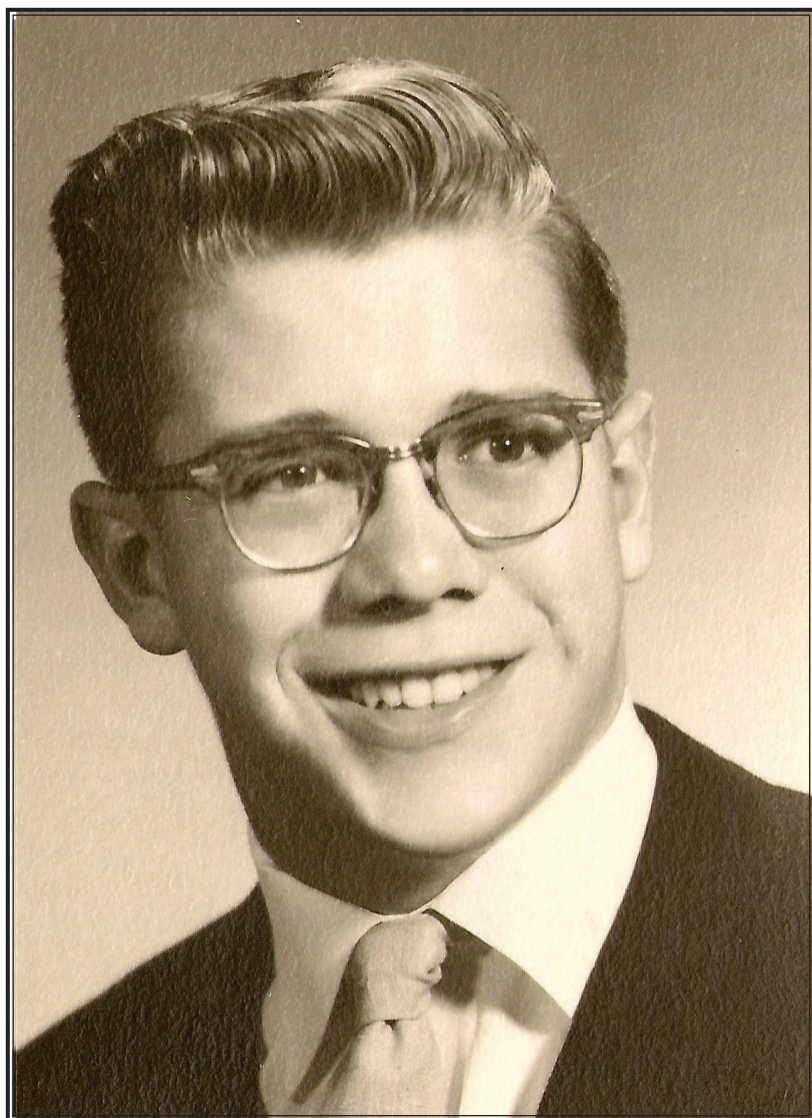
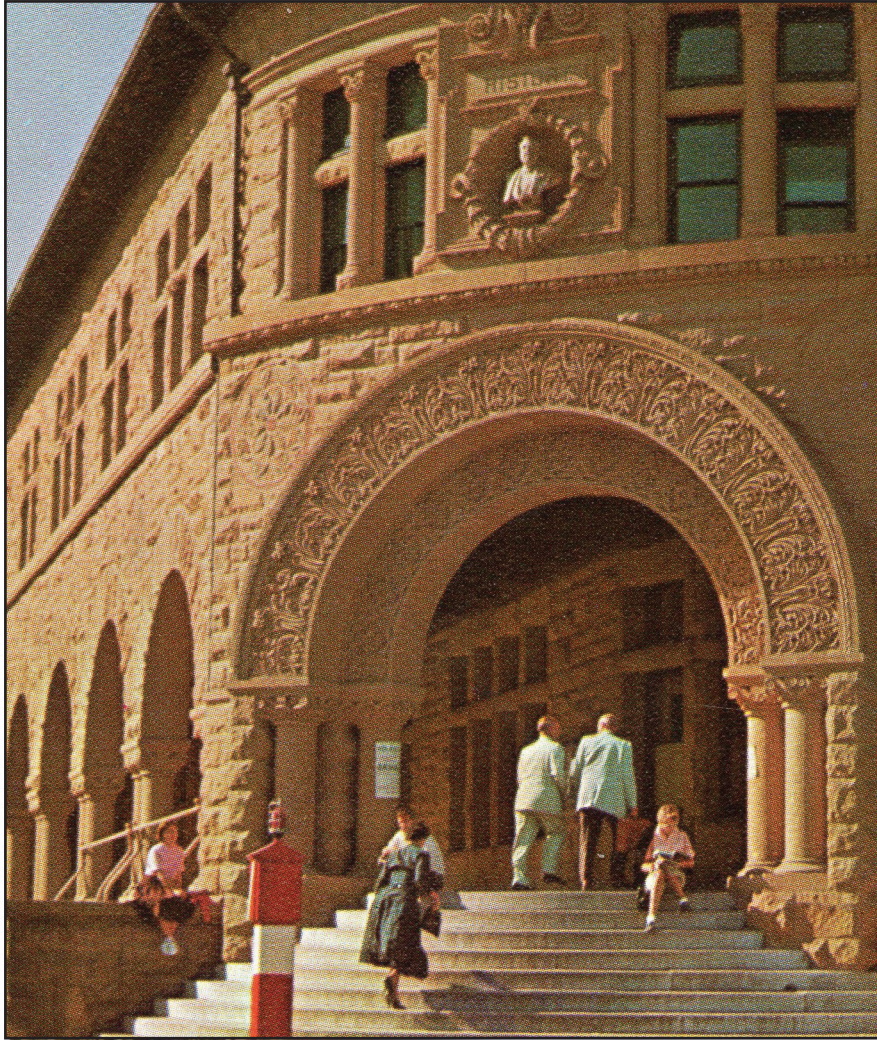


My
College Years
1955 - 1959

By
Douglas
MacKenzie
Scribner



Stanford University



This was a whole new experience! It was a beautiful, old campus with a quadrangle of classrooms surrounding an open plaza containing the famous Memorial Church. Cars were not needed because one could walk through the whole university. There were boys' dormitories on one side and fraternity houses in the rear. On the other side was Lake Lagunita and the girls' dormitories. The iconic Hoover Tower was in the front near the Quad. The whole campus was set back away from the road and was surrounded by huge Eucalyptus trees.



Memorial Church

We were the first class to occupy a brand new dormitory called "Wilbur Hall." Each of us was assigned a roommate to share a dorm room. I was assigned to live with a fellow from Sacramento named Al Galloway. I could hardly imagine a person who was more different from me than Al Galloway. He came from a very rich family. He was also a superb tennis player, so he immediately tried out for the Stanford Tennis Team. However, we agreed to get along. Fortunately there were several other boys on our dorm floor that became my friends. Three of them even became my house mates off campus during my sophomore year.

Wilbur
Hall



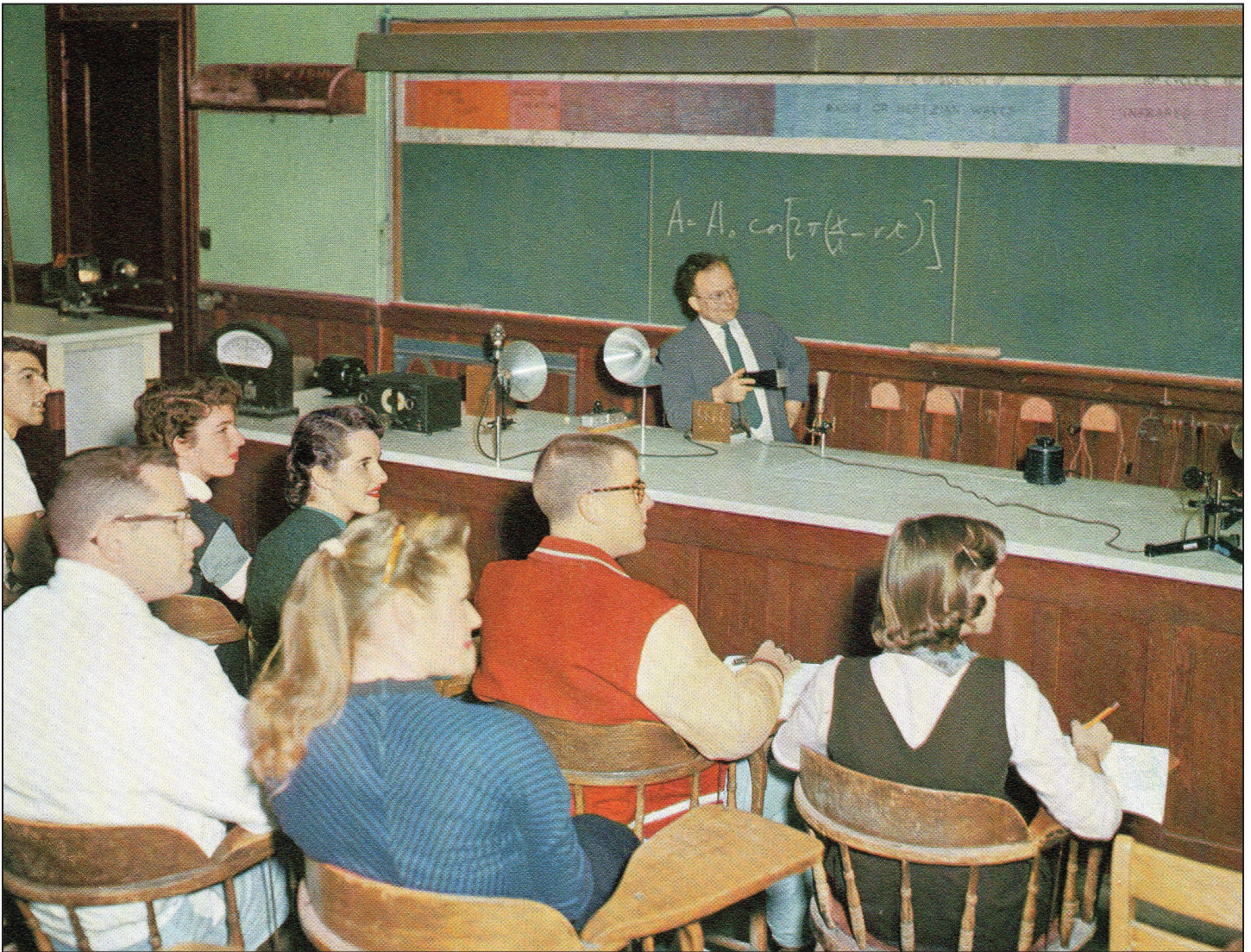
Academic classes began and I signed up for Calculus (of course), Physics, English, Choir, Physical Education, and the History of Western Civilizations. It was hard, so I spent a lot of time studying. Teachers all graded on the "Stanford Curve" which meant an equal number of A's and D's together with an equal number of B's and C's. It was very competitive and I didn't do as well as I had in High School.



Bob
Gwynn ←
Doug ←

WILBUR HALL, 1956

The teacher of my Western Civilization class was certainly agnostic in his beliefs and belittled faith, but I did not yet have much knowledge or very strong faith in Christianity so his classes did not really bother me. On the other hand, my physics classes were outstanding. I actually had two Nobel Prize winners for teachers and they were great.



A Stanford Physics Class

Before starting home for the summer, six of us arranged to live in an off-campus home in Menlo Park for our sophomore year. Also, through a friend of my father I learned of a summer job opportunity with the San Diego Gas and Electric Company. I applied for the position and was placed on a crew whose job was to hike between power poles in the back country and reduce fire hazard by cutting away brush surrounding the pole and by covering the surrounding ground with weed killer. Of course this was also an opportunity to continue my dating with Alice Lantz.

This consumed the summer until September when it was time to head back to Stanford for my sophomore year.



Summer Work Crew
San Diego Gas &
Electric Company

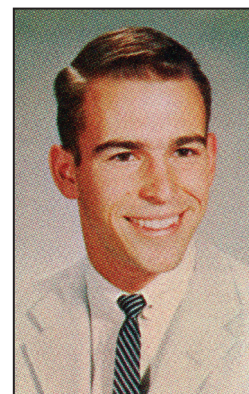


Still in High School,
Alice dated others
during the year

Since six of us were living off campus in Menlo Park our sophomore year, and I didn't have a car, we would car-pool early each morning and meet after the library closed each night to return home. I had a part time job serving lunch and washing dishes in a dormitory so it was necessary to spend the rest of each day going to class and finding a room on campus to study. None of us had chosen to join a fraternity, but we all knew they used Greek letters to identify their houses. So I had a sign made for our house that used the letters Sigma, Phi, and Nu, which stood for "Signify Nothing." It turned out that two of the six fellows in our house were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Bob Gwynn and George Smith were great friends but at that time I didn't know anything about their religion.



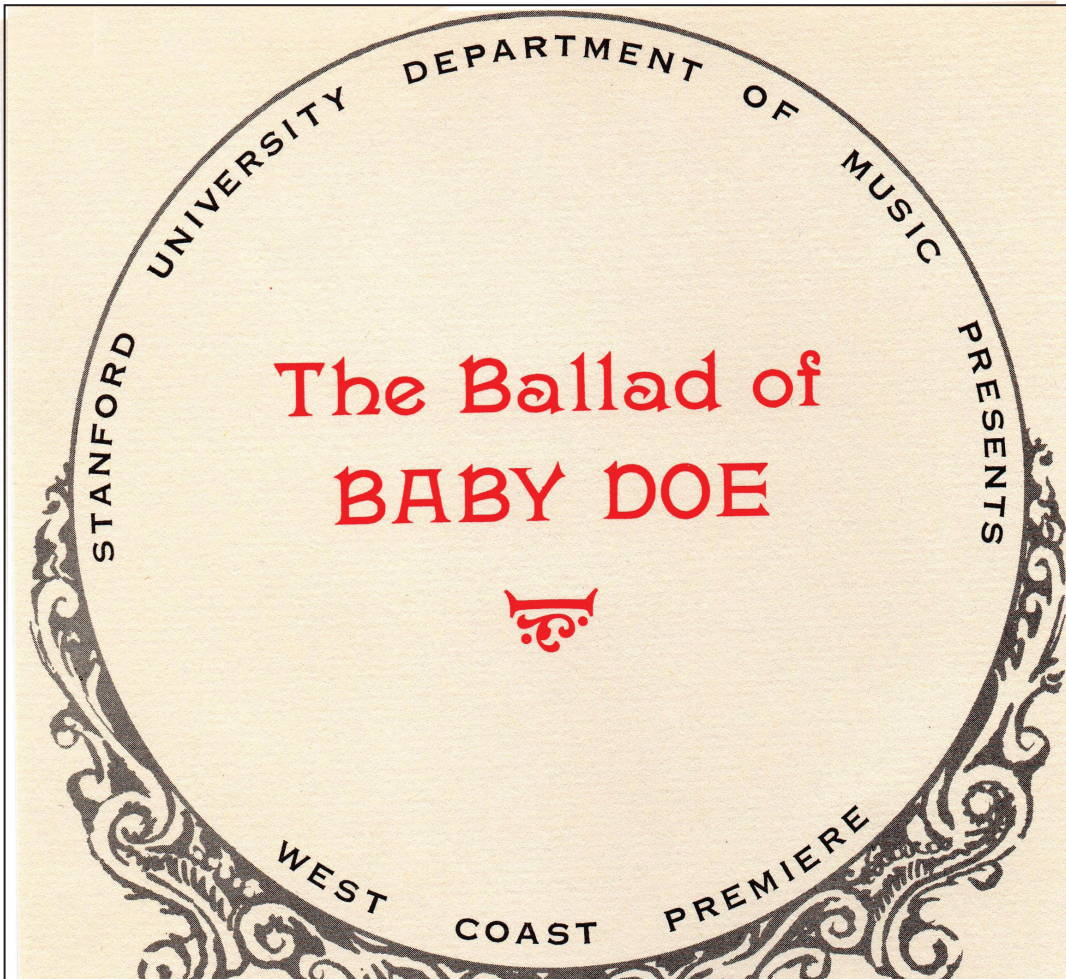
George



Bob

One time, when Bob and I were in a small study hall by ourselves I mentioned I had written a paper for my English class about who God is. I obviously didn't know so I had made it all up. I surmised that God was like a rain cloud and that we were each like a drop of rain. Then, when we would hit the ground, we would evaporate our way back to God. Bob told me about the First Vision of the prophet Joseph Smith and I appreciated his sincerity, but I wasn't ready to believe it.

In addition to my studies in the Department of Electrical Engineering, I still had an interest in music so I sang in the chorus of an opera known as “The Ballad of Baby Doe” about the life of Horace and Baby Doe Tabor and the silver mines of Colorado in the 1890s.

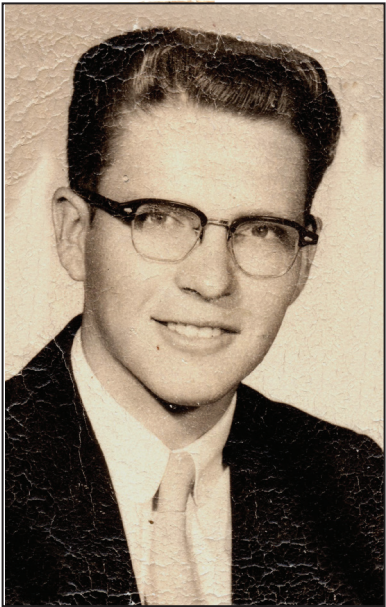


While in my second year at Stanford, my brother Ken and his wife Pat came for a visit. They were living in San Francisco where Ken worked as a chemical engineer. It was great to have a connection with family. Meanwhile my high school friends were pursuing their own college careers. Harry was at Pomona College seeking a degree in physics.

Ken



Pat



Harry

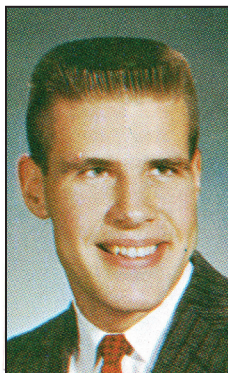


Jerry

Toward the end of my sophomore year a friend named Jerry Berg and I worked together in a dorm cafeteria. Jerry was a political science major who decided that I should run for the position of president of our Junior Class. He agreed to be my campaign manager and went to work arranging for me to speak at a variety of places including the girls' dormitories. Jerry wanted Carol Estes to become my vice-president. The chief competitor was a popular fraternity fellow named Peter Candy so I didn't think we had a chance but, to my surprise, we won the election.



A surprised
new president.



Jerry



Carol



Peter

That summer I continued working for the San Diego Gas and Electric Company, earning money to pay for the next year's tuition. It was also a good time to date Alice and to participate in fun family beach parties. My two grandfathers were strong supporters and they were a very positive influence in my life.



Alice



Irvin A. Scribner

Percy T. Johnson

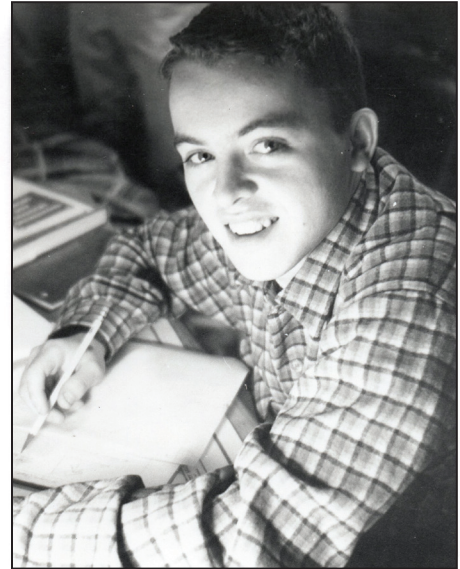
For our Junior year the "Signify Nothing" team moved from our house in Menlo Park to a wonderful old home in the Portola Valley overlooking the entire Bay Area. Two new friends joined us there, Bill Martin and Chuck MacIntyre. We all loved music and had some great parties playing instruments. My instrument was the Bongo Drums.



Our rental house



Bill



Chuck

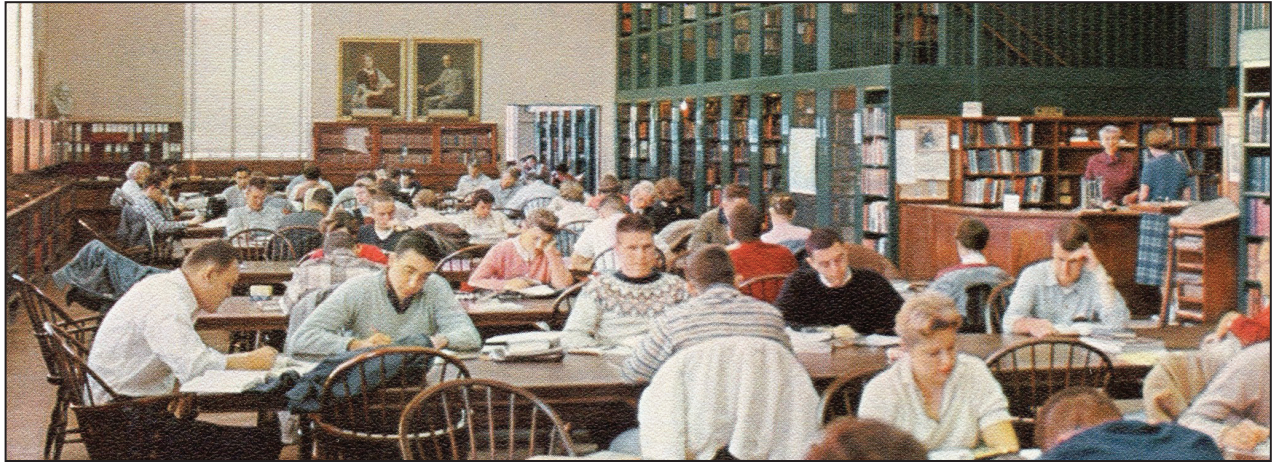


Doug and Housemates



Dave Long

Despite my role as Junior Class President and our social life in the Portola Valley house, my main effort this year was to study and improve my grades. I realized that the only way to get the "A" grades needed was to strive to be the top student in each class. The library became a second home, the grades improved, and I won a scholarship.



Memorial Library

Mr. Douglas M. Scribner
1433 Golden Gate Drive
San Diego 16, California

Dear Douglas:

It is my pleasure to inform you that the Committee has awarded you an Alcoa Foundation Scholarship which will be supplemented from University funds in a total amount of \$900 for the academic year 1958-59.

The Alcoa Foundation Scholarship is made possible through the generosity of the Alcoa Foundation, Dr. O. C. McCreery, Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Sincerely yours,

Robert P. Huff
Director of Financial Aids

Scholarship Notice

The Junior Class Committee was full of active and dedicated students who all participated in planning and conducting the various events. The biggest project of the year was the Junior Prom so I invited Alice Lantz to fly up from San Diego and attend the prom with me. She came and we danced but, to my surprise, she told me this was our last date because she had decided to marry someone else. She wanted to tell me in person rather than by a letter or phone call.

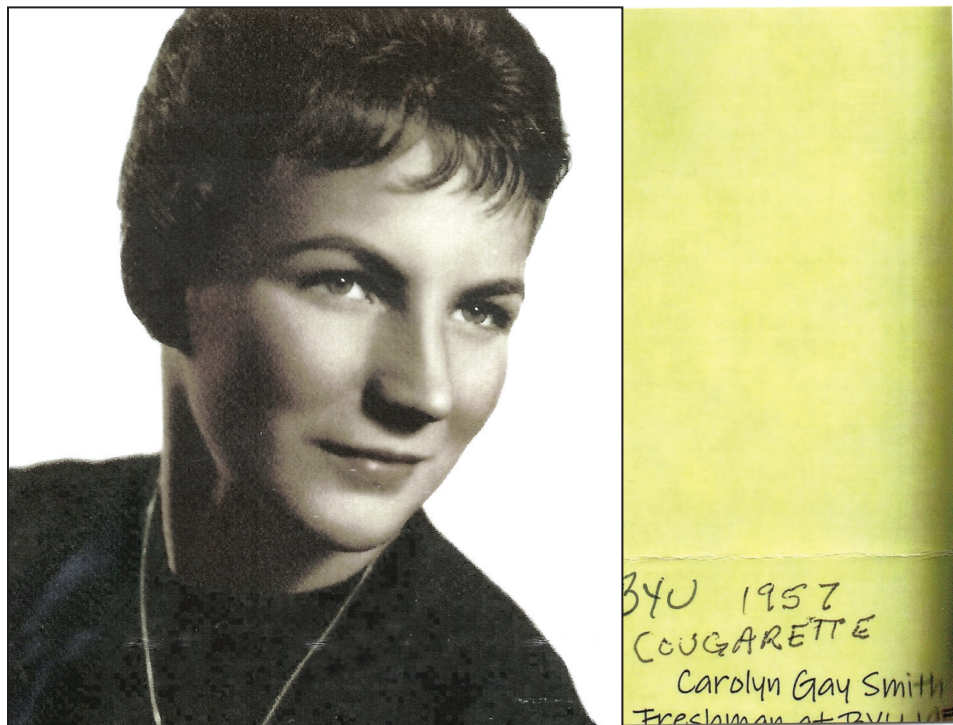
Class of 1959



The Junior Class activity calendar was filled this year with events designed to reach all members of the class. Among these activities were prominent the class dinner-dance, Soph-Junior Ski Weekend, and Junior Class "Kiss-Off." Featured on the ski weekend were organized races at the Reno Bowl and a Saturday night banquet held at the Sky-Tavern nearby. Skating and dancing at a local rink gave the juniors excuse to kiss off the books on at least one Friday afternoon. The Class of 1959 sponsored an all Dixieland jazz concert at Mem Aud featuring "name" performers in this field. The Junior Prom, held in the beautifully decorated Bay Meadows Clubhouse, was an outstanding event of the school year.

The summer of 1958 was a different kind of experience. I still worked for the San Diego Gas and Electric Company though I then had a desk job. However, everything else had changed. Harry and Judy were still dating and were talking about marriage. Jerry and his friend Shareen were also planning a wedding, but I was not.

I learned that one of the girls who had been in the Congregational Church Youth Group had gone to Brigham Young University. Her name was Carolyn Smith. She was not then a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints but her parents knew the school had high moral standards so they had her apply. I phoned Carolyn and asked for a date to go to the beach. While there she explained that she had been converted to the Gospel, but had not yet been baptized. She asked me to go to Church with her and I agreed. It was the first time I had ever been inside a Mormon Church. After the sacrament service the Sunday-School teacher taught the Plan of Salvation and I was ready to learn more. Soon the missionaries were coming to my parents' home to teach me the lessons.



Returning to Stanford for my Senior Year, I decided to move back on campus and resided with other seniors in Stern Hall. My roommate was Bill Hill and there were several others on our floor who also became good friends. They included:



Bill
Hill

Jim
Robertson

Rich
Bauhaus

Tim
Scheck

George
Wyss

However, I also started attending the Palo Alto First Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This brought me a whole set of new friends including a young woman whom I decided to date. Her name was Audi Megarian. She was teacher in one of the local schools and we enjoyed being together.



Most of my Senior Year was spent in classes designed to prepare me as an electrical engineer. I spent many hours in the library studying but I also spent every Sunday at church learning about the Restored Gospel of Jesus Christ. Fortunately I received a scholarship from the Alcoa Corporation which paid for my tuition. Thus I was finally able to purchase a car. My friend Jerry Lawrence was selling his MGTD for a low price so it became my car for the next two years.



Stanford
Library

Red
MGTD



The “Signify Nothing” group still got together for social activities. Here Bob Gwynn, George Smith, Dave Long and I enjoyed an evening of dancing with our dates.



Bob George Me and Dave

However, the most significant event for me happened on 2 May 1959 when my Gospel Doctrine teacher, Don Bennion, baptized me a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I had gained a strong testimony that Joseph Smith had indeed been a living prophet, called by God the Father and His son Jesus Christ to translate the Book of Mormon and restore the true church to the earth. I also had come to know that the President of the Church today is also a living prophet and that following the Covenant Path established in our day is the most important thing I can do in life.

It was nearly time for graduation so I needed to apply for career job. My friend Rich Bauhaus was also getting a degree in EE and suggested that I go work for the Hewlett Packard Company. HP had operations in the industrial park next to Stanford so, if hired, I could continue living in the area. I applied to the Dymec Division of HP and received an offer to work in their marketing operation starting after my graduation. The graduation was held on 14 July 1959 so Mom, Dad and my brother Steve came to see me receive my diploma.



Steve and Doug
at graduation
time.



Steve and his date
a couple years
later.

My younger brother Steve was still in Junior High School when I graduated but he was growing up fast. He attended the Palo Alto First Ward church meetings with me when he came. The picture on the right was Steve attending a High School prom a year or so later.

The day finally came! The graduation was held outdoors in a lovely amphitheater on the Stanford Campus. I was an exciting event.



The Leland Stanford Junior University
to all to whom these Letters shall come Greeting

The Trustees of the University on the recommendation of the University Faculty and by virtue of the Authority in Them vested have conferred on

Douglas MacKenzie Scribner
who has satisfactorily pursued the Studies and passed the Examinations required therefor the Degree of **Bachelor of Science**

with all the rights Privileges and Honors thereunto appertaining
Given at Stanford University in the State of California on the Fourteenth Day of June in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifty-nine of the Republic the One Hundred and Eighty-third and of the University the Sixty-eighth



Doug Skilling
Electrical Engineering

Jim Pettit
School of Engineering

Hubert Stone
President of the University

David Packard
President of the Board of Trustees

Jerry Lawrence and Shareen were married during my Senior Year at Stanford. Then Harry Schenck graduated from Pomona College when I did in 1959. I was thus able to attend his wedding. Harry and Judy were planning to go back East as a married couple because Harry had received a full ride scholarship from Harvard University to pursue a PhD degree in Physics. Alice was also at the wedding as a bride's maid even though she was already married, which did seem a little weird.



Jerry and
Shareen

Harry Schenck
and
Judy Henke

married in
San Diego

so Harry's mother and Judy's parents
could attend.



After graduation from Stanford my two older brothers were together with their families in San Diego at my parent's home. At this point Dave and Marion had three children; Ron, Laurie and Leslie. Ken and Pat had two very young children as well, named Dan and Julie.

Dave
and
Marion



Ken
and
Pat

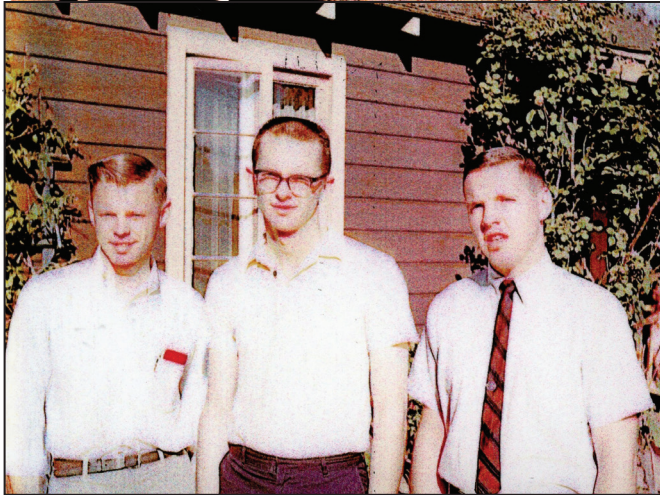


Ron

Leslie

Laurie

The remainder of 1959 and much of 1960 was a time for me to prepare to serve a mission. I was living in a house close to the Stanford Campus with some returned missionaries who answered my questions and taught me about missionary work. Then, when a "Born-Again Christian" man at work challenged my beliefs, they helped me find the scriptures to answer his questions.



Bill Bushman
Dick Oliver
Gene McCoombs

The families in the First Ward set a good example which helped me see how a Latter-day Saint family should live. One such example was our Stake President, David B. Haight and his wife Ruby. They even invited me into their home for dinner and taught me how to kneel and have a family prayer. He later became a General Authority in the church as an Assistant to the Council of Twelve Apostles, and then later as one of the Twelve Apostles.



To learn about church service I accepted a “Calling” to be the Young Adult Activity Leader. Since there was no student ward yet these activities were to involve both the university students and also the young single adult members working in the area. We had dances, dinners and service projects. One such dinner was yard party at the Palo Alto home of one of the older ward members.



Shirley Sonne
and Friends



Dick Oliver
and Friends

Receiving my Temple Endowment was a major step in my mission preparation. At that time there was no temple preparation class. The nearest temple to Palo Alto was in Los Angeles. I had to get on a bus by myself, ride to LA, find the temple, go through the endowment ceremony, get back on the bus and ride home. It was a bewildering experience. The symbolism was overwhelming! Riding home I concluded that “I will never forsake the things I know to be true despite the things which I do not yet understand.”

The last step of preparation was to receive a Patriarchal Blessing. I met with our Stake Patriarch David Stoddard and received the promises of the Lord. After promising me a “Living Testimony in the divine mission of Jesus Christ” and the ability to “touch the hearts of many people,” he said the following:

“Marriage is ordained of God and when you consider taking this most important step, seek the guidance of your Heavenly Father and you shall find a companion who will join with you in the Holy bonds of eternal marriage for your everlasting happiness, and together you will make a home that will be blessed with lovely children. They will love you, follow your teaching, and grow up in the ways of righteousness. Through them your posterity will increase and your name shall be known and honored.”

With these promises I was ready to go! The call came to serve in the Southern Australian Mission and I was to report for a week of training in Salt Lake City.



