys. I had a sleigh but I think that it had been given to my older brother and sisters before it became mine. I had a pair of ice skates from the time I could skate. The first ones were hand-me-downs of Dean's. As my feet grew I would go up to Bee's Hardware and trade them for some to fit me. Bees carried on quite a trade-place for the exchange of skates. The Bee boys were very good skaters themselves and they did their best to help out all of us kids who had no money for new skates. These were the kind that fastened on with key which we used to tighten the clamps over our toes. I finally arrived at the point where I could buy my own shoe skates. My bicycle was second-hand too. I did have a good base ball, bat and mit. I still have them.

I was taught to take good care of my things. I am shocked at the trikes, skates, wagons and bikes that are left out on the front lawn all night where they could easily be stolen, or when they are left in the rain and snow to rust. When Irene and Sandy were little girls, I brought some little wind toys that I had kept since I was small. They still worked, but not for long after I gave them to the girls. I guess I didn't wait long enough to give them the toys.

I was a good marble player and I would win many more marbles than I would loose. I had a big collection of marbles. My friends and I played marbles a lot at recess time, noon hours, and after school. Mother had to put patches on my pants very often.

Like all boys, I played base-ball on the school grounds, in empty lots, and in back yards. When I was quite grown up I played on a baseball team. The stores or business firms would sponser a team and buy baseball outfits and equipment for the boys or men. The teams so sponsered played against each other on a planned schedule. I also played some on the High School foot ball team, but going to work ended this.

It seems strange to some people that I do not enjoy seeing baseball or football on television, but I don't. For a few years Muriel and I attended all the basketball games at the "Y" and enjoyed them, but after a time it seemed so much of a hassle to find a parking place and then fight the traffic home that we gave it up. I got so tired of being in a crowd when I was in the army that I have never liked to be where I was being pushed and joggled ever since.

My Dad was an ardent fisherman, and a very good one. It was once said that if Bill Harding wasn't catching any fish, there were no fish there to catch. I didn't inherit his love for the sport or his fishing techniques.

ICESKATING: I was a very good ice-skater and skated on ponds made by flooding pasture land, or at Utah Lake. Our gang of kids would walk to the lake from our homes in west Provo. These days children have to be taken every where they go in a car and then be picked up and taken home. Not so with us hardy Second Warders! The lake was about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles away from our homes and of course, it would be cold and somedays quite deep snow. This did not stop us on our Saturdays. We would walk to mouth of the river and when it was frozen for a block or two, we would skate down to the lake. We would skate all day long, stopping only to eat a sandwitch from our pocket at noon. Of course we were tired by the time we got home, but that didn't stop us the next Saturday so long as the ice lasted.

We would play hocky, practice figure skating, have races, or just skate for the fun of it all.

One day some of us decided to skate all the way across the lake to the Oquirrh Mountains. This would have been a distance of about 10 miles each way, or 20 miles. We made it, but the trip to the mountains plus what we had already skated when the idea came to us plus the walk down to the lake and back home was a day we all remembered.

I still have my skates, but I haven't used them for a long time, and probably I never will use them again. I think every kid who lives in a winter climate should learn to skate. All they think about now is skiing, but that is too expensive for so many children and much more dangerout than skating.

When we were first married, Muriel had some skates and was just learning to ice-skate. When we first met, one of our dates was to go skating at Vivian Park in Provo Canyon. When Irene was very young, we bought her the smallest pair of skates that was made and taught her to skate. She was the smallest person on the harbor at Utah Lake and received quite a bit of attention- people would gather around her and point her out to other people. By the time she had outgrown the skates and needed larger ones, Sandy was ready to claim the small skates and we taught her to skate. Now she got attention and she loved it. When the girls were older, we continued to skate a little each winter. It was fun to skate as a family and then go home to a warm house and something hot to drink.

GOLF: My very favorite sport now is golfing. I didn't start to golf until I was about twenty-five. A friend, Garth Fitzgerald, who also worked uptown, talked me into learning how to play and taught me how to play it. I have never had any professional instruction and I have never taken the game so seriously that I got upset if I didn't do too well. I have played for the fun and relaxation I got out of playing.

I was able to golf occasionally during the time I was in England and France. When we were in England, stationed at Que, there was a golf course near by and I was able to work in a game now and then with rented clubs. It was strange to play with the smaller ball, which they use in England. When John Merrill and I went to Scotland we played there too.

I played with Marion Halliday for a long time. He owned a shoe store in Provo and so he could take off when I had my day off. We had good times together. I also played for a time with Joe Jeffs and Cora Eggertson. Cora was Muriel's girl friend for many years before we were married. Her husband Ralph was a very good player of golf and when he and Cora married, he taught her to play golf, but he liked to play with some other men who were also in his league. Joe Jeffs was quite an old man, but he was fun to play with.

When we retired, Muriel had some lessons and we began to play together. Cora and Ralph had moved to California to a retirement center called Leisuretown, near Vacaville, California. They bought a home right on the golf course. We had started to visit them every year even while the girls were still unmarried. Since the girls have gone we have never missed going to Leisure Town for two weeks each summer. Sometimes we go twice- in the fall and in the spring. Ralph died some years ago and Cora played after that for a few years, but she is older than we are, and hasn't played for the last few years. Muriel and I still play golf there when we go down.

Before Muriel got to play golf very much, she was called to be a Relief Society President and for two years her time was taken up all day, every day, with this assignment. We were unable to play together during these years except occasionally. Sometimes, on week ends, during this time, we would take off and go to the Junction where the main road takes off for Zion's National Park. There is a nice golf course at this place and we had some relaxing times down there.

Since Muriel has been released from her position as President, we have golfed at least three times a week when the weather was warm and even in the winter if a warm day came along and there wasn't snow on the ground.

We found that the Timp Golf Park in Provo was too crowded to be good for us. We were either waiting for the ones in front of us to move on, or we were hurrying fast to stay ahead of someone following us. We began going to Spanish Fork or to Payson to play. These two places charged less, so it made up for the difference we had to spend for gas, Payson, we especially like. Here we are seldom hurried and sometime we have the course practically to ourselves.

Irene and Sandra both learned to golf. They usually give me presents related to golf. Plaques in our home say such things as, "No golfing after 2 A.M. or during hurricanes"-- or "I'd rather be golfing."

For a number of years, I was interested in model rail-road-building. It began when Irene was just a baby-about 15 months old. We were in Sears shopping for toys for the first time. We came to a model train which was running. As we watched I said, "Let's buy her this." Muriel decided that I had always wanted an electric train but had never had one. On Christmas morning I received a special present. It was the electric train set.

I built a permanent lay-out in the basement of our little house on 8th West. When we moved to our present home, I sold the entire lay-out for \$100.00. I decided I wanted to start over with a set built on a smaller scale. The size I wanted is called H O scale.

There was a space in our house that was exactly right for a model railroad to be built. In the south end of the basement there was area where the basement had not been dug, but the foundation of the house extended about 4'8" beyond the basement area. A cement wall reaches from the floor of the basement up to the level of the ground and then the shelf, thus made, has been cemented. This shelf reaches the entire width of the house or 25 feet. It is now completely covered with the lay-out for the small H O railroad.

I worked for a long time on lay-out and we had lots of fun as a family. The girls were, by now, large enough to be interested and since I was working in a space only 30 inches high, they were helpful in reaching tools etc. We would all go to the basement at nights. Muriel had her sewing machine downstairs and the girls had a playroom with all their toys in it where they could go when their span of interest gave out regarding the train lay-out.

I painted the walls across the back and the sides a sky blue. Next I constructed a range of mountains out of boxes, wire, crushed up newspaper etc. until I developed the shape and then plastered it all over and painted it. We began to hunt the toy stores and hobby shops for tiny figures of people, animals trees, bushes etc. This was fun too! The people and animals came unpainted and I had to hold them with a clothes pin to paint them. We had fun deciding what color pants, shirts, coats, dresses etc. to use on each one of the people and what color to make dogs, horses, cows, deer etc. We watched for the right weeds to use when we needed more foliage made by spraying the things with green paint. This was fun on every trip we made to the canyon or on our travels during summer vacations.

At one end of the mountain range I constructed a tunnel for the train to run through, and at the other end I constructed pipes down the mountain and a power plant (purchased through Model Railroad catalogues). The train track was planned and built to go completely around the mountain range and across the front of the shelf. It would then have switches at various places in the center of the lay-out where the train could be switched from one track to another to make it go under via-ducts, over an over-pass, through villages and pass by farms.

Originally, all of my buildings were made from scratch. I had help with designs described and planned in a Model Railroad magazine to which I subscribed. (I have saved all of these magazines for grandsons who might want to be a model railroader.) For my birthdays and Christmas presents, the girls would find things they thought would be nice for the lay-out. These were all plastic buildings so that the lay-out became a combination of handmade and plastic structures. Some of the ready-made parts were purchased through catalogue because they were too difficult to make like the cattle loading dock which actually loads cattle with the help of the control box and electricity. There is a sawmill also run by electricity which turns the water wheel and makes the saw go back and forth. I made the via-duct but the lights which light up on it work through the control box too as do the lights which come on in railroad station which I made and put in real glass windows. Some other handmade buildings which have come to be favorites are: a lumber storage shed which is next to the saw mill. It is two stories high and open on the front. Various sizes of lumber are stacked in it and around it. Also a favorite is a Wheat Co-op building with 4 silos (made from empty thread spools)

Each of the structures have people, cars, trucks, animals, trees, shrubs, and whatever it took to make the scene come alive and look real. Muriel and I had fun one day. It was my day off and when she came home from school, I told her that I was so very tired because I had worked so much. When she asked me what I had been doing to work so hard and I told her that I had made a whole bunch of clothes, sheets, towels etc. and had then washed them and hung them up on the clothes lines to dry. Then I showed her two different homes on the layout where women were hanging up clothes. Since the people were quite small- not quite an inch, the items had to be very small, but I had filled the lines with various items made (cut out) from scraps of cloth from Muriel's scrap bag.

At the north end of the space for the lay-out, Muriel had asked me to leave some space for storage. When the large area was completed and there was no room for more, I still kept on making buildings.

For about three years we all became interested in ghost town. We visited many of them throughout the west. We have some special souvenirs which we collected at these towns: some chips of stone from a saloon front in the town of Hamilton, Nevada which had been shipped all the way around the Cape Horn of Africa, some bits of mirrors that adorned the bar in some other town, bits of wall-paper from the tumbled down homes, pieces of odd kinds of lumber, some square nails etc.

This interest in ghost towns and also the T.V. show called Gunsmoke made me interested in anything of the old west so that the buildings now constructed were of this type.

COLLECTION HOBBY:

I have always been a saver of things and a collector of things. I find a special rock every time we take a trip and bring it home for a souvenir of that trip. The girls would help me hunt for the strangest rock or the prettiest rock and we had fun doing this. I have saved tickets to special places we have or where I went in the army. These tickets or stubs are good reminders of things I might have forgotten without them. Looking through them now, I find such tickets as Shakespear Memorial Theater, Stratford-On-Avon, England. Ice Caves- Leman, Nevada, Disney Land, etc. I save golf score sheets to remind me of the places where I have golfed. I made a picture with bits of wood, moss, shells etc. that we had picked up during a trip up the Pacific Coast. I made a little box with a glass lid to show the things we had found at ghost towns. I made one like it to show the beautiful butterflies we had caught after fun chases after them.

I love old things from the pioneer days and I have collected items of this period, most of them from our own grandparents, some of them given to us by friends who knew we would like them,

We fell heir to a glass china closet which was in my parent's home and it is filled with these items. Some of the items are: a coffee grinder, some wool carding brushes with pieces of wool still on them, a cast iron candle holder with a long sharp prong on it so it can be thrust between the logs of a log cabin or a wall, an apple corer carved from a bone, an old straight edged razor that was my grandfather's, two types of stove irons for ironing clothes, 3 hand carved walking canes-each with a story behind it, a pair of balance scales that were once used to weigh nails, etc. a pure pewter teapot from revolutionary war days, a beautiful brown pitcher which was used for a yeast jug by a grandmother of Muriel's who used it coming across the plains and after that. a music box fitted onto the bottom of a coffee cup- with its saucer, my Dad's harness making tools, in their original wooden boxes, Dad's finger printing set which he used as Deputy Sheriff, Dad's collection of pocket knives, his hunting knives, his fishing tackle and his old dancing shoes. (he and mother loved to dance), Dad's old leather fishing pouch still contains his old fishing licenses from the year 1915 to 1933 along with two of mine for the years 1954 and 1956. From my war experiences I have kept my map-making magnifying glasses and copies of some of the maps we made for invasion purposes and for progress reports on the take over of Germany. I have golf balls from far away places: England, France, Scotland and a special ball autographed by Patty Berg, a great lady golfer.

We often wonder what will happen to our collection when we are gone. Will either of the girls or their families want these reminders of their past and care about them as we have? The China Closet, of itself, is a collectors item. We could have sold it several times to interested people. We have talked about giving it all to some museum which might be the best thing to do.

ANIMAL HOBBIES:

When I was a kid, I liked animals. When we lived in Canada and I was very small, we had a pet lamb which followed me all around, just like Mary's little lamb. I have a picture of the lamb and me and I am still wearing dresses. In my time little boy babies were not put into pants until they were very grown up - about four years. I helped my older brother, Dean, take care of the lamb- at least I guess I thought I helped.

While we lived in Canada, I had a large dog, named Old Bill. We all loved this gentle dog. Both the lamb and the dog had to be left in Canada when we moved back to Provo. I was sad about this. I would have been six.

When I was quite grown up, I had a cute little German Police puppy. I had a car, by now, and when I would come around the corner at Center Street to go south on 8th south, he would run to meet the car and race along by the car for the last block home. One night, he ran barking with joy as usual because he could see the car. A car, driven by a lady who lived further down the street came past me and hit the dog. He was killed instantly. I felt bad, even though I was grown up. I dug a grave for him in our back yard and buried him in it.

We bought a cute little dog for Irene and Sandra when they were small and they loved him very much. The dog was like any dog, and he would drag home anything loose that he found in the neighbor's yards. The next door neighbors didn't like the way they had to hunt for one of their rubbers, or one of their children shoes. They also had a small baby and the dog would bark and wake the baby up so we had to give him to an uncle who lived on a farm. It was a sad time.

While the children were growing up, we always had a cat. The last one we had, we named Sarah. She would sit up in our front window and watch us. When it was time for her to be put in the garage for night, she would watch me carefully, and when I waved my arms around and pointed to the back door, she would jump from the window and meet me at the door. No matter how I hurried, Sarah would be there first. It made a funny little ending to our evenings together. She wouldn't move if the girls or Muriel did the waving and so we always had a little laugh at bed time.

When I was about twelve, I started to raise rabbits. I raised them for us to eat, and to sell to neighbors to eat. Mother could really cook those rabbits up good. It was lots of work because I had to keep the pens very clean and feed and water them all twice a day.

I bought one rabbit who was a pedigreed rabbit. That meant that I had papers on her telling all about her mother and father, her grandmother and grandfather etc. This was a mother rabbit and I would use her only to get more baby rabbits for me. I entered this rabbit in a County Fair and she received a blue ribbon which was a First Place Ribbon. I still have the ribbon and the pedigree.

ANOTHER HOBBY-YARD WORK

Many people think that keeping up a yard nicely is nothing but hard work. I agree that it is work, but it is also a good hobby. I didn't mind taking care of my parent's yard, and I have enjoyed keeping up my own yard. I am particular about how I mow my lawns and I don't think they are finished until all the trimming and cleaning up of the old grass is complete.

My Dad gave me careful instructions on how to do a lawn job both on our own yard when I was growing up, but also on the lawns I did for others. For about two years we didn't have a lawn mower and I had to keep our lawns cut with grass shearers. This was a slow process compared to the powered lawn mowers of today. It was even slow compared to a mower powered only by man power, but the Harding lawn could not look unkept, anymore than Mom's house could stand a grain of dust or one dirty dish, or a piece of clothing not hung up in the closet where it belonged.

I like to raise roses. They are a rewarding flower and make a large, bright corner or a lawn edge on any lot. For years, I had good luck with petunia's and we always planted them in two spaces in the front of our house, and in a third space along our garage. Then for two different years the petunias would grow big healthy plants and leaves and bloom out and then one by one they would die. We thought we had planted the same thing in the same place for too long and changed to geraniums, they died. We changed to chrysanthemums and they died. We finally had the soil analyzed and found it was a little spider mite that was in the soil. Now we are doing better.

I also like to keep my woodwork around the outside of the house and my wood garage well painted. Every two or three years, I have had the shingles sprayed with creosote and oil and we have never had to have the shingles replaced.

Of course, a yard needs lots of sprinkling and that takes lots of time. As I get older and older, I will probably go along with what Muriel wants to do now- Install a watering system. I would rather do that than move away to an apartment because I felt I couldn't do yard work.

MY MARRIED YEARS:

On Christmas morning of 1940, I went to see by friends, Bonnie and Leonard Cockrell, "Merry Christmas." They had a cute little boy about six months old and I stayed to watch him play with his new toys. Bonnie said that the four girls who baby sat with Gregg, lived right next door and they had asked her to call them before Gregg took his nap so that they could see his toys and him. She made the telephone call and soon four young ladies walked in, and Bonnie introduced them to me. They were the Christensen girls: Majel, Roma, Ardis, and Muriel. The girls didn't stay very long, and when they had gone Leonard told me that the oldest one, Muriel, was about my age and that she taught school in Cedar City. Since I was not yet married, I decided to see if I could date her for that night. I phoned her and she accepted my date.

We dated during the holiday week and had fun skating at Vivian Park and seeing a show, in addition to visiting some of our relatives. On New Year's Eve we double dated with my best friend, Blondie, (Alton Peters). Blondie and I had done most of our dating together for years, but he now had a girl and they were going to be married.

We took the girls into Salt Lake City for the midnight show. After the show we went to eat and it was early New Years Day when we took the girls home. We had a nice time that night because Blondie and I didn't have to worry about keeping the conversation going. The girls took care of that and since Blondie was as quiet a person as I that was a good thing.

My Dad was always teasing Blondie and me about how quiet we were and wondering how we ever managed to date girls. He had a joke he liked to tell about us two. According to him, he was riding with Blondie and me through the main street of Springville when we had to stop for a pretty girl to cross the street. Blondie said, with a whistle, "There's a good looker!" Dad claims that all was quiet in the car until we turned the corner onto Third South in Provo, when I said, "Yup."

Muriel had to return to Cedar City on New Year's Day so that she could be in school on the second of January. We didn't see each other until spring. I wanted to write to her, but I didn't get brave enough to write to her, and she wouldn't take the first step either.

When Muriel came home in the spring, we began to date again. I wanted to ask her to marry me, but I knew I had to leave for the service. I had been drafted to serve in World War II. Everything was very uncertain. I didn't know where I would be sent and there was the possibility that I might not return. I thought I would get a furlough after my basic training and decided that would be a better time to ask her to marry me. I didn't get a furlough- not until I was in England about a year and a half later.

We carried on a correspondence from September until March of the next year when I wrote to her and asked her if she would marry me. It was an anxious time waiting for her answer, I couldn't sleep at nights or concentrate on what I was doing during the day. I was very happy the answer came and she said that she would marry me when I got home. How I wished this time to go home would hurry up and come, but the time was a long, long way off.

I had sold my car when I left for the service, and I had signed up for war bonds to be deducted from my wages and mailed home so I had a savings account which Dad could draw from if he and Mother needed money while I was gone. I wrote and told Dad to contact Muriel and take her to a jeweler and have her pick out an engagement ring. When she had chosen the ring both Dad and the jeweler kissed her for me and we were engaged. It wasn't very romantic for either of us and I sure wanted to be there in person to give the ring to her. These were unsettled times and many people had to do things differently than they would have done during peace times.

We wrote love letters from then on and I longed for the time when we could be together. Writing letters was not easy for me, but I guess I did pretty well. Muriel saved the letters and I cannot believe that I wrote that many. I haven't written a letter since I got home. Muriel wrote long letters to me and I waited patiently and anxiously for each one. There was a time when we had to be satisfied with V-Mail which was a very small piece of paper which would be opened and examined for anything which could give information to the enemy if it had fallen into their hands. The V-Mail was highly censored and it was annoying to know that someone else would be reading it.

I expected to be home for Christmas of 1945, but the ship I was coming home on got out to sea a few days and developed engine trouble so it had to turn around and go back to land to be repaired. We got almost back to France before we were met by a ship to help us out. We had lost so much time that I didn't even make it for New Year's Day. It was a big disappointment to me, but it was true to army life and I had long ago learned to accept disappointment.

My sister-in-law, Jesse, who lived in Salt Lake City, met Muriel who had come from Provo on the Orem and brought her to the train station to meet me. Dad and Mother would be waiting for Jesse to bring us back to American Fork. It was wonderful to see Jesse and Muriel. I was nearly home at last, after 3½ years in the army. I was surely happy to be home with my sweetheart and my family. Jesse took us to American Fork and the first thing I did after greeting my parents was to get into some civilian clothes. The war years were behind me.

Although we wanted to get married right away, we decided to wait until June. We needed some time to enjoy a courtship with person to person relations. I was lucky to have a job waiting for me at Bennett's, but I needed to make a little money to add to my savings before we attempted to set up housekeeping. Muriel was teaching school and decided she couldn't leave her students in the middle of the year. We set the date for June 5th.

My sister Edna had said that I could stay with her and Melvin, her husband and their four children. She lived in Provo not far from Muriel's home and since I had no car, I could not come back and forth from American Fork each day. I went to work, and Muriel returned to school, but we had nights to see each other and plan our future.

We were married in the Salt Lake Temple. Our Temple party included my parents, Muriel's Mother and her three sisters with their husbands, Devoe, Rex, and Taylor, and her brother Lorimer and his wife Phyllis. Mother Christensen was so thrilled to be in the temple with all of her children present. My parents were thrilled that I was being married in the temple. I was the only one of their children to have a temple marriage.

After we left the temple, we went to a nice restaurant and had dinner together. Ardis and Taylor turned their apartment in Salt Lake City over to us for a one night honeymoon. We returned to Provo on the Orem and stayed at Muriel's home for a few nights, until our apartment was ready for us to move in.

Our first home was a three room basement apartment in the home of Gene Halliday on 850 West and 1st. South. Apartments were very hard to find at this time because so many returning soldiers were getting married and returning to Provo to go to the B.Y. U. Fern Halliday was a relative to me or we wouldn't have been able to find one. The apartment was unfurnished. It did not have a real bathroom, but a tiny place made from a part of a coal bin contained a toilet and a shower. We had no washbasin and had to let the sink in the kitchen do double duty. The stove was a coal and wood range and we had no refrigerator. Fern had an old ice box which she said we could use. We had both been raised in homes where the cooking was done on a coal range so making a fire each morning, emptying ashes, using uncontrolled heat did not bother us as it would bother some of the newly married couples today.

After we had become engaged, Muriel had purchased a nice bedroom set. We purchased rose pink studio couch and a matching chair. We purchased an unpainted kitchen table and four chairs. I stained and varnished the table and chairs, Muriel made pretty curtains for the windows and we were set up in housekeeping.

We were very happy with our little home and with married life. Muriel thought she would be glad to just stay at home and do housekeeping, cooking, and other wifely jobs, however, she soon found that she did not enjoy having so little to do while I was at work and decided to take a clerking job at Firmages. We were anxious to buy a home and the extra money looked good. I had to work from 8 o'clock till six and she did not have to be to work until 9:30, but we were able to plan our lunch hour so that we could go home for lunch. We did not have a car, so we had to walk every place we wanted to, or had to go. We both worked until 6 o'clock so our evening meal was rather late. We usually went for a walk in the evenings. Often we walked to town and bought a pint of strawberry ice cream.

Muriel had signed a contract to teach in the fall so she was back at her old job, except she was now Mrs. Harding. By February, we knew that we would be having a baby and we were so thrilled! We were nearly 36 when we were married and there was a possibility that we would not be able to have children. In fact Dr. Merrill had told Muriel that it was very doubtful that she could become a mother. Now we knew that we were ready to buy a home. The basement apartment would not do to raise a baby in.

We began looking for a house which we could afford. I had some War Bonds and the money I had put in savings when I sold my car before entering the army. Muriel had some money she could take which she had put in the teacher's retirement plan.

We found just what we wanted for a first home. It was only a few blocks from our apartment and in my favorite area of town- Provo Second Ward- where I had been raised. It was almost a new house. It had been built for an old couple who had now died. It had only one bedroom, but it was large enough for our bedroom furniture and a crib. We would worry about an other bedroom when the time came that we had to have another one. The kitchen and living room were nice although the house was heated by a coal stove in the living room and we would have buy a gas range for the kitchen. We decided to also install a little floor furnace in the front room. There was a half basement for storage, washing etc. We would have to borrow \$1,700.00 in addition to what we had saved.

The house needed painting and papering both inside and out so we began working at nights. Muriel would go with me and we had fun along with hard work. I often stayed and worked later than Muriel to finish up the job under progress. We took our pick of all the wallpaper available at Bennett's. We could get things for a discount price we chose the best paper and paint. We bought a green velvet rug for the living room and Muriel made curtains and drapes. It was very nice when it was completed. We were happy to have our home ready for our new baby. The war years and our long wait for marriage seemed far away.

Irene was born on October 5, 1947. Irene was a lovely baby. She learned to walk and talk very early. Her hair grew fast and her blonde ringlets attracted much attention. It was fun to watch her grow, learn to walk and talk, see her running for me at nights and playing with her.

Muriel had enrolled for substitute teaching and they called her to teach often at the Franklin School near by. When Irene reached her first birthday Muriel gave in to the pleas from the District and returned to work. Our neighbor Sadie Madsen said she would tend Irene. Before spring came Muriel was pregnant with Sandra, our second little girl, so she "retired" for the second time .

The time was now here when we needed another bedroom, so that summer we added a room on to the house. We moved into the new bedroom, purchased another crib, and we were ready for our second child. The old bedroom was now strictly a nursery. Two cribs and other necessary items for two children now filled it.

This second little girl had red hair and all the nurses called her "Sandy". By the time we took her home it would have impossible to name her anything but "Sandra". She had a very happy disposition and her red hair attracted the same attention as Irene's blond curls. We were sure that we had the cutest and smartest little girls in the world. I built swings and a sandbox for them and they had fun with each other,

We enjoyed our little girls. I pulled them on sleighs, pushed them in swings, played with them often, and they, in turn helped me mow the lawn, rake the leaves etc. We enjoyed our Christmases, Valentines Days, Easters, Halloweens, 4th of Julys, etc as a family. We went fishing and picnicing and had vacations together. We went to Yellowstone 11 times. If we got anywhere close to Yellowstone on the way to or from other vacation spots, the girls would talk us into "going around to Yellowstone. We were in Disney Land on the second day it opened. We went to the zoo in San Diego, the Wax Museum, Marine Land, Knox Berry Farm, Mount Rushmore, Rocky Mountain National Park, Glacier National Park, Canada, Banff, Lake Louise, Waterton Lakes, a baseball game in Chicago, Mesa Verde, Bryce, Zion's and Grand Canyons, San Francisco, the Pacific Coast to Portland, Oregon and all the things along the road that were interesting or near us as we traveled from place to place. As we traveled around Utah, we stopped at every park or school ground we passed to let the girls swing, tricky-bar, teeter-totter, slide etc.

We watched our girls through their school days and beamed with pride whenever they took a part in any production. They had piano lessons, swimming lessons, and dancing lessons. We watched and comforted them through all the illnesses children

experience-measles, chicken pox, mumps, colds, etc. We lay awake nights when they started to date. We saw them graduate from High School and Seminary and then leave for college. We missed them when they married and are lonely for them when they live away from home. Irene an Colorado and Sandra in Wyoming. We are thrilled at the birth of each grandchild which now numbers six. In their order of birth, they are: Michele 10, Jeffry 5, Kimberly 4, Tamara 2, David 2, Daniel 1.

One Easter, when the girls were small, a little family tradition was started: The girls had some snap-together beads to play with. I told them to put them in a bowl and put the bowl by the floor furnace in the front room. If they turned them over every day until Easter, something would happen to them. They carefully followed my directions, trying to guess what would happen. On Easter morning they ran to see. The beads were gone and in their place was some little cotton bunnies and chicks. They were very excited. The next year they remembered and put out the beads again. The magic worked again.

The girls put the beads out every Easter, but after a few years the beads, one by one, had been lost until there weren't enough to put into the bowl. They were heartbroken. I told them to color some pretty Easter eggs on paper, cut them out and put them in the bowl and maybe the magic would work. They were not sure it would work, but on Easter morning they found the usual fluffy chicks and bunnies. They cut out and colored paper eggs and put them by the heat vents long after they knew the truth about where the chicks and bunnies came from. Now they have their own children carry out the tradition. This "family tradition" which is strictly ours has made for fun and happiness. We hope it is continued by our grandchildren and those who follow us.

In 1952 we decided to move into a home with a larger living room and be built of brick. We purchased our present home on 735 East 200 South. Irene was now ready for Kindergarten and Sandra was nearly 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ years old.

This home had not been lived in for about nine months and the weeds were thick and tall. The lawn looked like it would never be green again, The house was dirty and run down. We began to paint and paper the entire house just as we had done with the one on 8th West. Muriel would take the girls with her and work scraping off the old wall-paper and cleaning the woodwork so that I could paint it. I worked late at nights while Muriel and the girls spent the evenings together so that the children could be put to bed on time. It took us a month to do this work and we moved in late in July. The lawn had revived, and we had hired a man to rid the lot of weeds. The house had to be treated for termites and the yard for earwigs, but things did take shape. Several years later we had the kitchen completely remodeled with new cupboards and a new electric stove.

An Operation :

In 1970 I had to have open-heart surgery. This was very scary for me. I hadn't been to see a doctor since I had gone to get my blood test when we were married. One day, while I was playing golf, I got very sick at my stomach, I thought I'd sit down for a while to relieve the pain, but Marion Halliday, who was with me, said that I passed out. He called the ambulance to come to the golf course and then called Muriel to tell her that he would be right there to pick her up and take her to the hospital. She was waiting on the front porch for him to come when the ambulance turned into our driveway. I had told the drivers that I was all right and that they should take me home. Muriel took one look at me and told the drivers to let her get in the ambulance and to take me to the hospital. My protests didn't change her decision at all. I was entered at the emergency door.

The hospital quickly called Dr. David Reese, our family doctor who came at once. He examined me and then told Muriel that he didn't think I had suffered a heart attack and that I would be all right, but he wanted me to stay in the hospital over night. The next day, I was not released and Dr. Reese brought a Dr. Parker to examine me. They began to give me all kinds of tests which took them five days.

After the tests, Dr. Parker called Muriel and said that they had made a decision and I had to have open-heart surgery. This surgery has been improved now and is quite common, but to us it was a terrible shock. Dr. Parker informed us that the first thing we would have to do was to go to the University of Utah Hospital and have an angiogram test where they would put dye in my blood and see where the trouble was and learn what had to be done in the actual surgery. This sounded terrible to me and I again said that I wouldn't go through it. Dr. Parker said, "If you don't want to do this thing, you can get a different doctor. I refuse to be responsible for you. I decided to 'go that far' because I was sure that the doctors were wrong and that the real surgery would not be necessary.

A Doctor Thorn, at the University of Utah, made this test and then told us that I would need to have two by-passes and an artificial valve to replace the main valve to the heart. He carefully explained my chances of a fatal heart attack if I did not have the open-heart surgery. We knew that there was nothing to do but go ahead and have the surgery. Arrangements were made for me to enter the Latter-Day Saint Hospital where Dr. Conrad Jensen would operate. The date was set for three weeks later.

The biggest worry during this three weeks was to find donors to provide the necessary blood for the operation. Usually, the blood is donated by Church Wards, but Bonneville Ward had no blood left in their bank. We asked for donors from the ward, but only one, Rex Brailsford offered from the ward. We then began on our

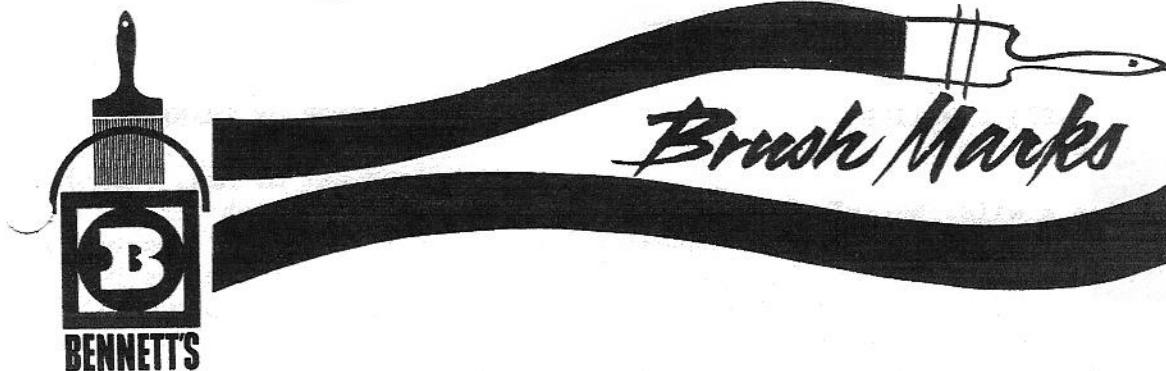
relatives, but only Irene, my daughter, Ronald Bullock, my nephew, and Rex Butterfield, our brother-in-law, were able to help. The Herald Paper ran a plea for help on their front page, and only one man, whom we did not know, called and offered his blood. We were very discouraged! Then the guys who worked at the Bennett Store in Salt Lake City heard about our need. So many volunteered that we had more blood than we could use.

Dr. Jensen did a good job. The operation took twelve hours. It was a difficult time for my family and when it was over, it was a shock for them to see me fastened up to all the life-saving equipment in the intensive-care unit. I was well enough to come home in two weeks, but I faced a long recovery period.

While I was recovering our friend and neighbor, Bessie Reese, said she had better teach me how to knit or I would go crazy during my convalescence. I didn't think I would like that, but I did start to make a hooked rug. Working on this rug was a big help and I enjoyed doing it. It turned out to be beautiful so I made another one to go with it. Then we decided that we now needed a long one to go in front of the couch. That one took me a long time and I was back to work before it was finished. Later I made two more smaller rugs. We have enjoyed these rugs. They have added to our home and have protected the traffic areas of our carpet.

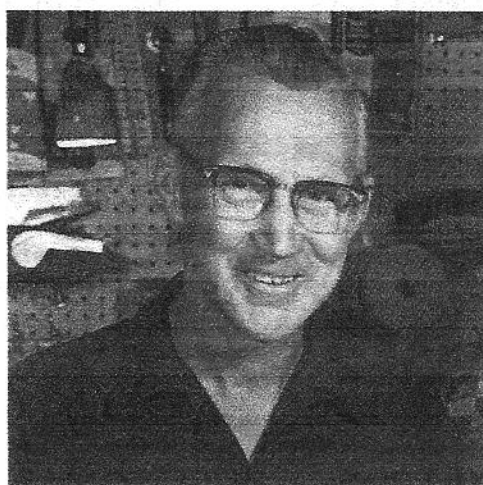
I also became an expert at making neck scarves. I made them with an adaptation of the old spool knitting we did as kids when we would drive four nails into the top of an old thread spool and after we had wound string or yarn around the nails we would pull the inside thread off of the nails, rewind and repeat. A round cord would soon be worked through the center of the hole, and then the fun began to see who could get the longest cord in the shortest time. We always made our girls a knitting spool to take on long trips in the car and it kept them happy for hours.

The frame I used to make the scarves was about twelve inches long and three inches wide. A slit about one inch wide was cut out down the center of the board and nails were driven around the outside- twenty four on each side. I used a nut pick to take off the row of yarn that was on the inside. Instead of the little strand coming out of the spool, a row of flat yarn came out of the frame. When the scarf was as long as wanted a long piece of yarn (about a yard) was pulled out and cut off. This last bit of yarn is crocheted through each loop to secure the end of the scarf. The part remaining on the frame is also crocheted off of the frame. Tassles are tied onto the ends of the scarf. I made dozens of these scarves and we gave them to relatives, friends and neighbors. I have gone into details with this description of making scarves because I think some of you would want to go on with this craft sometimes. Think of me if you do!



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH AUGUST 30, 1973

GLEN HARDING RETIRES



Glen Harding was introduced into the world of paint, wallcoverings and glass at an early age when he became an apprentice for W.R. Scott. He became a professional painter, paper-hanger and glazier under Mr. Scott's direction and worked in this capacity for seven years.

Glen came to work for Bennett's in 1936 when Vernard Anderson was the manager of the Provo store. He continued to work while the store was under the management of Al Wright. He spent three and one-

half years in the United States Army during World War II, with the 2775 Engineer Base Photo-mapping Company. After his return from the Army he and Al Wright opened a paint store on Second West in Provo.

Glen returned to Bennett's in 1953 and has been with the store continuously from then until his retirement, August 31, 1973. During this time the store has had three managers: Hyde Taylor, Stanley Neilsen and Ken Dahlberg.

(cont'd on p.2)

GLEN HARDING RETIRES.....
cont'd from p.1)

Glen's wife, Muriel, retired this spring from the Provo City Schools where she has been teaching since 1931. They have two daughters --- Mrs. Paul M. (Irene) Brooks who lives in Columbia, Missouri, and Mrs. Robert (Sandra) Munson, who lives in Provo.

Glen underwent open-heart surgery in 1971, and although he made a nice recovery he tires easily and so has decided to retire a little early.

He loves to play golf and is expecting to make golfing an important part of his retirement. Muriel has been taking lessons in the art of golfing so that she can join him in this activity.

Glen enjoys working in his yard and will continue to keep up with the painting and papering business as he uses these items on his own home. Glen and Muriel expect to do some traveling also.

WELCOME TO BENNETT'S

Wendy Fields, a senior at Ben Lomond High School is our new part-time clerk in the paint department at Bennett's in Ogden.

Wendy lives at home with her parents and one brother and one sister. Her hobbies are bowling, swimming and sewing, and she says she very much enjoys her business office class at school.

LETTER OF THANKS

At the request of Mrs. Margaret Young, of Murray High School, Ni Loulias put in an hour demonstration of refinishing to the Home Economics class. He showed them how to finish unfinished furniture and how to re-do old furniture and antiques.

He delved into removing varnish, using stain varnish and then answered all the common problems on refinishing. He received the following note of "thanks" from Mrs. Young:

"We appreciate so much the excellent presentation given the home economic teachers in our home furnishing class. It was very well presented and the information was so very helpful.

"Thank you for such a fine service".

VELMA UNDERGOES SURGERY

Velma Horton, Multigraph Operator at First South, recently underwent surgery to remove a growth from her back. She was in the Holy Cross Hospital for five days and is now recuperating at home.

We all wish her a speedy recovery.

Our Sympathy to Alice Rumel, whose father passed away last evening.

RETIREMENT:

After my recovery from the surgery, I had to work for two more years to reach age 62. Muriel and I had decided to retire at the same time, although we would have to take a cut in our retirement income. We have never been sorry that we did this. I had been forty years with Bennett's and Muriel had taught for forty three years. We thought we had earned our retirement. We haven't taken any long, expensive trips to Hawaii or gone on a Mediterranean Cruise, but we have had all we needed and have enjoyed ourselves very much. We have given the girls and their husbands enough for down payments on their homes and have taken out hospitalization insurances which should take care of our needs.

When we retired, Muriel took golf lessons so that she could play golf with me, because that is my favorite thing. We play often at the golf courses near us: Provo, Spanish Fork and Payson. Whenever we take trips we stop traveling early, find a motel, and then a golf course.

Every year we have gone to visit Cora and Ralph Eggertson, who live in a leisure town near Vacaville, California. We always stay for two weeks and they live right on a golf course. We enjoy going to this place. Ralph died a few years ago, but we still go and visit with Cora.

While we are at the Eggertsons, we would try to do little jobs for them. One year, I painted the inside of the garage, one year I hung a wallpaper mural on their living room wall, and the next year I painted all the walls and woodwork in their living room and bedroom. One year I painted their patio fence. Some years I do only a few little jobs which Cora has saved for me to do. While we are here, we golf often and Cora always has a lot of new places for us to visit. We enjoy these trips.

For a few years we helped Marge Moore get home to Provo from the mobile home she had in Willow Beach, Nevada. It gets too hot there for the people to remain there in the summers. While we were in this area, we always went on down to Havasu where they have rebuilt the London Bridge. The little golf course there is just like being on a South Pacific Island- palm trees and water all around the peninsula.

One spring, in March, we decided to make a trip through the Nevada Desert while the cactus and other desert plants were in bloom. We stayed at Havasu for a few days and then left for Tucson then we went on to Phoenix, then to Prescott Arizona. We golfed in each place and saw the tourist attractions offered by these cities. As we came north to Provo, we went to the South Rim of Grand Canyon and home through the beautiful Kiabab forest. This was one of our very best trips.

You can see that we keep busy and happy and are seldom bored. The days, months and years pass too quickly.

This spring, I had to be hospitalized again. I went to Dr. Jensen for my yearly check up. For eight years he had said I was doing very well after my open-heart operation, but this year he said that I would have to enter the L.D. S. Hospital again and have the cholestrol removed from the arteries in my neck which lead to the brain because I would have a stroke if this was not done. This was a shock to me, but we followed the Doctor's orders. I was in intensive care longer on this trip to the hospital than had was for the heart surgery, but I came home in a week and soon felt fine.

We had a nice, beautiful autumn this year and Muriel and I played golf until Thanksgiving Day. It has been a long, bad winter- cold and rainy with late snows. This is the spring of 1980.

In other ways this has not been a good spring. The inflation we have been experiencing for several years does not improve, but increases with every month. The interest rates are now 20% which has slowed down the economy in every way. It is an election year and we hear great promises. President Carter has just announced many cut-back which the government will take. This is causing many men to be out of work. Our son-in-law, Bob is one of the men affected. He has been out of work for three months. He has just found a new job but it is Wyoming and they are in the process of moving their mobile home from Provo to Wyoming. We are unhappy about this. Gasoline is \$1.20 a gallon. Nothing is forecast but bad times. The 52 Americans who were taken hostage by Iran are still not free. Russia has invaded Pakistan and war seems likely to happen again. The government is going to draft men again and maybe women also. Our battleships stand ready for action in the middle east.

It is Easter Sunday next Sunday and the Church will celebrate its 150th Anniversary, April 6th, on the same day. We are hoping that summer will arrive soon and that many things can be worked out in the near future. We would like a better world for our children and grandchildren.

Church Activities: I was baptized at the usual age of eight years. I attended Sunday School and Primary like all L.D.S. boys.

I received the Aaronic Priesthood and was ordained to the office of Deacon when I was twelve. I helped pass the sacrament and then, in order, I became a Teacher and a Priest. As a Teacher, I gathered the Fast Offerings and helped with any other assignment the Bishop gave me. As a Priest, I could bless the sacrament. I received my ordination to the Melchizedek Priesthood as an Elder before I went into the armed services. At this time I also received my Patriarchial Blessing. As an Elder, I was married in the Temple. Later I received the order of Seventy and High Priest.

I taught a younger Priesthood Class when I was in the Second Ward, Utah Stake before I went in the army. As a married Elder living in the same Ward I filled a Stake Mission.

For three years I was Stake Secretary for the Provo East Stake Quorum of Seventies.

Muriel and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple and we now do work in the Provo Temple for the dead. We try to go to the temple eight times a month.

My Testimony:

I have a testimony that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the true Church of God. I accept its leaders and its principles.

I have a strong testimony of prayer and have faith and a personal testimony of the healing power God gives to those holding the Priesthood of God.

I believe in the Law of Tithing and feel that we have been blessed by obeying it fully.

I believe that it is important to love and be helpful to others--including the dead through Temple Work.

I believe it is wise to follow the Word of Wisdom because it is a guide for being temperate in all things: what we eat and the amount, what we drink, and also the wisdom with which we work, exercise, play etc. It teaches us to be temperate even in our thoughts and actions.

I would desire that all my grandchildren and other descendants would live by the principles and doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I would want all the males to follow through all the orders of the Priesthood. I would want all the females to choose men who are holders of the Priesthood and be married in the Temple. I would hope that you would all raise your children up in righteousness through your example and love.

I bear this testimony in the name of Jesus Christ- Amen.

Allen B. Harding

A patriarchal blessing given to Glen Brown Harding September 21, 1942

Son of William Edward Harding
and
Phebe Brown Harding
Born: April 21, 1911
Provo, Utah
Priesthood: Elder

Glen Brown Harding:

At your request and desire this day for a patriarchal blessing and through the power vested in me as a Patriarch in the Utah Stake of Zion. I place my hands upon your head at this time to pronounce a blessing to you that shall be a comfort and guide to you in the years of your life that are ahead of you.

You are living in a troublesome time- when all the world is upset and war has been poured out amongst the nations and under these most trying conditions you, in your youth, have been called in defense of your homeland and it makes us wonder why our Heavenly Father will allow such things to come upon us. It is not His will for his children to suffer but through the greed and avarice of men, they have brought these things upon themselves. So in obedience to the laws of the land His children are called to go forth in defense of right. So this afternoon I bless you with much courage and determination and a desire to do your full duty in the work that is before you that you may be an honor to yourself and people,

You are already blessed with a power that even Kings and Rulers of the earth do not possess, namely the Priesthood of God with the power to act in His name. Try more fully to sense the value of this Priesthood and apply it in your everyday life and it shall be a shield to you which will keep you from the many pitfalls and temptations of life that from now on may beset your life. Be of good cheer and respect those in authority over you that in so doing you may be able to accept this new life and make the most of it always remembering that back of every cloud there is a bright silver lining. This new life can be a mission to you if you will keep the commandments and so live and talk before others that they seeing your good works, will be brought to see God's hands in all things.

So I admonish you today and bless you to be faithful in the duties of life that the Gospel plan may guide you in all your doings that you may be a power for good amongst your associates.

I bless you that you may have the power to dispel fear and become strong and valiant in the cause of truth so that when temptation crosses your path you may be able to say, as did our Lord and Savior, "Keep thee behind me Satan".

This blessing has come to you through your lineage descended from Ephriam, of old, whose blessings were to spread through the earth. This same blessing has been restored in this day and age and the power to bless and also to cure is upon the earth again.

May you read from time to time diligently that you may acquaint yourself more fully to understand the value of the Gospel and you will receive much comfort and joy by so doing.

I pronounce upon you every gift and blessing that you will need in the task before you and that you may go and come in safety which I seal upon in Jesus name. Amen .

The Provo Sixth Ward

NAME Glen B. Harding 457
Father William E. Harding Mother Phebe B. Harding
Born Apr 21-1944 City Provo County Utah State or Country Utah
Blessed 4 June 1911 By Phelanter Brown

NUMBER

CERTIFICATE OF ORDINATION TO THE HOLY PRIESTHOOD

THIS CERTIFIES THAT Glen Brown Harding
WAS ORDAINED A Deacon
IN THE Aaronic PRIESTHOOD IN THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ON May 6, 1923, BY Wm E. Harding
WHO HOLDS THE OFFICE OF Elder

Lars L. Nelson

Ernest C. Hennrichsen

WARD, PROVO SECOND UTAH STAKE

Certificate of Ordination

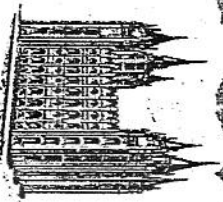


TO THE
HOLY PRIESTHOOD

Number
37

THIS CERTIFIES that Glen Harding
was ordained a Priest
in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,
on Oct. 8, 1928 By Lars L. Nelson
who holds the office of H. P.
Lars L. Nelson Bishop
Ernest C. Hennrichsen Priest

General Conference



Resolved by the General Convention of Elders of the AtL State of New York
THIS CERTIFIES that Wm D S. Hubbard was ordained

an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the
- 24 - day of May A.D. 1831, at Long Island Sound
by Wm D. S. Hubbard Edward T. Briggs
E. P. Pennington President.

Secretary.

SEVENTY'S CERTIFICATE OF ORDINATION



This certifies that

Glen Brown Harding

was ordained a

Seventy

in

The Melchizedek Priesthood

in

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

by Milton R. Hunter

on the 23rd day of August 1959.

The First Council of the Seventy

By Rev. Edgar Young

My Three and One Half Years in The Army World War II

In 1941, I joined the Provo Home Guard and in 1942, I entered the armed forces of the United States and became Pfc. Glen B. Harding No. 39832940. I was sent to Fort Douglas in Salt Lake City for four days and then sent to Fort Belvoir, Virginia. I was placed in the Engineer Corps and the training was very difficult. They worked us every minute and seven days a week. This assignment lasted for five weeks and I hoped very much that when it was over they would give me a furlough and send me someplace closer to home, but this didn't happen. I was sent to the University of Kentucky in Lexington Kentucky and began my training as a draftsman.

The schooling was difficult at the University because they were really cramming us. They gave us a two week tryout to see if we could qualify and I was glad that I made it. We lived in a swell hotel and when we got out of school at 5:30 they gave us freedom to do what we wanted to do until 8 o'clock the next morning when we reported at the University for class work. We also had Saturdays and Sundays off which was heaven after Belvoir.

After three months in Kentucky, I had passed the work usually given in nine months and knew that I would be sent some place else and thought it would be Louisiana, but about a half an hour before we were to leave, they told us that we would be going to Pennsylvania. There were rumors that we were headed for an embarkation post.

We were at this camp in Pennsylvania for six months. During this time the mail to us came addressed: Co B-660 Engrs. A.P.O. 887 New York City, New York. We could not reveal the location of the camp. Things were not so nice here. We slept on army cots, had drills and exercises and waited.

By my birthday (April 21) I was in England. I would see yet another birthday in England and one in France before I came home. They were blue, sad birthdays.

The barracks that had been prepared for our company and others, had been devised from an old Post Office which was near the famous Que Gardens. We could go into London on week-end passes and with a new-found friend, John Merrill, I took the opportunity to see the attractions of London. We visited all the places tourists usually see: Parliament Square, bordered on the one side by Big Ben and the House of Parliament-on another side by Westminster Abbey, and St. Margaret's Chapel and lesser government agencies. I also saw Trafalgar Square-considered by some to be one of the finest sites in Europe. The center of the square is a place for political and social demonstrations. The monument to Lord Nelson is located here. It is 168 feet in height and on

top is a large statue of Lord Nelson, who save England at the battle of Talfalger in 1805. The National Gallery is in this square and so is the Royal College of Physicians and the old Church of St. Martin's in -the-Fields. I visited the Tower of London, which is actually a large building with four towers on it. This building is referred to as the guardian of the Empire's wealth. The original medieval and Norman building was the scene of much historical tyranny and many people were imprisoned here. A little ways farther, down the Thames River is the famous old Tower Bridge. I visited Piccadilly Circus which is the Times Square of London and Hyde Park which is very nice and is known as the place of many political debates. Buckingham Palace was interesting since it is the home of the King and Queen of England. Many tourists go to see the "changing of the guards". I visited Stratford-on-Avon where Shakespear lived. We went to the Theater there and saw a play. I have wanted to return to England on a trip, but have never made it. John Merrill, who was my companion most of the time in England has been back twice.

While I was in England, I finally received a furlough. My choice of places to spend a furlough would have been Provo, Utah, but that was out of the question. John Merrill and I chose to go to Scotland. Scotland was great and I would like to go back there too.

I was in England when the German Fire-blitz was at its worst. Often we were awakened in the nights by the sirens screaming for us to go to the shelters in a hurry and the huge spotlights would start combing the sky so they could be located. In the day time, they would interrupt our work. One night our barracks were hit, but not in the part where I was sleeping. For a better understanding of these bombs see page 242 of the zeroxed pages taken from Our Mapping Years.

While I was in England, I received the "Good Conduct Award" for "exemplary behavior, efficiency and fidelity." It would have been difficult for any of us in the 2775th Engineer Base Photo Mapping Company to receive an award for bravery since we were not in combat service. Our entire Company received a Meritorious Service Unit Plaque for "superior performance of duty in the performance of exceptionally difficult tasks and for the achievement and maintenance of a high standard of discipline."

I had spent my first Christmas away from home in Kentucky. My second Christmas away from home I spent in England. (Christmas 1942) By now all of our Company had seen what Hitler's air blitz had done to England- the damage- the suffering. We knew how closely food was rationed and that there would be no candy for the children.

We picked out an area in London that had been badly blitzed - the District of Depford. We contacted the Mayor and made arrangements which included the use of the town hall.

We all pitched in- gave up our candy rations and bought gifts-even donated some of our own Christmas packages. The kitchen furnished food and we all went along to Town Hall to give some English kids a bit of Christmas. The children were there before us and when we entered, they began to sing for us. We sang along with them and played some games. The Red Cross was there to help us.

Father Christmas (Santa Clause) John McCann passed out the presents. His suit was very makeshift and his beard was made of cotton. After the presents were passed, we had refreshments which were surely a treat for these kids. We sang some more and the kids went home.

Then we were all invited to have tea with the Mayor. He repaid us with a dance and the girls from Deptford were there for dancing partners.

The press from several London papers came and took pictures of us. We all felt sort of fatherly and happy. The day was not as hard as we had anticipated.

One other day was special to me. It was the day of our first anniversary in England. We celebrated it by giving a boat ride and a dance. We hired two steamers, made sandwiches and invited girls to go along with us.

I spent Christmas of 1943 in England also. On our second Christmas in England the Battalion gave an afternoon party to the children of Kew and Richmond whose fathers were away in the Far East War. We each picked out a boy and a girl and the party began with games. The games were those we had enjoyed as children : tag, leap-frog, potato race etc. Special Services had a lot of cartoon movies which the children enjoyed.

When time for refreshments came we served them ice cream and cake. Many of the children had never tasted ice cream before this. After refreshments, a large tree was lighted, Christmas Carols sung, and presents passed out by Father Christmas. We had all donated from our candy ration and had given money for gifts.

We had a nice day, but I know that most of the men, were thinking as I was that it would sure be nice if we could spend next Christmas at home.

I was homesick and unhappy most of the time I was in the army. I waited for mail from home. Muriel and I kept letters going back and forth as rapidly as we could. The letters were the only thing I lived for along with a deep longing to come to the end of all of this thinge War.

Life went on at the barracks. We were busy all day at our

map-making, but they always insisted on keeping us on a training schedule on our own time. During our noon hour we would roll a full field pack so that we could be ready at 5:15 to march to the Kew Green, lay out a Full Field and set up pup-tents. Some days we would be given four straight hours of physical training. We had barracks inspection every day and very often a dry run with the rifle- close order drills, hikes along the Thames, gas mask drill, army talks and lectures- all on our own time. Beside this we had to take our turns at K.P. Duty. There were movies and other recreations, but I was generally too tired to do anything but go to bed.

On the 10th of September, 1944, the company was reorganized and given the name of 2775th Engineer Base Photomapping Co. On the following day Detachment A was activated and alerted to be ready to leave for France. On the 27th of the month Detachment B was alerted and left Kew on Oct. 1st. and landed on Omaha Beach on the 4th of Oct. I was in the third and last detachment. We left Kew on the 15 of Oct. We had to remain at the docks, on board our LCI for four days waiting for the weather to clear. These four days were a nightmare of waiting. We had nothing but K rations- we were crowded, cold, and had no beds. We landed on Utah Beach on the 21st. of October. We reached the beach about 3:00 A. M. and had to wait for the tide to run out before we could leave the beach. We sat in the mud to eat our K rations for breakfast. It was about 10:30 A.M. our trucks arrived and we were on our way to our new station- Paris vicinity.

We were stationed at Drancy, France, which is not really in Paris, but we were able to go into Paris on week-end passes. The building in which we were quartered was named "The Towers". It had been built before the war, for a housing development. The group of buildings made up a self-contained unit and included a factory, with shops, school rooms, and apartments for the workers. The project had failed because of the difficult distance from Paris. A Gendarmerie was then made in the three story blocks and a prison was made of the factory building. The five tall towers or apartments were not used by the thrifty French. They were too hard to heat. They were considered good enough for prisoners, who occupied the towers during the German occupation. After the liberation of Paris, collaborators were imprisoned in the old factory and the inmates of the towers were released or moved elsewhere. So the "hell hole" of Drancy" so called by those who had occupied it was chosen to serve as our barracks. The French were right! They were not only difficult to heat, it was impossible to heat them and we were always cold. We set up our map-making equipment and began making maps again. I wished we were back at Kew. I wished desperately that I could go home.

It wasn't as easy to visit Paris as it had been for us to go into London. Some places were off-limits to us. About the only way we could go into Paris or to other points in France was to take a guided tour sponsored by the Special Services. They would arrange for the transportation, provide the guides, choose the places we went etc. Special Services had requisitioned some Theaters and Restaurants and the Red Cross Centers were always open to us. I saw most of the places that tourists see when they go to Paris: the Eiffel Tower, the Arc of Triumph, Cathedrals, Public Buildings, etc.

Christmas day of 1944 was spent in France. We had a real American Christmas dinner with turkey and all the trimmings. We did not have any children to entertain this time. This made my fourth Christmas away from home.

The French people really went crazy on V. E. Day- May 8, 1945. For three days they danced in the streets, the French girls would grab any American soldier she saw and hug and kiss him. France was now through with the war, but the talk at the towers was, "Where will they be sending us? Will we go home, or will we go to Japan?"

Soon after V.E. Day they announced that all soldiers who were 42 years old or older would be sent home and my best friend and buddy John Merrill went home with this group. I felt bad about not having him with me, but happy that he was going home. I felt that his leaving was the light at the end of the tunnel for my own release, but that did not come right away. As it came nearer to Christmas of 1945 I finally received word that I could be home for Christmas. This didn't happen. The boat I was returning home in got caught in a storm so bad that they had to turn around and go back to France. I didn't even make it for New Years Day, but arrived home on the 4th of January 1946. Christmas of 1945 I was still on the boat, still two days from New York City. The ship served us a Christmas dinner. We arrived in New York on December 27, 1945. I was happy to send telegrams to my folks and to Muriel which read: "Arrived safely- expect to see you soon. Don't attempt to contact me here. Love, Glen"

We were sent from New York to our various homes on trains. Muriel met me at the Denver and Rio Grande station in Salt Lake City. My sister-in-law, Jessie, had met her at the Orem depot and came with her in her car so that she could take us to my parents who were living in American Fork. How wonderful to be with Mom and Dad! How wonderful to finally shed the kaki uniform and get into civilian clothes. I was so happy to be with the girl who had waited for me for so long. I put the army life out of my mind as much as possible and began a new life.

HEADQUARTERS
660TH ENGINEER TOPO. BATTALION
CENTRAL BASE SECTION
SOS, ETOUSA, APO 887

11 MARCH 1944

SUBJECT: Award of Good Conduct Medal.

Dear Mr. Harding:

I take great pleasure in informing you of
the award of the Good Conduct Medal to

Pfc Glen B. Harding, 39832940

This medal has been established by the War
Department as an appropriate award to the soldiers of
the United States Army for exemplary behavior, effi-
ciency, and fidelity.

This is truly an honor which should be shared
with you as these characteristics are basically the re-
sult of home and family influence.

We have a fine group of men hereein this Battalion
who are doing a big share to end this world struggle. They
should all be proud to serve their country this way and we
are proud to have them with us. This medal shows my appre-
ciation of their service.

Julian D. Abell
JULIAN D. ABELL
Lt. Col., 660th Engr Topo Bn.
Commanding

HEADQUARTERS
COMMUNICATIONS ZONE
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
EXTRACT

GO 13

3 Feb. 1945

I-- MERITORIOUS SERVICE UNIT PLAQUE. Under the provisions of Section I, Circular No. 345 War Department, 23 August 1944, as amended, the Meritorious Service Unit Plaque is awarded, for superior performance of duty in the performance of exceptionally difficult tasks, and for the achievement and maintenance of a high standard of discipline, during the period from 1 May 1944 to 30 June 1944, to the 2775TH ENGINEER BASE PHOTOMAPPING COMPANY (Formerly Co. B, 660th Engineer Topographic Battalion [GHQ]):

The 2775TH ENGINEER BASE PHOTOMAPPING COMPANY was assigned the mission of providing adequate, large scale maps of an extensive area from aerial photographs, which task required the utmost exertion on the part of all its personnel. Undaunted by the unusually high altitude aerial photography provided to it and the relatively poor quality of this type of photography for photogrammetric purposes, the 2775TH ENGINEER BASE PHOTOMAPPING COMPANY produced maps on a time schedule and at a scale which fully met the stringent requirements of the field forces, especially those of the field artillery. The superior performance, incessant efforts and military discipline displayed by the members of the 2775TH ENGINEER BASE PHOTOMAPPING COMPANY contributed outstandingly to the war effort and were in keeping with the highest traditions of the armed forces of the United States.

* * *

By command of Lieutenant General LEE:

R. B. LORD

Major General, G. S. C., Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:

/S/ R. B. Lovett,
R. B. LOVETT

Brigadier General, USA, Adjutant General

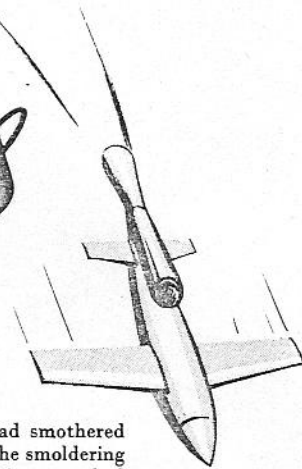
Certified true copy

Walter E. Dyck
Walter E. Dyck

Capt. C. E. Commanding
2775 Engineer Base Photomapping Co.

Cpl. Glen B. Harding
307100

Flames



In 1918 our fathers returned to America firmly convinced that they had smothered for all time the holocaust of war. Yet hardly were they on home soil than the smoldering embers began to glow anew. In Italy Mussolini and his fascist Black Shirts marched on Rome. Though Hitler's beer-hall putsch in Munich was thwarted, a few years later the weakness of the Weimar Republic and the death of Von Hindenburg gave him control of all Germany. Together they planned a war for world domination.

By 1939 the flames had broken out openly. France fell early in 1940 before the Nazi blitzkrieg. The Wehrmacht slashed into Russia. Japan, having devoured Manchuria, threatened the whole Oriental world.

In 1941 we began to prepare for a war that we still hoped to avoid. The first platoons of draftees started training with wooden guns. On December 7, Japan bombed Pearl Harbor, smashing our Pacific fleet.

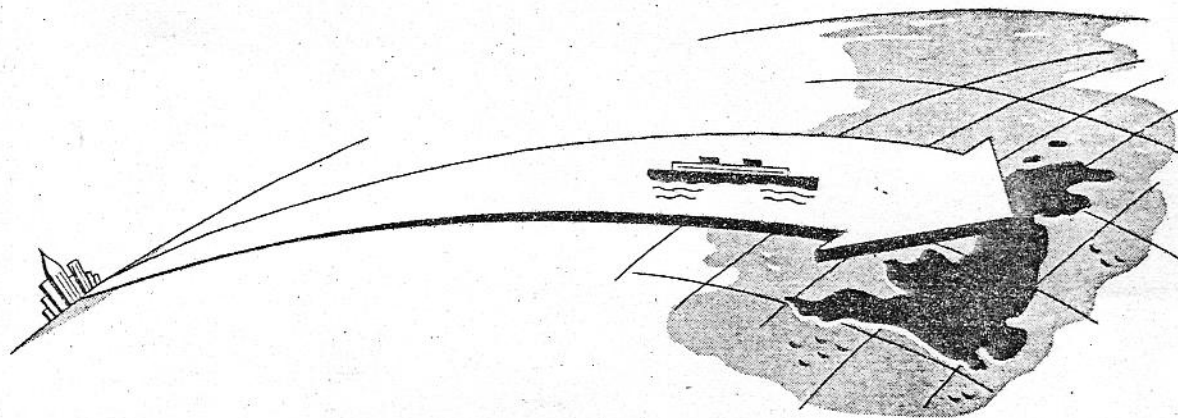
We and our Allies seemed helpless. Stubborn resistance was heroic but hopeless. Manila and Singapore fell—then all the East Indies. At last, with the battles of the Coral Sea, Stalingrad, El Alamein, the scales began to balance—and imperceptibly to settle on our side.

Three years later, one of the fires is quenched. A continent lies in cinders; millions are dead; millions of lives wrecked. Halfway around the world another fire, still flaming viciously, dwindles.

No war is won without sacrifice. When England's people faced death or slavery, knowing that "blood, sweat, and tears" were the price of freedom, they met the challenge magnificently. Americans, too, know sacrifice. Many gave all they had—their lives. All have given irreplaceable years. We salute our comrades in arms and our beloved "home folks" for their part in fighting the flames of hatred that menaced our liberty.

In this book we try to show our own contribution and how it fitted into its proper niche in the great plan. Though others faced greater dangers, endured greater hardships, made greater sacrifices, we feel that our particular job was very necessary, and we are proud of it. Our life in the Army had its good times as well as hard work and tedious routine. Many things about it we would like to remember and show our friends. That's what this book is for. We know that our loved ones, as they read these pages, will understand that our greatest hardship was being away from them so long. And that what we prayed for most of all was—HOME!





To Postmaster

As we waited in the late afternoon on loaded ferries, we could see the Queen Elizabeth and Mary being provisioned. So we had a choice, and we guessed the right one — the Queen Elizabeth. We boarded her late that afternoon.

She may have been a great luxury liner to most people, but to us, jammed as we were, she was the biggest sardine-can afloat. A cabin for two was fitted with 18 bunks — 4 high — and these were shared by two groups of men in 12-hour shifts. When not in your cabin, you had to look for a place on deck or in the passageways. Rumor had it that the War Department wanted to find out on this trip just how many men could be jammed into the Queen Elizabeth.

When the men who slept on deck awoke in the morning, they found themselves buried in soot. The ship had been steaming up all night. At 11:00 A. M., she blew every horn she had, and the tugs began to push her out. We thought it was a dry run because we couldn't believe the ship would leave in daylight. But she did. We were escorted by planes and balloons until dusk that day. The next morning we were alone in the Atlantic. It was an empty and lonely feeling. She changed her course every seven minutes and we all feared the German subs, but the sailors assured us that the "Queen" was too fast — "thank God!"

We wore life belts all the time and once a day we went through "dry runs" with the life boats. The firing of the anti-aircraft guns and cannon had everyone on edge.

Chow was twice daily with queues miles long. We weren't very hungry when we reached the mess hall.

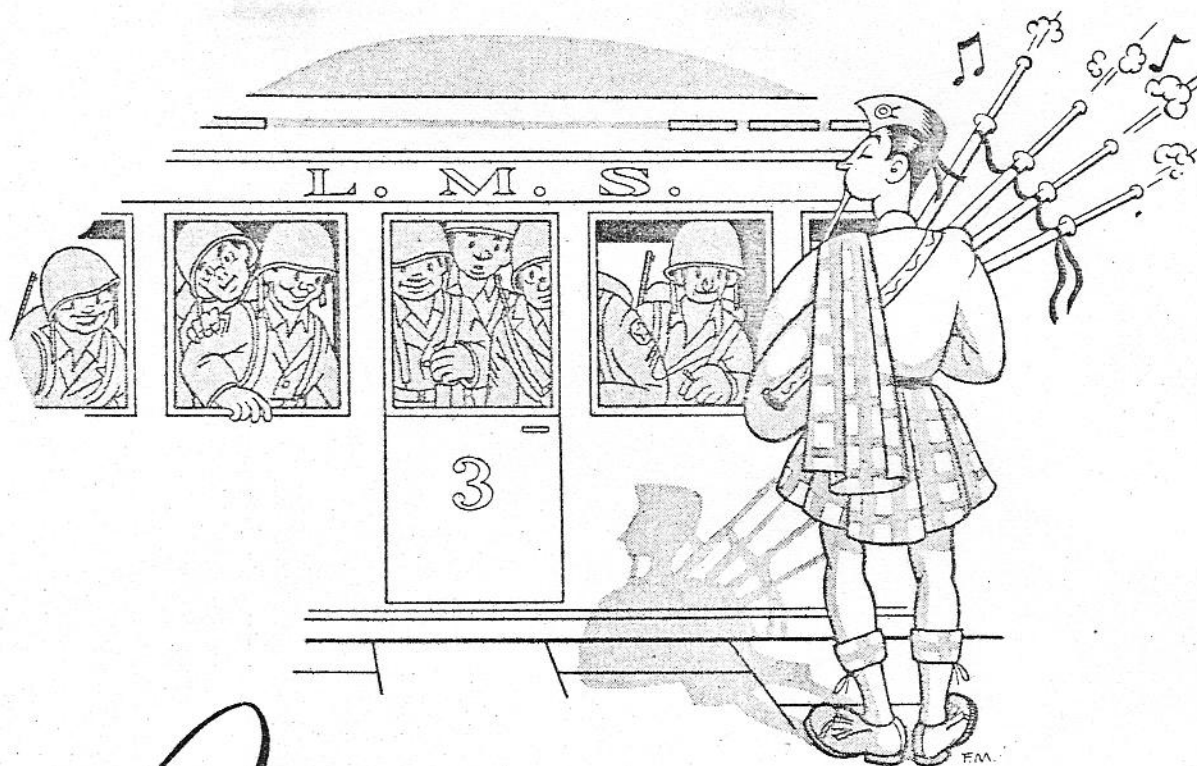
About the third day out we had a five-dollar pay-call — money for cookies, cokes, and candy. Some of the fellows got seasick waiting in line. What a boat ride!

On Saturday morning, September 5, we sighted land — North Ireland. From there the Queen was escorted in by the British Navy and the R. A. F.

We started up the Clyde River and none of us will ever forget the green, green grass of Scotland.

Sunday a Scottish Bagpipe Band from Greenock met us in a small boat and circled the ship playing Highland Airs.

We disembarked at Greenock, boarded our first British train, and were introduced to "Corridor and Compartment-Type" carriages — the corridors running along one side of the coach, which is divided into compartments holding eight people, each one being labeled "Smoking" or "Non-Smoking", and a few, "Ladies Only".



Plimney Blokes...

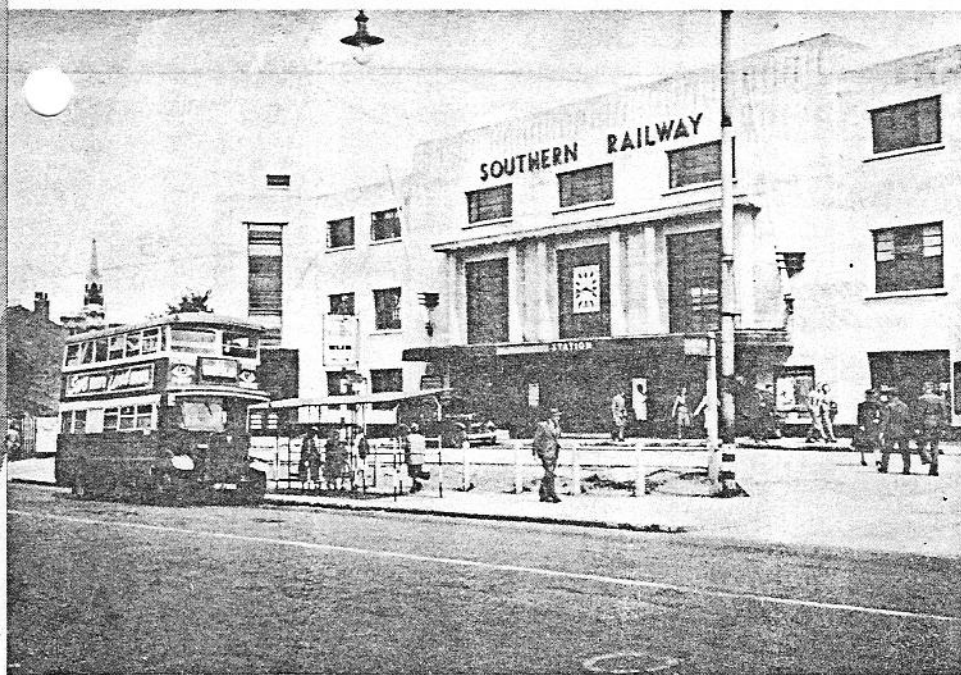
Weaving through the English countryside, opening the blackout curtains, and turning out the lights to meet the rigid requirements of the British Isles, we saw, for the first time, searchlights in operation. We were all reading guide books on London which were given us on the boat. Then someone started "Till We Meet Again" and all joined in the singing. When it was all over there was complete silence — Could it be attributed to the fact that most of us were all choked up? We don't profess to know.

Everyone tried to sleep and at about 5:00 A. M. the train pulled into a station — we thought we'd arrived at our destination. On the platform Red Cross Girls and Tommies dispensed sandwiches, chips, hot tea, and pie. This was our introduction to British hospitality and we appreciated it. The station was only Nottingham, and the train soon moved on.

Racing toward London that morning, we passed under a flight of twenty-eight Flying Fortresses. This was a cheerful sight for here were fellow G.I.'s also far away from home — A word we learned to appreciate more and more as time went on.

The last few miles were spent reading the "Welcome to England" guide, the introduction to many of the things which we were to find true during the next two years.

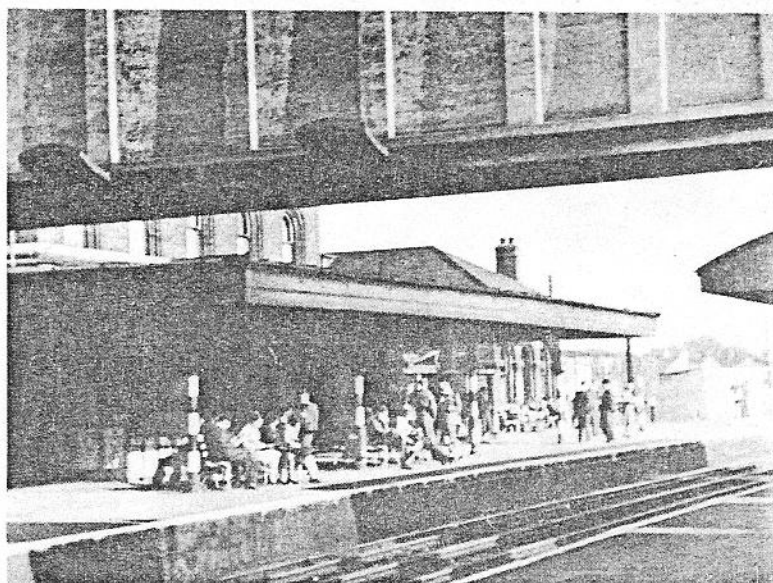
... NEAR



We stopped in Richmond Station. Again, people waiting for trains stared at us—"Yanks!" We unloaded and fell into formation. We were a sorry looking group!—soiled uniforms, dirty faces—but withal very studious looking, since we were carrying with us four hundred library books given us on board ship besides a full field pack, rations, and 120 rounds of ammunition—Springfields—company records—and everything else we could carry.

An Irish Guards band in kilts struck up an air and we marched toward Kew.

KEW STATION -- our neighborhood "tube" stop--most of our evenings started and ended here.



BURLINGTON AVE.--the most popular--and only--street leading from the Underground station to our billets.



As Christmas, 1942, drew near—our first Christmas in a foreign country—we got that old seasonal feeling.

By now we had seen what Hitler's air blitz had done to England—the damage—the suffering. We saw how closely food was rationed. No candy for the children.

So we picked out an area in London that had been badly blitzed—the District of Deptford. We contacted the Mayor and made arrangements which included use of the Town Hall.

We all pitched in—gave up our candy ration and bought gifts—even donated some of our own Christmas packages. The kitchen furnished food and we were ready.

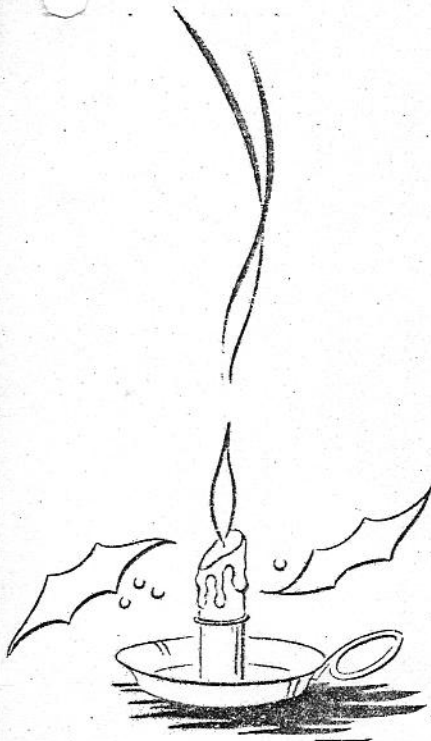
As we entered the Town Hall, the children sang the latest popular songs for us. We sang along with them and played games.

Red Cross girls came to help.

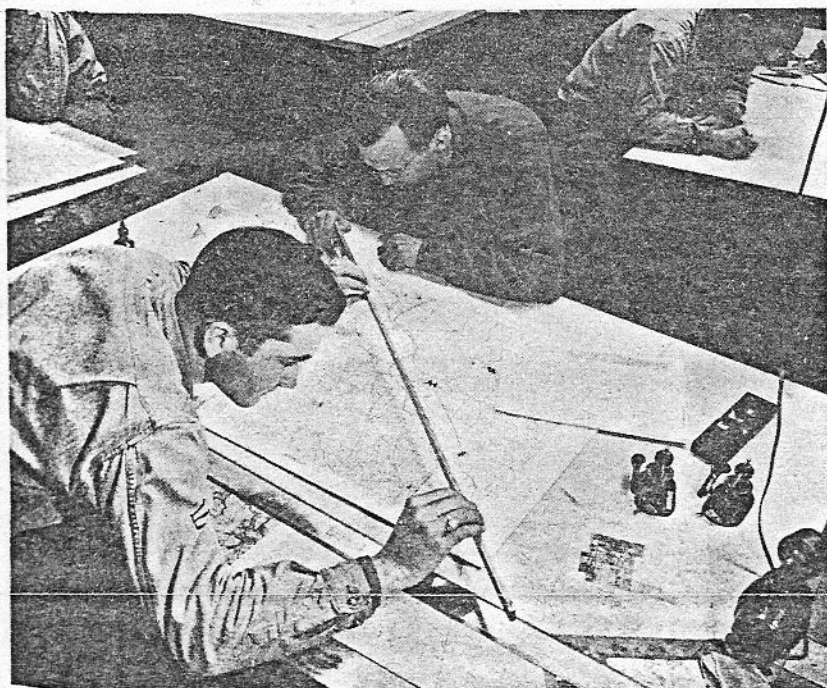
Father Christmas (Santa Claus), John McCann, passed out the presents. We served the kids tea and after a few more songs, they left for home. We felt sort of fatherly and happy at this point.

Then the Mayor asked us to have tea with him. Next he showed us the "Chamber" where we had some fine beverage. He was repaying us with a dance and introduced us to all the belles of Deptford. The Chamber was well-visited that night.

We posed for newsmen representing various London Papers. Some men who came off shift too late for the party spent Christmas in English homes, at the locals, or just around the barracks. A typical scene is shown by Malsberg on the preceding pages.



EDITING



11-5's Bob Phelps and Glen Harding checking grids with a beam compass. The sheet is checked to insure the correctness of plotting of our grid with an existing map.

Another phase of editing — Sgts. Rovito and Rehmyer check the correctness of foreign town and stream names. They also correct finished blue-line sheets with numerous sources of material, such as other maps, railroad guides, road maps.



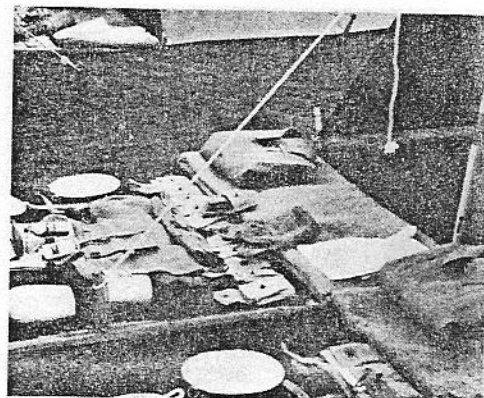
Training



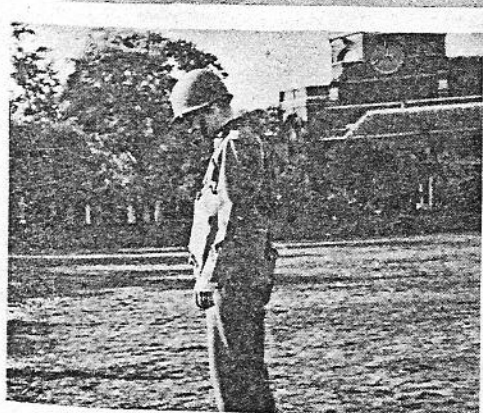
One of our officers' pet training periods was Full Field — on the Green. During our noon hour we would roll a full pack so at 5:15 P. M. we could march out to Kew Green and lay out a Full Field and set up pup tents. Even the British civilians came and had a look with the comment, "Jolly good — but why?"

In case you have forgotten how to lay a Full Field these pages show you a few of the steps and should bring back a few memories and comments that we dare not publish here.

The training was hard; Lt. Combs' favorite comment was, "You men must get HARD". There were times when we had four straight hours of physical training in addition to Full Field.



Schedule



We had stringent barracks inspections each day. There were also many dry runs with the rifle — close order drill, hikes along the Thames, gas mask drills, calisthenics, Army talks, VD lectures — all on our own time.

During this period and from then on the Broom and Mop routine became common. That a battalion insignia should be made, having a crossed Broom and Mop over a bucket and a G. I. Brush, was suggested by one of the company wits.

FIRE

blitz...

That's what the British called Jerry's February try at burning London down. By that time we had learned a little about air raids. Searchlights can be as beautiful as Northern Lights, but sirens have a peculiar curly scream that tightens things inside of you. Ack-ack guns drown out all but the closest bomb hits. A big railway gun used to bounce the barracks when it parked near us. A tinkle on nearby roof tiles after the guns opened up would be shrapnel—jagged, razor-edged shell fragments whistling down from six miles in the air. Time to take shelter! Bombs a long way off are only a "puff" against your ear. A bit closer, they sound like distant thunder. Closer yet, they rattle windows. If they get much nearer, you'd better be in the shelter—all the way in! If you stand in the doorway to watch, you feel the ground quiver, your eardrums almost split, and you find yourself inside—on the floor! When the big ones hit, you would see everyone go down on their knees. Yes, it's supposed to be safer near the floor, but don't

think we weren't praying! Next morning our English friends would merrily chirp, "A bit musical, last night, what?"

We all had our "favorite" close calls, but "Link", Earles, Moretti, Joe Lowe, Jimmy Wood, Bob Weaver, Dick Foster and some others had one of the closest at the Boathouse the night when twenty-seven fire-bombs crashed through the roof to the crowded dance floor. Women screamed; some fainted as their dresses caught fire. Sgt. Orr took charge. Stirrup pumps failed, but, using sand, water, and (some say) beer, too, they finally brought the fire under control. Miraculously, no one was badly hurt. Next day the bar downstairs was open for business. Upstairs the dance floor and bar and the owner's rooms were wrecked. And Sgt. Orr's overcoat was missing.

At the barracks we were lucky. We had one "dud" in our back yard. We were lucky also that we didn't know about the next horror in store for us.



...there goes that bomb again!



As most of you monkeys can vividly recall, the flying bomb was a fiendish, typically Nazi invention. Maybe you laughed at those doodlebugs in June, July, and most of August, but toward the first of September we all acquired a new and healthy respect for Robert the Robot.

Personally, I will never forget the night of September second. It was approximately 1930 hours and I sauntered into the Naafi for a fast sample of what we laughingly called "Coca-Cola". As I stood there, attired in my Class "A" uniform, with the Class "B" pass I had just obtained, I began wondering why does phosgene smell like new-mown hay, why do we wear ribbons and shine buttons, and why read the VD letter? Suddenly the hated bell goes off—a near-by GI says the inevitable "Here comes one of them things" and I'm off like Whirlaway toward the nearest shelter. As I search the skies for it, I can't help but reflect on events of the past week-end—AUGUST 29th—! A nervous apprehension shows itself quite plainly on my Irish kisser.

Holy Moses, suffering cats, and all points going south—here it comes—over by the river—low and headed straight for the already battered building!! Now the mechanical buzzard's buzzing approach can plainly be heard and we really begin to sweat it out. Keep going—KEEP GOING—ya dirty son—YIPE!!—THE MOTOR CUT OFF!! The other dog-faces dive into or under the shelter but fear has me rooted to the spot. There I stand, frozen, my heart in my mouth—waiting—waiting.



After an eternity of breath-taking and agonized suspense, we hear a muffled blast in the distance. As the boys come out, we all realize it glided over. Everyone is breathing easier now, laughingly relieved and kidding each other. "What's so scary about those damn' things? Are the Nazis serious? Why don't they throw in the towel?"

For my part, I'm beginning to relax little by little. There goes the "all clear" now and the small hairs on the back of my neck come to "at ease". As my thoughts wander to glasses of iced lager, I'm all smiles again.

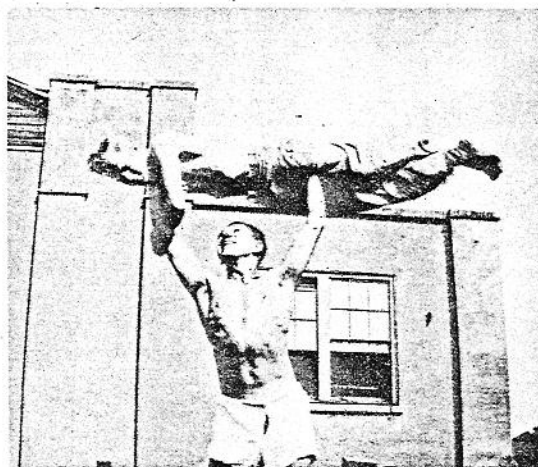
What a swell night it's turned out to be! Look out, Rose and Crown, here I come! Who's afraid of a puny ole psychological weapon?

OH!—OH! There goes the siren again and here comes another one of them contraptions. MY POOR ACHING BUSTED BACK!





SWEATING OUT



We relaxed when we could—letters from home helped. We read all the new papers. Since June 15th we had become a part of this "Southern England" the British always spoke of in talking about V-1 attacks. We didn't see any bombs during the first attack on London. However, as there was no "all clear" after that first alert, we spent the whole night in the shelter. We didn't know what to think, but as usual imagined the worst. From that day on, you might say we grew to hate the Germans. They started to come over pretty regularly, and to put it mildly, it wasn't very pleasant. We had been asking for cloudy nights so the Luftwaffe wouldn't bomb us. Now we prayed for clear days and clear nights so the bombs could be seen and attacked. A lot of sleep was lost and nerves worn. They came day as well as by night and our "alert" gong was very active indeed. We learned that it wasn't shameful to be afraid, and some of the non-multiplex men found out that there was a fifth leg right in the middle of the multiplex table. Work went on, nevertheless; but necessarily at a slower tempo.

TOP : Pete Diana reading the news of where the bombs fell the previous night.

CENTER : Doing a little exercising—Red Watson being balanced by McNoldy.

BOTTOM : Robinson reading to Joe Rio, Zboyan, and Charles Scott on the back steps.

BUZZ BOMBS



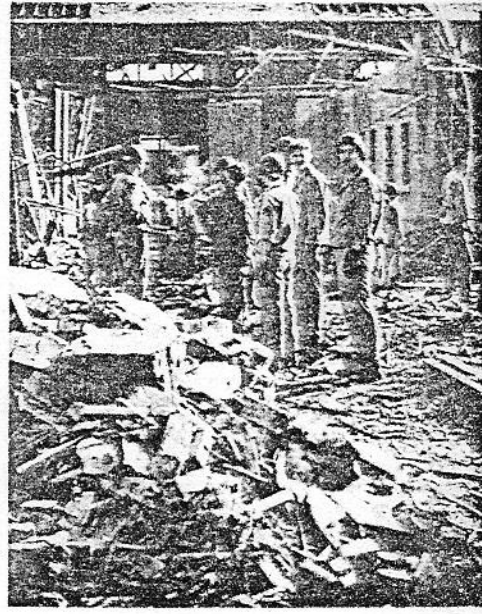
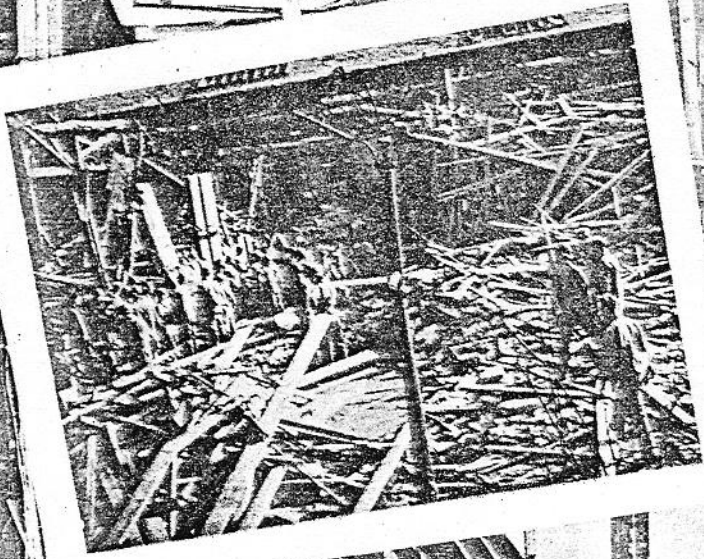
One of our common safety measures when hearing a Buzz-Bomb coming was to roll off the "sack" — blankets and all, trying to miss the foot-locker on the way down — "Oh, my shins!" You lay on the floor under your bed, hoping that your blankets would stay with you — because the floor was damn cold! There you stayed until the bomb exploded, never rising unless all was quiet. Then, and not until then, did you relax.



TOP: Passeur worrying—tired from lack of sleep. "Damn the flying bomb!"

CENTER: Amey Fontana and Jim Monnelly getting a little sun.

BOTTOM: When Link heard one coming over he usually got out the quickest way—out the window.



BUZZ BOMB



AUGUST
27

A DOODLE BUG FOR BREAKFAST

"Let's go to chow!" — and the the Second Platoon marched to the mess hall. Not many men in the off-duty platoons ate because Loughney and McNamara had been married on Saturday and most of them had gone to the weddings. Hang-overs don't care about food. Suddenly the alarms rang — the boys at Chrysler's had plotted the course of a Robot headed our way.

Most of the men in bed thought, "Oh well, this one will go over, too." The sack was to warm to leave.

The Buzz-Bomb was coming closer and its vibrations shook the building.

Johnny Puskas, running to the mess-hall window to see where the thing was, saw it coming down and yelled "Duck!" We all scrambled under the tables — a second later pipes, glass and plaster went flying through the air. Several who had not taken cover soon enough were injured by falling steam pipes.

Only a little plaster fell in the first and third squad rooms, but headquarters platoon was not so fortunate — clothes were blown up on the beams, windows blew in, and fallen steam pipes pierced several beds, luckily empty. The guard room was hit and the boys were buried under timbers, walls, and loose bricks.

Fire broke out and a bucket brigade was started—the pump ouse had collapsed on the pump. The rescue squad was at work digging out the trapped men. Lt. Shirk took charge and

did a good job of organization. The guards were soon out but it was an hour before we found the body of the O. D. Everyone had pitched in at the digging and we'll always remember one particular voice, "Find my locker, \$500 worth of clothes!" The C. Q. was found with a slab of cement on him and unscathed, save for a missing shoe.

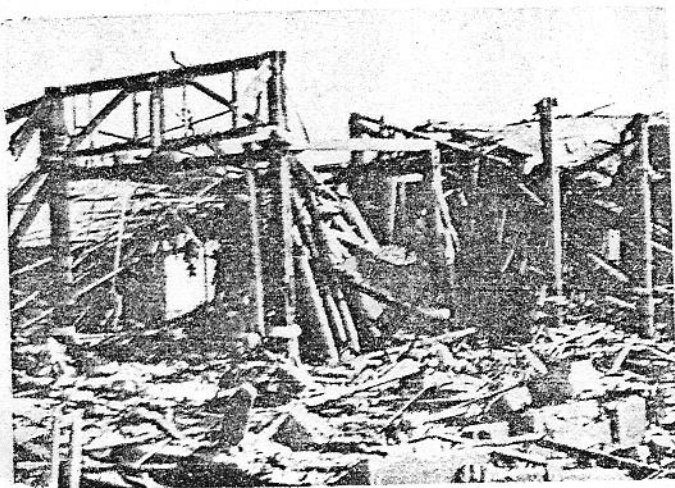
The Sergeant's room was a shambles—Dickie Foster had been rescued but Rochefort was still pinned to his bed with a bottle of Johnny Walker, which he was downing as though it might be his last. He was finally dug out and carried away on a stretcher yelling "I want to see Jughead!"

Our battalion lost two men and an officer in this explosion, one man from our company. Our building was ruined and demanded lots of work, although the British National Fire Service and Heavy Rescue Workers came in to help us.

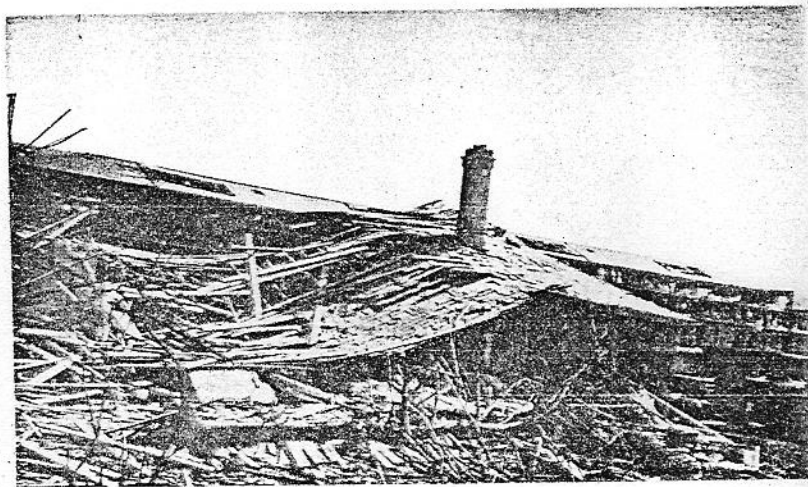
Hearts were heavy and nerves on edge, neighboring houses were damaged. There were no passes that night, so wives and girl friends came to the gates.

That night as we got to bed, three more Buzz-Bombs came over on the same course. No one was to be found in his bed; all were in shelters or flat on the ground. The days following were days of cleaning up and expedited packing; we were anxious to move into the battle area where it was "safe"!

Left : This was the Guard Room in which twelve men were sleeping.



Right : The Orderly Room damaged beyond repair.



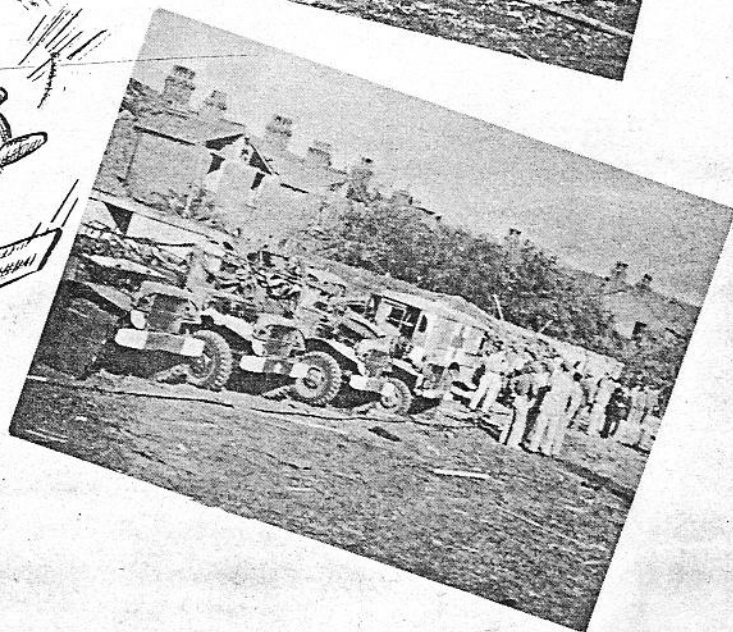
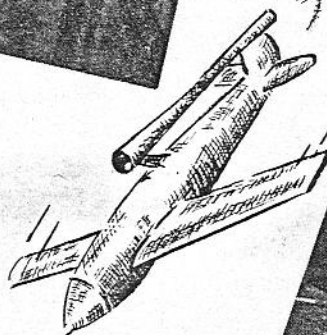
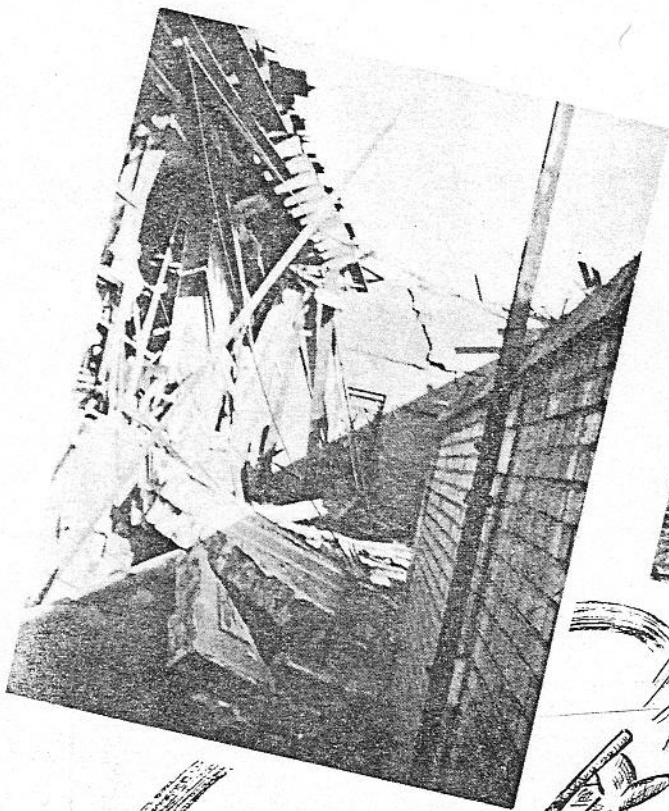


Top : Where the bomb hit.

Lower Left : Sleeping rooms on the left; Headquarters platoon latrine on the right.

Between the Orderly Room section and Guard Room. Showing where W/O Wolverton was caught when the Buzz-Bomb hit.

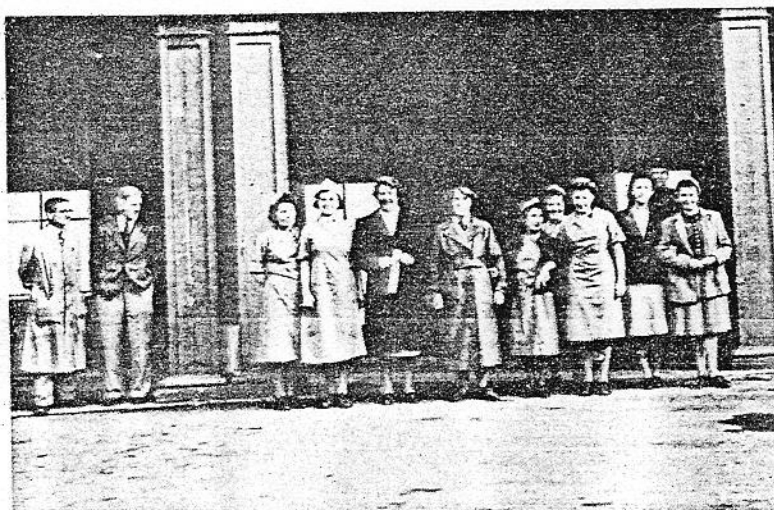
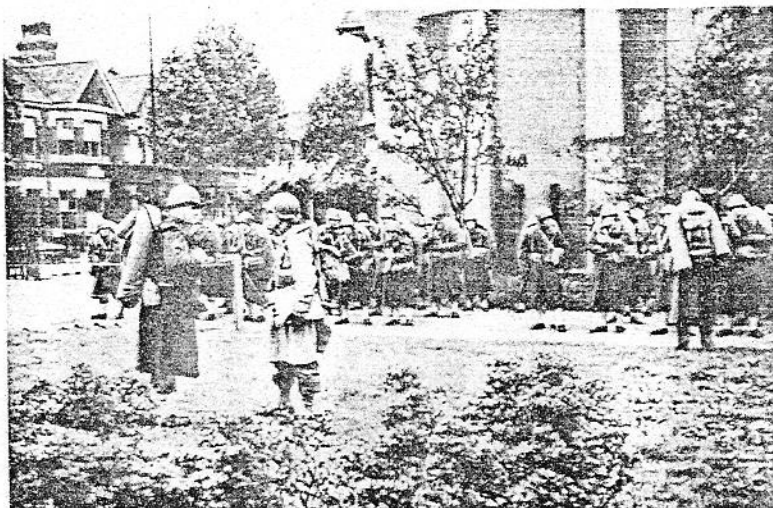




Showing site of the Motor Pool and a view of the damage.

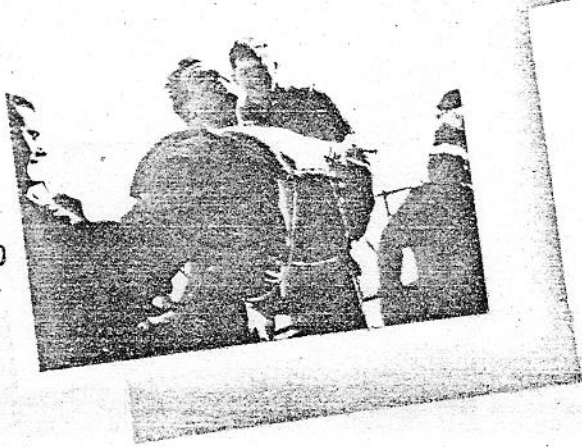
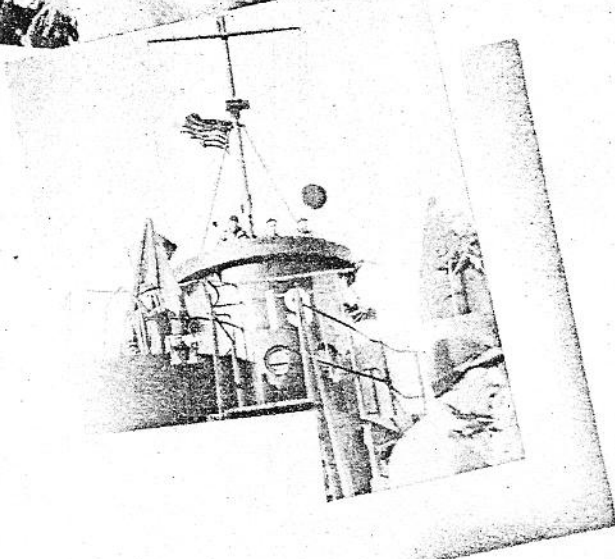
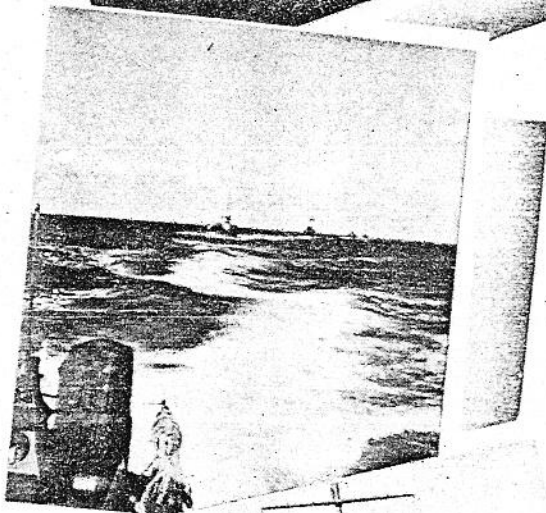
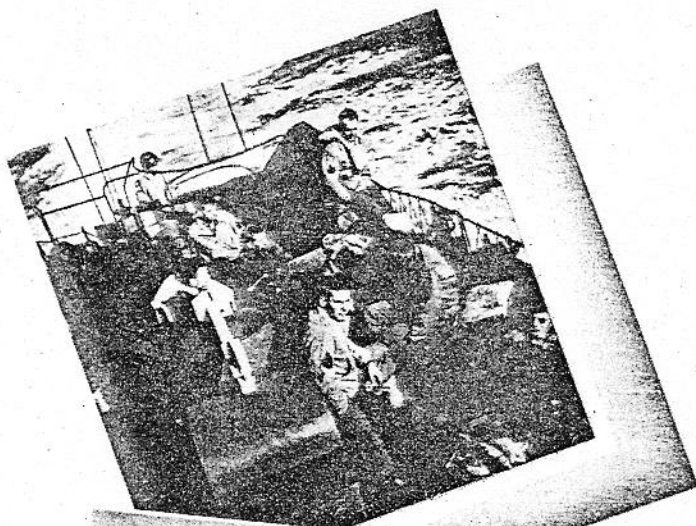


On the 10th of September, 1944, the company was reorganized and the name changed to the 2775th Engineer Base Photo-mapping Co. On the following day Detachment A was activated and alerted. Captain Thompson commanded this first detachment with the assistance of Lt. Alexander. Detachment A departed on the 16th, and arrived in Normandy on the 19th, just forty-some days after the WAC's and some machines. On the 27th of the same month Detachment B was activated. Commanded by Lt. Sabine, this detachment left Kew on October 1st and landed at Omaha Beach on the fourth day of the same month. The third and last detachment finished packing and loading equipment on boxcars and left Kew on the 15th of that month. This detachment remained at the docks on board an LCI for four days because of adverse weather conditions in the Channel. They landed on the 21st of October at Utah Beach.



TOP: Lt. Sabine, commanding Detachment B, and Sgt. Durrell.
CENTER: Miss Cox and the NAAFI girls come out to see the last of the Yanks off after a two-year acquaintance.

BOTTOM: Detachment C just before boarding the train at Richmond, Surrey-and just after all wives and sweethearts had been hustled from the platform.



... AND ON

After staying overnight in Southampton, we marched to the dock late the second afternoon. After a long wait, with intervals of Salvation Army coffee and sandwiches, we finally boarded our LCI and tried to sleep.

In the morning we ate an early breakfast and pulled out into the Channel. The seas were a little rough and it was some time before our stomachs got used to the rise and fall of the boat.

Card games started, more men hung over the rails, and Buddy Hoffman did his act. In the late afternoon we saw land—Cherbourg—and remembered how we had mapped it.

We anchored at about 3:00 A. M. and waited for the tide to run out. When it did, we—weak and whipped—stormed the beach. As far offshore as the eye could see, were the Liberty and Victory ships that were bringing supplies to our armies in the field. Also visible were the man-made docks, the breakwater and harbor which we had modeled at Kew just prior to D-Day.

We left the beach on foot and traveled a few miles inland to our staging area. It was raining when we sat in the Normandy mud to eat a K-ration breakfast. We then began our wait for transportation.

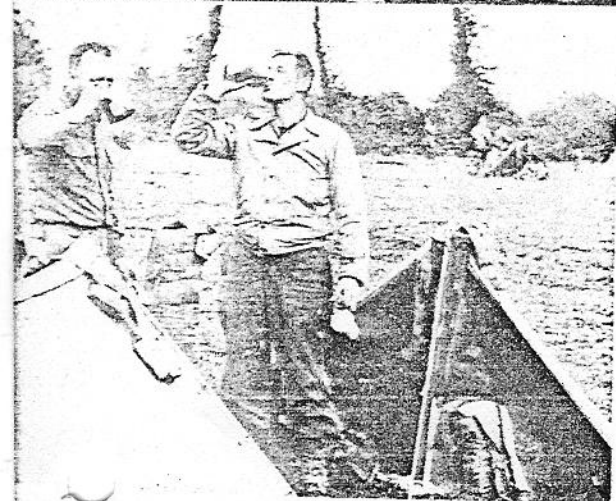
We had but a short wait. At 10:30 our trucks arrived and we were on our way to our new station—PARIS.

TOP RIGHT : Passing a convoy of LCT's in mid-Channel.

BOTTOM RIGHT : If this were technicolor you could readily see how green Fred Free is around the gills.

Opposite

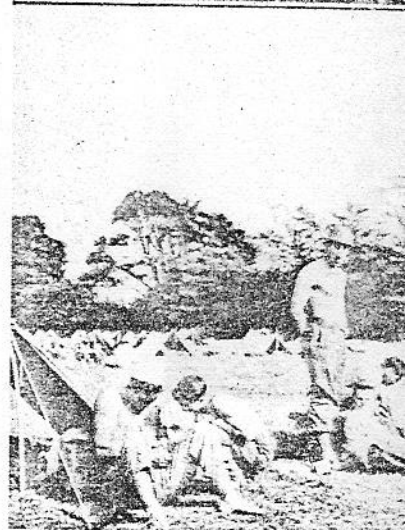
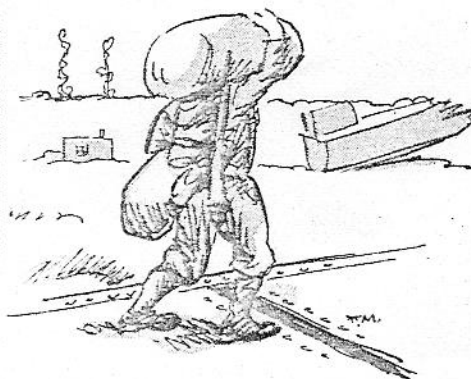
UTAH BEACH



TOP : Detachment C after literally crawling over the slick, muddy foot-bridge (background) seem to be a bit tired.

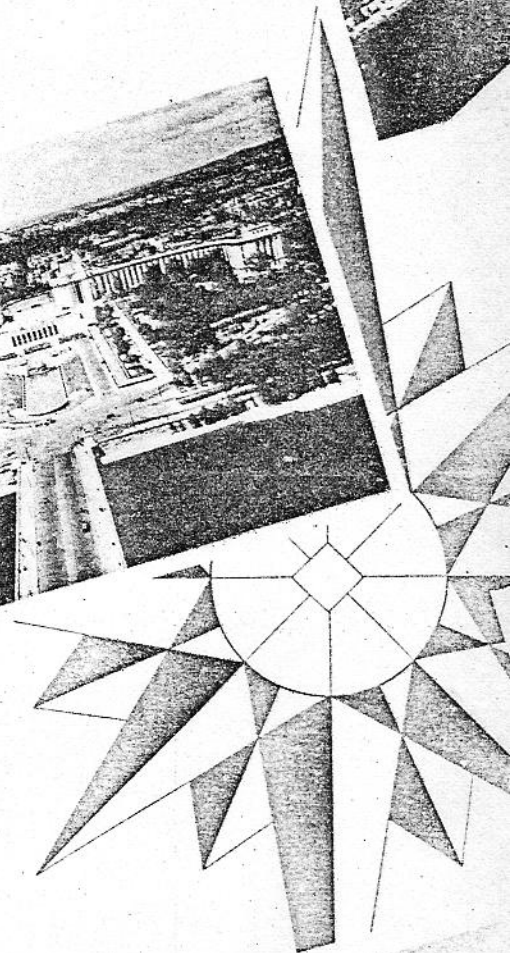
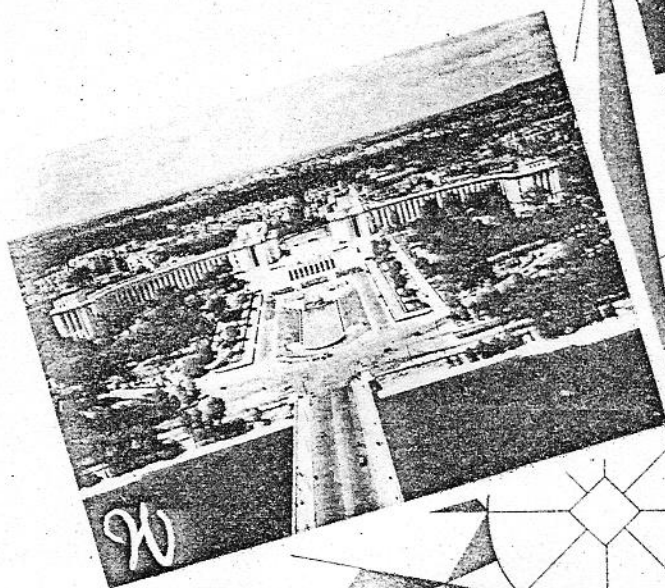
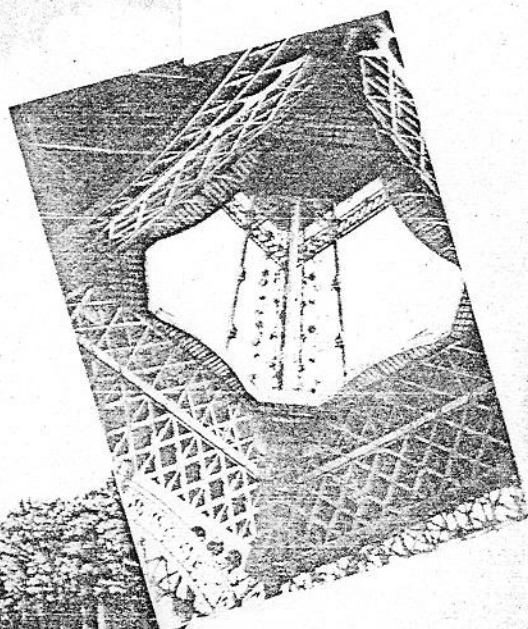
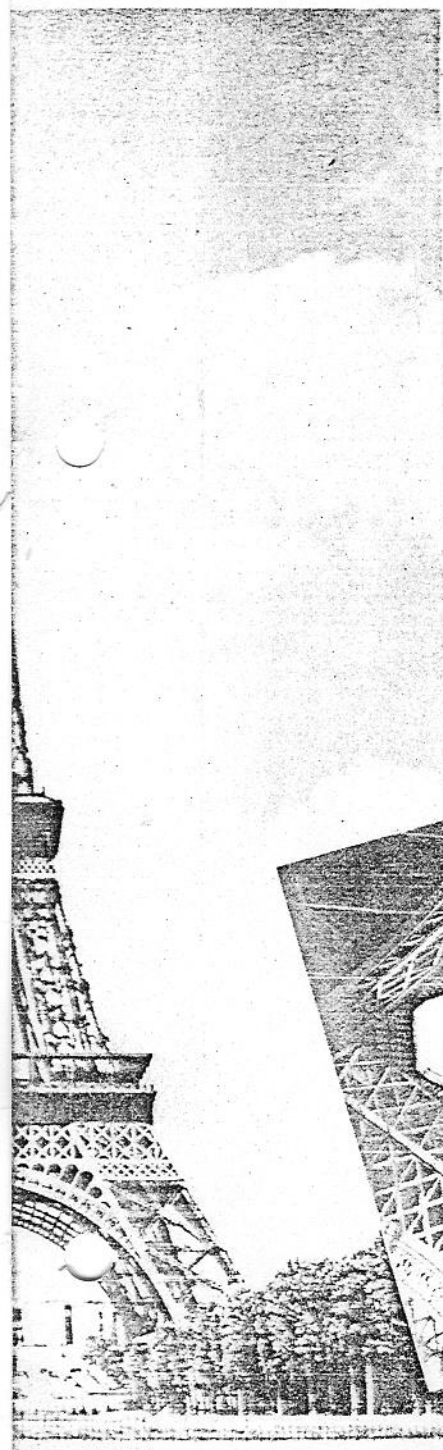
CENTER : Cakmes, Englehardt, and Paraskevas heating C-rations.

BOTTOM : Still waiting for trucks to take them to Paris. They play a friendly game of chance.



FEL...

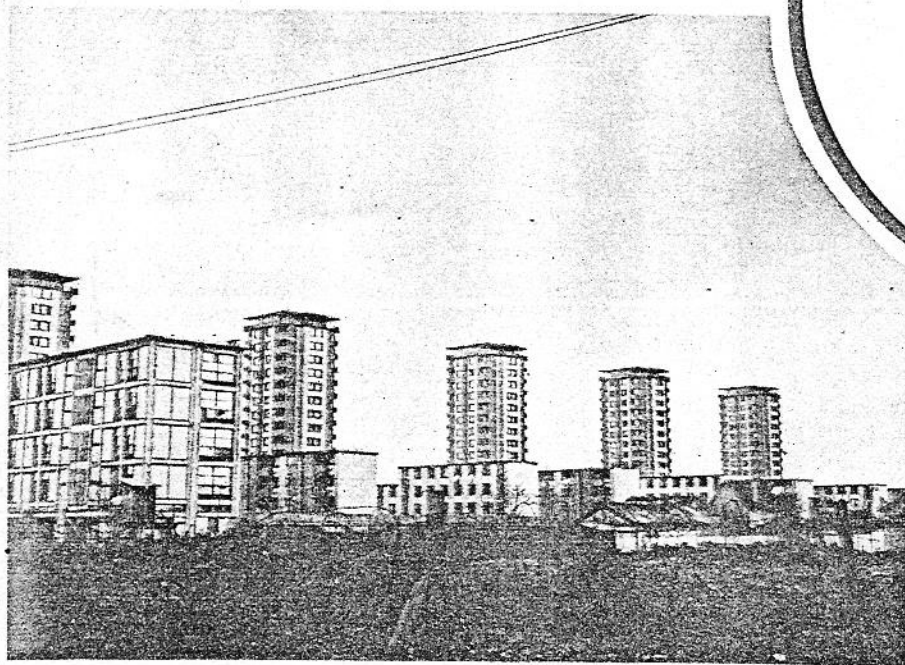
Paris



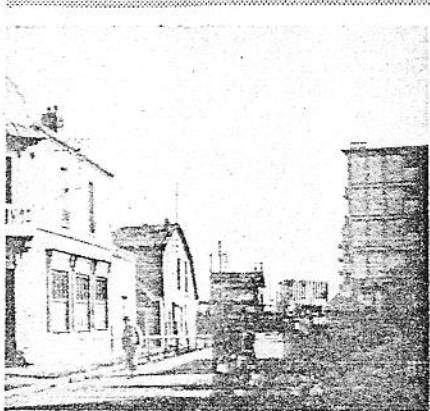


Aerial photo of the towers.

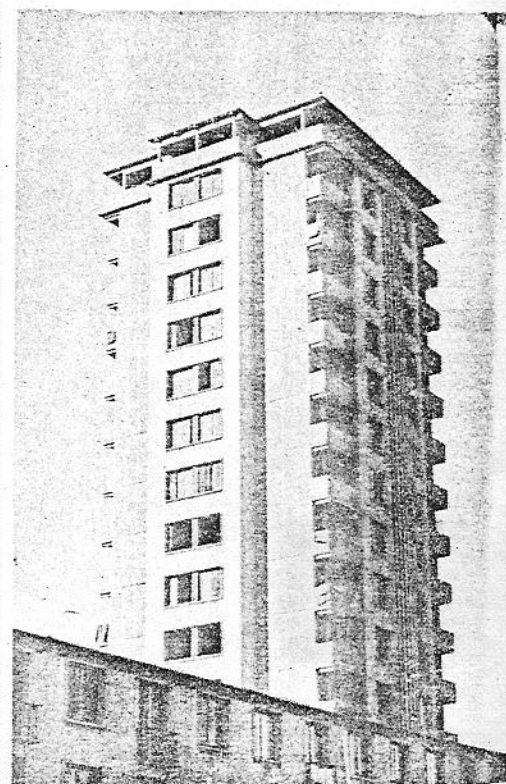
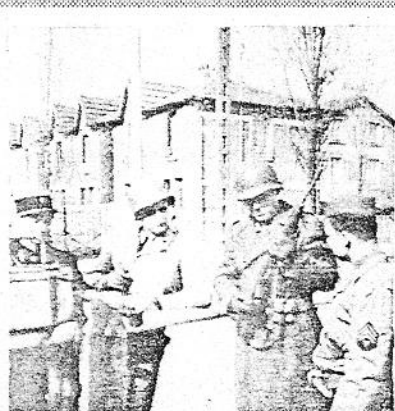
Les GRATTES DE DRANCY



The Towers from behind.



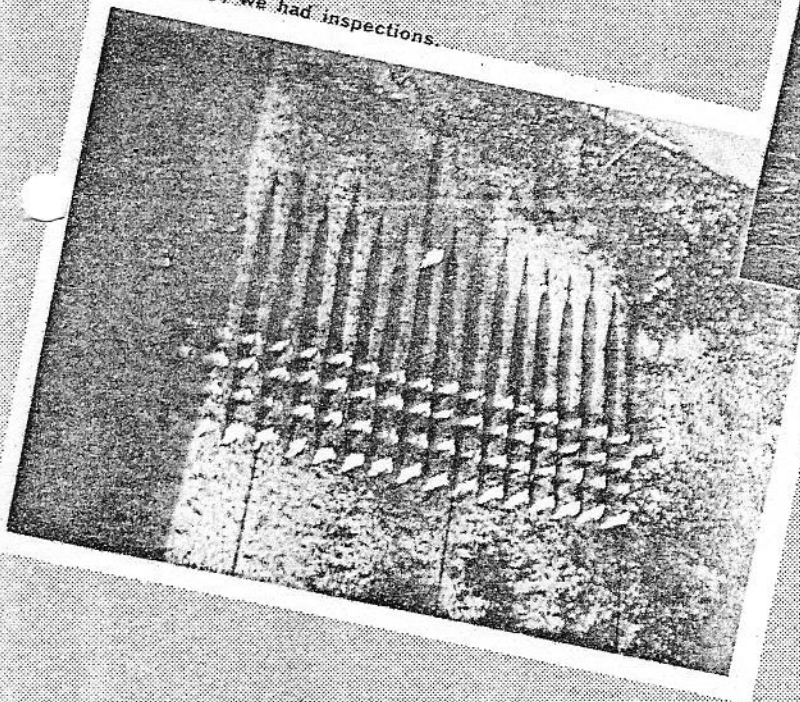
At the front gate, French and American guards parlent — "Monsewer, parti café pour vahn blanch pour mwa, seel voo play? ? ?" Chez nous.



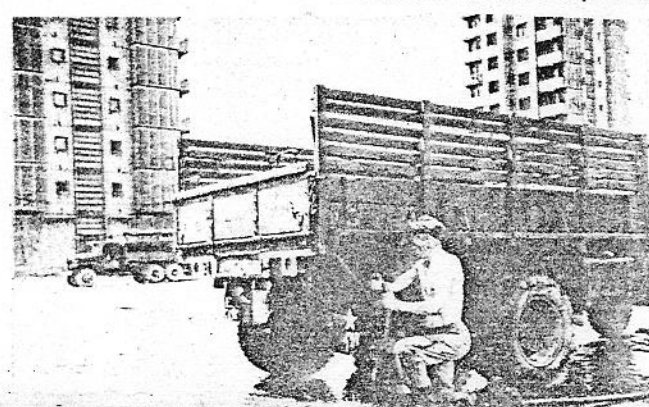


On winter days we went to extremes to keep warm, while on summer days the sun did it.

Naturally, we had inspections.

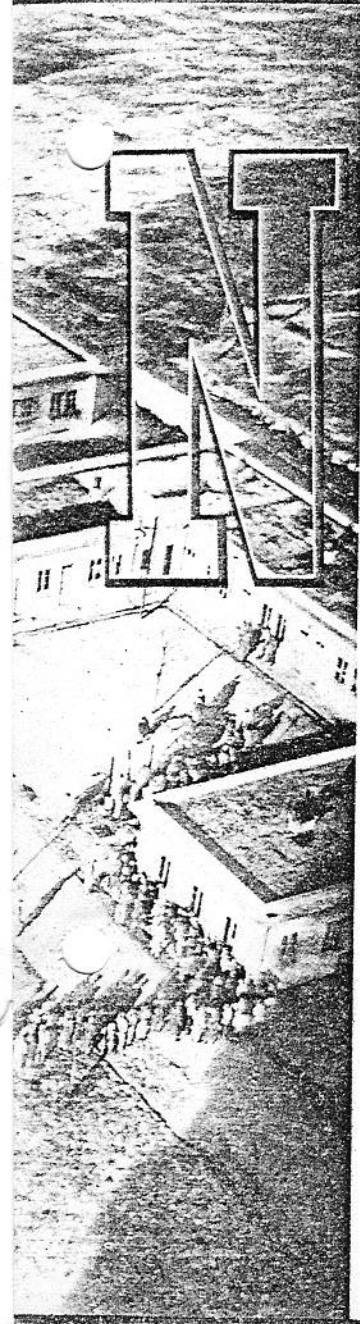


The motor pool kept...



our trucks in top form for the ride...





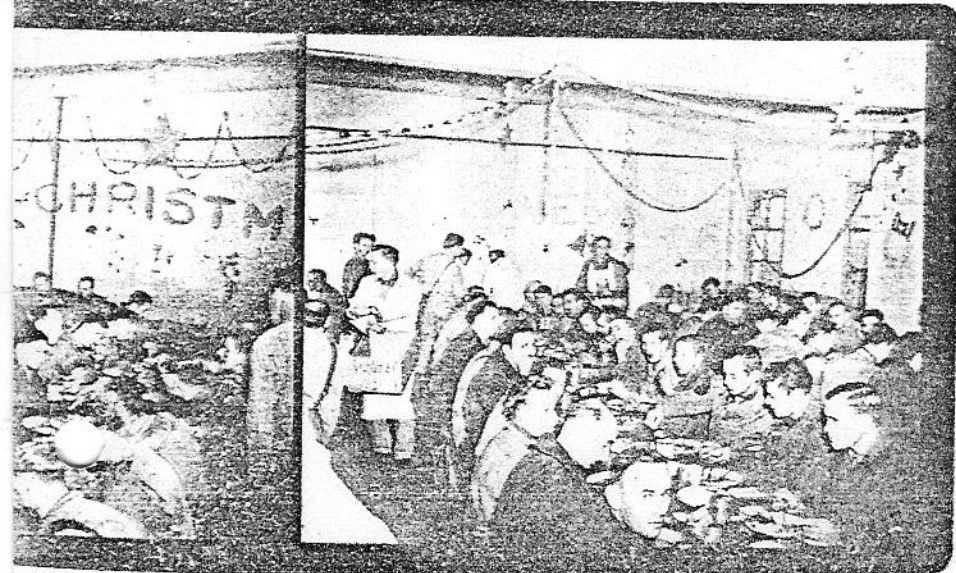
Well

Instead of standing in line for the usual twenty minutes, the 2775th G. I.'s were delighted to walk right into the mess-hall and sit down, on Christmas Day, 1944. Turkey with all the trimmings was served to us lowly enlisted men by the first three graders, accompanied by soft music via the recording machine. Toward the end of this delicious repast the officers made a few appropriate speeches, the brevity of which was appreciated by all. T/Sgt. Durrell made a striking Santa Claus as he delivered such gag presents as a bottle (of milk) to Sgt. Orr, a pound of nails to Sgt. Stewart, and a few ratings to the lucky recipients.



No waiting in this Christmas chow line.

Dinner scenes of the two groups.



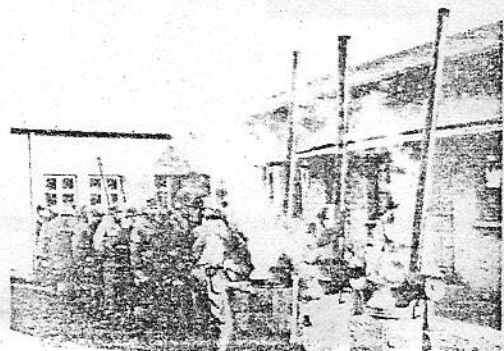
★ paris.



Our Santa Claus

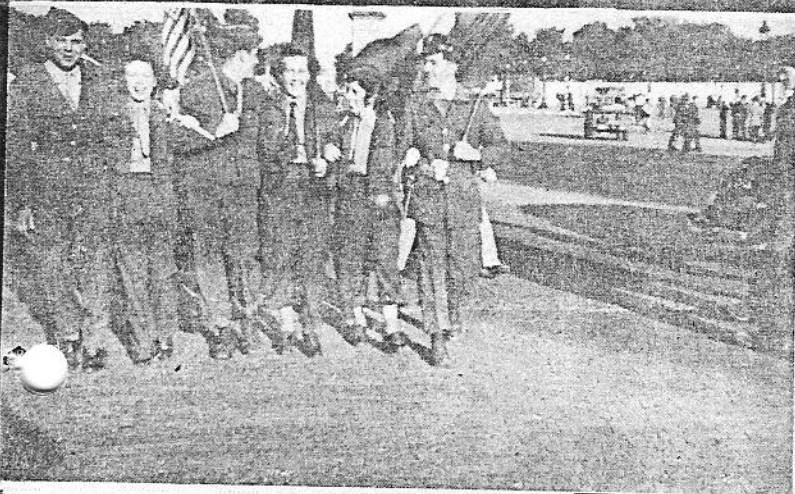
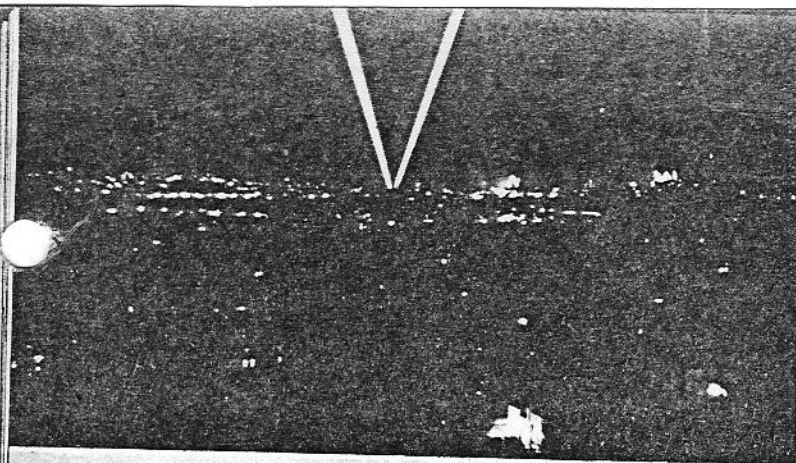


We wash our own.





From San
Luis, 7/21
1934
Miami, Fla.
7/21-1934
Luis, 7/21
1934
Luis, 7/21
1934



With the proclamation of peace on May 8th, 1945, the French went mad with joy. For three days, there were block dances, parties, fireworks, and an atmosphere of general whoopee both in Drancy and Paris. Allied flags and bunting were flying while searchlights formed aerial V-signs in the sky at night. Pre-war champagne and other delectable liqueurs which had been saved for this event, were brought out from musty hiding places and consumed in victory toasts: *Vive la France! l'Angleterre! l'Amerique! et la Russe!* Traffic along the Champs-Élysées and the other great boulevards of Paris was stopped as people danced in the streets. Allied soldiers and seamen were mobbed, hugged, and kissed by the enthusiastic French gals. To Americans, however, there was a sort of a "raincheck" quality to this happiness because of our unfinished business with Japan. The war was actually over for the French — the Nazis were driven out and their prisoners had returned so they could naturally cut loose. Most of the Yanks watched the celebration half-heartedly, as they wondered what the next move would be. In the midst of all this hilarity the score to us was only, "Two down and one to go".

V-E DAY

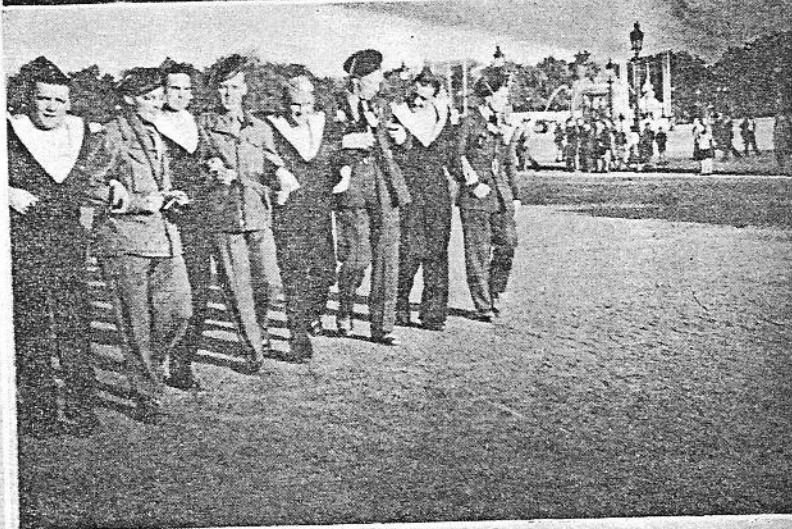
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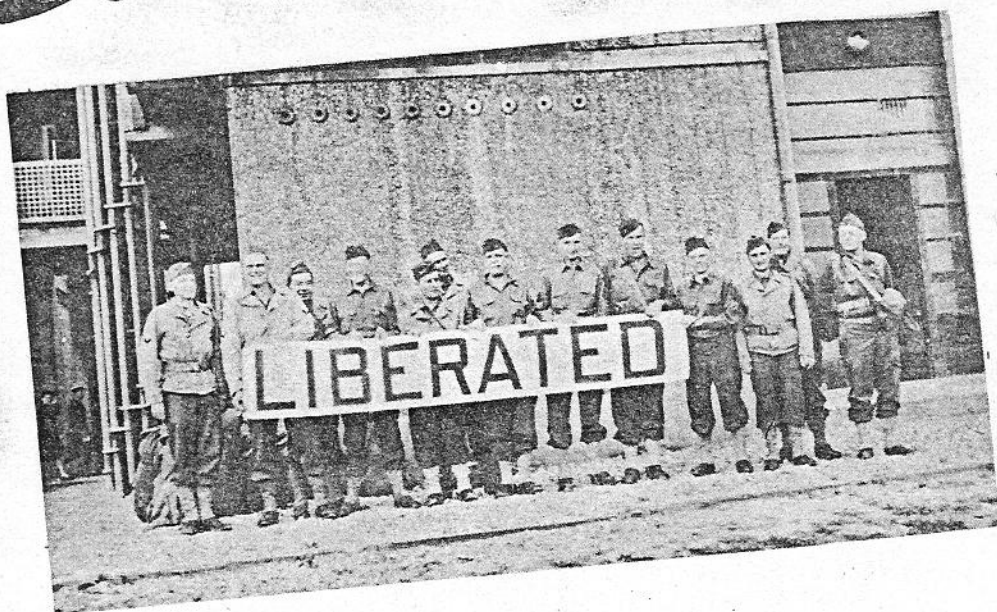
V-E DAY

V-E DAY

DAY



Look Homeward



The last line-up

Boy, do they look happy!---So long, buddy! Look at Callahan's contented grin.





Homeward Bound

Shortly after VE-Day the army announced its intention to release all soldiers 42 years of age and over. So on May 17, 1945, the first hopeful gleam came to us all as our older men left for civilian life. These fortunate Joes included Orr, Davis, Newton, Turnbull, Robinson, Hallinan, Hall, Lord, Roberts, Merrill, Callahan, Rutledge, Howk, and Meister. After frenzied good-bys and promises to write, they boarded two trucks and drove away, to the envy of us all. We have since heard from some of them, happily returned to Civvy Street. As Sgt. Harry McKenzie took over Orr's vacancy as 1st Sgt., we realized that their departure was a step toward our own eventual freedom.

