

Chapter 15 Special People and Life Experience's

Living on a farm in my early life with no neighbors kid my age, my early friends were my Dog, "Snowball," My Horse "Hal Direct" and a Lamb that I don't remember the name that I gave it.

My Horse (I guess that it belonged to my Brother and Sister also) was given to us by Grandfather Bateman. It was a Retired "Trotter Race Horse" and held a lot of records with its activity in Cache Valley, Utah. Hal Direct died of a heart attack and my pet Lamb grew up to be "sheep" and had to be slaughtered for the meat, as it was during the depression and my parents said that we couldn't keep it for a pet. Losing these two friends was very hard for me and made me reluctant to have animals as friends.



Hal Direct

The primary special people in my life was Idella, my Mother and my Wife, Gaye. This chapter is about special people and experiences that I remember.

My father was a school teacher in Idaho Falls so we went to school in Idaho Falls. The town Kids at School looked down on us, low life farm kids. They would see us at school, but we returned to the Farm when we weren't in school and so had no opportunity to have other activities with them. Kids from our farm area where we lived went to a rural school, one of two room school houses in Lincoln that was north East of Idaho Falls.

We left the farm in 1938 and Moved to Garland, Utah, where we lived in an apartment in the middle of town. Even though Garland was a small town, it was different than the farm life that we had left. I remember a friend who was a girl by the name of Judy Northman. She was a nice-looking girl "and her hair hung down in ringlets" I don't think that she was LDS. Another boy that was a friend was Boyce Last. It was nice to be treated different as I was no

longer a Farm boy.



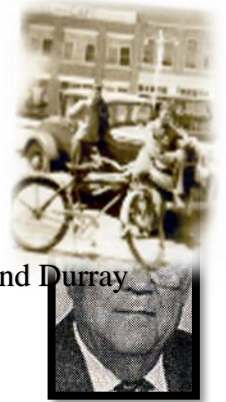
We only lived in in Garland a short time before moving to Morgan Utah. In Morgan, I remember having a lot of friends, but only remember my neighbor was a Clark.

In 1939 we moved to St. George where I had many friends. One was a Robert Gardner, but I don't remember which Robert Gardner he was, but he lived across the street from me. I remember having several friends' that were Hafens and we rode horses out in the Ivins area.

We moved to Cedar City a short time later about the time of the start of WWII and I developed friends with Durray Dally and Demar (Bud) Bowman. They were both two years older than me and lived in my neighborhood. With their influence, we joined the Utah State Guard together. (The story is in another chapter of this history) (Durray Dally graduated from University of Utah and worked for the U. S. Forest Service. Durray was from a very poor, single Mother family.)

Bud was from a very well to do family whose father owed the Conoco Gas distribution in Cedar City. Bud worked for his dad and started driving at the age of 12 years old, delivering gas. Bud started drinking before I moved back to St. George, but we remained friends. In 1946, Bud's father purchased him a new 1946 Studebaker Landcruiser, which was the most powerful of the new cars. We were chased by Blonde Porter, a Utah Highway Patrol several times, but the patrol cars were 1946 Fords and had very low power and slow. He was never able to catch us. I must have been hard on the police in those days as they had no radios at that time. (Demar Bowman retired from the Highway patrol and was elected Republican District 72 in the Utah State Government and was assigned Vice chairman of Law Enforcement and Criminal Justice Committee.

After I moved, Bud would come down to see me in St. George. We did get stopped when I was with him and ticketed for running a stop sign. Due to Bud's Drinking, I started avoiding him. One night when I came home from working at the Theatres, I could see his car parked in front of my home. I parked my car around the corner and slipped home without him seeing me. He had others in the car and they were drinking. They got into some kind of a consultation with another car and got into a big fight, ending up in Jail. I stayed away from Bud, and lost track of him when I went into the military. One time when I was on Navy leave going through Cedar City, I was wondering what happened to Bud and ask someone





about him. I was directed to an office in the Northern part of Cedar City and when I got there, it was the Highway Patrol where he was working as a UHP Radio dispatcher. After retirement from the Highway patrol, Bud went on to be a Community Leader and served in the State legislator until his death.

I started working in the Theatres as a projectionist at age 13 and that limited other activity. Moving back to St. George, my best friend was Karl Barton. We went hunting and did a lot of various things together. He and I were awarded the best performance in our High School assembly contest with me simulating singing and him simulating playing the piano. We also performed in Hurricane High School.



Later, in our last year of High school, Dewayne Eyre, Maxine Leany, Ora Larson and I, became very close. Dewayne and Maxine were married in the St. George Temple and I became engaged to Ora.



In my last year of high school, it was very difficult to come up with the money to purchase an engagement ring. It was heartbreaking to sell my 22 Rifle and some other things, but at the time, I felt it was worth it.



Ora's aunt came to me, with advice that when we get married, that we should live somewhere else to avoid having problems with her controlling Sister (Ora's Mother). We had not planned a temple marriage, even though the only thing that would restrict us was I hadn't been converted to the law of Tithing and was only semi-active, using Sundays for Cleaning and maintaining the projection equipment at the two theatres. We had no moral problems and planned a temple sealing later.

I moved to Salt Lake and started working for Sear & Roebucks' in the tire shop. Ora's mother convinced Ora that she shouldn't marry me and so she broke our engagement and it was very hard on me. I considered suicide, but then I did decide to do worse than that. I joined the Navy on about the same date we previously planned to get married. "That will really show her"! I am told by friends that at Ora's wedding her Mother told them that she was sure glad

that she had broken up her engagement with Russell Bateman and she sure didn't want her to marry him. Two years later, my Mother told me that Ora's Mother apologized to her that she was sorry that she had broken us up. Breaking this engagement affected me to not have any interest about marriage for the following six years. Not being engaged any



longer, a fellow working with me at Sears lined us with dates with some very good-looking girls that we took to Salt Air swimming and other places. I remember that they had Band



Dancing at Salt Air and at Lagoon. Carl Barton came up to visit me in Salt Lake and he had some contacts and we double dated several times. I don't remember names very well, but one cute little French gal was Named Grace Jonjaic, or some similar spelling. Either she or it was her father was born in France. I met another girl at a dance that was LDS and we corresponded for a year or so.

I was sent to San Diego for my basic training and schooling which took about six months. I had now been "converted" (more about my conversion See chapter 2) In Church Activities at that time, there were about eleven male members to every, one girl. I did date a few girls that I met in church. I met Virginia Hedlund, a beautiful Blonde. We went steady for three months, until I was "shipped out" to Aleutians (Alaska), where there was a girl behind every tree. Okay, so there were not any Trees.



After being in Alaska and exchanging letters for several months, I received a "Dear Russ" letter from Virginia's Mother, Bernice. She told me that Virginia had met and was engaged to boy, by the Name of David Martin. All though we had gone "steady" for weeks before I was sent to Alaska, we had never talked about marriage or anything in the future. Bernice told me that she really liked me and had hoped that something would develop between Virginia and me. But that David Martin was a very nice boy from Salt Lake City.

I felt no remorse and was happy for Virginia as she was a great girl. I later found that David Martin was already a millionaire heir of the Martin door company, but Virginia didn't know it until after they were married. David had joined the Navy to evade the Korean War Draft. Not long after David served his time and was released from the Navy, he became the CEO of Martin Overhead Door company. He served in many callings including Stake President and National President of the "Sons of the Utah Pioneers," Gaye and I have met them a couple of times at SUP activities.



I stopped at Kodiak Alaska for several days and had the opportunity of attending a dance at Kodiak Village. Most of girls there were native (Eskimo) and certainly not very attractive.

Now I was on the Island of Adak, in the middle of the Aleutian Islands, there was a "girl behind every tree." For two years, I looked for the tree that had a girl behind, but there were no trees - no girls. For the following two years, I was never face to face with any girl or female.

We did, however, talk to girls over the amateur radio. We would contact stations in the "lower 50" and if they didn't know any girls, we would talk with the telephone Operators.

The girls that I corresponded with in writing, gradually thinned out as they were getting married or lost interest in writing. For two years, stationed overseas at Adak, Alaska- which was considered in the Korean War Zone, I never saw or personally talked with a girl.

On my way back to the lower 50 states, I stopped again at Kodiak Village. After two years, the native Eskimo girls sure got a lot better looking.

We spent several days in Seattle Washington and we attended a dance. A girl came up to be nice and talk to me, and I was speechless and couldn't talk. I am sure that she thought that I was some kind of character.



I returned to St. George for my 30-day leave. I dated Mar Jean McMullan, the girl across the street who said that I was the first boy to kiss her (years previous when I dated her). I think that my Mother and Mar Jean's mother were trying to get a

match. Mother took Mar Jean and I north to visit family. Mar Jean was a very nice girl, but we didn't click. An example, she told her Uncle that we were engaged to be married. He, being in upper society in the Salt Lake Area wrote a story announcing our engagement, sending it to the newspapers. When she finally admitted that it wasn't true, her uncle had a lot of stress cancelling the newspaper article. Mar Jean thought that it was funny, but I knew better. There were not more comments about it during the remaining time of my leave, and Mother and Mar Jean took me to the Salt Lake Airport as I left for Washington D. C. I never wrote to Mar Jean and I understand she went on and had a successful marriage and family.

I did take out my endowments before leaving St. George. My mother had great concerns in that I was still in the Military.



Washington D. C. a fun City. I was in training out at Cheltenham Maryland, but spent my weekends in Washington D. C. I had my Civilian Cloths and spent weekends at the "Sheridan Embassy." Sounds political? It was a



large three-story apartment on Sheridan Street that about 16 priesthood holders called home, at least on weekends. There was only a couple of us that were military, the rest were CIA, FBI, etc. The "House Mother" (the one in charge and made dish duty assignments, etc.) was J. Moyle Anderson. He was unmarried, in his 30's and worked for the Department of Agriculture.

The LDS youth group that I joined was mostly in their latter 20's or early 30's, all non-married. There wasn't a couple's type relationship, but a group of around thirty members that wanted to have fun. We visited the historic sites around Washington D. C., Climbed the Washington Monument (took hours), Sang Christmas carols at different locations.

I had the opportunity of making the annual New Year's trip to New York. A group of LDS girls had two large apartments in downtown New York City. Each year when the men from Washington D. C. came up, the girls would vacate one apartment and move in with the other girls in their apartment. Then the group (Girls and Boys) would go down to Time



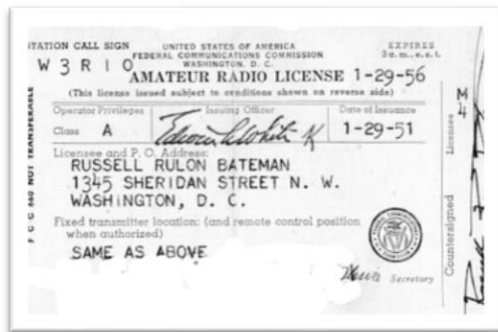
Square for the big midnight celebration. I was in uniform and their assignment for me was to act like a drunken sailor and drop \$20 bills. Of course, the bills were fake, but they looked very realistic. As the group watched, it was fun to see a person step on the bill and when they thought no one was watching, they would scoop it up and walk away.

We spent several days in the Time Square area and then headed back to Washington D. C. There was no place to park near the downtown apartment's, so we would have to park on the out area and take the Train into the City.

It was very hard to get a date without a car in Washington D. C. The 16th Ward chapel was very popular and had weekly dances. I was considered a good dancer and had no problem getting girls to dance with me. There was a formal dance scheduled that was for couples. I had a friend at the Navy school office who let me take his car. So, I got a date with one of the girls that regularly attended the Saturday night dances.

I thought that we had a good time and I was taking her home. Then she shocked me by saying, "I want you to make love to me before you take me home." I didn't think that I understood her and ask her to repeat what she said. I told her that it wasn't accepted by church standards, even more; I had been though the temple and received my endowments. She said it was different because I was in the Navy and therefore, I didn't have to obey those standards. I told her that that was not correct and there was not any more conversation and I drove up in front of her home. She got out of the car and slammed the door and I never saw her again.

It was very foggy driving back to the school in Cheltenham. In fact, I had to just creep along slowly. I looked out in the fog next to me and saw moving, flashing sign that said "Stop". It finally became apparent that it was a police car and I pulled over. The officer came up and told me that the Florida license plate was not currant. He asks for the registration papers, couldn't find them in the glove compartment. I told the officer that I had just borrowed the car for the evening. I only remembered the first name of the one that loaned me the car and I didn't have an address of where the owner lived. I did have a currant Utah Driver's license. He had me follow him to the police station where I spent the rest of the night in Jail.



The next morning, they let me go after paying \$10 fine. They told me that the only thing that made them believe my story that the expired license plates was Amateur Radio Plates and that I had an Amateur Radio License in my wallet. Amateur radio licenses Car Plates were very rare at that time. The owner told me that he had sent for the Florida renewal plates, but

they hadn't come back.

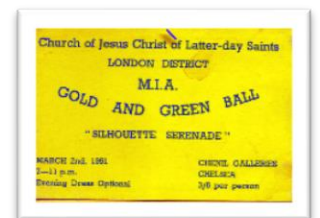
I found that getting around Washington D. C. was difficult and as I had another several months of School, I purchased a motor scooter. I road it up to the Sheridan Embassy (apartment house) and got permission to park it in their garage.

(02-21:) The following week at school, one of the instructors came to me talking of what I was to do the next day in London. I told him that he had me mixed up with someone as I had several months of school left. He said, didn't someone talk to me about my assignment? I was told that they need someone to take the place of a man who was being reassigned on a classified mission (There is more information in another part of this history about the Man that I replaced was killed when the Submarine was sunk in a Russian Harbor – See Chapter 7) and I was the only one far enough along in training to take the assignment. Next day, I was in London.

I had just purchased the Motor scooter and didn't get a chance to use it. I had no telephone number, address or way to look up names at the apartment. About a year later, I went to the apartment to check on the Motor scooter. They said that I had just disappeared. They had moved the motor scooter to one of the members sheds.

In London England, the LDS members between 18 to 30 were a high percentage of young girls in the LDS Church and about no young men. I was told that young girls were attracted to the missionaries and were converted to the church by time they found that the missionaries were not available for dating.

I lucked out and was able to attend the London Gold and Green Ball 2 March, where I never had to ask for a dance. The more forward girls ask for a dance and were patient to wait for their turn. This was a different experience for me.



In London, I dated Margret Singer, member of the church. I met her Mother who had been waiting months for her turn for some kind of special type of surgery. After Church activities, I offered to take her home (public transportation) and she refused. One time she relented and agreed.



- London, England.
Margret, her mother
and Brother (LDS)

started pressuring that I should leave. I felt that she just wanted to get

rid of me. Returning to the "Park House" (near Marble Arch) I boarded the underground railway to my next station. As I stepped off the train and headed for my next leg, a uniformed man was waving for me to hurry to get on the next leg of my underground railroad trip. When I got off at a next transfer station and looked for next train for the finial trip, the uniformed man said, "not more trains to night, Laddy"



and locked up the gates as I climbed the steps to the Street. So, Margret was concerned about my means of transportation to get back to the Park House (U. S. Air Force Hotel). I had a map and ended up with a long, long walk on dimly lighted streets to get there, starting before 11 pm and it took me around two to three hours to there.

There were still many areas that were still bombed out and a lot of piles of Brick. I spent a lot of time touring various areas of London. I found where the LDS mission Home was located and visited there. The while sign on the side of the fence said, “War Damage repaired by....” I was told about the Gold and Green Balls that were scheduled and attended the one in **London**.



03-14: A few days later the ship was in **Glasgow Scotland** on March 14th, where I attend another Gold and Green Ball and area Conference. This is where I met Eleanor Helen Junor. In the meetings, she could listen to different people or groups talk and could identify where they were from. We hit it off quite well. She was very active in the church.

I was able to attend the area LDS Conference and the Gold and Green Ball. She could tell me where various members were from, by listening to their speech. All though they all spoke English each area in the LDS district spoke a little different.



I took leave for a few days and returning for a visit in Glasgow and was invited to stay at her family flat. I slept in the same bed where President McKay had slept just a few weeks before when he visited Glasgow area. Helen and I started writing and I was able to visit her couple of other times when I was in a port somewhere in the British Islands. She was planning to immigrate to Salt Lake and had put her papers in a long time before I met her. Our relationship got a little closer with discussions of future plans, for back in the United States but I failed in that she read more into it than it was. I felt that it was just a good friendship. I only had the opportunity of visiting her once in Salt Lake after she arrived. I felt that marriage and Navy life didn't work, and I felt bad that there may have been some

misunderstanding. Another major deterrent was my being in the Navy Security Group, I would have to leave the Security Group because it was not permissible for a member of the group to marry a non-citizen. Even marrying a Citizen, they would have to do a security check. We were never in the going steady category. I really felt bad as she read more into our relationship that there was. It was understandable as I was the only Mormon boy she had known, and she didn't date before. She had never ridden in a car or traveled out of Glasgow Scotland. I did get some members to meet the ship in New York where she spent several days seeing New York. It was hard on her to come to a strange country and travel to Salt Lake City by herself.

(Helen went on to marry a Salt Lake boy and she became a very successful executive Secretary to several key State of Utah Government officials. Gaye and I ran in to her in Salt Lake a couple of times.)

The ship was docked at **Hull England** where I was able to attend a third Golden Green Ball.

I met and dated several other girls mostly English. You know the tradition was for a Sailor,



"A girl in every port". I had been assigned to the Aleutian's for two years and didn't see or talk to a girl. I did date a few non-member girls; it was nothing more than that I really enjoyed dancing. I was not a macho of a sailor with a girl in every port, just at the right place at the right time. My Patricidal Blessing

warned me about dating non-member girls. This time period was just after the big War, and thousands of young men were killed and there was a major shortage of men throughout Europe. An American boy was in high demand.



I watched some type of Scout parade and activity in Glasgow while we were there.

Men and boys were wearing their "Kilts."

The **kilt** is a knee-length garment with pleats at the rear, originating in the traditional dress

of men and boys in the Scottish Highlands of the 16th century. Since the 19th century it has become associated with the wider culture of Scotland in general, or with Celtic (and more



specifically Gaelic) heritage even more broadly. It is most often made of woolen cloth in a tartan pattern. Although the kilt is most often worn on formal occasions and at Highland games and sports events, it has also been adapted as an item of fashionable informal male clothing in recent years, re the kilt first appeared as the *great kilt*, the beacon or belted plaid, during the 16th century and is Highland Gaelic in origin, a full-length garment whose upper half could be worn as a cloak draped over the shoulder or brought up over the head. The philibeg or *small kilt*, also known as the *walking kilt* (similar to the modern kilt) was invented by an English Quaker from Lancashire called Thomas Rawlinson sometime in the 1720s for the use of the Highlanders he and Ian MacDonnell, chief of the MacDonnell's of Inverness employed in logging, charcoal manufacture and iron smelting, for which the belted plaid was "cumbrous and unwieldy" turning to its roots as an everyday garment.

The Ellison left Glasgow Scotland on the 19th of March, spending the 20th at Sea and arrived at Hull England on the 21st.

03-27: **Hull, England** was heavily damaged during the war that only ended just in over five years previous. Many parts of the City were still bombed out. Food was still rationed. I attended the Hull District Gold and Green Ball. Hull had one of the few pre-war LDS Chapels in England. The war damage to the chapel was only minimal and the surrounding area was heavily damaged. What was one of the better areas of Hull, England was now one of the low-class areas.



One may ask, how did a three-striper seaman sailor get the navy to send this Navy Destroyer to three ports, one after another, so that he could attend the LDS Gold and Green Balls in London, England and Glasgow Scotland and Hull England? My Answer is that I went over their heads to higher authority.

03-27:I was able to take tours of **Hamburg**. The main part of the City of Hamburg was still flattened, and all the bricks and debris had been cleaned up. I was able to walk down some of the Streets of Hamburg. A tour guide told us that his home once was located



where we were standing. We were invited to programs telling us more about Germany and their post War plans.

I met a girl on a tour who was the daughter of one of our tour guides. She was trying to learn English. She tried to tell me a little about Hamburg and War conditions which they had to live in.

I ask for a date with a beautiful little German girl in Germany, but she said no, not even Nein. Dating in foreign countries (other than the British Islands) was difficult for me as it seems that the available dance halls were not the kind of places that I wanted to be. We spent the day together on a tour of the City of Hamburg. She did speak broken English.



04-7: We were at Weymouth England several times. The first time was on 7th of April 1951 until 20 April. This was a longer stay than normal and we came back a couple of times. I remember a girl that I met by the Name of June. She milked seven cows' morning and night. She took me home to meet her family. She lived in a nice home but had a terrible smell. You opened the back door of the kitchen and there were the cows. I guess they got use to the smell.

She was a sweet young girl from a good family and a good friend but wouldn't accept my warnings about a married fast-talking sailor from the ship that I was on. I really felt bad that the sailors were taking advantage of English girls. Most of these English girls were so gullible and would believe about anything. They even believed that the western United States was just like the cowboy films that were showing at that time. We departed Weymouth on the 20th of April.

04 25 I was in downtown London the evening that Lighted Sign and advertising were permitted to be turned on. This type of lightening was not permitted since the starting of the World War II. Most of the British Citizens had never seen lighted Signs. This was to be a big thing, but when the big moment came, I only saw a light here and there. It was

disappointing to me, but the local British People were excited. The United States never really had to turn this type of lighting off, and I had been to New York City's Time Square shortly before coming to Europe and had seen all their lighting. Streetlights in London had started Turning on about four years prior.

05 15: We arrived at **Naples, Italy** on the 15th of May. Someone, (maybe the U. S,



Embassy) set up a three-day tour up to Roma. The Bus was new and modern. I don't remember where we stayed, but it was near the Vatican. An audience was scheduled for a visit with the Pope. There were a number of tour guides assigned to



us for this visit. They took us over to an area next to where there was a large crowd of people waiting for the Pope's appearance. At the last moment, the tour guides joined hands and pushed to the center of the crowd next to the roped off area, pushing the crowd back and pulling us in front of the crowd, placing us next to where the Pope would be. The crowd didn't seem to mind, we were all in uniform and we received respect from the crowd. I DIDN'T FEEL GOOD ABOUT IT.

The Pope (Pius XII?) offered me his ring to kiss, but of course I didn't. I was embarrassed! They pushed those people back and put us in front. I thought it very rude. It was very noisy with everyone screaming **Viva il Papa! Viva il Papa!** Long live the Pope! (Italian)



We left Roma around noon on our last day. Traveling down the road toward Naples, we came into a small village with a group of about a couple of hundred people. They were having a party and soon as they saw



us, they blocked and surrounded the bus, Singing and yelling praises. They just coached us off the bus and continued their singing and dancing. They were showing appreciation for the



military defeating their enemy (Germans). You could see that there had been a major battle in that little Village. It looked like it could have happened the day before, not five years before. They had a hard time letting us go and a lot of us had tears in our eyes from the experience.

We arrived at Palermo, Sicily on the 25th of May.

There was no indication that there was any of the LDS church in the area, I took a Taxi to look up an Amateur Radio Operator that I found in the Call Book. The taxi was a Horse pulling open buggy. Going down a cobble Stone narrow road, about a dozen boys, young ruffians. about 10 to 15 years of age came at us from all sides. The driver using the buggy whip beat them off from getting to me and outran them going down the street. I had seen others that young ruffians had caught, taking wallets, rings, everything in your pocks and leaving you with a beaten body.

I knocked at the door of the Amateur Radio Operator.

When he came to the door, he asks me if I spoke

Italian. No, I said. Do you speak German? I said no.

Do you speak French? I said no. Then he said, I donna

speak English very well, but I will try. We spent a

time on the Air and he let me do the (CQ) calling. I

remember his call was IT1BXX. He said that they

replied saying what good English that he spoke. I think that the Amateur Radio Person was a University Instructor. I was able to return to the ship without any further problems.



Using my camera, the taxi driver took a picture of me sitting in his driver's seat.

On the 15th of May we arrived at Naples, Italy where there was much to see.

July 1, we arrived at Athens, Greece for an eight-day sight Seeing Visit.

The first day that we were there, A reception/party was given our ships



company. Among the dignitaries was *Queen Anne-Marie of Greece*. This was exciting for me to be able to chat with

The Queen of Greece for several minutes. She spoke very good English with a bit of British accent. I only had notes that she was called “The queen of



Greece” Research indicates that she was “Queen Anne-Marie of Greece, Daughter of King Frederic IX and Queen Ingrid of Denmark and Wife of Constantine II Greece. Some places she is called Queen Frederica of Greece. There is a ship named after her” QUEEN ANNA MARIA”

06 15: I had an interesting experience in Salonika Greece. This was the old biblical City of



Thessaloniki. Salonika beach and main part of the city was

leveled by the Germans. On 15 June 1951, there were no piers to dock next to and so we dropped anchor out in the bay. I

loved the experience of walking the streets and thinking of what it was like back in the days that the Bible wrote about. At the

time I was there, the signs of WWII were everywhere. The people were very poor and had

very few possessions. There was only electrical power in the downtown area. This power came from a Beached U S Landing craft that was only used for the generators. The back streets that were still there, were narrow, made out of pebbles stones and most of the dwellings had no windows. They had no "Kitchens", running water or power. Bathrooms were a neighborhood wall or trench and smelled terrible. I am impressed when I see on the internet, what the city looks like today.

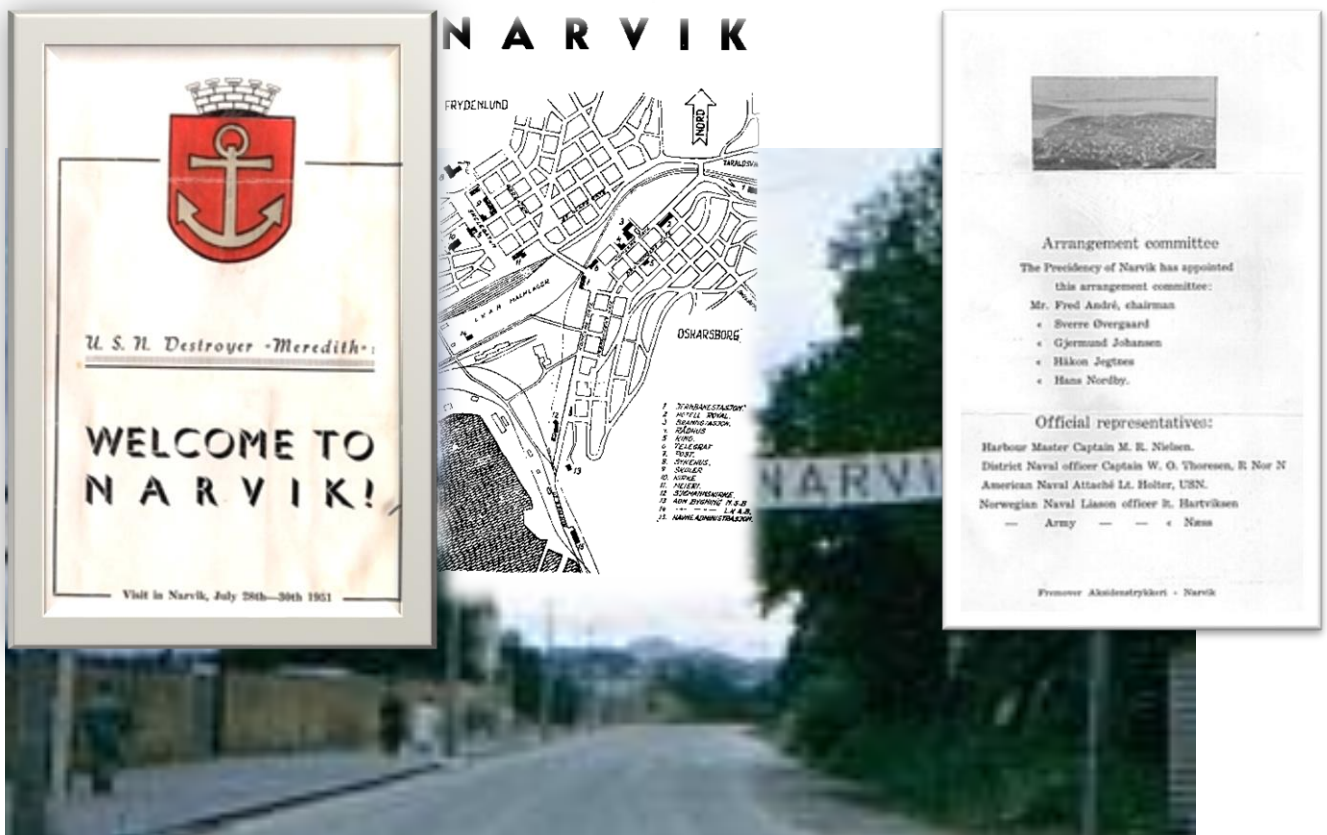
While I was seeing as much of Salonika as I could, I got into a conversation with a Greek who spoke very good English. He invited me to his home for visits which I appreciated the opportunity of see the inside of a typical home. At the entry to his home, there was a little open area that contained a fire pit to cook something and was open so that the smoke would escape. I only saw two rooms; one was a bedroom and the other was a living or sitting room.



There were at least one other rooms. It was dark and the sitting room was lighted with a coal oil lamp on the table in the middle of the room. The only difference to this home from the others I could see into, there were some nicer furniture. The homes didn't have anything covering the windows and Glass windows were unusual. I don't know if he had a wife or was married. He introduced to me to his adopted beautiful daughter and said that he also had an adopted son. Both about my age. He said that their parents were killed in the war. He asked his daughter to speak to me in English. Her question was "it is true that there is a kitchen in every American home. I answered in the affirmative and she looked astonished as very few homes in Greece had kitchens in them. The father told me that he had kept this girl away from any man and educated her to speak English and to read and write. etc. He then made me an offer. He would give her to me if I would take her to America and she would serve me the rest of my life. It was interesting to have someone want to "give me a girl". Arranged marriages or whatever they called it, was common at that time in Greece. I thanked him for his generous offer but told him that it was not the way we do things in America.

07 28: We arrived at Narvik 28 July and tied up during the early morning hours. This was the first visit of an U. S. Navy Ship to Narvik. A Planning Committee had been developing this celebration for months. They decided to combine this celebration with their 50-year railroad anniversary. There were representatives from the Norway National Government, city officials, The Norwegian Naval District Officer and the American Naval Attaché Lt. Holter (USN) and the Norwegian Army. It was a big thing for the citizens of Narvik.

Narvik experienced heavy war damage in that their resources used by the Germans. They had re-built a lot of their city since the end of the war just five years earlier.



Official program:

SATURDAY, JULY 28th.

- 0800 : Moor alongside pier (Utstikker 1).
 0815 : Harbour Master onboard together with Mr. André (representing the City Council) and NNLO and NALO.
 1000 : Commanding officer, ANA and NNLO depart ship on official calls.
 a. 1010: Ordfører Finseth and Rådmann Ressaak at Rådhuset.
 b. 1020: District Naval Officer Captain Thoresen, R Nor N at Royal Hotell.
 c. 1035: Commanding Officer I. R. 15. Colonel Krogstie, R Nor A.
 d. 1050: Chief of Police, Steinholt, at Rådhuset.
 e. 1105: Harbour Master, Captain Nielsen. at Havnens Hus.
 1130 : Return visits.
 1200—1330 : Commanding Officer's luncheon.
 1415—1646 : Trip by mountain railway to famed Bjørnfjell (150 persons). Exceptionally beautiful scenery. Refreshments can be bought at Bjørnfjell Turiststasjon. Guides will be provided by committee. NALO will arrange onboard.
 1700—1830 : The City of Narvik: Reception at «Havnens Hus».
 2000—2400 : Dancing will be arranged at «Royal Hotell» — 30 persons — and at «Fossestua» — 100 persons. Refreshments can be bought. NNLO and NALO will arrange onboard.
 1800—2300 : Sightseeing flights over the town of Narvik. Price N. kr. 20,— a person.
 2300—0300 : Midnight Sun Flights from the Narvik Flying Harbour (Fagernes). Price N. kr. 80,— a pers.
 SUNDAY, JULY 29th.
 1315—1445 : Sports arrangements at Narvik Stadion. Baseball game between 2 teams from U.S.N. «Meredith».
 Handball game between Mjølner and Nor (girls).
 1600—1800 : Reception on board U. N. S. «Meredith».

- 1750—2000 : Trip to Bjørnfjell. NALO will arrange onboard
 2000—2300 : Dancing at Royal Hotell and Fossestua.
 1200—1800 : Voyage to Skjomen by S.S. «BOLGA».
 Price N. kr. 10,— a person. Refreshments can be bought onboard. Very nice trip.
 0800—1800 : Sight Seeing flights.

MONDAY, JULY 30th.

- 0900 : U. S. N. «Meredith» leaves Narvik.

NARVIK

In this year Narvik is celebrating its 50th anniversary, so that North Norway's largest town is not exactly ancient. Its history is closely bound up with the Ofot Railway. When an English Company in 1883 started to build the Ofot Railway Narvik was chosen as their headquarters. At that time a single farm, bearing the name of Narvik, was situated where the town of Narvik stands to-day.

In 1898 there were only 15 people living here, a year later there were 1800. The swift growth of the town, which to-day has nearly 11 000 inhabitants, is probably due to one concern, Malmbolaget: iron ore from north-Sweden is shipped from Narvik and this transit trade has created a thriving town.

The long rows of railway waggons filled with ore which roll down to the huge quays all day long keep Narvik busy.

A fleet of iron ships is always lying in the harbour of Narvik waiting to load.

The Ofot railway connects Narvik with the Swedish railway net. The trip up to the frontier takes an hour, and is well worth while. The railway runs up in the mountains, high up above the Rombak Fjord, where so many German naval vessels were sunk in 1940. Near the frontier lies Bjørnfjell, a mountain with first class ski-ing and a climate which attracts tourists for winter sports until well into May.

By ferry it is possible to reach Herjangfjell, a mountain plateau with excellent shooting and trout fishing.

15 minutes walk from the centre of the town lies Ornesvika where Norwegian and Allied troops landed in 1940.

South of the town is the Beisfjordgubbe, a rock formation which strikingly resembles a troll.

At the head of the Beisfjord the Germans ran one of their most notorious concentration camps with Serbian and Russian prisoners.

The central portion of Narvik which was totally destroyed during the war, has now been almost completely re-built. A large new international class hotel has been put up, as well as a modern tourist hotel just outside the town.

Trips to the Lofot fisheries are frequently arranged via Narvik.

I found that there had been a large LDS group, but they had mostly immigrated to the US back in the 1800 and those that didn't go, fell away from the church. I am told that there is an L D S Ward there now.

08 01 It was easy to find the chapel in **Bergen Norway**. The first person that I ask told me where the chapel was. It was upstairs over a store in downtown Bergen. The place was unlocked, but I couldn't find any one to talk to. Due to a Navy obligation, my time in Bergen was limited.



08 06 We left Bergen on the 3rd of August; we spent time at Sea, arriving at **Isle of Wright**, Cows England the 6th of August. We were representing the United States at the International Yachting Regatta. It is also called the Sailing regatta. It has always been the largest, longest running and most prestigious sailing regatta in the World. There were two destroyers dressed up with all the flags. One was the U. S. Navy Meredith and the other was a British. The seven days that we were there, were the main days of the activity. There was a lot of “parting” going on the water and all around the City of Cowes. “The Spook Room” was closed while we were there and we had no watch assignments and were free to do as we wanted for the week that we were there. Our ships motor whale board made hourly trips to shore about every hour, up till Midnight, but started again in the morning at 08 AM.



It was a special experience to have been a ships company member representing the United States. A great week of excitement and fun.

Cowes Week is one of the longest-running regular regattas in the world. With 40 daily races, up to 1,000 boats, and 8,000 competitors ranging from Olympic and world class professionals to weekend sailors, it is the largest sailing regatta of its kind in the world. Having started in 1826, the event is held on the Solent (the area of water between Southern England and the Isle of Wight made tricky but strong double tides), and is run by Cowes Week Limited in the small town of Cowes on the Isle of Wight.

As well as the sailing activities, the week includes a large number of onshore events including live music and cocktail parties. Marquees are erected in the marinas serving food

and drink, and the crowds overflow from busy public houses and restaurants around the narrow high street - the town becomes a hive of activity into the early hours of each morning. Around 100,000 visitors are attracted to Cowes by the festival atmosphere of the event each year in addition to all the competitors. A lot of the royalty from all over the British Island make the trek for the occasion.

All the members on our ship were issued the pass (shown above) that gave us access to everything free. Every where there were a lot of girls and a small number of boys due to the losses of the War.

It was a big week-long celebration with all kinds of activities including Boat Races. The part that I liked was the Big Dances every night. With 100,000 visitors, the Uniformed American Sailors were hardly noticeable.

The first night at the dance, I saw this very nice beautiful, refined girl and at that time, very few girls refused an American Sailor when asked to dance. So, I boldly ask her for a dance, and she accepted. Things went well, so we danced together that evening. I thought that things were going very well and ask her if we could dance together the next evening. She looked at me and didn't say anything. Then I noticed that she was wearing an engagement ring and I apologized. She didn't say anything, and we continued dancing.



At the end of the last dance, she said that she was part of a British Royal Family and her marriage was an arranged marriage. The man that she was assigned to marry, was working as a Bus conductor in London. He would never go to a dance and that they had very few things in common, and though that he was "rather Dull". So, with that understanding, she agreed to meet me the next night at the dance.

We attended the dances every night and spent time during the day visiting with her family. They fixed me the best meal that they could. Two EGGS! I was very reluctant as I knew that they were rationed to one egg per person per week, at that time. Her father said, no problem, we buy them on the Black market and have plenty. They were extremely nice, but her Aunt who was in some high-level position in the Royal Family, really made an objection. Her

parents were also Royalty but were very nice and seemed to be under the control of her father's Sister. The Aunt had a high-level position and something to do with the marriage arrangement.

She had a very different name that I can't remember. The last evening, with tears and lightly crying, she told me how much she appreciated that I didn't make any sexual advances (like the reputation of sailors). She said "That it was like a story book. I was the man she always dreamed of and the next day I would sail off over the sea, and she would never see me again and that she would have to go up to London and marry this Bus Conductor."

We departed Cowes, Island of wright, on the 12th of August 1951.



09-04: I met Betty Ogg during our visit to **Dundee Scotland** 4 September. She loved to dance, and they held dances about every night in most British cities.

WWII had been over for about 5 years and they were still restoring their country with major shortages. Going to dances or to a movie theatre was about the only recreation that was available. There was always about triple the number of girls everywhere as boys were few in number.

10 03: 3 4, and 5 October Paris France

I went up with a friend, wasn't LDS, but didn't drink or smoke and we enjoyed seeing the



things in Paris France. We did the Eiffel Tower, Joan of Arc, and a number of the historic sites. Along the way a girl started following us and it didn't take long to understand what she was after. She was one of those professional, beautiful girls that wanted to make some money. We told her that we were not interested in what she had to offer but she

kept trying to sell what she had to offer. We couldn't get rid of her until I came up with an idea. I put my arm around my friend, giving him a hug and telling her that we wanted to be alone. She asks in broken English, "are you that way"? I said yes and she left



immediately, and we were able to continue seeing Paris without interruption.

The girl in the picture was not that girl that I was talking about. My friend and I met her and some other very nice people at the Arc de Triumph and spent about three hours learning their view of the French history. You note in the picture that two other older females covering History with my Friend from the ship.

Due to War Damage, the Eiffel tower wasn't open to go inside of to any of the upper levels

8 October (Port in Southern England) My replacement came in and I returned to the united states

After being transferred to the Naval security station in Washington D. C, I flew up to Detroit to pick up my car that I had pre-ordered. It was nice that now I had a car of my own.

I drove up to the Sheridan Embassy (Apartment) to Visit my friends and check on my motor scooter. They had moved it over to a member's place and I had no problem in selling it. I had only ridden it from where I purchased it to the apartment house, where it sat about a year, not being used.



I was just getting back into circulation when I was transferred to Imperial Beach Naval Radio Station, South of San Diego. It didn't take time to get back in circulation again and in a short time I was elected as the San Diego Area M-men – Golden Gleaner President. Because I was President, I had no problem getting a date, even Nancy Knudson the “sot after daughter” of one of the Stake Presidents. She was a Great Gal.

I did do some dating with a girl who was at school at the base. She was taking some interest in the church and I took her to a number of meetings. She finished her school and was shipped overseas, and I heard that she had married.

Vincent Willardson, My Bishop asked me to visit him in his office. He noted that I should be considering marriage. I told him that I was having a great time not interested in getting married. Being San Diego Area M-men-Gleaner President, I was having a lot of fun. I told

my Bishop, that I wouldn't get married unless I could find a beautiful, small town girl with lots of pioneer heritage. She had to be very intelligent, talented and very dedicated member of the church. Yeh, what would be the chances of finding all those things in one girl.

So, I took it to my Father in heaven and explained what my Bishop had said



and ask for his help in finding the girl that I was looking for.

Shortly after that, I drove up to St. George from San Diego

to Visit my Mother and Father, as I had done before a

number of times and dated St. George girls. But on my next

trip to St. George, there she was, working for my mother. She had all those

things that I ask for, and on that visit, she was in a talent program and told me to sit where she could see me, and she would sing to me during the talent show. Nothing was said about that she had to be a Redhead, but that turned out to be a bonus in the package. The lord has answered my prayer, telling me that she was the right one for me and in a few months, we were married in the St. George Temple.



Bishop Willardson was replaced by Bishop Cal Judd at the time I was discharged from the Navy. I was looking for the summer work before attending the Brigham Young University in the fall. He arranged for me to meet with one of his first level supervisors. I met with a man by the name of Chuck Kashara and he hired me to work in the instrumentation model shop. (See chapter 09)

We have been active in many organizations and found many special friends. We have RV travelled over the past 30 years, making special friends. We have travelled for three months in Alaska and several trips back East, one trip lasting for 5 months, been in every state but Minnesota. More information in other chapters. The two pictures below, one would be considered a friend and one would not be considered a friend.



