

*OUR
CHILDHOOD
MEMORIES*

*LONGHURST FAMILY REUNION
JULY 10, 1992*

DECEMBER 24, 1946

by Warren

I was 3-1/2 years old and had my first memory of Christmas Eve. We lived with grandma Quinn on the corner of Hawthorne Rd. and Quinn Rd. (then called Infirmary Rd. because of a mental institution just east of the railroad tracks). I woke up to see if Santa Claus had come yet. He hadn't. I then went in to ask Mommy when he was going to come. Mommy was not in her bed, neither was Daddy. Grandma was gone also and it was dark. The next thing I remember was Uncle Wahlon coming up from the basement to put a crying, scared, little boy back to bed. I honestly don't know if Santa Claus ever did come that night, but my new little brother DeVon did. They had all gone to the hospital and DeVon was born that night. (The moral of this story is that if Santa doesn't come, maybe DeVon will!! Ha!)

THE FLOODING PORTNEUF RIVER

The oldest part of the City of Pocatello is in close proximity to the Portneuf River just as it always has been. Part of the residential area was built on both sides of the river and I suppose that there always has been a flooding problem in some of those locations. The Army Corp. of Engineers has built a fenced concrete river channel through part of the city and other improvements have been made such as elevating roads, dredging, etc. Except for ice jams, most of the problem has now been solved. Before this work was done however, the so called So. Main extension (now Bannock Hwy.) seemed to frequently get hit by the rising water. Dad served in the Spanish Speaking Stake Mission and there was a family that lived right in that flood plain - the Rodriguez Family. Dad, David Syphus and others helped that family a lot. Personally, I was down there more than once and in a very small

way helped with the major effort of sandbagging and building dikes to protect their house. The emphasis here that I wish to make is the example of service by our Dad to the Rodriguez family, and I am sure that he was not only working very hard but also showing other volunteers what to do and how it needed to be done, thus successfully directing the effort.

WINTER 1949 - 1950

Many 'old timers' around Southeast Idaho remember and talk about that winter. Lost River Valley they say was completely isolated for about three weeks because of the heavy snowfall. Though I don't quite yet qualify as a full-fledged 'old timer', I was just old enough to remember that winter. In Pocatello, where we lived in yet a basement house (before building on up), the snowfall was just as severe. The morning after the big snow, the basement house located at 311 W. Quinn (it's address back then) was not visible! The snow had covered it over, and the fences too. As for a road or canal, how would you know they were there except for former knowledge? From within the house it did not get light and Dad was late for work. Maybe he never got there that day. It must have been an unforgettable job digging out. School was cancelled for at least a couple of weeks! Once plowed out, you could climb snow piles and in some places touch the telephone wires.

Oh how times change. Now in 1992, the sixth year of drought, what schoolchild, farmer, or fisherman for that matter, would not greatfully welcome another '49 - '50 Winter? In fact, we all pray for something like that.

Warren

"CHILDHOOD MEMORY"

by DeVon

One of the childhood experiences I remember had to do with the cows. Not as much our cows as... Jay Eskelson's cows.

Early morning, even before the sun was up, Dad would ring THE BELL. He would push the button above the stove. I still look for that button when I go home...somehow it had MAJOR significance in my life. When Dad pushed that button it would ring the bell which was located just inside the bedroom up toward the top of the door. That ring meant "be up and dressed by the time I get down stairs". It was always hard to figure out just exactly where Dad was in his routine of getting dressed and showing up to my bedroom door with me still in the sack. When I heard Dad putting on his boots at the top of the stairs, I knew I had waited too long. It was tough to make it look like I had been up getting dressed ever since he had let go of the button. I knew Dad was easy on me when I was late because I also knew that he knew that I really loved those cows...and their baby calves.

I still, from time to time, think it would have been the best thing to stay in the dairy business. Prices are up on milk right now because Pres. Bush has given away all the cheese and stock piles of powdered milk to people around the world and that has helped the Dairy Industry. The dairy on the hill next to us is having the best time of their lives right now. Also, they have figured out how to feed the cows and milk them three times a day to get top production. We could have done so... somehow though, Dad's better judgement said "no".

One of the most valuable lessons I learned, aside from the work, was the fact that the money was reinvested back into the COWS not the barn and expensive equipment; the decision of which ultimately avoided a huge financial loss. We did well with the

cows and several people copied us. Some of the copy-cats we bought out when they tired of the routine or experienced unexpected problems. Others were long-time competitors. Names I remember are Syphus, Bolingbrokes, Zundels, Andersons, Wards, Rowlands, Tubbs, Mickelsons, Cache Valley Breeders Association, Wirkus and Eskelsons.

Jay Eskelson fell while trimming a tree in his front yard and suffered paralysis...confining him to a wheel chair for the rest of his life. I remember the energy Jay had before the accident. I remember him buzzing around helping with almost anything. But one of my clearest recollections is, I remember Pete Mottishaw and myself milking Jay's cows for him early in the morning...early enough to go back home and milk our own cows and then go to school.

For the most part, memories are truly valuable because from them we form our own patterns for life.

DeVon

"CHILDHOOD MEMORIES"

by Karyn

It is said that we do not remember days, we remember moments. And that seems to be true as I pondered my childhood and asked Heavenly Father to help me recall some meaningful memories. I have a collage of the things I remember, and have attempted to order them chronologically.

My earliest memory: Seeing mom sitting in the basement living room in the dark, crying after Ludean died. I was very young, but the visual memory is very vivid and suggests to me of my sensitivity to other people's feelings.

My other memories, some to laugh at: The red rocking horse on the upside down table that dad made for us - I may have been the one to wear the hole in the table top! I loved riding it.

- I remember pulling the red wagon full of bricks on the grounds while the church was being built on the corner.

- Sitting on old catalogs in the drivers seat of a big truck in the hayfield out by Simplots, heading for a distant post while hay was being loaded and stacked at whatever speed 1st or low gear is.

- Trying to pull hairs out of Grandma Quinn's moles on the side of her face!

- Trying to cook eggs on a hot, flat rock next to a boiling mud pot in Yellowstone Park.

- Sleigh riding on Kraft hill.

- Setting mousetraps in the basement - I hated that job because I feared the traps and their strength, but emptying them was just as bad since I was and still am afraid of mice! I also was afraid of the basement stairs with the imagination that snakes lived under them. I always ran or bounded two at a time going up and down.

- Ice fishing: the narrow trail we hiked on was also petrifying to me.

- Ice skating at Caribou and on our own "pond" around the house. This is one of my fondest memories, probably because I enjoyed it so much.

I reminisce on the varied things we were able to do as a family and see that we really were unique and didn't even realize it! My love and thanks to dad and to mom if she were here, for providing so much for so many.

Love, Karyn

"HOMEMADE MEMORIES"

by Connie

Once I started thinking of childhood memories I found that I really did have quite a few. Selecting one became difficult as my list began to grow. Even at that there are several that tie together around the thought of "Homemade".

I remember the first time I had noodles other than homemade. Peggy Eaton was babysitting us and she wanted to fix something for dinner (and I don't even remember what it was) that included noodles. Of course there were none in the house, so we made a special trip to the store to buy noodles. We thought that was a neat thing. Of course, now the homemade noodles are the real treat.

I also remember the first time I had cottage cheese other than homemade. We were in Salt Lake and stayed over night at Aunt Viola's. This was when she lived in that big white house down close to town. I thought it extraordinary that the milkman brought milk, cottage cheese and eggs and put it in a small box on the outside of the house that also had a door on the inside that opened right into the kitchen. This dairy cottage cheese was much different than any cottage cheese I had ever had. I kind of liked it. Little did I know then, that I would someday be the milkman.

Holidays are a time of traditions. I remember some holiday traditions that were quite non-traditional. The two holidays that ring loudest of these are Valentine's Day and Halloween. Oh, all those cookies! We didn't purchase paper valentines to give to our class mates and I thought it was because we probably couldn't afford it. Now I think that was probably an incorrect assumption..The night before Valentine's Day we were up late

making, decorating, and packaging cookies. What a big project for any mother to take on. Then to make enough for each of the children to take one for each person in their school class (that was around 30 apiece). Some were cutting, some were frosting and decorating, someone else stuck the cookie to a paper doily with a dab of frosting, and then we each packaged them individually in waxed paper sandwich bags and stapled it shut. We were tired by the time we finished, but I was always excited to drop one in each of the kids' homemade mail boxes. One year instead of cookies we stuck a piece of chewing gum to a heart shaped doily and hand wrote the message "I chews you for my valentine".

Then there's Halloween. Not the traditional store bought candies for trick-or-treaters. What about homemade doughnuts. We made a lot of doughnuts. Let's serve hot chocolate with them. It's cold out. We can invite the trick-or-treaters in to warm up with hot chocolate and doughnuts. And we did. Some declined because they were too busy collecting their goodies. But many were glad to join us at the table for a chance to warm up even though it meant they had to take their mask off to eat. Another year it was homemade candied apples. Dad and mom made the candy and dipped the apples and we took them one at a time out on the back step to cool them off in the cold air. I wonder how many we made.

I'm sure if I really put my thinking cap on there are other homemade memories, but these are the ones I remember the most. (Of course don't forget Dad's homemade boat.)

Connie

CHILDHOOD MEMORY

by Sandra

There wasn't much slack time in our home. It seems we were always either working hard or playing hard. Water skiing was no exception.

The way we learned to tackle this sport was rather unconventional. I remember the big canal up north of our house. The child just learning to ski would sit on the narrow bridge (it was more like a plank, if I remember correctly). Dad and one of the older boys would take a long pole and, with one on either side of the canal, would stretch the pole across the water. Sitting on the bridge with skis on, you would take hold of the pole. The guys would run down the ditch-bank and you would stand on the skis for a relatively slow and bumpy ride.

Once you had mastered the pole, then you advanced to a ski rope which was pulled by either a horse or the jeep. After the rookie lessons, you were ready for the real thing! What a scary thrill that was. And what a fun sport!

With the unpredictable winds in Pocatello, you could very seldom plan a decent outing to the lake with the boat. Quite often we would be working in the yard or garden and Dad would watch the weather as we did so. All at once he would say something like, "The wind has died down. The lake will be calm. Let's go!" And we would drop what we were doing and head for the lake. What fun memories!

Sandra

"BEAR FACTS"

by Loalyn

I thought of a lot of great childhood memories I have and had a hard time choosing which one to focus on. I wanted to do them all but decided to save some for another time!

As a child I remember I would have very bad dreams about bears. The bears would come into our house while I was in the basement, and would come down the basement stairs looking for me. When I would see them coming I would run to the outside entrance of the basement only to find that others were coming down those stairs also. By this time I would be trapped in the old kitchen area of the basement, so I would crawl into the cupboards under the sink. Somehow I could see the bears as they would surround the area where I was, some on the floor, some on the counter above me. At this point I would always wake up crying.

I suppose I was somewhat imaginative, but I can recall several incidents that probably facilitated my bad dreams and fear of bears. Of course all of them took place in Yellowstone Park since we went there fairly often.

I first recall the lines of cars backed up in both directions as tourists would stop to see bears along the roadside, and feed them whatever they had on hand. They were frightening when they came to your car and tried to shove their heads in your window in search of a tasty morsel or two.

My next memory was one when we camped in a cabin, and other relatives were along, camping in nearby cabins as well. I remember Clinkscapes, Wilmores, Quinns and Hales. (I think.) We even stayed there on Sunday and had Sacrament Meeting in an open-air amphitheater. I had never been to church in play-

clothes before, let alone outside! Shelly and I had matching hair cuts, and probably matching clothes as well and I remember people asking if we were twins, or commenting on how much we looked alike, or how skinny we were! We were very curious as to where all the asphalt paths led to, and it was on one of our little excursions that we came upon two twin bear cubs. They were so cute and we wanted desperately to play with them, but we knew the mother must be close by. We imagined all the horrible things that could possibly happen and it scared us so bad that we turned around and ran back to camp as fast as we could, probably making a big fuss about it all when we got there.

Another event that I remember was when we had taken the boat, loaded it up for the day, set out onto the lake, and beached at some picnic grounds. Mom stayed there to relax and write letters and wait for us to bring some fish back to cook for dinner. The rest of us took off in the boat around the bend and hadn't been gone very long when a fellow in another boat caught up with us. After inquiring if we had left our wife and mother back at this certain place, and getting a confirmation, he proceeded to tell us that she wanted us to come back because a big bear had rambled into our picnic site, ransacked our grub box, stole the butter we were going to use to fry the fish in, and had scared her to death. She had gone to the water's edge and screamed and yelled because she could still see us, and thought that we might hear her. Naturally we couldn't possibly hear her because of the noisy boat engine, plus the wind in our ears, and we were all looking forward in the direction we were travelling.

When we returned to where she was I remember her showing us what had happened and how she had tried to yell for help. The noise she made scared the bear away, but not before he helped himself to the grub, taking the Tupperware container the butter was in and all. She drew the attention of the man who came to get us, but I don't remember what we did after all the excitement died down.

My last memory I have about Yellowstone, and bears, really didn't even involve any bears. By this time I was pretty wary anyway. Dad used to find a spot to park the boat up there if we were going to be coming back anytime soon. I think this was on one of those occasions when we went back, and sure enough the boat was right where he had left it. Dad and I and one or two others of us had gone up there in the copper colored station wagon (that Bobby and DeVon had later). We slept in the back after making it down into a bed, and somebody slept up in the front seat as well. It was very cold when we woke up and I remember the first thing I saw was three parallel marks across the side window on the side where Dad had been sleeping. I asked Dad what they were from and he replied that a bear had come during the night and had tried to get in. Of course he took me in completely, me being very young and impressionable. It wasn't until a lot later that I found out that Dad had simply wiped his fingers in the steam (or maybe even frost) on the inside of the windows!

I remember traveling through Yellowstone Park as a teenager on the way to and from Cody, Wyoming. We didn't even see a trace of a bear then, and I somehow felt disappointed.

In the summer of 1985, we decided to take a family vacation to Yellowstone to show Stephanie, Ben and Melissa what a great place it was. We sent off to the Park Service for current camping information, etc. When we got it, we looked it over and concluded we could only camp in a few areas, because we only had a tent, and most campgrounds required hard sided outfits because of recent grizzly problems. Well, it was probably that very night that I experienced the return of my bear nightmare, and I continued to have it recurrently until we changed our plans. To this day I don't know if the dreams were a consequence or a prompting for us to do something else. Anyway, we had a wonderful vacation exploring the southern half of Colorado, taking in the Great Sand Dunes, Pagosa

Springs, Durango, Mesa Verde Natl. Monument, The Million Dollar Highway, Black Canyon on the Gunnison, and Royal Gorge. My dreams have never returned and we discovered some places that we have enjoyed returning to as a family, just as we did as a family to Yellowstone Park.

Loalyn

"CHILDHOOD MEMORY"

by Shelly

I always remember Saturday nights getting the house cleaned up for Sunday then having baths and everyone getting their hair curled in the front room with those little tiny brush rollers and pink picks.

We had popcorn and apples and got to watch the Lawrence Welk show and then Gunsmoke. T.V. was a treat since we weren't allowed to watch it on other nights. Once in awhile we'd get to stay up later and watch the boxing matches with Dad.

Sometime Dad would get out his harmonica and we'd sing along. Once in awhile he'd sing, "Ida, Sweet as Apple Cida" which we always giggled at and thought was pretty silly.

If there was popcorn left, we'd have it for breakfast the next morning with milk on it like cold cereal.

Shelly

"NATURES' WAKE UP CALL"

by Glen

This childhood memory is dedicated to Dad (and Warren) for the sacrifice it must have been to provide for Mom, David and I, the trip to Alaska in 1971. That vacation, even though accompanied by one to Disneyland the very same summer, was one of the most memorable and exciting times of my life.

One morning, very early, Dad, Warren, David and I left the little cabin we stayed in, on the bank of a bay in the middle of nowhere on the North Pacific Ocean, and set out across the water in a little aluminum boat. We traveled quite a long way (for a boat that size) before arriving at the spot where we were to drop our lines. The combination of early hour, and the hum of the little outboard motor had made me very sleepy, and I did sleep, as I remember, for most of the ride.

When we got there, Dad woke me up. I was just coherent enough to bait my hook, drop it in the water, and then I drifted almost back to sleep, holding my fishing pole.

The serenity was short-lived. A big 'ol King Salmon took to my hook in a fairly violent manner. BAM! What an alarm clock! I almost lost my pole! I would prefer that over any electronic device, and I will always remember it.

Thanks Dad.

Love, Glen

"FISHERMAN'S PARADISE"

by David

The things I remember as a child are precious memories to me, because as children we don't understand the negative things that paint a different picture for grown-ups. Instead, ours is world of fantasy and make believe, and we see things as we want them to be. Such is this story about my childhood. But this fond memory of mine, holds true for being a fond memory to an adult as well, if he has a love for the great outdoors.

My story begins on a trip to Alaska to do some of the most respected and envied fishing the northwest knows. At seven years of age my mind recorded plenty, but the time since then has caused me to forget most of the negative feelings. I'm sure this vacation had its problems, but whatever they were, I feel I would rather not know for fear they would depreciate my childhood memory.

The anticipation of flying in a jet airliner was killing me as Mom, Dad, Glen and I drove to Seattle Washington where we were to board a Pan Am 737 to Fairbanks Alaska to visit Warren and Sharon and their children, as Warren was stationed there in the Air Force. I remember the three hour flight gave me time enough to make friends with a fellow traveler who looked like a single guy around the age of twenty. This guy must have needed a friend, being alone on the flight, so I was happy to oblige. Only a few brief questions are all I remember exchanging with the fellow, but at that age, I probably quizzed him about all kinds of things, more than most people would want. At the end of our flight we said good bye and I have probably never seen him since. But I wasn't trying to make friends on this trip, I was too busy getting my eyes full of my first experience flying.

After a rather long ride to Warren's house from the airport, Glen and I were so busy playing that we had no idea what time it was getting to be. I could have sworn that some time during our flight to Alaska the earth slipped without me knowing it. I thought Dad was kidding when he called us in for bedtime as the sun was setting, and said it was midnight.

The next morning had yet another surprise in store for us as Colissa and Sheldon tried to wake both Glen and me so we could all play together. But we were too overcome with jet-lag to even respond. When we finally did get out of bed, it took us a while to get going, but once we shook off the lag, we all had fun together.

To this day I couldn't say who taught me this "bad word" but while playing outside with some other neighborhood kids I referred to one of the black girls as a "nigger". I must have offended the girl because she went and told her Mommy, and I started feeling the heat of doing something wrong. I didn't recall a confrontation with the girls Mom, but Dad would know the answer to that, because he was on the scene before long thanks to Glen who turned me in. Dad didn't seem too upset about the problem, but Glen was disappointed that I got off so easy.

As I said earlier, the main purpose of our trip was to go fishing. Fishing has been Dad's and Warren's sport from day one. Warren had pre-arranged everything so we could do as much fishing as possible in our two week stay. The first of the two fishing expeditions was a long cold boat ride up a river to a mountain lake naturally stocked with Pike. I still remember the evil look those fish had when we caught them. The trick to catching Pike was to position the boat just on the edge of a huge patch of lily pads, and cast into the lily pads without snagging one, and then reel slowly. The weather on this secluded lake wasn't too good, but we managed to catch fish both in the rain and the sunshine. The highlights which left the greatest

impression in my mind of our pike fishing trip was the first time I saw a bald eagle in the wild, and the time when I found a mouse at our camp sight trying to scrounge a bite to eat. Now the bald eagle was remarkable, but this mouse didn't look like a mouse to me. It had a long pointed nose which made me very inquisitive. I tried catching the mouse, but he was too fast; so I asked Warren about Alaskan mice, and sure enough, it was a mouse with a long pointed nose. He said "that's the way they look up here".

Now to me that trip to the lake seemed like a big bother for only a few fish that looked like electric eels, but at least I can say that I've been Pike fishing before, and I think I learned how to cast between lily pads pretty good.

Meanwhile, Mom and Sharon were busy getting things ready for the main event. This next excursion would take us far away from civilization through the waters of the Valdeez Sound, to a little cabin which overlooked a fisherman's paradise. I remember driving for hours and hours until we reached the coast where we put our little aluminum boat in the water, then pulled it behind another boat which we rode in, until we finally reached our destination. There were islands all around us with dense forest vegetation, and rocky shore lines. Looking from the boat to the cabin, we beheld in front of us, what we were going to enjoy for a whole week. I'll bet if there was a picture taken of this sight, there would be at least a half-a-dozen fish jumping at any given moment. They were all over the place!

Needless to say Dad and Warren had the same thought, "Where are the fishing poles?"

We were in business! There was no limit!....Or was there? If there was, I think we filled everyone's limit for the whole week, just standing in one spot on the bank. In fact, we were so busy fishing, that we didn't notice how the tide had left our boat high

and dry on the jagged rocks. Oh! and I still remember how Dad and Warren were catching fish as they swam by in a circular motion around a little bay. Dad told Glen and I not to tell anyone this little "secret" and I haven't.

Almost every cast brought in a nice sized Pink Salmon that was definitely a keeper. We had a mountain of them by the time we finally forced ourselves to stop for the day. And what a day it was!

The next day we fished, and the day after that we fished, and the day after that we fished too. Rain or shine, big mosquitoes or little mosquitoes, we fished and fished and fished.

On the second day as the tide was down, we noticed a skeleton at the waters edge. Warren said it looked like a bear's skeleton and we were puzzled at why and how a bear would die there. Maybe he fell asleep, and the tide slowly came in and he drowned. Or maybe someone saw him and shot him on sight. Or could it have been that the bear was told before going to that spot "you're going to die when you see all those fish at that place!"

Our cabin was cozy at night, but we all slept in the same bedroom, or was that the kitchen? Or was it a fish cannery? All I know was that it had four walls, two sets of bunk beds, a wood stove, a table, and a very inconvenient out house that was clear up the trail. (Unless you were a boy.)

Fish, fish, fish, what a trip. We even took along crab pots to catch crab in. I remembered those crab pots. We would pull those things up from the bottom of the bay, and they would be covered with star fish, and these weren't your average five leg star fish either. These suckers got a bit carried away when God gave them legs. It was a chore getting them off the crab pots, but when we did we would find the cage with a few good sized crabs

in them. We had a crab dinner that was out of this world. All you could eat! And even more that you couldn't eat.

Now there was an interesting type of fishing going on all during our stay at the cabin. I think Dad called it a halibut line. I remember taking the boat over to where a cliff went into the water, and we had a nylon cord fasten to the rocks that hung down into the water with several baited hooks on. I didn't know what a halibut even looked like until that day. It's a large flat fish that swims on its side along the bottom of the sea, and has its head turned cock-eyed so both eyes are on the top side. The top side of the fish looks like craters of the moon, while the underside is pure white. But you think that's weird!... You should have seen some of the other creative looking fish that thought that line was put there for them. We found things that looked like pre-historic creatures with huge mouths bigger than their body. And we concluded that God put all his ugliest fish in that part of the ocean.

About three days into our weeks stay at the cabin, Dad and Warren put together a Silver Salmon trip that Glen and I got to go on. It was early, it was cold, it was wet. Our little putt-putt boat took what seemed like hours to get to the spot where we fished for the BIG FISH. We did pretty good for the day, but about then I was starting to get tired of fishing, tired of mosquitoes, and tired of the boat.

But without any planning on Warren's part, we were on our way back to the cabin putting right along in the boat full of fish, when we decided to take a break from the boat and explore one of these cute little islands. It just so happened that the spot we came to had a stream of water making it's way to the sea where a traffic jam had occurred with big red fish (I think Coho Salmon) that were trying to get up stream to spawn. The water was only about eight inches deep, and since Glen and I were already wet, we wanted to see if we could catch one of these fish

using our hands. Then after we caught them bare handed, we started kicking the fish onto the bank. There were so many fish we couldn't shake a stick at them all. The only bad thing about it was, none of the fish were good to eat during their spawning season, so we had to leave them all behind.

Our trip was coming to an end as we journeyed back to Warren and Sharon's place stopping at all the places to view the great sights of Alaska. We saw Mt. Rainier, glaciers, wild musk-ox, moose, caribou, and all kinds of wildlife. Oh, and more fish. We picked wild blueberries to eat fresh, and we stopped at some places where tourists could pan for gold. We brought back all our fish and before we knew it we were back on the plane, headed home.

I don't know if I'll ever see that place again, so I cherish the memories. I'm told that the infamous Alaskan oil spill destroyed wildlife along that area, so I don't know if I would even like to see it, for fear my memories would get hurt. And whether or not I'll ever see fishing like that again, I don't know. I hope man doesn't leave his mark where others enjoy God's creations.

- David Longhurst

- REY DEVON LONGHURST -

WAS BORN TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1946
AS OF WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1994, YOU HAVE LIVED 17249 DAYS

BIRTHSTONE: TURQUOISE

FLOWER: NARCISSUS

THE TOP NEWS STORY OF DECEMBER, 1946

XEROGRAPHY: WHAT IS IT? ASK CHESTER CARLSON!

HEADLINES IN 1946

THE ENVELOPE PLEASE

JUAN PERON BECOMES PRES OF ARGENTINA
THE NUREMBURG TRIALS BEGIN
HAPPINESS IS REGISTERING THIS SHAREWARE!
DECEMBER SEES BIRTH OF REY DEVON LONGHURST

Best Movie: "THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"
Best Actor: FREDERIC MARCH
Best Actress: OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
Best Song: "ON THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE"

LIFE IN DECEMBER, 1946

When HARRY S. TRUMAN was President and nobody was Vice-President, a house cost \$12,638.00.
Making ends meet was a full time job with an average yearly income of just \$2672.00.
Milk cost only \$0.35 a half-gallon, 10 Lbs. of potatoes cost \$0.47 and \$0.53 would bring home the bacon.
Wouldn't you like to buy a loaf of bread for the 1946 price of \$0.10?

1946 WORLD SERIES

SHARING YOUR BIRTHDAY

IT WAS ST. LOUIS OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE
OVER BOSTON OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE
IN THE 1946 WORLD SERIES.

AVA GARDNER, BORN IN 1922
MIKE CURB, BORN IN 1944
HOWARD HUGHES, BORN IN 1905
KIT CARSON, BORN IN 1809

ASTROLOGICAL PORTRAIT

YOUR CHINESE ZODIAC

- CAPRICORN -
SYMBOL: THE CAPRICORN
RULING PLANET(S): SATURN
ELEMENT: EARTH
"MATERIALISTIC, PRACTICAL, DEEP EMOTIONS"

YOU WERE BORN IN THE CHINESE LUNAR YEAR 4613
- THE YEAR OF THE DOG -
TRAITS: "LOYAL, HONEST AND STUBBORN"
FORTUNE COOKIE SAYS:
"REVIEW YOUR EATING HABITS!"

THE MUSICAL HIT PARADE OF 1946

ZIP-A-DEE DOO-DAH
ROUTE 66
TENDERLY
LINGER IN MY ARMS A LITTLE LONGER, BABY

Family Group Record for Warren Edwin LONGHURST

1

Husband: **Warren Edwin LONGHURST**

Birth 14 Jul 1957 Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico

Bapt/LDS

15 Jul 1965

Endow. 7 May 1976 SLAKE

Seal/P BIC ARIZO

Seal/S 2 Jun 1982 JRIVE

Father: Harvey Ashton LONGHURST

Mother: Ruth MCCLELLAN

Wife: **Gloria Jean ZANDT**

Birth 3 Apr 1961 Baltimore, Maryland

Marr. 2 Jun 1982 West Jordan, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah

Warren Edwin LONGHURST

Bapt/LDS

29 Jul 1972

Endow. 27 May 1982 JRIVE

Seal/S 2 Jun 1982 JRIVE

1. **Jennifer Jean LONGHURST**

Birth 29 May 1983 Nuevo, Casas Grandes, Chihuahua, Mexico

Bapt/LDS

1 Jun 1991

Seal/P BIC

2. **Jessica Lynn LONGHURST**

Birth 1 Feb 1986 Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah

Bapt/LDS

5 Feb 1994

Seal/P BIC

3. **Janalee Brittney LONGHURST**

Birth 23 Oct 1987 ~~Sandy~~^{SLC}, Salt Lake, Utah

Bapt/LDS

4 Nov 1995

Seal/P BIC

4. **Janae Caroline LONGHURST**

Birth 13 Aug 1993 Murray, Salt Lake, Utah, U.S.A.

Seal/P BIC

Warren Longhurst, 3833 Sugar Beet Dr., West Valley City, Utah 84120

November 9, 1981

Dear Family,

It is a pleasure to write to all of you, our, our most precious possessions on this earth. Grateful are we, to feel there is love and harmony in our large family. The Thanksgiving theme in our hearts is our feeling of love and thankfulness that each of you is learning to meet and cope with the challenges of their life, to the strengthening of yourselves and your families, staying in tune with the gospel and keeping the commandments.

graduation

We took a week off and went to San Diego to witness Glen's from Boot Camp in the Marines and to bring him home for his leave before returning to 29 Palms, Calif., where he will go to electronic school. It was a very satisfying experience for us and very important to Glen and to us. We were amazed at the rigorous training and for Glen's accomplishments. He is one of "The Few, The Proud, The Marines".

Glen is proud of the Marines, his country, his church and himself--rightly so. He was one of the outstanding recruits and made a good start. His example as a clean cut young man had an influence in two of his friends being converted to and baptized into the church. One was baptized in the ocean, the other in the base swimming pool. Glen has expressed a desire to be ordained an elder. Service men are sometimes as effective in missionary work as those working full time in the mission field. An Eagle Scout, working for "God & Country", Glen, we are proud of you.

Here at home the harvest is nearly over. When we got home there had been a real windstorm and the apples were on the ground like a blanket. We will do cider and hope for the best.

David has been using the big truck to haul wood for \$ and experience. He and John got the first load for home, then he and friends have hauled 5 more loads. The last one has snow on the logs, so it will have to be the last. He usually goes Friday after school, camps out, cuts and loads on Saturday then drives back that night.

Dave is also going to wrestle this season at school. Both he and Glen have worked out a lot and have built some good muscles.

As for our little trip, again, we did get to see some of you. A quick stop at Bobby & DeVons on the way. We stayed with Catherine & Larry on our way home. Sue, Brent (& Stephen), Dan & Sandy came the next morning for breakfast. Dan, Sandy & Glen did the town (from the air), saw a movie and sacked out at Dan's. After a short visit with Lawrence and Della we toured the Jordan River Temple.

We got in San Diego on Thursday Afternoon and got oriented so we would be on time the next morning. The M.P. at the Marine Base gate told us graduation was at eight (Glen had told us 10). We gave ourselves an extra hour and were there by 7:00 a.m. There was a slight hitch tho, we found out, as we were the only ones there. The M.P. was in error, the graduation time was at 9:00 a.m. (That's one hour early), we were there an hour early (that's 2 hours) and (after waiting around those two hours) we remembered we had forgotten to change our time to Pacific, so we were 3 hours early! Have any of you ever been three hours early to a meeting?

After graduation and a full dress military review we ate at the base mess hall, went to Old Town, San Diego and visited the visitors center built in honor of the Mormon Battalion (the longest military march in history). We visited Tijuana for a Mexican dinner that evening. Saturday we went to Sea World, then drove to Mesa and stayed with Mom & Dad Barton for a couple of days.

While there we visited with Grandma Frost (90 yrs old), Dad's sister, Bessie and his sister-in-law Betty Jean and her daughter and daughter's children.

We are trying to get the photos in California Christmas Names: Shelly & Catherine, John, Bryan, Jimmy, Lorie, Orrin, Valerie

Well, it's a long way to San Diego and back. At one point we (Dad) saw our opportunity to make a little time coming down off a pass, you know, saving a little gas with the force of gravity. One of those nice fellows in California even gave me a certificate for saving gas. It says I will even receive recognition from the state. It's nice to be recognized by the big State of California.

Hunting season has been successful. Dave got a nice big 4 point buck and a doe at Mom's insistence. Sounds like Dan has one coming up.

April was called as the Homemaking counselor in Relief Society. She misses working with the young women of the ward, but is excited about her new calling.

There's lots of early snow in the Mountains, over 4' at the Bird last week. We heard that it is the wettest October on record for Utah. Sounds like a good ski season coming up.

Glen will be home on recruit duty till the day before Thanksgiving. We'll celebrate his birthday and Thanksgiving before he leaves.

John is having a lot of success working with the blacks and with some Cambodians in Oakland. He says he's loving every minute of it. His letters are short, not like his conversations, but very regular. Shelly is very busy trying to get everything accomplished before she comes home about the first week in December. We will stay here for Thanksgiving and are expecting a big crowd for Christmas. Loalynn and Sandra will both be coming for Christmas.

Love to All of You. Mom & Dad

Warren's Family: Since we missed getting in on the last family letter, we probably should recap the summer as well as the current. Colissa spent a week at Ricks College for a youth camp that she earned by making the honor roll 3 times out of the year. She is a busy girl (her Freshman year) - now in Seminary, Pep Band, Dancing and piano, plus other activities.

Sheldon has his 1st Class Scout Rank and is working on Star. He's in Pep Band and got to go to the Mini-Dome for a game, along with Colissa. He's active in Deacon's Quorum. Lupi is doing well in music and is now learning to play the flute. She also is a dependable babysitter. Jolana has excelled in art and took several nice prizes at the fair. Norman is doing a lot in Cub Scouts and can split firewood real well.

Kevin helps with that too, and is learning a lot in school. Valina is in kindergarten, and working hard and having fun. That leaves baby Warren home alone $\frac{1}{2}$ day. He entertains himself very well, has an incredible vocabulary and memory for his age and is very good natured. The children all won ribbons at the fair from garden produce and their 4-H sewing and macramae.

Sharon, as Primary President has a good organization going and has helped activate several sisters. We have a younger couple that we've been fellowshiping for several months now, and have done a lot of fun things together. They were sealed in the temple a while back. We're grateful for their association and progress in the Gospel. Warren got a nice bull elk - 7 points on one side and 8 on the other, and a lot of good eating in the freezer.

Warren still goes to Pocatello part of every week to work, but would like to find someone else to take it over. We're grateful for all of our family every where and pray the Lord's blessings to be with all of you. We're healthy and are thankful for that too.

Love, Warren, Sharon and Children

