

*Cecil
Syme
James*

(1900–1988)

An Autobiography



Cecil Syme James

March 14, 1900 - June 8, 1988

An Autobiography

(written in 1978)

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Autobiography of Cecil Syme James (1900 1987)



I was born on March 14, 1900, to Thomas Alma James and Margaret Johnstone Syme in Rock Springs, Wyoming. A brother Thomas Irvin and a sister Viola Margaret preceded me, and a brother Edwin Ernest and a sister Leah Elizabeth followed me. My mother's family came from Scotland where her father worked in the coal mines.

My father was born in Salt Lake City, Utah and his family came from Wales. My father came to Rock Springs in 1885. He came to work for the Union Pacific Coal Co. to help build the houses that were destroyed in

the *Chinese Riot*. During this period, the Coal Co. had imported a number of Chinese to work in the coal mines. Some of the pit bosses started giving many of the Chinese better rooms in the mines than the white miners as they were getting a kick back from the Chinese on payday. When the white miners found out what was happening they formed a mob and chased the Chinese out of town and killed fifteen, and burned most of their houses. The United States had to make reparations to China for the dead Chinese. They also sent a troop of soldiers into Rock Spring to subdue the riot and see that there were

no future uprisings.

The Government built some barracks in Rock Springs to house the soldiers. After the soldiers left Rock Springs, the Union Pacific took over the barracks and converted them into homes for their employees. My father moved into one of these

houses, and I was the first child born in the barracks on March 14, 1900.

My mother came to Rock Spring with her folks who came from Scotland. She was eleven years of age when she came to this country. Her family joined the Church in Scotland where her father and some of her brothers were coal miners.



Thomas Alma James - 1888



Margaret Syme James - 1887



Margaret and her brother James Robert Syme
Viola and Irvin

After they joined the Church they wanted to come to the U.S., but they were poor and there was a large family, so they started to save what little money they could, and when they had enough money, they sent a couple of the family to this country. When they came here they worked in the mines in Wyoming and sent money back to help other members of the family immigrate until all the family members were able to immigrate.

My first recollection of anything was when we lived in one of the company houses

on D St. This is now Broadway. I remember quite a few people who lived on this street as most of them had children my age and we played a lot together. There were the Griffiths, Firmages, Dyetts, Rennies, Beveridges, and several others whose names I do not recall.



My father was outside foreman for the U.P. Coal Co., and he had a buck-board he rode around in. A Chinaman brought the horse-drawn vehicle to him in the morning and took it back to the stables in the evening. I remember my father taking me with him to visit some of the mines. I remember on one occasion Viola was playing with a candle and lit and passed it through one of the windows. While passing it through, it caught the curtains on fire. My mother grabbed the curtains and rushed outside with them. I do not remember if she got burned.

I remember going to school for the first time. It was in a basement room

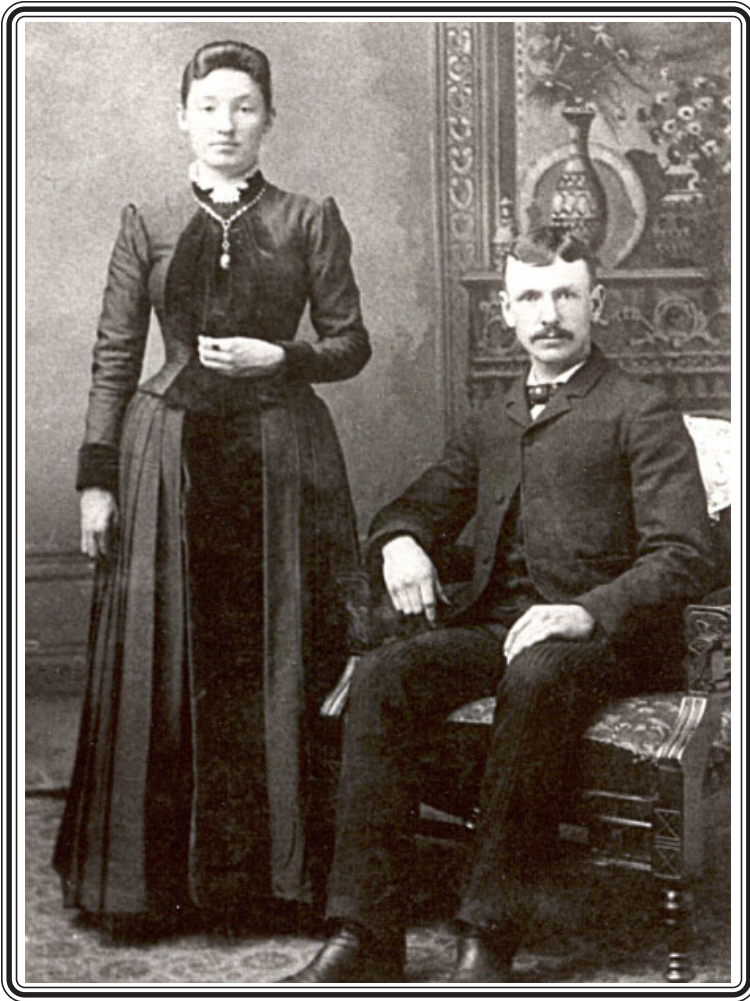
of the old rock school. I was quite scared and wanted to go home. When I was between five and six years of age my father bought some farmland in Idaho. He bought a team of horses and a wagon, and he and Irvin drove it to Idaho with a lot of the family's belongings. He built a small house on the farm and my mother took the rest of the family and went by train to Idaho. This was the first time I had been on a train.



Cecil at three years



Cecil at four years



Margaret and Thomas
James
1890



Cecil

Margaret Syme and her brothers and sisters
--all of whom came to America from Scotland. Picture taken in 1910.



Annie
William
George
James
Margaret
Robert

Jessie
Jane
Helen
Eliza

My father didn't stay too long on the farm but came back to work for the U.P. Coal Co. again. I believe he was not cut out to be a farmer. I remember we had two horses, a cow and a number of chickens, and mother and Irvin planted a garden. I went to school in Kimberly, which was three or four miles from our farm. Mother or Irvin drove us to school in a buggy. We also went to church in Kimberly. Our house was small and quite crowded. I remember some men came and grabbed a lot of sagebrush and stacked it in piles. We enjoyed watching it burn. We were going into Twin Falls to



1906 --- Irvin, Viola, Cecil, Margaret and Edwin



160-acre farm near Kimberly, Idaho
Built by Thomas A. James (1905)

a circus. Twin Falls was six miles from our farm. Something

came up that we were not able to go to the circus, which disappointed us at the time, but later we found out that a lion got loose during the performance and mauled several people. I do not remember if any were killed.

the farm or else move the family back to Rock Springs so the decision was made to move back to Rock Springs. Dad sold the farm in Idaho, and we all became residences of Rock Springs again. We moved into a two-story house on 9th St., which is in the northeast end of town. I started school again in a little schoolhouse about a half block from our house. I believe I was in the second grade at this time. The kids who were in the

We stayed on the farm for about two years, and my

mother told my father that he had to live on the farm or else move the family back to Rock Springs so the decision was made to move back to Rock Springs. Dad sold the farm in Idaho, and we all became residences of Rock Springs again. We moved into a two-story house on 9th St., which is in the northeast end of town. I started school again in a little schoolhouse about a half block from our house. I believe I was in the second grade at this time. The kids who were in the neighborhood were a rather rough bunch and they would not permit me to play with them



1907-1909 --9th Street, Rock Springs, Wyoming

and some days I had to run home from school to avoid getting beaten up by them. I do not remember just how long we lived in the #4 area. We moved from there to D St. into another Company house. This home was later moved to the Belmont Addition. While we were living in this house I continued school in the old rock schoolhouse. This school was less than a block from our house.



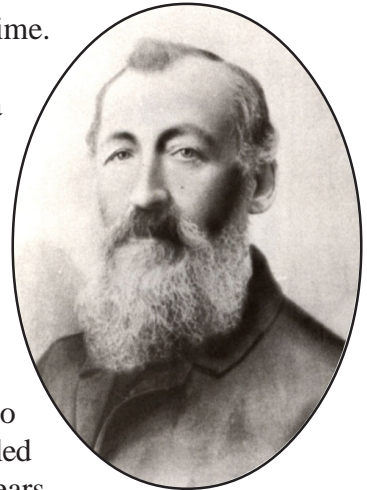
1909-1911--"D" Street, Rock Springs, Wyoming



Margaret Livingston Haldane Syme
Grandma Syme

Grandfather Syme lived with us for some time. He was quite stern and was always telling my mother that she should give me a good strapping. I remember getting quite a few lickings from my mother and I guess that I deserved most of them.

While going to school in the old rock building, I started to make new friends and many of these remained friends all through grade school and also through high school. While we were living at this location, Dad quit the U.P. Coal Co. and went into the lumber business with Victor Smith. They called it the Smith-James Lumber Co. and several years later it was changed to the Superior Lumber Co.



James Brown Syme

At this time, Dad started building a new home that was located at 423 "C" St. The lumber yard was right behind the home. The home was finished in 1911, and we were very glad to move into it. My sister Leah was born in this house. I spent quite a lot of time around the lumber yard after school. We had horses that were used on the delivery wagon, and the driver used to let me ride one of the horses after work to water them at the city watering trough. Arthur Smith, who was a son of Victor Smith, rode the other horse and we became quite good at riding horses. We rode bare back all the time.

While living at #4 I remember seeing the first transcontinental auto race come through Rock Springs. As I recall this took several days, and quite a few of the cars had



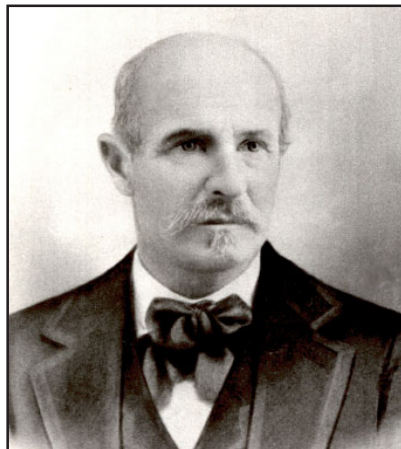
to be pulled into Rock Springs with horses. There were no paved roads in those days and the dirt roads were in very bad shape—especially after a rain—and automobiles had a very bad time. I remember there were only a couple of cars in Rock Springs at this

time. I believe they were owned by a couple of doctors. They were built like a one-seat buggy and had a curved stick that acted for a steering wheel and had a one-cylinder motor on the back, and they chugged along at between five and ten miles per hour.

I believe it was in 1912 that Dad bought a bicycle to ride around his jobs. It was a very fine bicycle, and I believe that I rode it more than Dad. In those days we treasured a bicycle as much as kids today treasure driving the family car.



Margaret Johnstone Syme James ~ 1908



Thomas John James (Grandfather)



1911-'C' Street, Rock Springs, Wyo-

After we moved into the new home on C St., Grandfather James lived with us one summer, and he helped me build some chicken coups and rabbit pens. For several years I raised chickens and rabbits and I had several types of each. I used to exchange rabbits with other kids around town, so I had a mixture of different breeds.

The rabbits and chickens took up quite a bit of my time and probably kept me from getting into mischief that is always believe every family had a dog. In those days many people also had a cow. The family next door to us had a cow, and we got our milk from them. I believe it cost around twenty-five cents a gallon.

We had a good group of kids in the neighborhood, and we had good times playing outside after school and in the evenings. We were all supposed to be in by 9 or 9:30 at night. We used a wood and coal stove for cooking, and it was my job to get the coal and wood in so that Dad could start the fire in the morning. Dad always got up early in the mornings, and sometimes I would forget to get the coal and wood in the night. When this happened, Dad woke me up in the morning and made me go out and get the coal and wood and start the fire. This wasn't bad in the summer, but in the winter it was cold in the mornings.



I continued going to school in the old rock building until 1914 when a new high school building was finished, so I started my first year of high school in the new building. I enjoyed high school very much. Although our classes were small, we had a good group of kids, and we got along very well together.

In 1917 we had our first basketball team in the Rock Springs High School. We didn't have a coach. The principal of the school acted as coach but he didn't know any more about the game. We only had five players on the team so we had no substitutes. The first game we played was with Kemmerer, and we lost the game 85 to 15, but we gradually improved and won a game once in a while. During my senior year we developed a pretty good team. We had a real coach and we won about seventy-five percent of our games. We were permitted to go to the state tournament in Laramie and won third place, which we thought was very good.





During my high school days we had a lot of parties, socials and picnics. There was very little commercial entertainment; however, we attended a picture show once a week. We could go to a picture show for ten cents, which was sometimes hard to come by.

All of the big circuses stopped off in Rock Springs. They pitched their tents in the area that is now occupied by the Wardell Court. We would go down town about

5:30 in the morning to see the circus trains come in and unload all the wagons—horses and other animals. At noon they would have a parade through the town. You could hear the steam calliope all over town.

Along with other kids we would get a job carrying water for the elephants, and we found out that they drank a lot of water. For carrying water, we would get a free ticket to the circus.



We used this same ground to play baseball on. We had a team on the south side of town and there was a team on the north side of town, so we always had a lot of rivalry. During these days I would go out south sage chicken hunting. We would rent a team and buggy from the



livery stable and go out to Willow Springs which was fifteen miles south of town. The limit in those days was twenty-four chickens, and it wasn't very hard to get the limit.

While in high school we had quite close contact with all teachers, as the classes were small. When I graduated in 1918, we had twenty-six in our graduating class, which was the biggest graduating class up to that time.

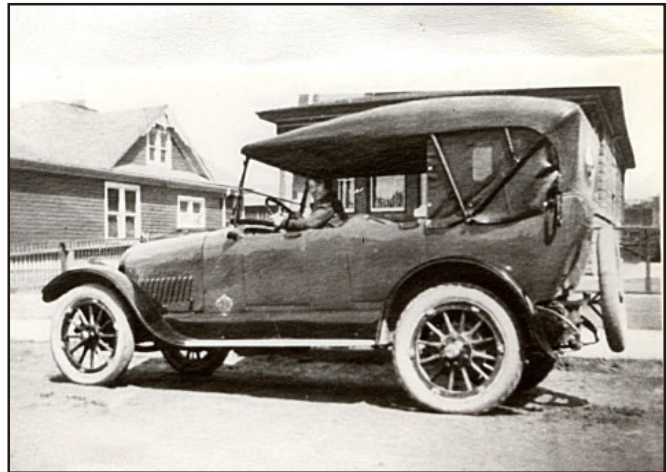


HIGH SCHOOL BAND, 1915 — Members of the Rock Springs High School Band in this picture taken on the steps of the post office in 1915 are, bottom row, from left, Adam Medill, Steve Oraster Sr., Aril Stavran, Paul Frooman, Dorsey Morris, William O'Donnell and Bill Symes, leader; second row, Art Smith, John Gibson, Cecil James, Walk Hawk, Tad Crippa, Hanes Feddersen, Avarid Symes, Art Anderson and Jack Quigley; third row, Gordon Morris, John Wataha, Frank Wondt, John (Boots) Dankowski, Fay Mills and Emmett Meaghini, and top row, Tom Facinelli, Wilbur Dankowski, Harry Carlson, Clyde Crofts and Rudolph Carlson. The picture belongs to Steve Oraster, Rock Springs.

During these years two other boys and myself trapped coyotes. We did our trapping four miles southeast of town in an area known as Little Bitter Creek. We also hunted rabbits in this area about two Saturdays a month. We would get at least one coyote a week--sometimes two or three. We would get \$5.00 bounty per coyote and from \$5.00 to \$10.00 for the hide. One day we caught a large eagle in one of our traps. We managed to get it into a gunnysack and bring it into town. I built a cage for it in our back yard, and kids from all over town came to see it. When fall came I turned it loose and it flew away.

In the spring of 1917 I went to Salt Lake and drove out a new truck for the lumber yard. It had solid rubber tires all around, and it took four days from Salt Lake to Rock Springs. We had all dirt roads then, and in the spring of the year when the roads were thawing out, there were plenty of mud holes to get stuck in. One night I got within two miles of Lyman and got stuck in a mud hole, so I left the truck there and walked into Lyman. The next morning I had to get a team of horses to pull the truck out.

In 1916 my father bought our first car. It was a Maxwell four-door open car. There were no sedans in those days. We thought this Maxwell was about the finest car there was. I believe it cost \$675. When dad drove it home, he drove it into the new garage he had built, and when he got into the garage, he stepped onto the gas instead of the brake and pushed the front end of the garage out. I soon learned to drive



Leah, Viola, Maggie

Utah, where Mother's brother, Uncle George, lived. I believe we stayed in Logan three days before continuing to Salt Lake. Dad had a brother and two sisters in Salt Lake, so we spent several days there—then we went south from Salt Lake into part of Colorado. Between Craig, Colorado and Baggs, Wyoming we got off the right road and had to spend the night out in the wilderness. Some spent the night in the car, and some of us slept on the ground. During the night I got bit by a wood tick, and shortly after we arrived home, I came down with tick fever, also known as Rocky Mountain spotted fever. I was in bed for three weeks and lost twenty-seven pounds.

and felt that Dad was very generous in letting me use the car. When the family went anywhere in the car, I did all the driving. In those days we got about 2000 miles on a set of tires, and it seemed like we were always fixing flat tires.

In 1917 Dad took the family in the car for three weeks through Idaho and part of Colorado. Dad had bought a couple of lots—I believe it was in Pingree Idaho—and they were holding a drawing as to where the lots would be located, and he wanted to be there at the drawing. The first night we stayed in Diamondville, where one of Mother's sisters lived. Then the next night we stayed at Soda Springs and drove to Pingree the next day. We stayed there two or three days and traveled to Logan,

In those days very little was known about this fever, and there were no shots to control it as there are today. Nine people died during the year, and I was very fortunate to get over it. I remember four doctors held a consultation in our home, and they said there was nothing they could do but what our family doctor was already doing.

About the third week of my sickness there was a Stake Conference in Rock Springs, and after conference Dad brought Brother Easton, who was the Stake Patriarch, over to our house and had him administer to me. I didn't know much about administering to the sick at that time, but my parents had a lot of faith, and after the administration, I started to improve very fast and was soon on my feet again--although quite weak. I rapidly gained back my strength and my lost pounds built up again. This was the only serious sickness I have had in my life, and outside of a cold once in a while, I have been free of sickness all my life, and this I am very grateful for.

As I look back over my early life and up to the time I graduated from high school, I have a lot of pleasant memories, and although all of my friends during those years were not members of the church, they were all good kids. We were not bothered with kids smoking or drinking as it was very uncommon, and as to drugs, they were unheard of.

Those days after graduating from high school in 1918, I joined the navy along with Robert Maxwell who was a very good friend of mine. The First World War was on at this time, and we felt it was the right thing to do. We went to Salt Lake to enlist, and from there we were sent to what was then known as Goat Island. It was an island in San Francisco Bay, and there was a naval training station there. One section of the Bay Bridge rested on the island, and I am not sure the name it has now.



Eddie, Cecil, Irvin, Tom, Leah, Viola, Maggie -- 1918





Viola and Cecil

We were on this island for a couple of months and did a lot of marching and drilling. We also did quite a lot of sailing on the bay. We had shore leave on Wednesday afternoons and Saturdays and went into San Francisco. We attended picture shows some and spent quite a bit of time at Golden Gate State Park. After completing Basic Training we had a week's furlough, and Robert Maxwell and I returned home to spend this week.

After going back to the base, I was transferred to Mare Island and was assigned to a destroyer that was being built there. Before this ship was finished, about 150 of us were told to pack our bags and be ready to leave for New York. Arriving in New

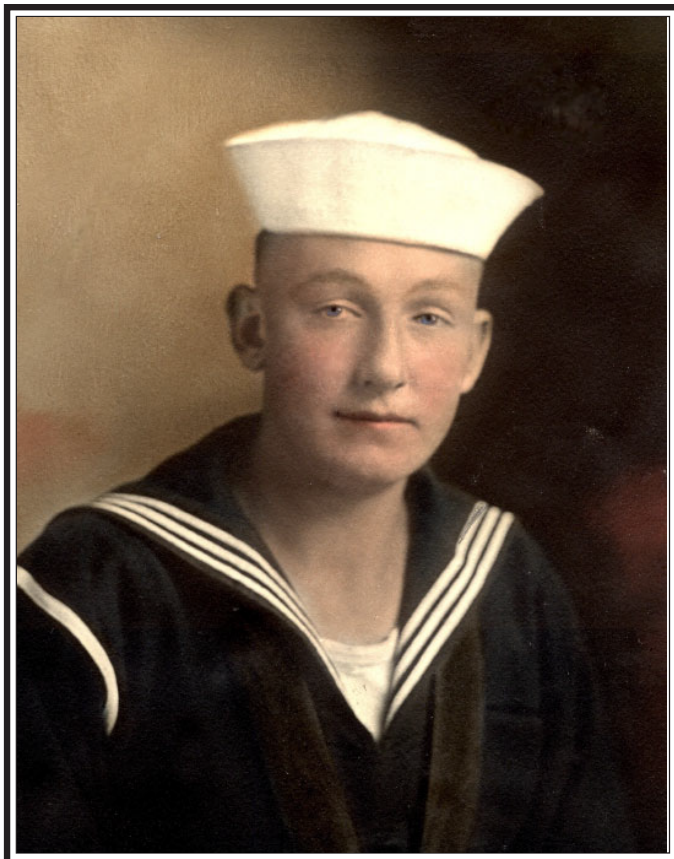
York, we were assigned to the *Leviathon*, which was a troopship. My friend Robert Maxwell became sick in New York and was left behind in the hospital. The *Leviathon* had been a German luxury liner

before the war and, along with several other passenger ships that were in New York when war was declared, was converted into a troop-carrying ship. The *Leviathon* was the largest ship afloat at over ninety feet wide at the main deck. It burned coal as did most ships and had thirty-six boilers to generate the steam to turn its four huge propellers, which, if I remember, were seventeen feet in diameter. It was a very fast ship for its size, and we crossed the Atlantic in less than four days. It carried 13,500 soldiers at a crossing, and there were over 3000 sailors on the crew. It sailed between New York and Brest, France.

After several crossings, the Armistice was signed, and about 100 of us were told to pack our bags, that we were leaving the ship in Brest. We didn't know at the time where we were going, but we would get additional pay that amounted to a raise from thirty-six dollars to fifty dollars per month. If sailors were given a raise of that amount today, they would all go on strike, but to us it was a lot of money. We got on a train in Brest and traveled through France and Italy

overland. We stopped at various cities and ate our meals, as there were no diners on the trains. We stopped at Paris and several small towns in France, and in Italy we stopped at Milan, Florence, Naples and Venice.

At several stops the Red Cross passed out cigarettes. Several of us who didn't smoke would take the cigarettes and trade them for fruit or sell the cigarettes to those who did smoke and buy fruit along the way. We stayed in Venice for a couple of days, then boarded a couple of destroyers and patrolled in the



Mediterranean and Adriatic Seas for about a week. While patrolling in the Adriatic, we ran into a terrific storm. For a couple of days the ship rolled and pitched terrifically, and we wondered at times if we were going to make it. No one could go on deck, as they would be washed overboard immediately by the huge waves. There were only about five or six of us who did not get seasick during this storm. Even the captain got seasick, and he told us afterward that it was the first time he had been sick in twenty-five years.

We next landed in Spilato, Austria, and the 100 of us who boarded the destroyers in Venice left the ships and were put on an Austrian battleship that was anchored in the harbor. This ship had been taken over by the U.S. after the Armistice, and they were holding it until some settlement was made. We stayed on this ship for the next three months. We enjoyed our stay on this ship very much. There was very little to do except keep the ship fairly clean. We could go ashore three days a week, so on these days I met another sailor, and we chummed around together. On our shore leave, we found out about the ruins of an ancient city that was about four miles from the town, so we spent most of our time exploring the ruins of this old city. I wish now that I had a camera while in the Navy. I could have a lot of pictures of the places where I have been.

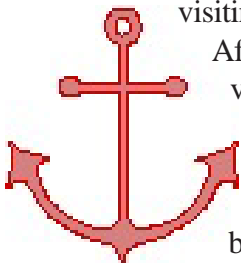
This battleship was called the *Zeranni*. After a month on the ship I was assigned the job of postal clerk. Three days a week I would go ashore to the town and cross over to another side of the bay and was met by a boat from the *Olympia*, which was an American cruiser that was stationed there. I would get any mail or written correspondence for our ship and then walk across the town again and meet a small boat that took me back to the *Zeranni*. I enjoyed this job as it gave me a lot of free time. While on this ship in Austria we had the privilege of taking a sub chaser on weekends and cruising up and down the coast visiting other towns. We also spent one weekend going to Italy.

After spending three months in Austria, we left and went to Gibraltar for one week. This was very interesting as the Rock of Gibraltar is very heavily fortified. They have tunneled into the Rock and placed huge cannons in it. It is owned by England. Spain borders the Rock so we had the opportunity of visiting a couple of towns in Spain.

After spending a week at Gibraltar a U.S. Coal Collier ship landed there, and we boarded it for our trip home. Before leaving for home, we crossed over to the northern coast of Africa. Here we landed at Tangier to pick up four American sailors who had drowned there. They put them in the freezer with the meat supply to preserve them until they reached the states. The cook on the ship refused to go into the freezer with these bodies in there, and someone else had to go in and get meat out of the freezer when the cook wanted it.



Robert Maxwell and Cecil



We were thirty days crossing from Gibraltar to the USA. We landed in Norfolk, VA. We stayed in Norfolk a couple of days, and from there I was sent to Denver, Colorado for discharge. I stayed in Denver for three days and received my discharge papers along with my final pay from the navy, which I believe amounted to around \$197. This was the most money that I had ever had at one time, so I felt quite rich. They also allowed me enough money for my fare to Salt Lake where I enlisted, but instead of going to Salt Lake, I got off the train in Rock Springs, Wyoming. I was glad to be home again and the folks were glad to see me. The time I spent in the navy was a fine experience, and I saw a lot of places that I never would have seen otherwise.

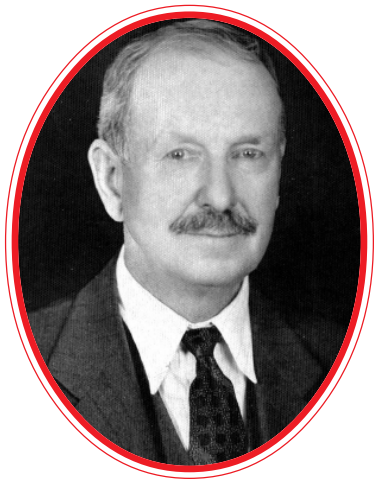
Now that the navy was behind me I had to think about what I was going to do with my life from here on out. I started doing carpenter work, and if I remember correctly, carpenters were making \$6.50 per day. After working as a carpenter for a year or so, Dad had a contract building the homes in Wardell Court for the Union Pacific Coal Co. I felt that I could make more money shingling than carpenters were making, so I told my Father that I would do the shingling on these houses. Shinglers were getting \$2.25 per square at this time. After doing shingling for a couple of months I was averaging six squares a day, so I thought I was making good money.



Cecil in back (second from left), His father Tom in front (on right end) -- taken about 1919

While I was in the navy Dad bought a Stephens Car. This was a much larger car than the Maxwell, and we enjoyed it very much. Dad wanted me to go to college but I felt I was making more money than some of the men I knew who had gone to college, so I didn't see the necessity of going to college at this time. Bishop Young asked me several times if I would like to go on a mission, but I turned him down as I felt that I was not ready to go.

During 1921, I was put in as ward clerk. After being in as ward clerk for six months, the Bishop asked me again if I would like to go on a mission. I wanted to get out of the ward clerk job, so I told him I would go. I never liked bookwork so going on a mission appealed to me. In December I received a call from President Grant to go to Australia. I was unfamiliar with Australia, so I had to do some research to find out just where it was. I was set apart as a missionary in Salt Lake City by George Albert Smith, one of the Twelve Apostles. I also met three other elders who were going to Australia with me--Elders Hall, Tolman, and Jackson.



Family of
Thomas Alma
James
and
Margaret J. Syme
James



Viola
b. 1895



Irvin
b. 1891



Cecil
b. 1900

Leah
b. 1911



Eddie
b. 1905

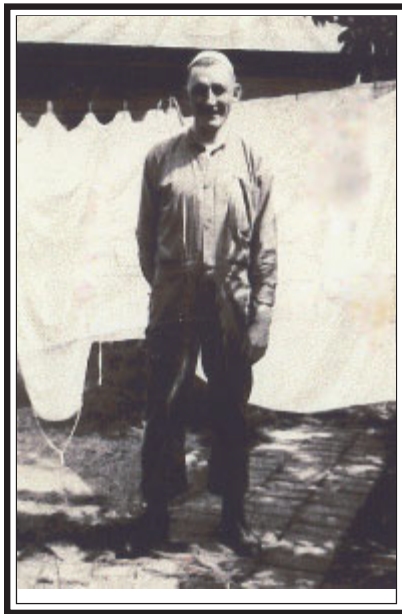
The day after being set apart, we boarded the train for San Francisco. This was the longest train trip that the other three elders had ever made. We stayed in San Francisco for two days and spent most of the time sightseeing. This was the first time I had been back to Frisco since joining the Navy and it was the first time ever for the other three elders.

We boarded a passenger ship, the *Sonoma*, for Australia and this would be our home for the next seventeen days. The voyage was very restful, and it gave us a lot of time to study as none of us were very conversant with the gospel. We made quite a few friends on the boat, and we let them know that we were Mormon missionaries. We stopped for one day in Hawaii, and we made a trip around the island with a group from the boat. We enjoyed seeing the Hawaii Temple and meeting some of the Hawaiian people. We attended mutual in the ward in Honolulu, as our boat was not sailing until 11 o'clock at night. Our next stop was Pago Pago, Samoa. The Samoan people were very friendly to us. We also met several missionaries there and found out that it was only costing them around ten dollars per month to live there. As we were returning to the boat, we bought a basket of oranges and a stock of bananas for twenty-five cents each. We enjoyed this fruit very much during the remainder of the journey. Our next stop was Sydney, Australia. As we sailed through the Sydney Heads into the harbor, we were amazed at the size of it and the beauty of the surroundings. When the boat docked, we were met by President Rushton and Marion G. Romney, who was filling a mission at this time. After getting our luggage we took the train for the mission home, which was located at 43 Station St., Enmor, which is one of the suburbs of Sydney. Arriving at the mission home, we met Sister Rushton and three other elders--Pasquett, Gunnell and Fronk.

The ship always gets into Sydney on a Tuesday, so we had time to get used to the routine of missionary life. We washed all our clothes and got settled in our quarters. There was a large upstairs

room where the elders stayed. It had eight single beds in it and places for our clothes. In the middle of the room were a couple of tables where we could study and do our writing. For these quarters we paid seventy-five cents a week for rent. We took turns at cooking, and each elder would cook for a week and the cost would be shared by the rest of the missionaries. Our food cost about four to five dollars a week, which was very reasonable. Some of the missionaries were getting along on twenty-five to thirty dollars a month, which is a lot of difference to the \$200/month that is the average cost per missionary today (1979).

On our first Friday night, we got our first taste of missionary work by going out on a *street meeting*. This was a new experience for me, and I am not sure whether I enjoyed it or not. Elder Romney and President Rushton did the talking. Fifty or sixty people stopped to listen. I was sure it would be some time before I would feel comfortable speaking at a street meeting. Sunday services were held at the mission home, and as it was fast day, we all bore our testimonies and had the opportunity of meeting the members of the church who



belonged to the branch in Sydney.

Monday morning Elder Romney took me out to one of the suburbs and started me tracting.. He went to three houses and did the talking to the women who answered our knock at their doors. Elder Romney then left and told me I could go on by myself. The first house I went to was set in a ways from the street, and I didn't notice until I got up on the porch that there was a minister's name on the house, so I walked back to the street as I didn't want to face a minister on my first day of tracting. I then tracted for

a couple of hours, but felt that I wasn't doing very well. I talked to one woman for awhile. She knew that I was an American by my accent and wanted me to tell her something about America.

We used to tract for half a day and then spend the afternoon studying. This went on for a month and I began to wonder if I was doing any good as I didn't find anyone who wanted to learn anything about the church. I did feel that I was making a better presentation as I was learning quite a few scriptures, which helped. After spending a month in Sydney, President Rushton told me he was going to Melbourne and would like me to go with him. He said that they were going to build a church in Melbourne and wanted me to help them as I had done some carpentry work. I thought that I would rather do this than tracting --then I would be able to see more of the fruits of my labors. The trip to Melbourne was interesting, and it gave me an opportunity to see some of the country. We saw quite a few bunches of kangaroos and emus.

Elder Hipwell who was Conference President in Melbourne met us at the railroad station and took us to the home where the missionaries stayed. We met Elders Bayless and Jones at the home. We started



We also visited with friends and investigators in the evenings.

A member of the church who lived in Perth came to Melbourne and did the brick work. He donated his time to the church. His name was Ruben Flynn. He later came to America and settled in Salt Lake and became a brick contractor. Lou Kneal and I did most of the carpenter work with some help by the other elders. Lou was a very fine member of the Church.



Elder Marion G. Romney (in back)
Cecil (far right)

putting in the foundation for the chapel a couple of days after we arrived. President Rushton went on to Adelaide and then to the West Coast. We saw him again three weeks later when he returned to Sydney. All the Elders in Melbourne spent all their time working on the chapel and many of the members worked on Saturdays and some evenings. We didn't do any tracting during the construction of the chapel, but we held all the regular meetings on Sundays and held street meetings every Friday night. As the elders did most of the speaking in sacrament meetings and street meetings, this gave us a lot of experience in speaking.

We finished the chapel in about six and a half months. This chapel only held about 125 people--no recreation hall or class rooms. It had a rostrum in the front end and a small stage in the rear. The benches could be turned around when using the stage, and curtains were used to make spaces for the classrooms.

When the chapel was finished, President Rushton came from Sydney to dedicate it. Elder Romney also came to the dedication. After the chapel was dedicated, President Rushton was continuing to Adelaide, and he told me he would like me to go with him. Arriving in Adelaide we were met by Elder



Christensen, who was Conference President in Adelaide. At this time there was only one branch in each of the principle cities in Australia. Altogether there were less than 1000 members of the Church in Australia. The government allowed only thirty missionaries in the country, but soon increased the number to thirty-six.

On our way to Adelaide, President Rushton told me they were going to build a chapel in Adelaide and asked me if I would like to help in building it. This chapel was built on Wright St. We worked the same on this chapel as on the Melbourne Chapel. The elders in Adelaide spent their full time on the chapel and the members of the

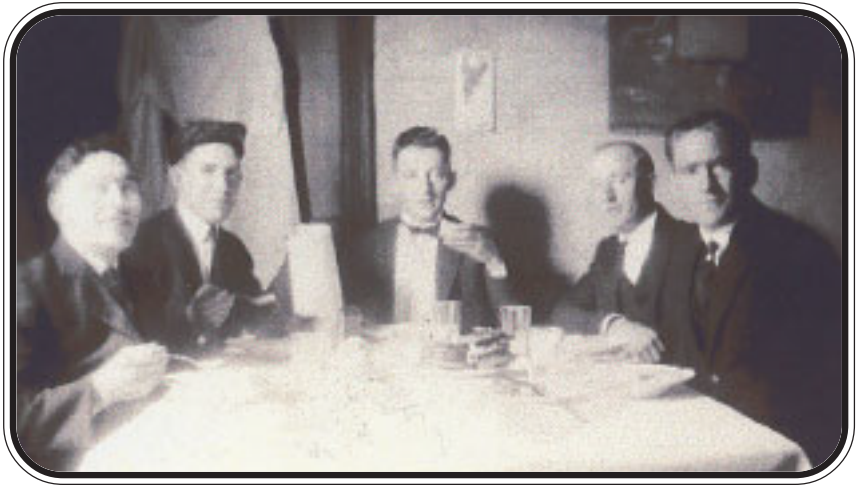
branch worked on Saturdays and some afternoons and evenings. This was a very fine branch, and the members were very faithful. Elder Christensen was a very fine Conference President. In later years he came back to Australia and served as Mission President.

We held street meetings every Friday night, and once a week we were invited to a member's house for *tea*, which is the same as supper to us. There was a very fine member in the branch who was blind. He sharpened scissors and razors besides making wicker furniture for a living. He was very faithful and never missed a meeting even though he had to ride street cars to get there. He never needed help in getting around. I asked him one day how he knew what street car to get on and when to get off. He told me that the street car he rode had a certain click to it. He always came early to mutual and Sunday School. Often he would eat Sunday dinner with the elders. After eating he would say to me, "Elder James, let's take a walk down to the new chapel and see how it is progressing." He had a lot of faith and felt that some day he would receive his sight. He later married a woman in Adelaide who was quite well off financially.



Cecil at age twenty-two

We knew a very fine Jewish family in Adelaide. They didn't belong to the church but were very friendly to the missionaries. They would have two of the elders to tea every week. The father used to attend all of our street meetings, and if we had any opposition, he would always take our part and stand up for us. However, he didn't want us to talk about the gospel or the church in his home. He owned a jewelry store, and one day when Elder Francis and I stopped in to pass the time of day in his store, the head of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ in Adelaide saw us. He came in and asked our Jewish friend if he knew who we were. He told him that we were missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day



Saints. Then the Reorganite told the Jewish man that we were there to try to get his daughters in order to take them back to Utah where he would never see them again. The Jewish man told him that nothing would please him more than to have the Mormon missionaries take his daughters to Salt Lake City. He had three very beautiful daughters, so we felt very flattered. He told the Reorganite to get out of his store and not to come in again.

Adelaide is a very beautiful city and is built like Salt Lake City with wide streets and beautiful parks. We finished the chapel in six months. It was about the same size as the one in Melbourne, but it had quarters in the rear for the elders. When it was finished, President Rushton came from Sydney and dedicated it. After the chapel was dedicated, President Rushton continued his trip to West Australia. He told me to be ready to return to Sydney with him when he returned. This surprised me as I thought I would be able to stay in Adelaide and do some missionary work.

When President Rushton returned from the West, we left for Sydney. On our way, we stopped over in Melbourne to hold conference. I was glad to have the opportunity of meeting again with the people in Melbourne. While working on a chapel, you probably get closer to the people than when you are out doing missionary work. But when are you doing carpenter work, you are not making new contacts, not teaching them the gospel, and miss the thrill of baptizing new people into the church. After the conference in Melbourne, we continue to Sydney and were met at the station by Elder Romney and Sister Rushton.

I felt that by coming back to Sydney I would have the opportunity of working under the leadership of Elder Romney and President Rushton. Instead I was assigned to take Elder Romney's place in the mission office. For the next month I worked with Elder Romney and learned all about being mission secretary, Conference President and President of the Sydney Branch. This was a full time job that gave me a good opportunity for development. When the next boat left for America, Elder Romney and Elder Smith left on it, and I assumed the job of mission secretary, which I would have for the next sixteen months. The bookwork did not bother me, but giving direction to the missionaries was challenging. This was a humbling job as I also directed the progress of the Sydney Branch.

At a street meeting we were holding in Sydney one Friday night, Elder Romney was talking on the subject of “baptism.” A heckler from the crowd broke in and asked him, “What about polygamy?” and Elder Romney told him, “Oh, we baptized her too,” and went on with his talk. After Elder Romney had left, the branch was holding an outing at one of the resorts, which was



across the bay. There were several people from Bankstown coming, so I volunteered to meet them at the docks at the Sydney Harbor. Two new elders asked if they could stay with me, which was agreeable. We waited until two trains had come from Bankstown, but no members got off these trains. We waited another half hour, and still no members; so we decided to leave for the outing. Then it came to me that I didn't know just where the outing was being held, and I was really puzzled and felt very foolish. We took several ferries to several places and never did find the right place. At mutual the next Tuesday they sang the song, “Ye simple Souls Who

Stray,” which made me feel foolish all over again. This made me realize that if I was going to be a leader, I had to know where I was going, and if I didn't know where I was going, then I shouldn't take anyone else with me.

About this time we started to build a chapel in Enmore, a suburb of Sydney. It was only a block from the mission home. We built this chapel on the same basis as the other two chapels. The elders in Sydney worked all the time, and the members worked whenever they could. The mission home and elders' quarters were built at the rear of the chapel and were part of the building. I was not able to spend all of my time working on the chapel since I was still mission secretary, but I did spend a lot of it working on the chapel. The chapel was completed in about six months. We carried on all other activities in the branch and held our street meetings every Friday night. We had mostly new missionaries in Sydney, and this gave me the opportunity to do a lot of speaking in the various meetings.



President Rushton and Cecil



I had one very fine experience at a street meeting. I had a bad cold, was very hoarse and could hardly talk. We had three new elders who were very good singers and attracted a large crowd. One elder made the introduction and spoke for a few minutes, and I knew that I had to talk but was so hoarse that barely a whisper came out. I stepped out before the crowd with a prayer in my heart that I would be able to speak to this crowd of people. As I began to speak, I was surprised to hear my voice--it was clear, and I was able to speak for forty-five minutes. I spoke of the restoration of the gospel and of the way of salvation. I was also surprised that there was no interruption from the crowd. This was a testimony to me that we can receive help from the Lord if we desire it and live for it.

After the chapel was finished and dedicated, we started to settle down to real missionary work. It was quite a challenge to me to meet the new elders as they came to Australia--to give them their instructions and start them out tracting, as well as give them their assignments. I also got a lot of experience in conducting the meetings of the branch.

We established a branch in Bankstown, which was ten miles from Sydney. When President Rushton was in Sydney, he and I would take turns in visiting the Bankstown Branch, so during the rest of my mission I talked every Sunday in either Bankstown or Sydney and also on Friday nights on the street. We also had three families in New Castle, which was 100 miles distant. I would go there about once a month and hold some meetings with them. The Bailey family lived there but later moved to Sydney. Brother Bailey was a streetcar conductor. We rode on his streetcar quite often for free.

We held a missionary class at six o'clock every morning. Each missionary was supposed to know a new scripture each morning. If the scripture was long, it could take several days to memorize it. Some mornings we would hold a testimony meeting, and once a week we would hold a report meeting. We had breakfast at seven o'clock, and the elders would go out tracting at eight o'clock. Before we ate each meal, we would read a chapter from one of the Standard Works. We did the home teaching in the branch. One night a week we would assign two elders to visit a family, have tea with them and spend the evening with them.

Every mutual night, Barbara Bain, who worked for a well-to-do family brought a pie or cake and left it in my office. Most of the time I shared them with the other elders. On holidays the branch always held a picnic, and we enjoyed these very much. The elders never tracted on holidays. The elder who was on duty to

do the cooking for the week, did all the buying of the goods that week.

The milk, bread, meat and veggies were delivered each day by people who drove one-horse two-wheel carts. Each peddler had a different *yodel*, and you could hear him yodeling a block away. When he got close, you went out and bought what you wanted. The bread man would leave your unwrapped bread on your doorstep (in 1962 it

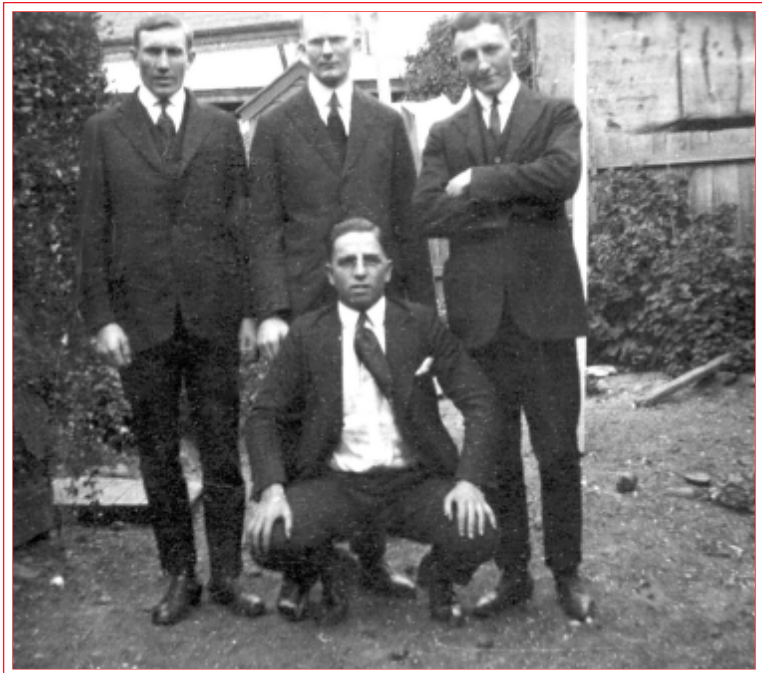


Cecil and Elder Marion G. Romney

was still being left unwrapped). The brown bread in Australia was very good. The milkman had a cart with a tank on it with a spicket on the back. You took your billy-can out, and he filled it from the tanks on the cart. We used quite a bit of milk, so one day I told the milkman we had to have our milk delivered in bottles. He said that it would cost a lot more that way. I then told him that we would get another milkman. He talked to the boss who agreed to put it in bottles for the same price.

I had many fine experiences in Sydney and enjoyed missionary life very much. One day I was in the city cashing some checks for the elders when I decided to walk home instead of taking the train. It was about five miles to the mission home, and I don't know why I decided to walk, as I had never walked before. The walk took me through several suburbs. While walking along one street, I stopped in front of a house, and before I knew what I was doing, I was standing in front of the door of a house. I stood there for a while and finally knocked on the door.

A girl about twenty years of age came to the door and said, "You are Elder James!" and I told her I was.





She invited me in, talked to me for some time, and said she knew that I would come to their home today. She said, “You believe the sick can be healed through prayer and administration.” I told her that we did and explained how the Savior and his servants healed the sick and how this was practiced by the church today. She told me she had a very sick mother in the bedroom. The doctor, she said, was coming shortly to take her to the hospital where serious surgery was to be performed. She said that the doctor had told her that her mother only had about a fifty percent chance of recovery. She then asked me if I would administer to her and give her a blessing. I asked her if she had faith in me as an elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints that the administration would help her mother, and she said she had. I then asked her if she had some olive oil. She did. I consecrated the oil and proceeded to anoint her mother and give her a blessing. I told her that she would get well and recover.

I then left and proceeded home. I thought about this a great deal and prayed about it asking our Father in Heaven to acknowledge the blessing that I had given. I believed very strongly that I had been led to this home by His spirit even though

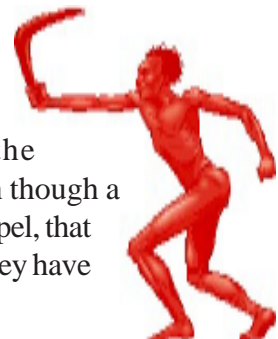
these people were not members of the church. The next mutual night the girl came to the mission home early. I invited her in and asked her about her mother. She was very happy and said that a short time after I left, her mother sat up in bed and that when the doctor arrived, she was sitting on the edge of the bed.

This surprised the doctor so he gave her another examination. He told the daughter that something had happened--a miracle he said. Then she told him that a Mormon missionary had come by who had given her mother a blessing and had told her that she would recover. The doctor told her that he couldn't believe in things like that.

The girl came to mutual for a while but neither she nor her mother joined the



church--at least while I was in Australia. Signs do not convert people even though a miracle has happened to them. This gave me a very strong testimony of the gospel, that our Father in Heaven hears and answers our prayers--that all can be healed if they have faith even though they are not members of the church.



The remaining part of my mission was somewhat routine. My association with the members was very close. I had learned to love them very much, and I felt that I had gained their love



Cecil and some of the women in Australia
(Lucy Rosen on the right)

and respect. I enjoyed working with the new elders who came to Australia and the short association I had with the elders who stopped in Sydney on their way home. Most of them stayed in Sydney for two weeks before leaving for home. When I was ready to leave Australia, I looked back and knew that I had taken every elder in Australia on his first day of tracting. I stayed in Australia almost two and one-half years.

One day while I was in the mission president's office. I told him that I had been away from home for twenty-nine months. He then asked me how come I had stayed that long and told me to get ready to take

the next boat home. This was good news to me. I began to wonder if I had done all that I could while I was on my mission. The branch held a farewell party for me and gave me several gifts. The members from Bankstown Branch also came in to the farewell party.

Elder Tolman came from Perth to Sydney at this time, and he went home with me. He and I spent four days at the Jenolin Caves, which were considered the largest caves in the world. We enjoyed going through the caves. When we got back to Sydney Elder Gunnell was there as he was also going home with us. This was on Saturday. Sunday we gave our farewell talks at sacrament meeting, and Tuesday we went to the Harbor to board *The Niagara*, which was an English ship. Many of the members were at the boat to see us off, and I wondered if I would ever see some of these people again.



Cecil with President and Sister Rushton

We went by way of New Zealand and stopped a day in Auckland. We spent an enjoyable day sightseeing. Our next stop was in Suva, Fiji Islands. From here we went to Hawaii. We loved the friendly Hawaiian people very much and wished that we had more time to spend there. Each Sunday we were on the boat, the captain asked us if we would hold Sunday services. We were glad to do this, and we had very good crowds at our meetings. We made many friends on the boat, and as some of them would be traveling through Salt Lake, we encouraged them to visit Temple Square and learn more about the church.

After twenty-one days of traveling on the water, we landed in Vancouver, Canada, where we stayed for two days. They were having Stake Conference so we attended the meetings. Brigham H. Young was the Mission President in the western part of Canada at this time, and he spoke at all of the meetings. He was a son of President Brigham Young and was a very good speaker. We stopped a day in Seattle and a day in Portland. This is the first time any of us had been in these places.

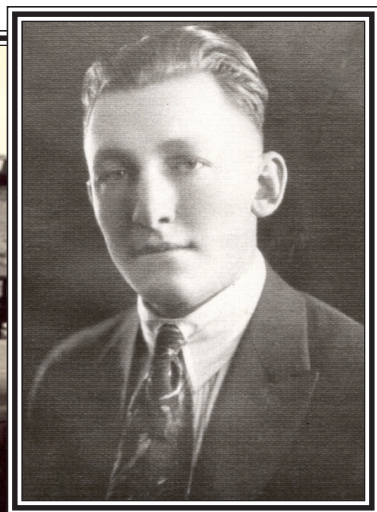
Arriving in Salt Lake City, I looked out of the train window and saw my father waiting for me. I had wired the folks when we arrived in Vancouver, and Dad had been at the station meeting every train for two days. This was a joyous meeting. We spent the rest of the afternoon visiting Dad's brother, Uncle Joe, and his two sisters, Aunt Lizzie and Aunt Alice, and their families. In the evening we took the train for Rock Springs and arrived there the next morning. It was good to see all my family again after being away for two and a half years. Now my mission seemed almost like a dream, but it was very real. I know that a mission is one of the finest things that can come into the life of any young man.

The next few days I spent visiting with some of the people around Rock Springs. I figured out that my mission had cost an average of forty-two dollars per month, including the \$238 fare on the boat going to Australia. My father paid most of this expense for which I am very grateful.

On the Sunday I gave my first talk in Sacrament Meeting. In those days Sacrament meetings lasted two hours and the speaker was expected to take up all of the time. That was not too hard to do--the real problems was to say something worthwhile. Our mission president used to tell us that no one was ever saved after twenty minutes of talking.



Cecil at age twenty-three



Lucie

On the first Friday night the ward held a welcome home social for me, which was very well attended. During the social a new member of the ward by the name of **Lucie Howard** gave the “welcome home” talk, which I thought was very good. As I listened, I thought to myself that that was the girl I would marry.



At this time I started doing carpenter work because I had to start making a living. Having some money seemed quite important. I was invited to speak in most of the wards of the stake. For the first six months after I was home, I spoke almost every Sunday except Fast Days.

President Grant stopped off in Rock Springs between trains one Sunday, and I had the privilege of picking him up at the railroad station and driving him to the church where he talked in Sunday school. This was the closest that I had been to a prophet of the Lord. He was very friendly riding in the car and made me feel quite at home. Another time Orson F.

Whitney was the conference speaker in Lyman. He was one of the apostles. After conference I had the privilege of sitting next to Elder Whitney on the train going to Salt Lake City. He was very interesting and told me about some of his experiences in the church. Brother David O. McKay, when he was an apostle, came several times to Rock Springs for Conference. He enjoyed meeting with the Scottish people and always stayed at my folks' home when he came. We became very close to him while he served as an apostle.



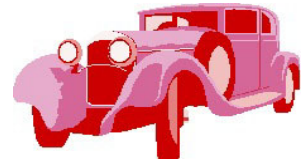
During the next year I went out quite a bit with Lucie, going to dances and to various church assignments on Sundays. We visited the branch in Superior, Wyoming, several times where we had the privilege of speaking in church.

On Oct. 7, 1925, we were married in the Salt Lake Temple. Elder Joseph Fielding Smith performed the ceremony. We went back to Chicago on our honeymoon. We also went up to Detroit, Michigan, and picked up a Buick car for my father and drove it back to Rock Springs. I picked up a used Stephens Car, which we had for a while—it was lined with red leather.





Cecil and Lucie James
Married
7 October 1925



Cecil and Lucie
with
Winnie, Drucilla (Grandma Howard),
Jessie, Roy and Howard (baby)
Buckmiller
7 Oct 1925

Three months after we were married, I started to build a house on Young Ave. While I was building the house, we lived in a house on Walnut St. I received a lot of help from the other carpenters. They always helped each other on their homes. Richard was born in the house on Walnut Street on July 8, 1926.

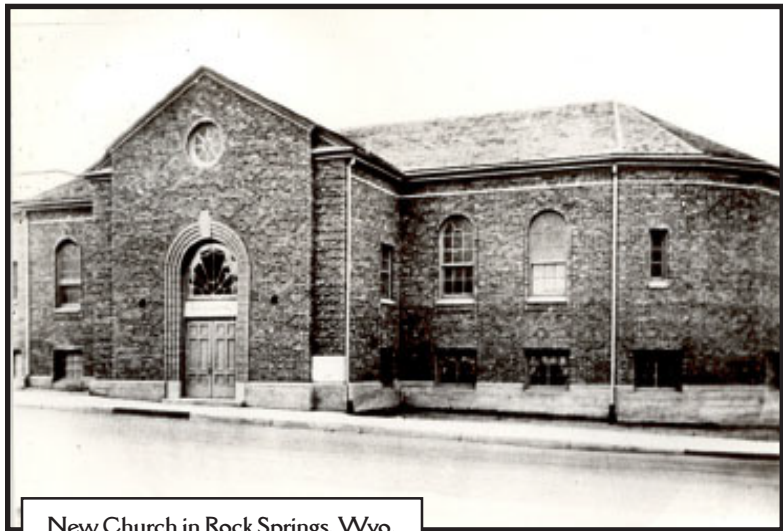


Lucie, Richard and Viola

After we had moved into our new home, the ward started to build a new chapel. The old chapel was torn down and the new one built on the same grounds. Ike Christofferson, Fred Landeen, Wm. Smethurst and I spent a lot of time in the evenings and Saturdays donating our time working on the chapel. Ike and I did the shingling. During the construction the ward held their meetings in the Elks building, which they rented to the ward. When the new chapel was finished, we enjoyed the privilege of meeting in a new building.

We belonged to the Woodruff Stake with headquarters at this time. I was mutual president and also president of the elder's quorum. After my marriage I was first counselor to Leland Draney in the stake superintendency of the Sunday School. We traveled twice a month to visit the wards of the stake. I believe it was in 1926 when the Lyman Stake was organized. Leland Draney was put in the ward bishopric with Bishop Williams (Bishop John B.

Young had been bishop for about twenty years previously), and I was put in as stake superintendent of the Sunday School. I enjoyed this calling. A few years later Bishop Williams moved to Evanston, and I was called to be Sunday School Superintendent. I worked as a carpenter during these years and also helped my father in looking after jobs and other carpenters. Lyman Fearn became bishop after Bishop Williams.



New Church in Rock Springs, Wyo.

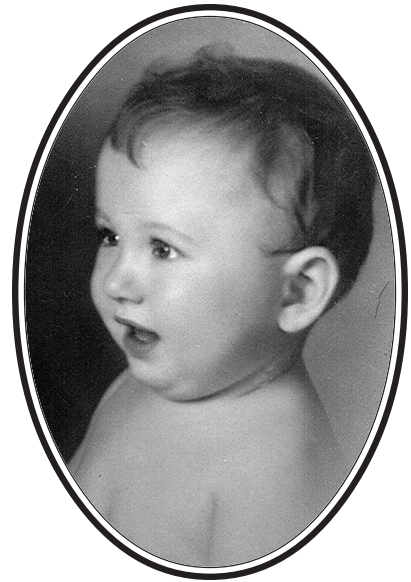
813 Young Avenue



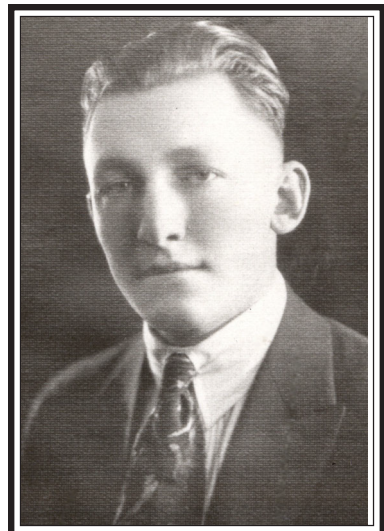
We moved into our new home (813 Young Avenue) when Richard was about six weeks old, and lived here about twenty-one years. As the family grew, the house also grew. Lois was born August 1, 1928. Tommy was born May 11, 1930. Joyce was born June 25, 1932. Cheril was born April 21, 1937, and Cecile was born July 21, 1941. Lois, Tom, and Cheril were born in the home on Young Avenue.



Richard, Lois, Tom
Joyce, Cheril, Cecile



Family of
Cecil Syme
and
Lucie Howard
James



I stayed in as superintendent of the Sunday School until January 27, 1935. Elder Charles A. Callas who was attending Stake Conference called on me to speak. Then at 1:45 he called me at home and said, "Brother James, we are putting you in as Bishop this afternoon. Who will you choose as counselors?" This came as quite a surprise to me as I never expected to be Bishop of the ward.

This was very sudden, and by the time we got down to the church I thought of Owen West as a counselor and did not think of another one at the time. We were voted on in the afternoon and set apart by Elder Callas after the meeting. I said to myself, "This has to be the best position in the church and I will try to do my best in being a good bishop." I later chose Martin Botero as my second counselor.



Margaret, Viola, Cecil and Lucie



Viola, Lucie, and Leah

Going back a ways to 1926, I received another memorable telephone call. This time from George Pryde, Superintendent of the U.P. Coal Co. asking me if I could have dinner with him. We met at the Old Grand Café with Dr. Oliver Chambers and Dr. Brian. They had invited me to ask me if I would serve with them on the Boy Scout Committee. I told them that I didn't know anything about scouting, but they said that the Mormon Church had a very good scouting program, which they would like to have brought into the Rock Springs area. That was fifty-three years ago, and I am still in it. I have had some very fine experiences in scouting and have met and associated with some very fine men who were connected to the program. At this time we were under the Long's Peak Council from Colorado.

Along with my brother Edwin, I was instrumental in becoming associated with the Cache Valley Council in Logan, Utah. We made a number of trips to Salt Lake and met with Oscar Kirkham who was the executive for the church on the National Council. We also met with the heads of the Cache Valley Council several times and finally got permission to become part of that council. We had a very good association with the council.

After several years we decided that we would like to have a council of our own in Rock Springs. This took several more trips to Salt Lake with meetings with Brother Kirkham, who finally got permission from the national council. The name of the new council was the Jim Bridger Council, and it included Manilla, Utah, McKinnon, Lyman, Green River, Kemmerer, Evanston, Pinedale, Big Piney and Rock Springs, Wyoming. George Pryde was put in as council president with Guy Reid as our first council executive. I was put in as camping and activities chairman. I held this position for several years. I spent many weekends at the camp on New Fork Lake while in both the Cache Valley Council and the Jim Bridger Council.



While in the Cache Valley Council I went on a couple of ten-day pack trips. We had seventy-two boys and leaders on one of these hikes. These hikes were in the Wind River Mountains, and we went in as far as Island Lake, which is around 11,000 feet altitude. We also climbed three-fourths of the way up Fremont Peak. Richard was with me on this hike. I caught the largest fish, which was a six and three-quarter pound California Golden in Cooks Lakes.

In 1953 I was installed as President of the Jim Bridger Council, and I held this position for six and one-half years. As council president I traveled around the Council a great deal. I also attended meetings held with other councils. I also attended four National Jamborees--two were in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, one was at Irvine Ranch in California, and one was in Colorado Springs, Colorado. These jamborees were



quite an experience. At one there were 55,000 boys from all over the U.S. and some from foreign countries.



Cecil--front row, second from left

I had charge of equipment in two of the jamborees and the commissary in two others. These jobs were in what they called a section--1350 boys to a section. At the first jamboree in Valley Forge we met President Truman and General Eisenhower. At another we met Richard Nixon, who slept out one night with the scout troop from his hometown. We

had about 3,500 L.D.S. boys at each of these jamborees. On Sundays we held sacrament meetings. One of the General Authorities attended each of the jamborees. President McKay attended the one at Irvine Ranch.

While Council President I automatically became a member of the National Council and was also elected to serve on the executive board of Region 12. I attended meetings every three months in the region and the annual council meeting. The regional meetings were held in different cities in the region. The following are some of the cities that I attended meetings in: San Francisco, Los Angeles, Fresno, Santa Barbara, Reno, Las Vegas, Lake Tahoe, Sacramento, San Diego, and Salt Lake City.

Because I attended the annual meetings of the National Council, I had the opportunity of visiting in many cities around the United States, including Los Angeles, San Francisco, Reno, Omaha, Detroit, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Washington D.C. Dallas, and Phoenix. I attended in some of these cities more than once.

At these meetings they always provided entertainment for the wives of the scouters. Lucie went

with me to many of the meetings. It was a wonderful opportunity to see a lot of the country and also to meet many fine people who were spending a great deal of their time in the scouting program.

In 1950 I received the Silver Beaver Award from the Jim Bridger Council and in 1969 I received the Silver Antelope award from Region 12. I felt highly honored in receiving these awards and wondered many times if I deserved them and if I had given enough of my time to the program. I am sure that I received more than I gave. Ri-



Cecil, Lucie, Cecile,
Cheril
in Los Angeles
(abt. 1958)

chard is now Council President of the Jim Bridger Council and a while back I attended a scout meeting in Springville and Tom was one of the speakers and he told this incident: When he was between twelve and thirteen years old he went into the clothes closet and took down one of my suits and put it on. He said the arms were six inches long the legs were long and the waist was a long way from fitting and the coat was very big. He then said that he hoped the time would come when he could fit into that suit and be the man like the one who wore the suit. This story made me feel proud and also I am proud that Richard has filled positions that I have filled. I am sure that being in scouting has help me in having a good relationship with my sons and also with my daughters. Like church jobs, positions in the scouting program are non-paying, and I am sure that one learns to give more of ones self than they would do otherwise. The money we put out in these positions is small compared with the satisfaction you get from serving. I have had the privilege of being in meetings when the following members of the church have received the Silver Buffalo:





1969 SILVER ANTELOPE AWARDS

REGION TWELVE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

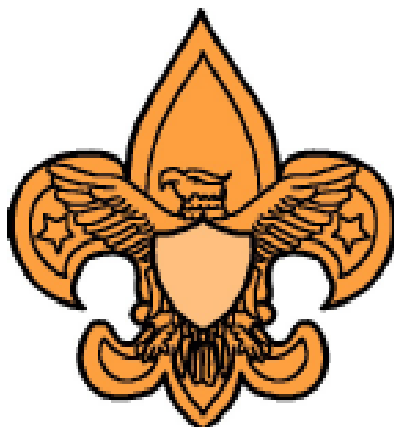


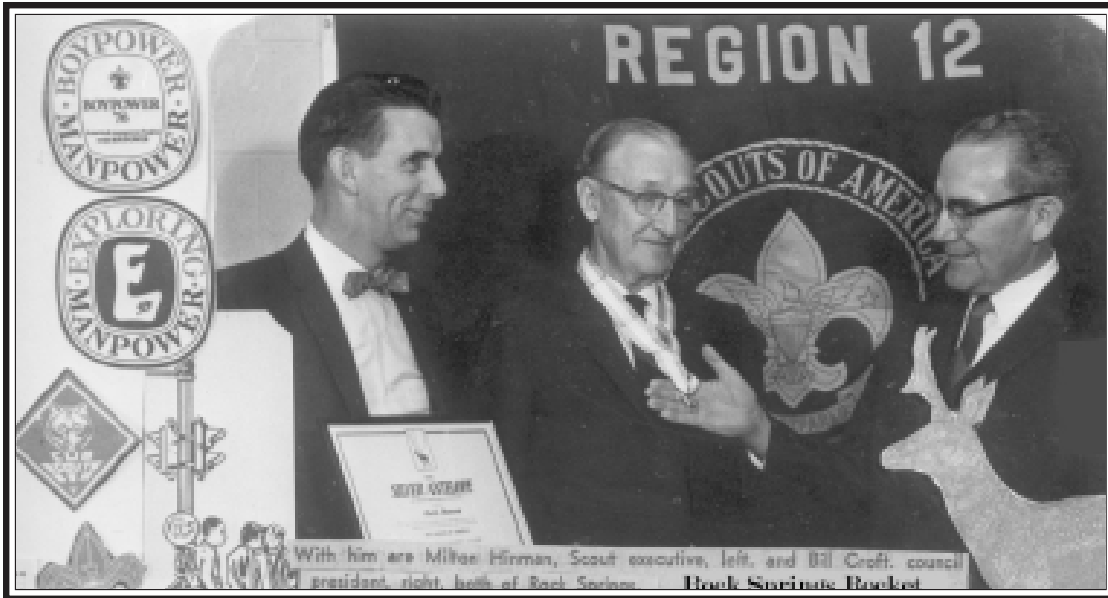
President George Albert Smith, President McKay, Ezra Taft Benson, Delbert Stapley, President Tanner, Sister Parmeley, President Harold B. Lee. I still enjoy going to meetings and associating with the men who are engaged in this program. Sister Parmeley was the first woman in the world to receive the Silver Buffalo. As a Mormon, I felt very proud of the fine work she has done as President of the Church Primary.

Thirty-seven years in Scouting is the long service record of this Scouter. In 1932 he became a Troop Committee Member of Troop 99 in Rock Springs, Wyoming and until his retirement in 1968 served Scouting in Rock Springs as Troop Committeeman; Institutional Representative; Scoutmaster; District Chairman, Camping and Activities Committee; founding member of the Council's Executive Board and served from 1946-68; Council President 1954-59. He was the first recipient of the Jim Bridger Council's Silver Beaver in 1950; member of the Regional Executive Committee since 1960; has served on Regional Camp Visitation Teams; Section staff at National Jamborees.

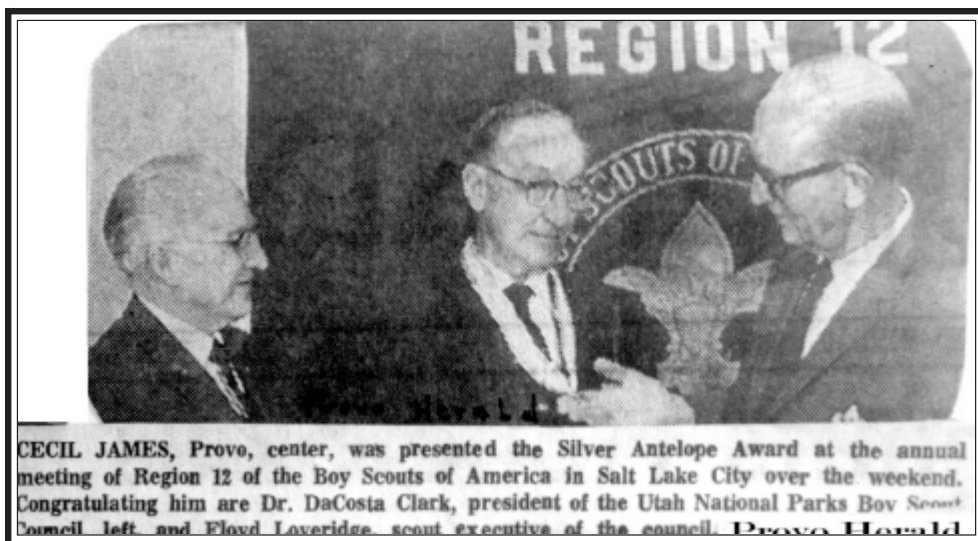
He was Bishop of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints 1935-44; Stake Sunday School Superintendent 1927-31; Stake High Council 1944-47; served in Australia in the construction of church buildings. For many years was director of the Rock Springs Chamber of Commerce and active in the work of the American Red Cross and the March of Dimes. Until 1968 when he retired he was active in the ownership of Superior Lumber Company, Rock Springs.

Indeed a long record of service to his Church and Scouting that uniquely qualifies him for the Silver Antelope Award.





Cecil James Receives Highest Scout Award



Going back a few years, when I was eight years old, I was baptized into the church. The baptism was held in a pool of water at number five mine. The water came from the old mine, and it was warm and had some sulphur in it. Robert Fletcher baptized me, and I was confirmed by James Crookston. At twelve I was ordained a deacon in the church, and I thought it was pretty nice to pass the sacrament. In those days a common glass of water was passed and everyone took a sip. I also had to help with the furnace in winter. Every Saturday we helped clean the chapel and put wood and coal in the two large stoves. One stove was in the front end of the chapel and one in the back. On Sunday morning we had to go one half hour early to light them so that the chapel would be warm when the meetings started. We also had to see that the coal buckets were kept full of coal. I also had to get a fire going on Tuesdays as my mother was Relief Society President for fourteen years. When I was fifteen I was ordained a teacher, but this did not relieve me from helping to clean the chapel or start the fires (my father was a counsellor to the bishop).

Our chapel was a one room building with moveable benches. When socials were held, the benches were all pushed against the outside walls. We ate and danced in the center. Even when I was ordained a priest, I still had to build fires at times. There were very few boys my age in the Church in Rock Springs at this time, and we didn't have some of the opportunities that boys have today. There were no seminary classes, no boy scout troops, and we had very few church activities in mutual. Sometimes several years passed between missionaries going out from our ward.



Rock Springs, Wyoming

During my years as Bishop I enjoyed many fine experiences. I feel that a bishop has the best position in the church. At this time we had about 1000 members in the area. About sixty percent of the members marry out of the church, which accounts for a lot of inactivity. They always came, however, to have their children blessed and to have their names recorded. We had a Relief Society in Reliance, a Sunday School in Winton and we had members in Stansbury, in Farson, in Eden Valley, and in Superior, Wyoming. We held meetings about once a month in these places. We also had a few members in Bolder and Pinedale.

As our family started to grow we spent some of our time at Fremont Lake during the summers. I contacted the mission president in Denver, and he sent a couple of missionaries to Pinedale, and a branch was established there.



Tom, Lois, Richard
Joyce, Cecil, Cheril --1940



While I was Bishop I performed quite a few marriages and held a lot of funerals. Many of these were non-members of the church. I held one funeral for a black family.

Two of the other churches had turned the family down and refused to hold the funeral for them. The family appreciated our holding the funeral for them. After the service was over Mr. Freeman asked me how much he owed me for holding the funeral. When I told him we didn't charge for our services, he thanked me and told me that it was a very fine sermon for free. I also married a black couple. The man was seventy-two years old and the woman was sixty-eight.

One day I met a young fellow on one of the streets of Rock Springs and he asked me if I remembered him, and when I told him I didn't, he then said that I had married him and his wife, and he said, "I want you to know that it took." Another couple called me at two o'clock in the morning to marry them. All of these marriages were non-members of the church.



Family of Thomas and Margaret James -- 1940





Gwen Reese's Wedding
(Thomas James, Viola on left, Richard next to Gwen, Joyce on the end)



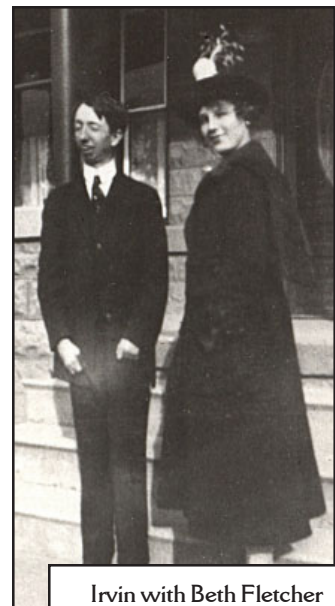
Viola Reese Family



Leah and Sam Phelps
and Shirley



Eddie and Margaret James Family



Irvin with Beth Fletcher

An elderly couple called me at work one afternoon and wanted to be married right away. I told them to meet me at my home. When I got home they were already there and they wouldn't wait until I got cleaned up, so I married them in my work clothes. After they were married they stayed around for an hour or more. I finally asked them why they were in such a big hurry to be married. They told me that they both had grown children, and they were afraid some of their children would try and stop them.

I held one funeral jointly with a Baptist minister, a new experience for me. I talked first, and I guess that I took up too much time because when he got up he just read two short poems. He told me later that if our church was to be successful we would have to have a paid ministry. I told him that the reason we were successful was because we did not have a paid ministry.

I held another funeral for the head engineer of the U.P. Coal Co. The family wanted Father Welsh of the Catholic Church to be a speaker. The funeral was held at the home of the family, but Father Welsh refused to talk along with a Bishop of the Mormon Church. He sat on the front porch and didn't come into the house. The family was very disappointed when he refused to speak at the funeral.

When conferences were held in Rock Springs and when General Authorities attended, they generally stayed at our home. One of the first ones was Thomas E. McKay. He called me from the railroad station at eleven o'clock at night and wanted me to pick him up. He asked me how many children we had, and when I told him we had five, he said he would stay with us. He added that if we only had two, we wouldn't have room for him.

We had a very fine experience at a conference that was held in Manila, Utah. Elder Melvin J. Ballard came from Salt Lake. He stayed at our home on Saturday night and rode with us to Manila the next morning. The Manila chapel was to be dedicated. In the afternoon session Elder Ballard sang a solo, "I Know that My Redeemer Lives." While he was singing a heavenly choir was heard singing along with him. This was a wonderful experience for all who heard it. Not everyone in the congregation heard it. One of my counselors told us after the meeting that this was as close to heaven as many of us would ever get. We talked with Elder Ballard on the way home and he confirmed with us that there was a heavenly choir singing with him.

THIS WEEK'S SERMONETTE
BY BISHOP CECIL JAMES
Rock Springs Ward Church of Latter Day Saints
17-1941

IS MAN'S WISDOM SUFFICIENT?

In all ages of the world men have made attempts to find out God by their own learning and wisdom, and as often as they have tried they have failed. Heavenly things can only be comprehended by the spirit of the Living God. "For what man knoweth the things of man, save the spirit of man which is in him? Even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the spirit of God." Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. (1 Cor. 2:11-12).

It does not matter how great the learning or the wisdom of man, unless he is also in possession of the Spirit of God he cannot find out or comprehend God or the things of God.

The wisest men in the days of Christ could not understand even the simplest principles advocated by the Saviour. They did not possess his Spirit and consequently could not comprehend the things which came from Him. The age in which we live is the greatest period of light that the world has ever seen, yet with all the modern discoveries in electricity, steam, etc., how few there are who ever

* God and the things pertaining to Him. The Saviour said to Peter, after acknowledging that he knew Jesus to be the Christ, "Flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto you but my Father which is in Heaven." Peter had obeyed the Gospel and received in consequence the gift of the Holy Ghost, who revealed unto him that Jesus was the Christ.

Most of the world today is in darkness as far as the things of God are concerned for men have depended on worldly education, science, etc., to find him out and they are sadly in need of the Holy Spirit to guide them. Many people have tried to prove, by science, the immortality of the soul, and life after death. The Spirit of God,



Bishop Cecil James

alone will bring this information and this can only be obtained in the right way. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not and it shall be given him, but let him ask in faith, nothing wavering for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven by the wind and tossed."

Another outstanding experience I had was when Lloyd Gardner's wife died in childbirth. They had lived in Rock Springs for several years and then moved back to Star Valley. When this wife died, he called and wanted to know if I would talk at the funeral. I took Quale Dixon and Flora West with me. Flora sang, and it was a very beautiful funeral. Melba Gardner was a beautiful woman, and they had her in the casket with the baby (who had also died) lying on her arm. They used to leave the casket open until after the services. I found it difficult to talk with this scene before me. At the cemetery Quayle dedicated the grave, and while he was offering the prayer, we again heard a heavenly choir singing. The music was beautiful and sounded like it was floating down from the mountains. Only about fifty percent of the people heard it.

Our home was only a half block from the hospital, and quite often I was called over to the hospital to administer to people. I had to get out of bed many times as people seem to be at their lowest ebb between two and three o'clock at night. All the time I was Bishop I never tried to get out of any of my responsibilities, and I don't remember missing any meeting that I was supposed to attend. I felt that we were blessed and at times felt that I was inspired in performing some of the responsibilities.

When I had been Bishop for five years, Elder Callas attended another conference in Rock Springs. I was talking to him between meetings and in the conversation I told him I had been Bishop for five years and that I thought that was the term for a Bishop. He looked me in the eyes and pointed his finger at me and said, "The Lord called you and the Lord will release you." I didn't pursue the subject any longer.

At one time we were holding a social and dance at the church one Friday night and a bad accident occurred. Brother Robert Scott was coming up to the Church after he closed his bakery, and as he was crossing the street to the church, he was hit by a car and was hurt very bad. We rushed him up to the hospital, but he died the next evening.

I had four different counselors while I was bishop --Owen West, Quale Dixon, Alma Gygi and Martin Botero. They were all very good and gave me a great deal of help. Eugene Sellers was my first ward clerk, then Sam Ward and the last ones were Richard James and Robert Landeen. After nine and a half years, I was released as Bishop and Lyman Fearn was put in. I was put on the High Council of the Stake. After three years the Stake was reorganized, and John Taylor from Green River was put in as Stake President. Cheril and Cecile were both born while I was Bishop.

During these years we had good years in our business except during the depression years, and these were quite tough. For one year we did practically no work at the lumber yard. I spent some time with the W.P.A. supervising the razing of the old rock schoolhouse. It was a two-story rock building, and they wanted to make sure no one got hurt in taking it down. They used the rock from it in building a rock fence around the football field at the high school.



Margaret and Tom James
at Fremont Lake, Wyoming

During the war years, I got a contract with Union Pacific Railroad repairing some of their section houses. We did extensive repairs of all these houses between Rock Springs and Walcott, which is thirty miles east of Rawlins. The section houses were every seven or eight miles along the railroad. We could have had other contracts with the railroad, but we were unable to get any additional carpenters.

About this time we started to sell materials to the Mt. Fuel Supply Co. I got contracts with them in building their camps at Hiawatha--also at Powder Wash where most of their gas wells were. Mt. Fuel built very good homes for their employees. Also bunk houses and cook houses for single men--also machine shops and large garages for their trucks and equipment. Hiawatha was sixty-five miles from Rock Springs and Powder Wash was eighty-five. I spent a lot of time traveling while working on these jobs.

My son Richard got a lot of experience driving the big trucks hauling materials to the jobs on the railroads. Some days after school and on Saturdays he would haul a load. One cold winter day he had two tires blow out and didn't get home until two a.m. Seven miles farther along the road, a man's car stalled and the man froze to death.

In 1946 I learned to fly and bought a Piper Cruiser, a three-passenger plane. I had this plane for six months, and a windstorm reaching ninety-six miles per hour tore it loose from its tie down ropes and mashed it up. The insurance company paid me for the plane. A few months later I bought another plane--a Stinson four-passenger. The second day we had this plane Lucie and I and the Canfields were taking a ride in it when the engine quit. I was unable to get it started again. We had to make a forced landing and landed on an old country road. We had rolled almost to a stop when we hit a ditch in the road which flipped the plane over on its back. We were not hurt but the plane was damaged badly. I had the plane repaired and we made quite a few good trips in it.





Cecil's Airplanes



When Richard finished high school, he went into the Air Force for a year. After the war was over he came home, and in the fall he went to Provo and entered the BYU. In 1948 we purchased a home in Provo and the family moved there. I stayed in Rock Springs and spent the weekends in Provo. This was handy with my plane as it only took one-hour and fifteen minutes.





Our Home in Provo, Utah. 1815 North 650 East

When Richard started in BYU there were only about 2000 students attending. Now there are 26,000 (1978). We were close to the Brigham Young University campus and close to church. We were in the Pleasant View Ward. The chapel was on Canyon Road. After we were in Provo a year the ward was divided, and we were then in the Oak Hills Ward and held our meetings in the Page School.

We enjoyed Church in Provo and met many fine people. After the ward was divided a new chapel was started on 9th East, and when it was completed we moved into it. Not long after it was completed the ward was divided again and we were then in the Oak Hills 2nd Ward. After more growth, another addition was built with a chapel on each end and a huge recreation hall in the center. This was a four-ward building, one of the first in the Church.



Susie and Pups



We became very good friends of the **Paul Proctor family**, and we made several trips together--one to the Grand Canyon, another to the Parks in Southern Utah, and another to Mesa Verde National Park.

In 1950 **Tom** was called on a mission to Japan. He was gone for three years. When he returned I took the three girls and Lucie to the Hawaiian Islands and met him there. We spent a couple of weeks in the Islands. We enjoyed this trip very much.

Tom in Japan -- 1950-53



Paul Proctor, Paul Jr., Cecil, Martha, Kirk, Cecile Lucie, Lane



Our family with Sister Kanehale in Laie, Oahu -- 1953



While Tom was in Japan, both my father and Irvin died. Lucie's father and mother also died during this period so Tom lost all grandparents while he was on his mission.

Lois was married just before we moved from Rock Springs. **Richard** married **Lorna Matkin** in his senior year at BYU. She is from Cardston, Alberta, Canada. We remodeled a back porch and made a small kitchen out of it--this together with living room, bedroom and bath made a small apartment, which Richard and Lorna lived in. **Tom, Joyce** and **Cheril** all got married during their last year at BYU and all of them lived for a year or so in the small apartment.

After **Richard** graduated from college he worked for the Spear Lumber Co. in Provo. After about a year there, he came back to Rock Springs and worked for me in the lumber yard. He drew all the plans and did most of the estimating. He also drew the plans for the new store for the yard. This relieved me of a lot of work and left me free to look after the jobs. We were not a big operation but we kept about a dozen carpenters busy most of the time.

We bought several acres of ground from the UP Coal Co. and called it the *James Subdivision*. We kept it for custom homes and Richard drew the plans for all these homes. It is one of the better additions to Rock Springs.

As the family was expanding we started to get together at least once a year in the summer and



Four Generations: Alan, Richard, Cecil and Thomas James

would make a trip together. One year we went to the Black Hills of South Dakota, once to the Grand Canyon in Colorado, once to a dude ranch in the Hoback Canyon area in Wyoming. . Another time we went to Yellowstone, and quite a few times we camped at Freemont Lake and Newfork Lake in Wyoming. We enjoyed the trips very much and I believe they helped greatly in holding our family close together.



The Red Packard (and **Cecile**)



TRIPS, VACATIONS, GET TOGETHERS!

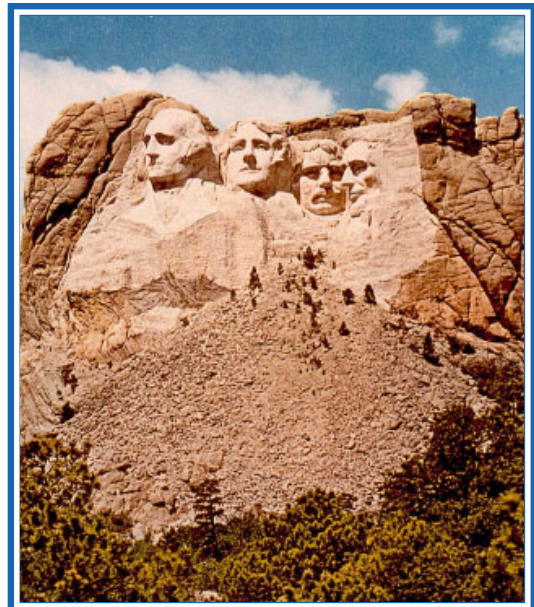


Lois



Cecil
and
Lucie

Black Hills of South Dakota





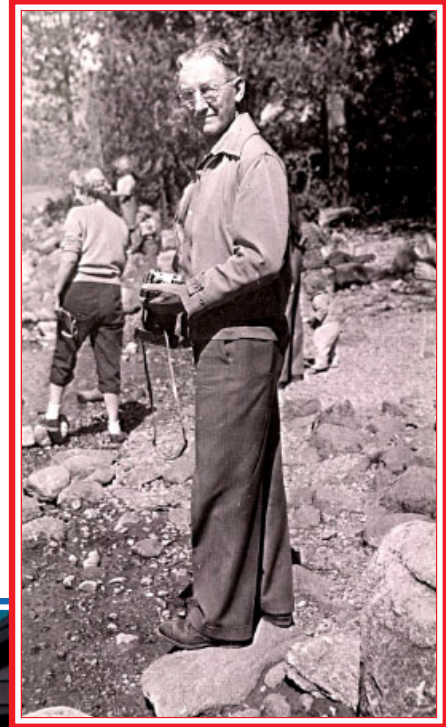
Dude Ranch at Jackson Hole



Cecile, Lucie, Cecil, Cheril at Grand Canyon



The Family at Yellowstone



Cecil





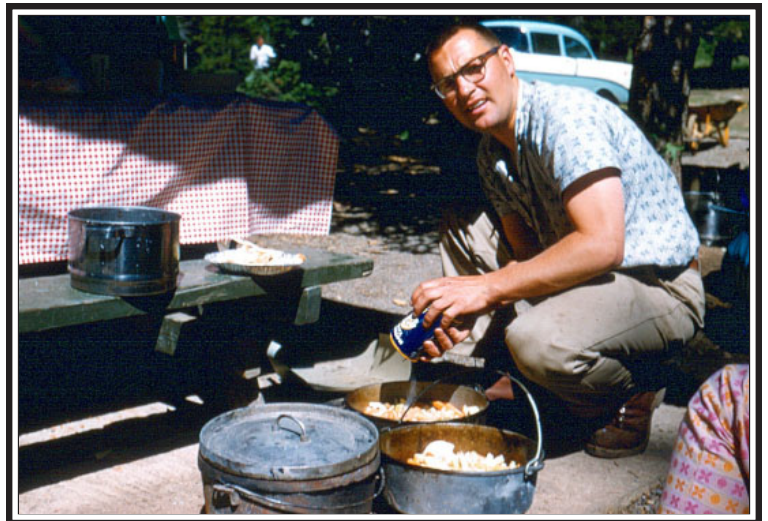
Cecile



Lorna, Cecil, Danny, Richard



Cecil



Richard S.



Cecile, Cheril and Lorna



Cheril, Dave J., Richard

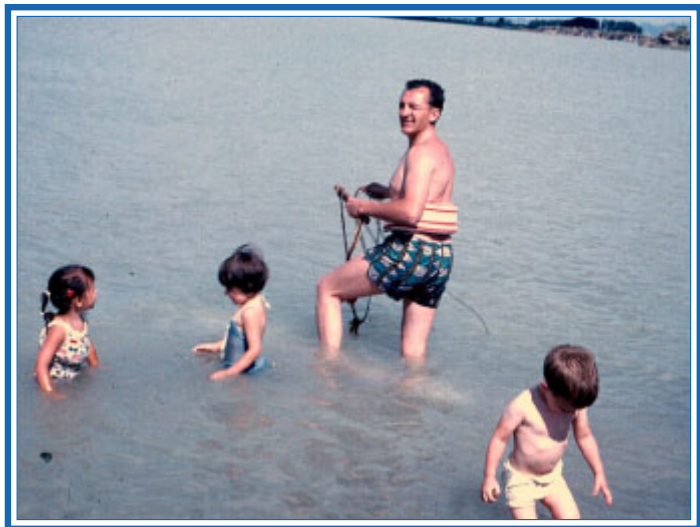


Tom



Danny, Dave, Shaunna, Richard

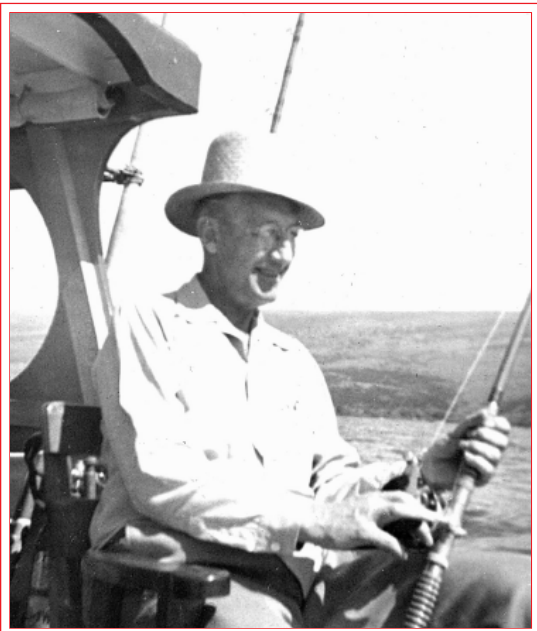
Camping at Yellowstone
Newfork Lake, Fremont Lake
The Parks



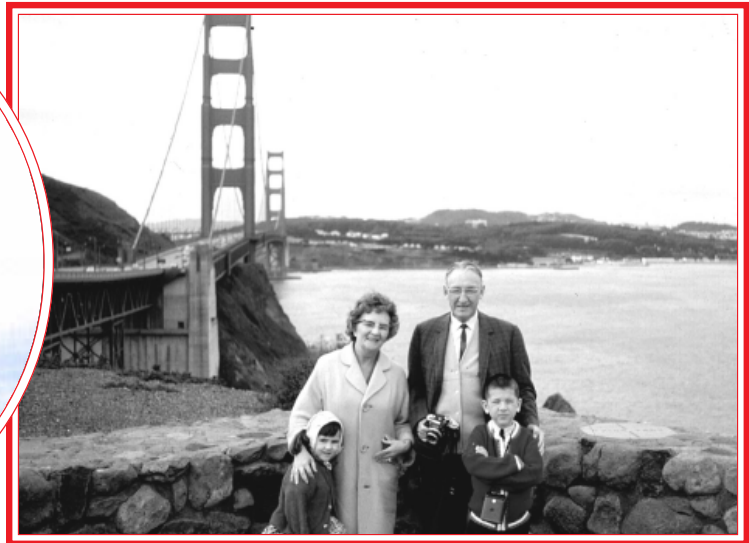
Tom and kids



Trip to the Hawaiian Islands
When Tom came home from
his Mission in Japan
1953



Cecil, Lucie
Tom, Joyce, Cheril,
and Cecile



Our family with the Ketchley's in California

Cecil, Cheril, Lucie at Cliff House, San Francisco



**CALIFORNIA!
HERE WE
COME!**

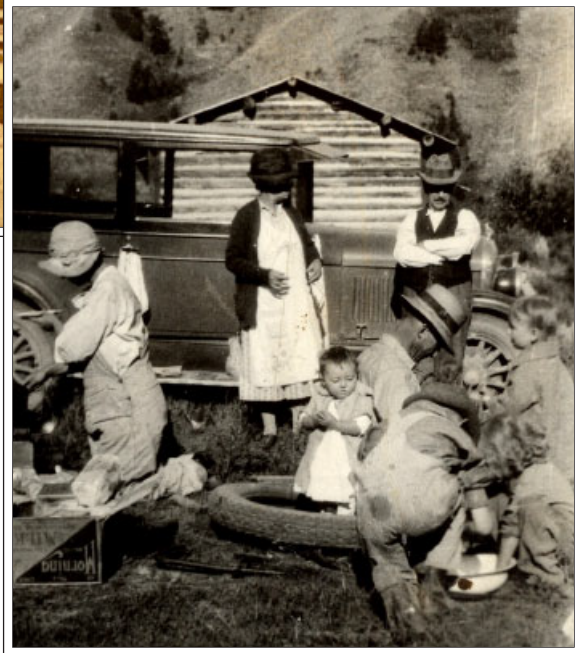
Lucie, Joyce,
Cecile, Cheril,
Fisherman's Wharf
San Francisco

We have always tried to have most of the family home on Thanksgiving. As they started to have children of their own, they stayed home for Christmas. In our later years we often traveled to their homes for Christmas.





Thanksgiving -- about 1952
Dick, Cecil, Cecile
Joyce, Cheril, Lucie, Lois



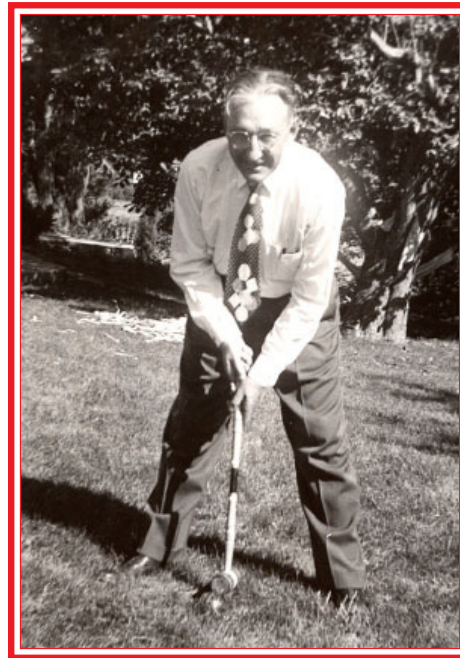
Maggie and Tom James (Lois in tire)--abt. 1930



Lois with Ron,
Dave and Randy --
abt. 1957

About 1940
Jack, Mary Howard
Cheril (in arms)
Grandma Howard,
Joyce and Lucie (in front)
Alta Howard (on porch)





B. Jerilynn, Carla, Kayleen
F. Michelle, Kent, Shauna



Alan, Ron, Dave, Don
Randy, Danny



Family
Gathering
1957
Tom, Roberta,
Lois and children,
Joyce and Dave
Cecile
Cecil and Lucie
Lorna and
children



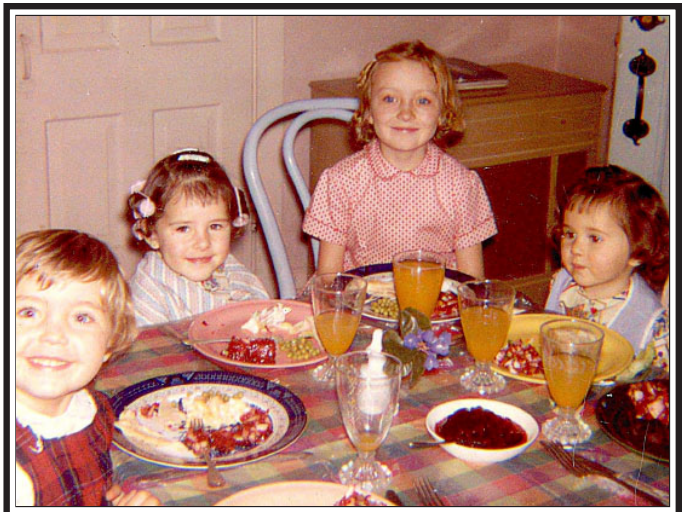
Cecil, shoveling snow!

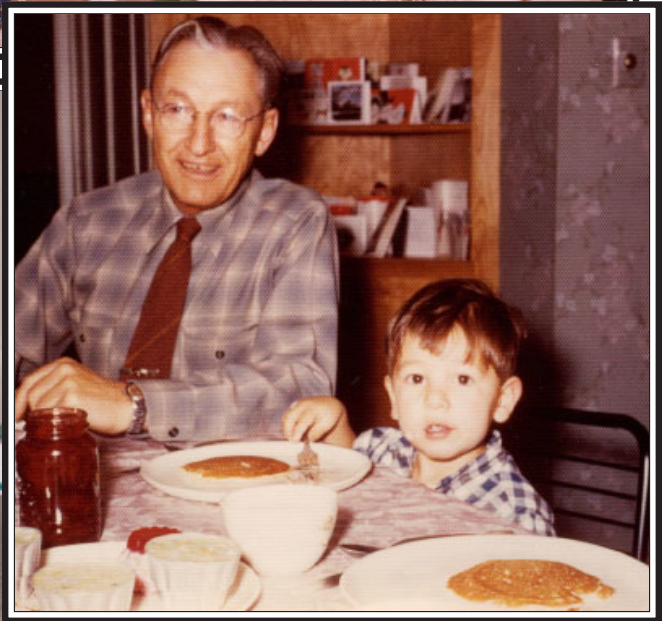


JoNell, Richelle, Lucie and Cecil



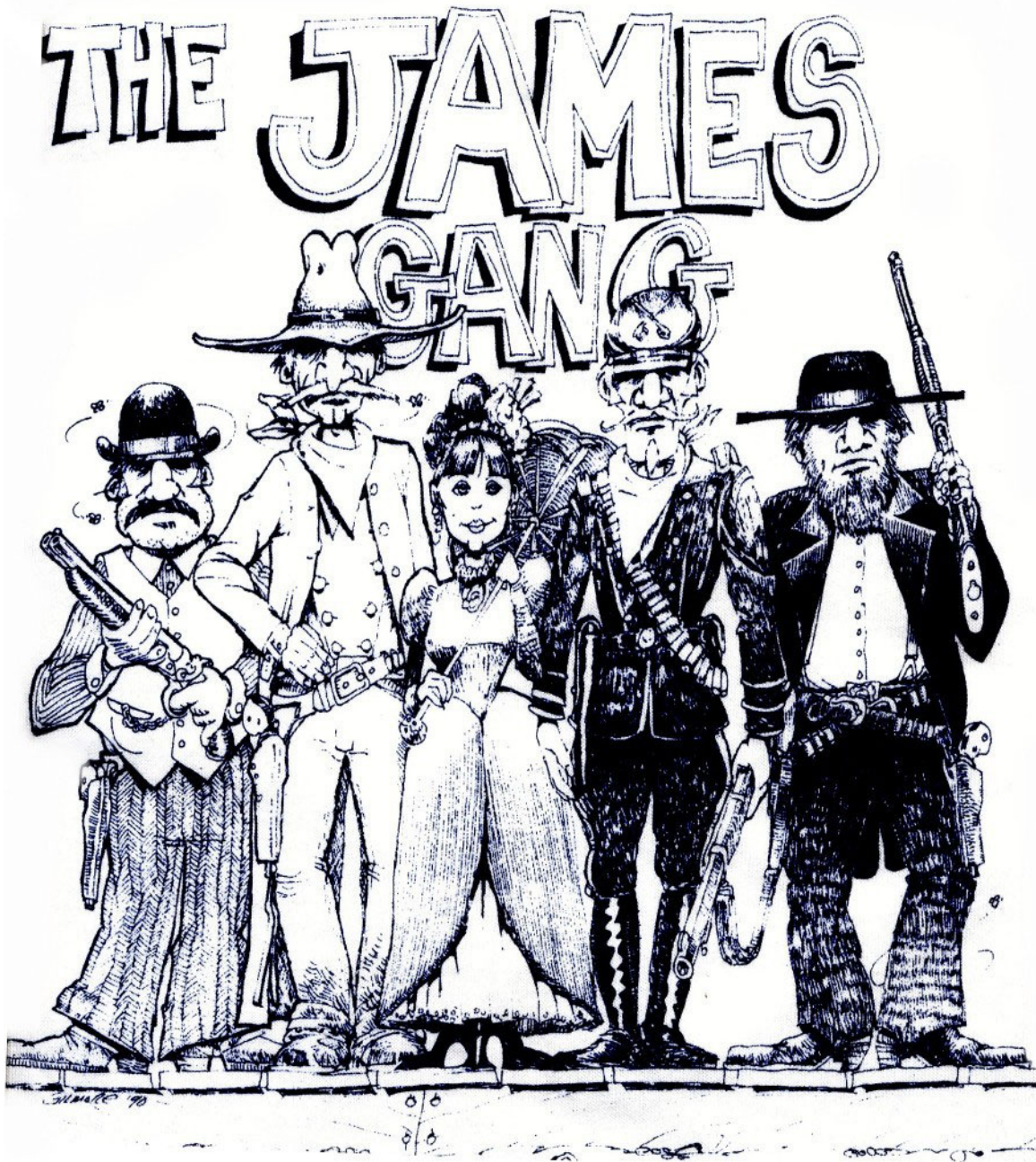
Boys: Alan, J. Grant, Ron, Dave, Kent, Don, Randy, Danny
Girls: Carla, Jerilynn, Kayleen, Shaunna





Top: Cecile, Cheril, Dave, Ron
 Bottom Left: Cecil with Jerilynn and Danny
 Bottom Right: Cecil with Danny





(Painting done by Ron Hirschi and his friend, Gilmore, in 1990, for the family reunion~the design was put on t-shirts and everyone wore them!)



Mission To Australia

In 1961 I received a call from the General Authorities of the Church to meet with them in Salt Lake City. They asked me if I could arrange my affairs so that I could go on a building mission for the Church. They said they would give me three months to make the necessary arrangements. They told me that I could either go to Australia or England, but they would prefer that I go to Australia as I had been there before and knew the customs of the people. I told them I would prefer to go to Australia.

I went back to Rock Springs and talked it over with Richard and Edwin, and they agreed that I should go. I knew that Richard could take care of my part of the work. Then I talked it over with Lucie and Cecile. Cecile could go with us and would be able to fulfill a mission while she was there. The next week I told the Church Authorities that we would accept the call, and then we started our preparations to leave.



We received an official call from President David O. McKay. We were told that Cecile was too young for them to give her a call, but that the Mission President in Australia could call her. Edwin and I had to meet with our attorney and arrange things so that he could sign everything for the lumber yard while we were gone. The attorney who was a strong Catholic asked me how much the Church was going to pay me for going on this mission. I told him I didn't know if the church was going to pay me anything, and he told me that he wouldn't leave his business and spend three years for his church without pay. I then told him we considered it a privilege to go on a mission and pay our own expenses. He admired me for what I was doing. I was happy to respond to this call, as I knew that my family and I would receive much more from it than we would contribute.

On January 1, 1962, we were ready to leave. We even had the house rented, but we were informed that it would be at least a month before we would be able to receive a visa from the Australian government. We decided we would take the boat to Hawaii and spend a month there while waiting for our visas. The Salt Lake Airport was fogged in, so we had to take the train to Oakland. The train was six hours late in arriving and we had only one-half hour to get our tickets for the boat, get our luggage off the train, get to the dock in San Francisco, and get on the boat.

I called the Steamship Co. and they told us they would meet us at the ship with our tickets. We got our luggage and told a taxi driver how much time we had to get to the boat before it sailed. He told us he would get us there. He took us on a really wild ride, never stopping for red lights and weaving in and out of cars. A police car met us and the policeman escorted us the rest of the way with his siren going. As we arrived at the boat, the whistle was blowing and they had taken down the loading platform for passengers. The man was there with our ticket and they rushed us on the boat. We had to go on where they put on the luggage. As soon as we were on, the ship blew its whistle again and started to pull away from the docks. If we had been five



Cecile (one of her better pictures!), Cecil, and Lucie on train

minutes longer we would have missed the boat. As the boat was leaving we went to the upper deck and watched the San Francisco skyline as we moved out into the harbor. It was a real sight as we went under the Golden Gate Bridge and sailed out to sea. The voyage was a very enjoyable one. The ocean was not rough. We passed several other ships and saw a couple of whales the second day out.

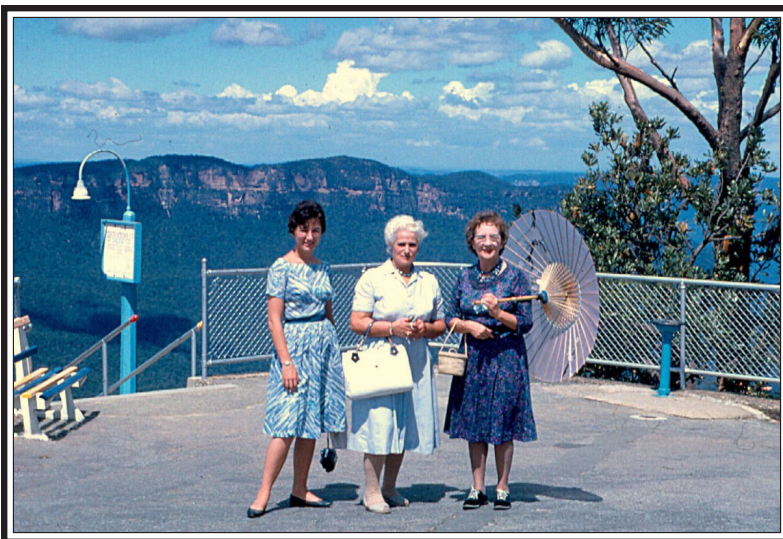
The meals on the *Lurline* were out of this world. We met people who were very congenial, and there were plenty of things to do. One evening Cecile was



appointed to serve on a committee to judge a costume party. Another day, she and a friend helped to gather the money for the bingo games. The girls were both given a couple of free bingo cards. She won the jackpot for one of the games --ninety-two dollars!

It took four and a half days to get to Hawaii. We got up early in the morning and saw Diamond Head come into view. A number of small boats came out to meet the *Lurline* to escort it into the dock. When we arrived a band was playing and many Hawaiians were there to meet the boat. We gathered up our luggage and got a taxi, which took us to our beach house that we had rented. We spent several days sight seeing and then Brother Wilson, the supervisor of the building program, visited us and told us they had a home we could live in over on the other side of the island in Laie. We went with him and got settled in the home. We stayed there three weeks, and I helped out in the building program. The Church was building a new Visitors' Center at the temple and also starting the Polynesian Village (Polynesian Cultural Center). Our Australian visas finally arrived, and we made arrangements on Pan American Airlines to leave for Australia. The plane left Hawaii at 1:30 in the morning. Brother Wilson took us to the airport. I was quite surprised as we were waiting at the airport to see Edith Butler who was in Australia when I was on my first mission. She was returning on a visit and we enjoyed her company on the plane.

It took us four and one-half hours to get to the Fiji Islands, where we stopped a couple of hours



Cecile, Nellie Harker, Lucie
at the Blue Mountains, Sydney

to refuel. When we arrived at the airport in Australia, Brother Nieman, Brother Beckstrand (from the building office), **Lucy Rosen McKay** and **Nellie Craig Harker** were there to meet us. The two women were friends whom I met on my first mission in Australia. We stayed four or five days in Sydney and attended church there on Sunday. **Sam Atoa** was visiting there on business, so we were quite surprised to see him. We met several people I had known on my first mission, which was quite a thrill after forty years. I spent one day with Brother Nieman and the Stake President and

visited a couple of sites where new chapels were to be built. In Bankstown I met Syd Denton who was the

Branch President there. I knew him on my first mission. The people whom I had known before seemed glad to see me again.

We flew to Melbourne with Brother Nieman and met with President **Bruce R. McConkie** and his family. He interviewed Cecile for a mission and called her to labor in Australia. Cecile was thrilled and anxious

to get started doing missionary work. In Melbourne we picked up a Falcon pickup and traveled to Ballarat, which is seventy-five miles inland. Four of us rode in



the one seat of the pickup. In Ballarat we checked in at a hotel. The next day we met with the Branch President, Wm. Trethowan. We visited the site where we were to build a new chapel--it had already been purchased.



Sam Atoa (from Samoa and Kia Ora Club),
Lucie and Cecil in Sydney



Brother Neiman

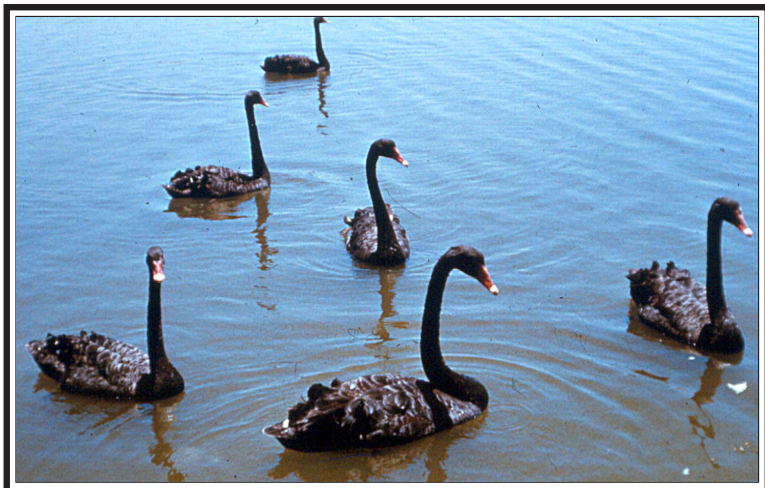
I was the first supervisor to build under the new volunteer labor program. The first chapel was to be built here in Ballarat. We leased a home from a bachelor who was going to England for a year--Mr. Williams. It would be a week before we would be able to get into this home so we checked into another hotel for the week. I spent the week in getting building permits and meeting with suppliers of materials to check prices. I ordered material to erect a couple of sheds on the property--one for an office and one for tools etc. After about a week the labor missionaries started to arrive--Owen Hughn from Melbourne, George Vincent also from Melbourne, Robert Bailey from Queensland, and Victor Wright from Rockhampton. We immediately

started to build the sheds and to dig the trenches for the footings. We also received very good help from the members of the branch on Saturdays and in the evenings.



After a couple of weeks **Cecile and Judith Cook** (from Ballarat) left together for Melbourne to fulfill missions. The branch held a farewell party for them. The house we had leased was located on Lake Wendouree--one of the beauty spots of Australia. We arrived in Ballarat during the Begonia Festival. People come from all over the country to see the begonias. Some grew to about twelve inches in diameter. The heads are so big that they have to be held up by wire supports. This festival occurs the first week in March and lasts for a week.

We also arrived at the beginning of the rainy season, which lasts for three months. Ballarat gets around thirty inches of rain during this period. Some nights it rains as much as five inches. It is quite cold during this season. In fact, it gets close to freezing at night. The houses here are heated by small fireplaces--no central heating. Lucie noticed the cold more than I did as she was home most of the time. A streetcar stopped out in front of our home, and it very seldom had anyone on it, so Lucie went to town quite often. The fare was five cents. I don't think she purchased anything, but she often met people who were curious to know what she was doing in Australia.



Black Swans on Lake Wendouree (across from our home in Ballarat)

They held Relief Society in our home because we had one large room that we kept warm. I built a stove into the fireplace and it acted like a heatalator. We burned brickettes, which are pressed coal in the shape of bricks.

Because we had a warm house the elders brought some of their investigators in to teach them. We also had the labor missionaries in once a week and held a social evening with them and studied the scriptures. They liked this social evening.

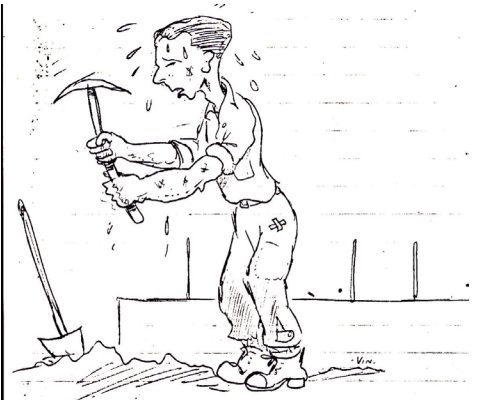


BALLARAT MISSIONARIES

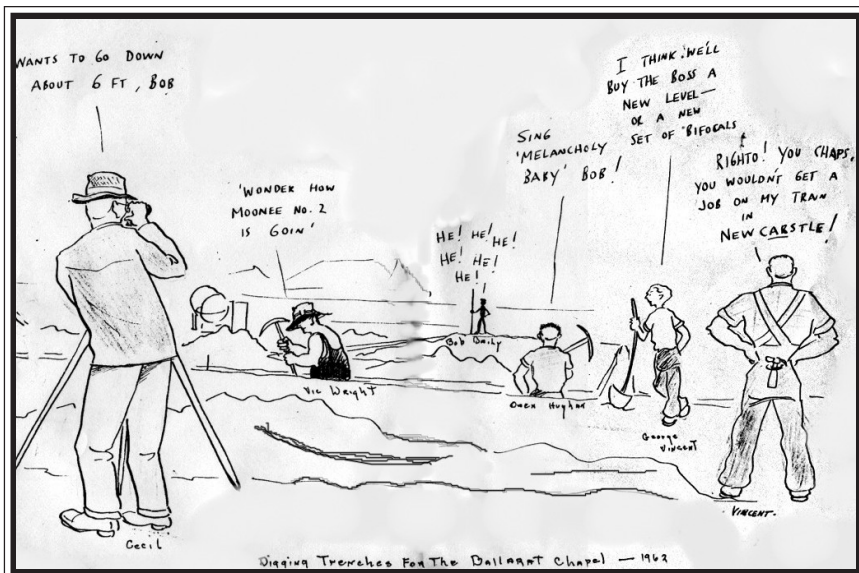
"I SAY, ELDER, DON'T YOU WISH YOU WERE BACK IN SUNNY ALASKA?"



When we got the foundations of the building all in, we were supposed to have a brick layer come from Melbourne to lay the blocks. For some reason he was not able to come, so I started to lay the blocks myself. Since



"I SHOULD'VE BEEN A 'PROSELYTING MISSIONARY!"



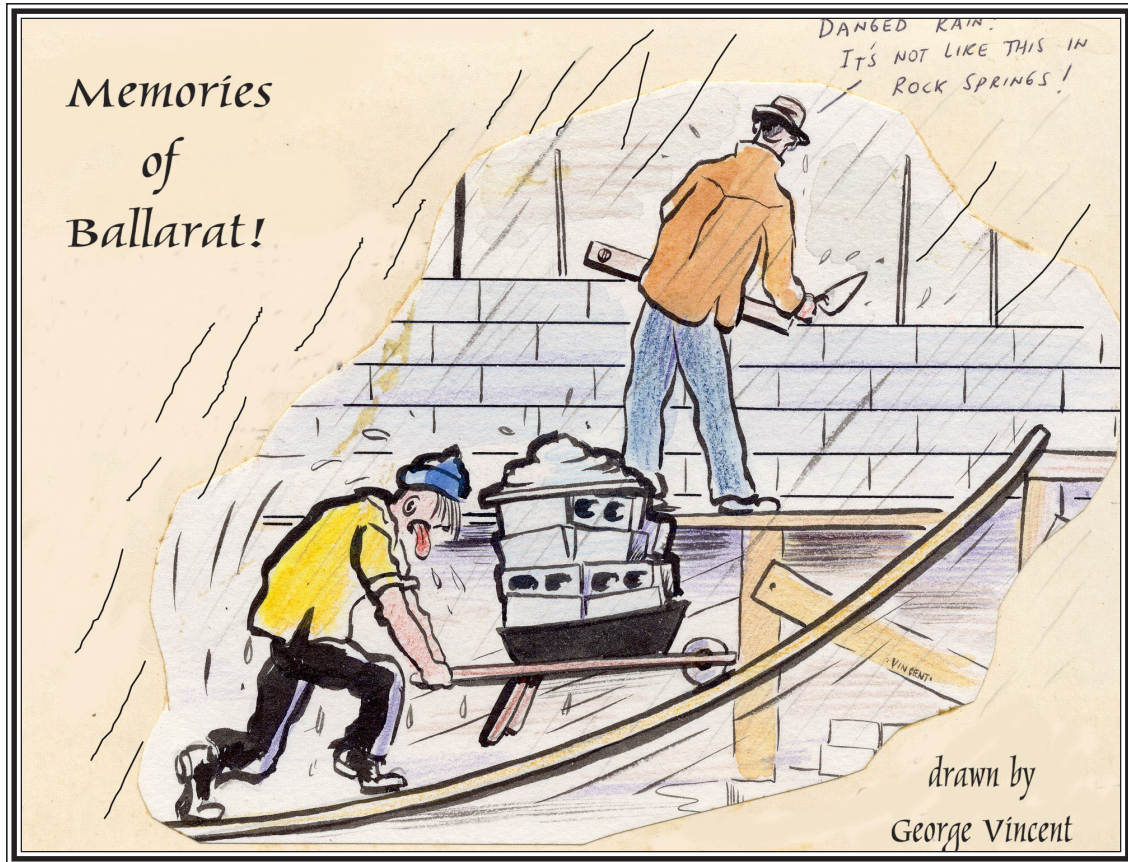
Digging Trenches For The Ballarat Chapel - 1962

I had never laid any blocks before, I was rather slow, and during the rainy season it was quite miserable. But I gradually got faster, and I laid most of the blocks on the chapel. Brother Charles Cook, a very good member of the Ballarat Branch, worked for the government and had quite a lot of free time, which he spent working on the chapel. He also got pretty good at lay-

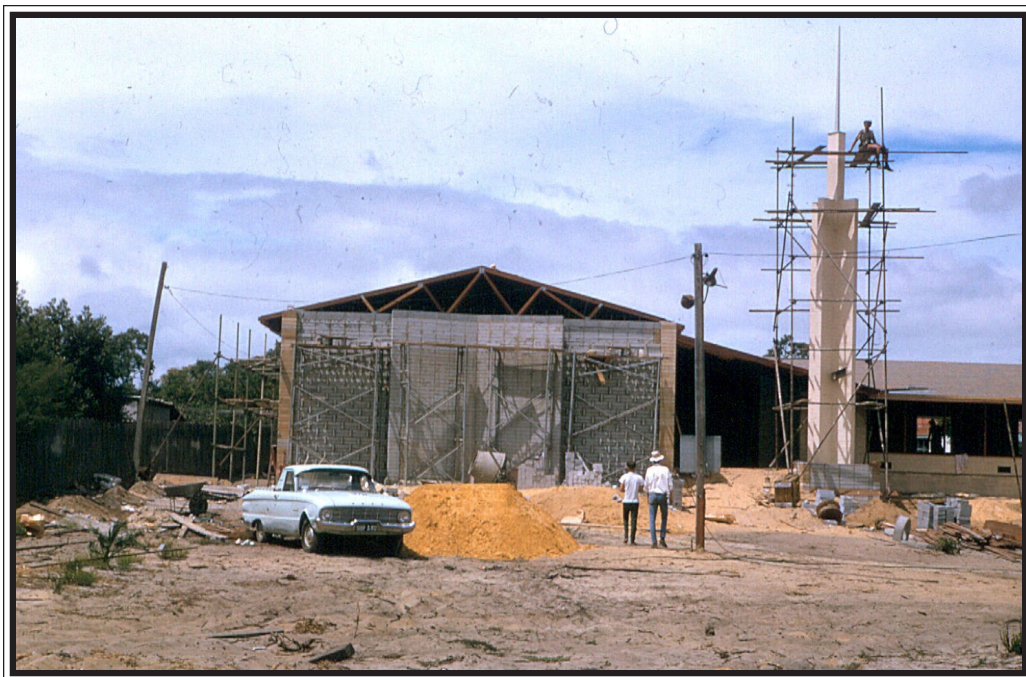
ing blocks. Every Saturday we got quite a few people from the branches in Melbourne, and it kept me busy finding jobs for all these people to do. We filled all of the holes in the blocks with concrete. We also put a 5/8" reinforcing rod in every fourth hole so the walls, when completed, were very solid.



♪ ALL MY LIFE I WANTED TO BE A BARROW BOY!



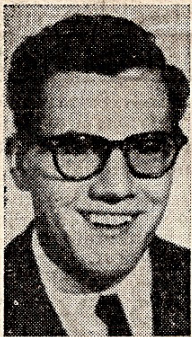
Shortly after we got started with the chapel a couple of union representatives called on us to see if we would use union labor. I told them we would if they would work for the same wages we were getting, but they told me they were sure none of the union men would work for nothing. The government was very strict and made frequent inspections on the building to make sure we were complying with all the codes. They even inspected our scaffolds and insisted metal scaffolds should be used on anything over ten feet high.



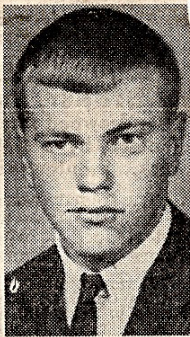
During the rainy season we all wore our overcoats in church. A lot of the women brought a blanket with them as there was no heat in the building. While we were in Ballarat two of the proselyting missionaries were killed in a car accident. They had been out in the country holding meetings, and when they were returning in the evening, they ran into the side of a two-car commuter train. I am sure that they were both killed instantly as the small car was mangled terribly--as were their bodies, which were almost beyond



U.S. BURIAL FOR SMASH VICTIMS



STEVEN DENNEY



BRYAN JOHNSON

The bodies of two young Mormon missionaries killed in a level-crossing smash near Beaufort last night will be sent back to America.

The missionaries were Steven Lamar Denney, 21, of Blackfoot, Idaho, and Bryan Thomas Johnson, 21, of Salt Lake City, Utah.

They died when a Stawell - Melbourne passenger train hit their car.

Denney had been in Australia 11 months, and Johnson 18 months. Both were in Adelaide for about six months before they went to Ballarat.

The president of the Southern Australian Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Elder B. McConkie, said today that Denney and Johnson were two of 150 young missionaries working in Victoria.

They came out for two years at their own expense, then went back to America and resumed normal, every-day lives.

recognition. They were taken into Melbourne and prepared in sealed caskets and sent by plane to the United States. One was from Idaho and one from Northern Utah. The parents of the boy from Idaho said that as a memorial to their boy they would provide the money to keep a boy on a mission as long as they lived. Their names were **Bryan Thomas Johnson and Steven LaMar Denny**. We also held a memorial service for them in Ballarat.

The chapel went along pretty well as per schedule and when we had the roof on and the floor in the social hall, Lucie and I started to hold potluck suppers every Friday night. Each person was asked to bring something that could be auctioned off after the supper. This helped the people raise money to help pay their share on the chapel, which was thirty percent. In a few weeks we raised more money than the Branch had raised in the ten previous years.

When the chapel was finished, we held an open house and invited

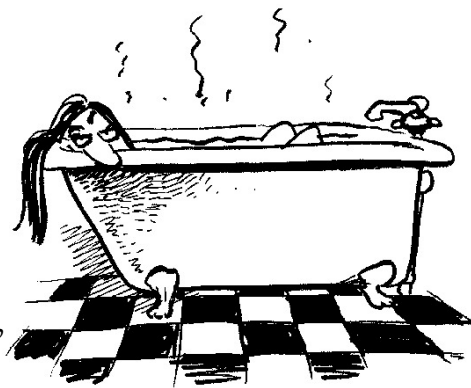
the public to make an inspection of the building and its facilities. The mayor of the town came and said he had watched the progress of the building of the chapel. He said that when we started and told him we were going to build it with volunteer labor, he said it couldn't be done--but now he had to believe it.



Ballarat in Winter

The homes are so cold in Belle Ballarat
That people eat double to put on the fat.
Some hibernate sweetly by crawling in bed
And stay there 'til Spring (I have heard it said).
The process is really a steady slow freeze,
Starting, I'm told, just under the knees--
Then it suddenly crawls to the small of the back,
Ties muscles in knots, I know--it's a fact!
Folks' ribs get so cold--they wrap them in cotton,
So brittle they'd crack if hit on the bottom.
Their hands are ice blue with red finger nails,
They move with the speed of a weary old snail.
Their eyes are so cold, they cannot go shut,
Just stare at the ceiling, in silence look up.
They can't button their clothes or tie up their shoes,
Or make up their mind which blanket to choose.
Their hair which is windblown--just stands on their head
And waits for the hour to fall into bed.
One dame, I am told, wears blue leotards,
Plus snuggies and longies and wool by the yards.
Her housekeeping, folks, is done on the sneeze
As she pokes up the holes to keep out the breeze.
Others wear nities to keep themselves warm
And three jumpers extra to round out their form.
But the real test for stamina, courage and guts,
Comes at six, when you know you have to get up!
You put forth a foot in the cold winter air,
Then draw it back in--the temp is too rare!
Then you beat back the voices which say, "Do get up.
Kindle the fires and fill up the cups."
But time, the old monster, soon wins in the end,
A coward, you rise--the slow freeze begins.
The bathroom is much like an Iceland igloo,
Clammy and frigid with cold morning dew.
You doff your warm "undies," turn the faucet tap on,
Jump in quick, for alas, hot is soon gone.
Right up to the ceiling like foul witches brew,
Steam gone in a fog, cold and lonely are you.
Now grab a damp towel that has frozen (not nice),
Hold your breath--it takes courage to wipe down with ice.
Your nylons feel wetish, but on they must go,
"This is good," say the natives, and I think they should know.
But the rumor is false--they don't really sleep in
To come forth in the Spring, all pretty and thin!

Lucie James -- Ballarat, 1962



Our next assignment was to be in Footscray near Melbourne. Just before we left Ballarat we received a telephone call from Brother Nieman saying that he would like us to go to Townsville to finish the chapel that had been started there. He was going to have to move the supervisor who was there to another location as he and his wife were not getting along with the people there. We left our pickup with all our tools etc. in Melbourne at the Mission Home and flew to Sydney where we met Brother Nieman. He flew to Townsville with us to make the transition. On the way we stopped off at Nambour and Rockhamton and inspected the chapels that were being built in these locations.

Townsville is about 1650 miles north of Sydney. It is a city of about 50,000 people. We arrived there in the evening and checked into a hotel. The next day we made an inspection of the construction site and the progress of the chapel. Some of the blocks were up, and since the supervisor was a bricklayer, I wished that he would have finished laying the blocks. There were four good labor missionaries on the job--John Hay, Ralph Bardon, Colin Horne, and Robert Hall. We also spent part of the day looking for a house to live in. We finally found an apartment, which was suitable. The Australians call them flats. It was located about a mile from



the center of the city and about a mile and a half from the chapel site. The next day was Sunday and we attended church. The meetings were held in a large hall that was very noisy. We spoke in the Sacrament

meeting and hoped that we would leave a good impression. Brother Nieman had gone up to Caines to visit the construction there. After a couple of days the supervisor and his wife left for a new assignment.



I then met with the branch presidency and told them what I expected of the people of the branch--this was their building, and they were to help in the construction of it. They agreed with me, and the next Saturday we had a good crowd out to work. There were not many Melchizedek Priesthood holders in the branch, but the women came in good numbers and most of them were good workers. The women helped dig trenches, mix concrete and mortar, and some were pretty good carpenters. The women came at four o'clock in the morning to glue the laminated beams for the ceiling as we nailed on the boards and put on the clamps.

We would leave the clamps on for a day, then build a new beam each day until they were completed. The wood was silky oak, and when they were all sanded they were very good looking. These were the first glue laminated beams built in Queensland, and quite a few builders and architects came to see them and inspect them. For the roof we purchased some cedars that had been on the docks for a couple of years. We had it milled into 2" x 6" tongue and grooved planking with a V joint. The 4 x 6 purlours were also silky oak, and when the interior of the roof was varnished, it was very good looking. Townsville climate is semi-tropical so all the windows in the building were louvered, which let in an ocean breeze.

Lucie and I also held potluck suppers and auctions to help the people raise money. They were very well attended. The missionaries who were laboring in the branch also brought their investigators to our parties. **Brother and Sister Burton**, an older couple laboring in the branch, were a lot of help. They would work two or three days a week on the chapel. The four other proselyting missionaries would come on their day off each week and work. One holiday we took the labor missionaries on a boat to the Great Barrier Reef, which was forty miles away. Brother and Sister Burton went with us. The water was quite rough, and I was the only one in the group that didn't get sick. At the reef we got in a glass bottomed boat. It was really a beautiful sight seeing all the different colored coral and all the brilliant colored tropical fish.



M. Valentine, Arch Burton, Verda Burton, Sis. Coombs, Cecil and Lucie at the Townsville Chapel



Colin Horne, John Hay, Ralph Bardon, Elder Brown and Cecil

On another occasion we took a trip to Palm Island, which was also around forty miles from Townsville. It was kind of a reservation for Aborigines and was maintained by the government. There were many children on the island who had good homes and good schools.

I might mention that four days after we arrived in Townsville there was a big fire in the sugar factory, which destroyed thousands of tons of sugar. The paper said this was the largest

insurance pay out of any fire in Australia up to that time--about 16,000,000 dollars. The fire burned for about a week. A river flowed alongside the factory, and as a lot of sugar melted from the fire and water, it created an acid, which gradually flowed into the river and killed all the fish. As the wind blew the smoke from the fire, it settled on many buildings, and the acid in the smoke made the paint peel off. There is a lot of sugar cane grown in the country around Townsville. Before harvest time you can see the smoke from the fires as they are burning the fields, leaving just the stalks to be harvested.



Cecile came up to Townsville for a few days when her mission was finished. She had a chance to meet the people and see the chapel. Then she left to meet some other lady missionaries who were traveling through New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa and Hawaii on their way back to the United States.

Most of the houses are built on stilts about six feet above the ground. This makes them cooler in the summer and keeps them above the water during the rainy season. Townsville gets between fifty-sixty inches of water during the rainy season. One night they had thirteen inches of rainfall. There were six inches of water running through the streets of the city. The river, which is ten miles from the city, rose eighteen feet that night and flooded all the countryside. The water recedes fast as the country is close to the ocean, which handles the run-off.

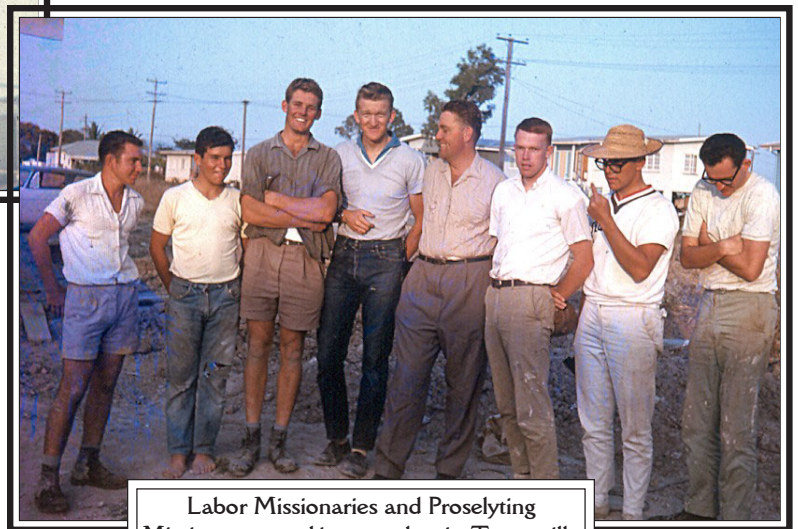


Cecil and Lucie in front of Townsville Chapel



Cecil, President Coombs, Lucie

We finished the Townsville Chapel just before the rainy season started. We were getting ready to leave but were held up waiting for the asphalt to be installed in the parking areas. The man who was to install it kept stalling. We knew we had to get out before the rain flooded the roads. The roads went up and down with the contour of the land. At every wash there was a 4x4 sticking up with footage marked on it showing the depth of the water. Finally I told the branch president he would have to take care of the asphalt as we were leaving the next morning.



Labor Missionaries and Proselyting Missionaries working together in Townsville

The next morning we packed all of our tools along with all our personal belongings in the pickup and covered it all with a tarp. As I got into the truck and stepped on the gas, down came the rain.

We had been assigned to build our next chapel in Brisbane, but just the night before we received a telephone call from Brother Nieman asking us if we would mind being sent to Perth instead. We spent



four days driving from Townsville to Sydney. It was a 1600 mile trip. The trip was very enjoyable. We ran out of the rain at McKay, and we traveled a lot of the way through some of the country areas. When

we arrived in Sydney, we stayed at Brother Nieman's home for a couple of days, then left with Brother Nieman for West Australia. We stopped in Broken Hill and inspected the chapel that was being built there by Brother Johnson. Then we made another stop in Adelaide where Brother and Sister Moss were building a stake house. We then continued to Perth where we were met by Brother Neil, who was the supervisor there. After checking into a hotel we made an inspection of the building that I was going to take charge of as Brother and Sister Neil were going to be moved to a new location as they were not getting along with the people in the branch at Perth.



The first Sunday in Perth we met **Brother and Sister Dawson**. We became close friends. He was branch president of the Dianella Branch where the chapel was being built. This building was also designed to be used as a stake house in the future. There were two other branches in Perth--one in Como and one in Scarborough. Both of these branches had new buildings. We rented a home in Dianella, not far from the chapel. We had a meeting with the labor missionaries whom we would be working with for the next year. They were **Derek Spencer, Morris Bailey, Keith Hutchinson, James Askew, Clifton Scott and John Orth**.



Derek Spencer to the right of Lucie. From the left: Brother and Sister Dawson, their son, Maragaret Dawson

Starting on a building that was partially built takes a lot of time in going over the plans and checking with suppliers. They were all very cooperative in showing me what progress had been made in the manufacture of various items. All of the labor missionaries were very good workers. Derek, Keith, and Morris were pretty good at laying blocks, and whenever I had to be away from the job the labor missionaries would do their job very well.

The first week I met with all the branch presidents and told them what I expected from them and their members. We agreed that the members of the Dianella Branch would come every Saturday and that the members of the other two branches would come every other Saturday. We got very good in filling their assignments and at times we had more people than we could handle but by planning ahead we were able to find work for them to do.



Peggy Carlisle, Gloria Long, Grace McAlpine, Geoffery Keir, Leslie Dawson, Elizabeth, Margaret Dawson, James Askew, Pam Bernie, Sonia Smith, Robert Hall, Sister Overstone, and Derek Spencer

Brother Ray Johnson took care of all the electrical work, and Bob Hall took care of the plastering and tile work. I took charge of all the carpenter and concrete work. We also arranged to work two evenings a week. We had contracted the heating and there were people in the branches who were familiar with the plumbing work. We had some heavy steel beams in the building so the steel company took the

responsibility of placing these when we were ready for them. With all of the planning things seemed to go very smoothly and the building was finished on schedule.

Dianella was the largest L.D.S. Chapel in Australia at the time of its construction. This chapel was built on sand that rested on water. In the rainy season the water came up to almost a foot of the foundation. This chapel has a huge recreational hall. The floor is made of Wondoo wood, which is so hard that holes had to be drilled for the nails. The steeple was built by Keith Hutchinson who had been in an automobile accident shortly after he was called on his mission. Both hands

were mashed so badly that his doctor told him that he would never be able to use them. Brother Maxwell Maine gave him a blessing and Keith's hands healed.



Labor Missionaries: Derek Spencer in front



One day I said to Keith, “Keith you must have used your hands to make things before coming into the building program.” He said, “No, I never made anything until I came into this program.” Everything Keith did was like a professional.

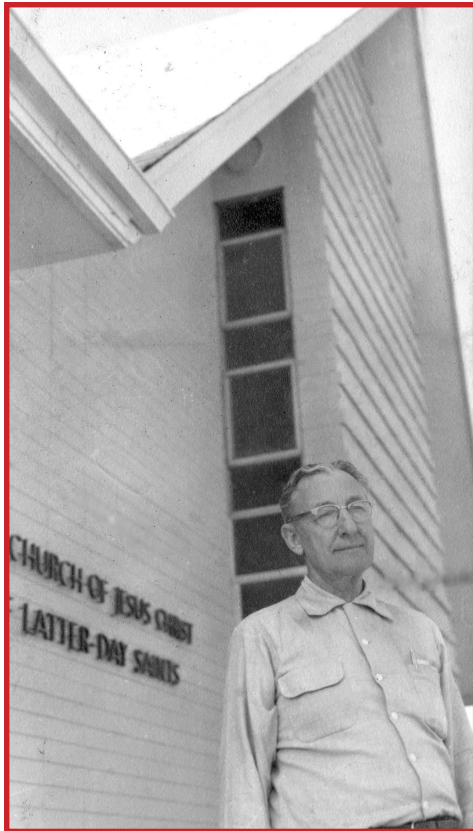
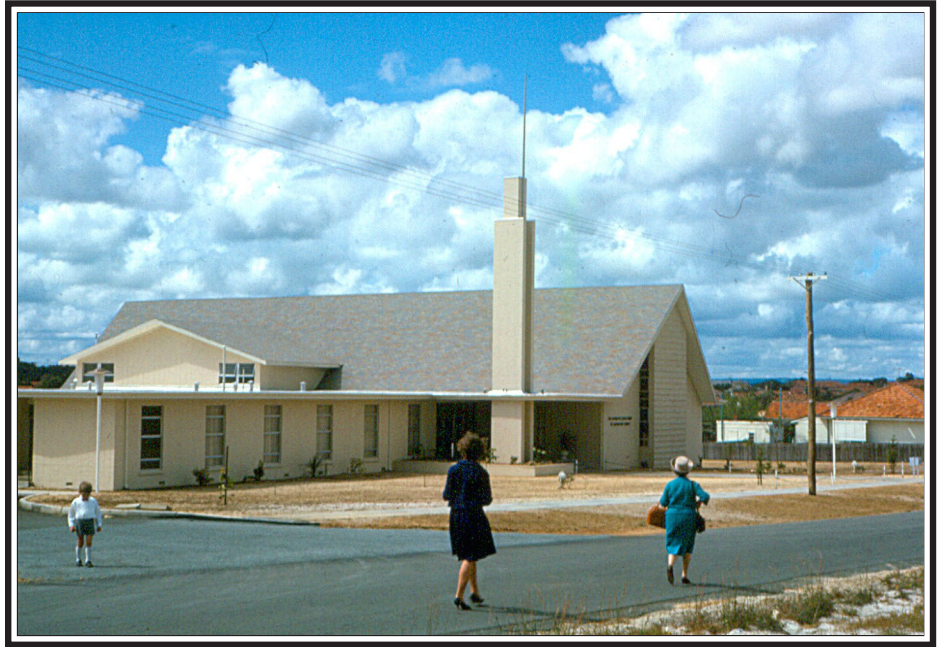


We enjoyed Perth very much. I believe it has the best climate of any place in Australia. During the rainy season the temperature would get down in the forties but in the sixties during the day. During the summer we would have a breeze from the ocean. Only during a couple of weeks would the wind come in from the desert--then the temperature would get up to 110 degrees. We also held pot luck suppers and auctions as we had done in the other branches. Just before Christmas we rented a large hall and put on a big Christmas party. It was very well attended, and the members and the regular missionaries all participated.



Top: Dianella Stake Center
Views of the ocean in Perth. The coastline is from a ferry that goes to the port of Fremantle.

We finished the classroom wing first and had just finished the painting of the rooms when we discovered that someone had broken into the building and smeared paint all over the wall. Some of our tools were missing as well. I reported this to the police and they came immediately to inspect the building. They told us they would do everything possible in finding the responsible parties. A couple of days later one of the school teachers



saw two boys with a box of shells for a “drive it gun.” These shells are powerful and can be very injurious. She called a policeman, and when he questioned the kids, he discovered that these shells had been stolen from our building. Four boys from the school had participated in doing the damage in the building. They were around thirteen years of age.

We recovered the tools and things that had been stolen. When the policeman had me meet with the boys and their parents, he asked me if I wanted to press charges against them. I told him that I was only interested in getting the damages taken care of. I explained to them that all the work on the chapel was being done by volunteer labor by the members of the church. Then the parents of the boys wanted to know if they could come on Saturdays and repaint the walls of the class rooms. They were very faithful and came every Saturday and brought their sons with them and repainted all the walls of the classrooms. They

continued to come out to make sure they had contributed enough work to take care of the damage. One of these families later joined the church.

We covered all of the steel beams with plywood and made them look like wooden beams.



We had a well dug on the property and put in a sprinkling system for the lawns. The people of the branches had furnished all the labor on the building so they didn't have to put out any money for their share as the labor amounted to thirty per cent of the cost.

Some time before the building was finished the branch formed a choir, but they didn't have a good leader and they wanted to have a good choir for the dedication. About this time a couple of the elders, while tracting, contacted a woman who was a professional musician. She immediately became interested in their message, read the Book of Mormon, and joined the church. She became the leader of the choir. When the building was dedicated, the choir sounded to me as good as any of our choirs in our wards in America. The Sunday after the building was finished, it was dedicated by Elder Franklin D. Richards, one of the assistants to the Twelve Apostles. We held an open house on the Saturday before the dedication and had many outsiders go through the building. Many of them marveled that it could have been built with all volunteer labor.



Pictures taken of the Dianella Stake Center in May 2003
Doug, Cecile, Craig and Robbyn Scribner visited Cecil's Chapel--
It is well-kept, and the Perth Temple is built right on the same grounds!
Top left: Phil Baker and Cecile

After the dedication we had a week before starting the Melville Heights Chapel. We rented a Holden, and with the labor missionaries spent the week in the southwestern tip of Australia. We visited Albany with its beautiful bay. This part of Australia borders on the Southern Ocean. We also visited the Karri Forest. These trees are hardwoods and grow quite large. Some of them reach a height of 250 feet with a diameter of eight feet. They are called the Redwoods of Australia. One of the trees is called the Gloucester Tree and has a lookout high up in the tree. There is a ladder circling up to the lookout. Some of the missionaries climbed up to the lookout, and when they looked back down and saw how high they were, they were almost afraid to come back down. The motels where we stayed were very good, and the boys, as well as ourselves, really enjoyed the trip. The boys had never been on a vacation trip like this before. The building program paid for the rental of the car, and I paid for the rest of the trip.



When we returned to Perth, we were ready to start the Melville Heights Chapel. There were quite a few large trees on the lot that we had to use a bulldozer to get out. We stacked them up and burned them. President McConkie came to the groundbreaking and turned over the first shovel full of dirt. I turned over the second. Then the branch president, Brother Ward, and the heads of the organizations each turned over a shovel full of dirt.



The Melville Heights Branch held their meetings in a local school building. We rented a home in Melville Heights, which was the nicest home we lived in while in Australia. The people of the branch were very good in coming out to work on the chapel. There was also a brick contractor in the branch who came out every Saturday and was a great help in laying the blocks. By this time I thought that I was getting pretty good at laying blocks and rather enjoyed it. It really was hard work, but I knew that I had been called to this assignment by the Prophet, and I tried to fulfill it to the best of my ability.

When I had the chapel over half completed with the roof on, a new supervisor came to Australia.

Since I had been out three and a half years, Brother Fluhman told me to show the new supervisor the ropes, etc. and we could be honorably released. I had really enjoyed this mission very much and had feelings of regret when I knew that I would never see most of these people again. Brother and Sister Harward took over our home and proceeded to finish the chapel.

As we prepared to leave we decided to do some traveling through the Orient before we got home. I went to Qantas Airlines and made the arrangements for travel and hotels. They made an itinerary for us, and it was very complete. The church would pay our way--straight home--so it cost us \$1500 extra to visit the places we wanted to see.



Craig and Cecile Scribner in front of Melville Heights Chaapel (May 2003)

All the members of the branches where we built chapels gave us a farewell social and some mementos to remember them by. As we left Perth quite a few of the members were at the airport to see us off. We flew to **Adelaide** and met with several of Cecile's friends as she had labored there for several months. They met us at the airport and entertained us. We flew from Adelaide to the interior of Australia where we spent several days in **Alice Springs**, which is a small town of about four thousand people, about sixty percent of the people here are Aborigines. Alice Springs is almost in the center of Australia--like an oasis surrounded by desert. All of the interior is desert. In the past five years there had been a bad drought in the desert. The ranches in Australia are called stations, which are many square miles in size. It takes one square mile to support three head of cattle. One ranch is twelve thousand square miles. During one drought year the ranches lost 475,000 head of cattle. During the heat of the day if cattle get over five miles from water many of them do not make it back.



We also wanted to see **Ayers Rock**, the largest monolith, solid rock, in the world. It sets on the desert floor--it is the shape of a half egg and is two and one half miles long and one and a half miles wide and eleven hundred feet high.

While in **Alice Springs** we also visited the Opal Queen. They say she controls more opals than any other person in Australia, but it's hard to ever find her. When we found out where she lived, we just went up to the front door of her home and knocked. We were very much surprised when she came to the door with only a towel thrown over her shoulder. She had been taking a bath, but when I spoke to her she said, "You are Americans." She said that we were to go into the sitting room and wait while she finished her bath--then she would come and talk to us. Soon she came in all dressed and started talking. She then took us into another room that had several showcases on tables that were full of the most beautiful opals I had ever seen. After we had looked for a while, she said she did not sell any of these opals but she would let me have one. I picked out a black opal that I could use for a tie clasp. She charged me thirty-five dollars for it. It would have cost about \$150.00 in a jewelry store. We also asked her what she was going to do with all the opals she had in the cases, She told us she was going to "will" them to a young American man from California that had stayed with them during the Second World War. I would guess there was at least a million dollars' worth of opals in the cases. She said that the man did not know it yet, but added that he was the finest young man she had ever met. She had no children of her own.

We flew back to **Adelaide** then to **Melbourne** and from there to **Tasmania**. We picked up a car in Burnie and spent four days driving around the island. We stopped in Hobart and visited with Brother and Sister Anderson who were supervising the building of a chapel there. We also attended church there on Sunday. From here we went to **Port Arthur** where many prisoners were housed in the early settlement of the country. These prisoners were sent here from England. Many were imprisoned for



very minor crimes like stealing a loaf of bread because they were hungry. One member of the church, Peter Vout, said his grandfather was sent to the prison here because he and another boy had ridden a donkey through the cemetery on a Sunday.

From Tasmania we flew back to **Melbourne** and drove to **Ballarat** where we had built our first chapel. The people in the Branch were glad to see us again and we were glad to see all of them. We traveled from Ballarat to **Sydney** where we attended a stake conference. Elder Monson, one of the Twelve Apostles, was the guest speaker.

Lucie and I spent four days at the **Jenolen Caves**, which are considered the largest caves in the world. I had visited the caves when I was on my first mission forty years ago. The caves house and caves hadn't changed in forty years. We enjoyed them very much. When we went back to Sydney, Brother Flueman, Brother Blood and Brother Main took us out to supper and gave us an Australian traveling rug. They said they were sorry to see us leaving Australia. We next went back to **Townsville**.



We arrived in late afternoon and were met by a group from the branch who escorted us out to the beach where they were holding a social for us. We spent one Sunday in Townsville and had the privilege of talking again in

Church and bearing our testimonies to the people. After spending a couple of more days in Townsville we flew to **Mt. Isa**. While in Mt. Isa we went to a picture show, and when we came out we were observed by a group of burly miners who were on strike. I believe they thought we were some of the mine owners. The strike had been going on for six months and the government had sent in a couple of hundred men to keep them in line as they were getting in an ugly mood. The next day we spent some time in the building that houses the flying doctors and the teachers who teach the children on the ranches in the Outback.

The flying doctors are unique to Australia. They were established years ago. Since the people on the ranches throughout the desert are so far apart-- some of them over two hundred miles from their neighbor--there was a necessity to have some way of taking care of their medical needs. Every station or ranch has an airstrip on it and a two way radio. The medical doctors had supplied each household with a medicine chest. All medicines have a number on them. When any sickness occurs the family calls in to one of the flying doctors stations and gives the nature of the illness. The doctor then prescribes the medicine by number and gives any other advice that is necessary. If the case is serious the

doctor will then fly to the ranch and if necessary fly the patient out to a hospital. This has been a very efficient operation and has saved many lives.

The children on the ranches also get their education over the two-way radio. The teachers who are in central stations talk to the children over the radio and give them problems and instructions on how to solve them, then call them back later and ask them for the answers. This process goes on five days a week, and it is the only schooling that most of the children get. Many children on these large ranches never see a town or city until they reach adulthood.



Most of the cowboys on the ranches are Aborigines. They make very good cowboys. In recent years motorcycles and four-wheel drives are being used in rounding up the cattle. There are a lot of burros and camels in the desert country. During the gold rush days in Australia in the 1850's, burros and camels were brought into the country to be used as pack animals, and when the gold played out the animals were turned loose and since have multiplied greatly. Many people shoot the burros for sport.

While we were in Mt. Isa we visited a family who belonged to the church. They were the only members left in Mt. Isa. There had been a small branch there but when the miners went on strike all of the members had moved out except this one family, and they were talking about moving. The copper mine there was a large open pit mine and was partly owned by Kennecott.

When we left Mt. Isa we flew to Darwin, which is on the northern coast of Australia. The church leaders wanted us to inspect a plot of ground there and see if it was suitable for building a chapel. There is a good branch of the church here. The branch president, his wife, and two of the missionaries who were laboring there took us around Darwin, which is the capital of the Northern Territory.

We stayed in Darwin a couple of days then flew to Singapore, which is controlled by England although the population is mainly Chinese. On the plane from Darwin we met a couple from Oregon--we went several places together. One day we rented a taxi and crossed over into Malaysia. We saw women tapping trees to get rubber. We also visited a marble temple. Even the floor was marble. While the people came in to pray they rolled out beautiful Persian rugs for the people to pray on.



Singapore is a large city and has a very fine harbor and can hold a great many ships. Ships from many countries are anchored in the harbor most of the time. Most of the streets are narrow and the traffic is very congested. Most of the shops extend out onto the sidewalks even into the streets in some areas. When we arrived in Singapore we were told that we didn't have to be afraid of being hurt in the Orient but must be very careful with our money, as there were some of the best pickpockets in the world here. In the evenings we enjoyed walking down the crowded streets and seeing all the wares that were being displayed. At times we still felt uneasy. At night the Chinese dress up in their finest clothes. Many of the girls are very beautiful. We spent about a week in Singapore then flew to **Bangkok** in **Thailand**. We were beginning to find out that the Asians were very devoted to their religion and about one man in eight is a monk. There are shrines and temples everywhere. In Bangkok we visited one shrine that had a solid gold Buddha. During the last war the people plastered it over with plaster paris and painted it so the Japanese wouldn't take it for the gold as it would be worth several million dollars.

One day we took a trip up one of canals. People live on either banks of the canal. The water in the canals was muddy. The people did their washing in the canals. The children swam in them and their sewage was dumped in them. There were many boats on the canals. There were called floating markets. People in the boats sold all type of varies and groceries and vegetables so the people living on the canals could do all their shopping right from their front door step. We went several miles up the canal and visited a silk mill. We bought a silk shirt for each of our boys and some silk material for a dress for each of the girls. Everything was quite cheap here. Most of the Thai girls are very good looking.



There is a Thai stewardess on each of the busses. They greet all the people when they board, and when the bus has to back up they stand behind and direct the driver of the bus. I believe there were more temples in Thailand than in Singapore.



We went around by bus or taxi, as I didn't feel safe driving a car myself. The taxis and busses scare you, as they drive so fast through the narrow streets, which were very crowded. They seemed to have their horns blowing all the time. We found the Asians very courteous and gentle.

We flew from Thailand to Hong Kong and stayed in a large hotel in Kowloon, which is a part of Hong Kong but on the other side of the bay. Hong Kong is a large city controlled by England. The land is owned by Red China and leased to England with a ninety-nine-year lease. There are around two million people in the Hong Kong territory. The great percentage of the population is Chinese. Hong Kong is becoming overrun with refugees from Red China. Everywhere you look there are high rise apartments. We were told that as many as thirty refugees live in one room. They take turns



sleeping through the night and day and do their cooking on a small hibachi on the sidewalk. Another group of refugees had built shacks on a hillside. The shacks were built of anything they could find--cardboard, cans, or pieces of lumber. Five thousand people lived on this hillside, and all of them had to go to the bottom of the hill for water where there was one tap. Most of the people were clean. Every where you looked you could see bamboo sticking out of almost every window with clothes hanging on the poles.

We visited the mission and met with President and Sister Quealy. They had a boy in Australia and we knew they would be glad to hear about him. While at the mission home we met Jan Symons from Oak Hills Second Ward in Provo. He was as glad to see us as we were to see him as we didn't know he was in Hong Kong. We also met Bobby Hannant from Australia. I had baptized his grandmother when I was on my first mission. We had just talked to his grandmother before we left Australia.

Hong Kong is a very interesting place---wider streets, and very decorative neon signs throughout the city. While walking down one street we saw a wedding group coming out of a building. The people were all dressed in beautiful native clothes costumes and were quite a sight.



One day we took a bus out into the country area and passed one area where there were quite a few duck farms. Roast duck is on all the menus in the restaurants. We also went to the border of Red China. There were guards all along the border with machine guns. Many Chinese get killed trying to get out of the country. When you see how most of the people live in

many of these countries, it makes one thankful that we live in the United States.

We made several trips between Kowloon and Hong Kong. It only costs five cents on the ferryboat. Several large American hotels were in Hong Kong. I bought a Nikon camera in Hong Kong. It was cheaper here than in Japan and about one-third of what it would cost in the U.S.



As we passed by many of their construction jobs, both here and in Singapore, we noticed that most of the heavy work was being done by women. Women carried all the dirt out of the excavations in baskets that probably held one-half bushel. When you buy anything you are expected to barter to get the price down.

As we left **Hong Kong** our next stop was **Japan**. A hotel bus was at the airport to take us to our hotel, which was across the street from the Emperor's Palace. Tokyo is the largest city in the world. Everything is very crowded and the traffic is very heavy. Just before we arrived in Tokyo we flew by Mt. Fuji. The peak of the mountain was just projecting above the clouds and the airplane flew around it so that everyone could see it. We spent one day in the city going through some of the stores.



Most of the clerks spoke English so the language was not too much of a barrier in Japan.

One night we went on a night tour. We visited a building where hundreds of young people congregated at night. They were singing when we arrived and the song was, "When the Saints Come Marching In." As we sat at tables to have a soft drink some of the young boys and girls sat at our table with us. They told us that they wanted to learn English better. English is a second language in the schools in Japan. The also told



us that Tokyo never sleeps. There was no liquor served in this building, only soft drinks, and the young people spend most of their time singing.

Tokyo comes to life at night. The women dress in their beautiful kimonos, and the social centers are alive with lights. One night we went to a dinner. We all sat on



cushions on the floor and cooked our food on a small hibachi grill in front of each couple. It took so long that we were still hungry when the food had all disappeared. While eating, Geisha girls performed for us. There are many shrines and temples in and around Tokyo. We visited many of these. The cherry blossoms were just coming out and they were beautiful.

One Sunday we went out to the mission home and attended church where we met Brother and Sister White from McKinnon, Wyoming. He was a building supervisor in Japan. We also met President and Sister Anderson. He had been on a mission with Tom on their first missions. When we attended Sunday School, President Anderson introduced us to a Japanese man who

was in the Sunday School superintendent. He told us that he was one of Tom's companions while Tom was on his mission. He was very glad to meet us.

We went to dinner with Brother and Sister White and then to Sacrament meeting. It was held in a large home that the church had recently bought. The temple is being built on this property. The service was in Japanese, but the music for the hymns was familiar. There was a fine spirit in the meeting and the members were very friendly.

The mission president invited us to dinner on Wednesday. When we arrived we discovered that they had forgotten about inviting us and had finished eating. However, Dave Sawyer, a Rock Springs boy, was there and he hurried out and soon brought back a Japanese meal.

We next took a tour of some of the other cities. We went by bus to **Yokohama**. Here we saw the largest Buddha in Japan. Everywhere we went there were many school children visiting the shrines. They are all dressed alike and the schools take them to visit the shrines and temples. After we left Yokohama we traveled to a large lake where there was a floating restaurant that had many tanks of live trout and other fish. We then rode the bus to the other side of the lake and up into the mountains. We saw what they claim to be the longest ski lift in the world. We stayed at a hotel in the mountains at night.



The hotel is heated from steam that came from inside the earth about one-half mile from the hotel.

The next day we traveled to a small town and boarded a train, which is called the *Bullet*. This is a new train that has been in service for about six months. It is the fastest train in the world. It travels between Tokyo and Osaka and reaches speeds of 130 miles per hour and averages 108 miles per hour. We rode the train to **Kyoto** where we stayed several days. Kyoto is the ancient capitol of Japan. They were having a big celebration



when we arrived. It had something to do with the ancient capitol and is held every year. We stayed in a good hotel. Kyoto has many large shrines and temples. Some are very beautiful. We also went to the theater where an ancient play was put on. The actors were all dressed in ancient costumes--it was very elaborate, but we had no idea what it was about.

When we left Kyoto we took the *Bullet* again. This train was the express and only made one stop between Kyoto and Tokyo. The one stop was at **Nagoya**. We had a couple of days more and spent them going around Tokyo. We went up in the high tower in Tokyo. They say it is the highest tower in the world.

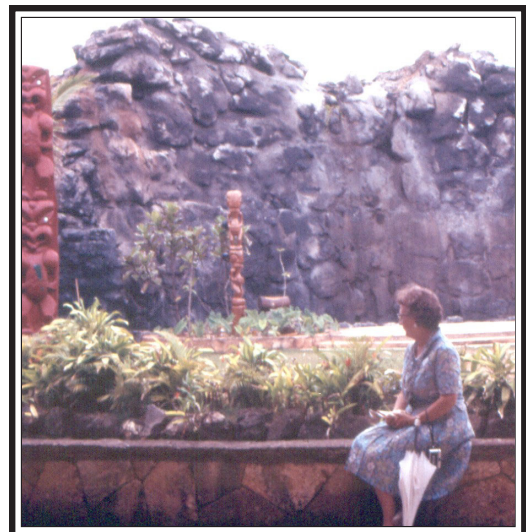




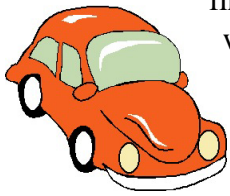
When we got ready to leave Tokyo we checked our reservations on Pan American Airlines and discovered the pilots were on strike. They told us to come to the airport and they would make reservations on another airline.

When we got to the airport we found out that the reservations had been made on Northwest Airlines, which was going to Seattle and not to Honolulu where we wanted to go. We checked with Japan Airlines and found they had a plane leaving for Honolulu in one-half hour. We changed our reservations and were

able to get our luggage put on Japan Airlines. This trip was very enjoyable. It took six and one-half hours to Honolulu, but the Japanese hostesses were very courteous and catered to everyone's needs. We stayed in Hawaii for three days, visiting Laie again. We enjoyed the Hawaiian Village (Polynesian Cultural Center) very much. It was all complete now and was quite a tourist attraction. They were just starting to build it when we were on our way to Australia. There were huts and attractions authentically reproduced from various Polynesian cultures. They were all making things peculiar to their customs. Every night groups from the college put on the entertainment of singing and dancing. We saw Sister Kakaoha whom we had known from our first visit to Australia. We also called on the Kanehales.



We rented a Volkswagon and used it to drive around the island. I almost had to learn to drive all over again as I caught myself driving down the wrong side of the road. We finally left Hawaii on Pan American and were quite thrilled in knowing that we would soon see our family again, as we had been away from them for almost three and a half years. When we arrived in San Francisco, Cecile and Doug, Joyce and her family and Richard and Lorna were there to meet us. It was a wonderful feeling to know that we were back in the U.S. again.



Lucie at the Polynesian Cultural Center, 1965

Left: Cecil and Lucie in Palo Alto, Ca, Doug and Cecile's house, 1965

Below: Jerilynn, Joyce, Shaunna and Cecile in San Francisco, 1965



Left: Joyce, Michelle, Cecile, Jerilynn and Shaunna in Santa Cruz, 1965

Below: Cecil, Dick, Lorna, Lucie, Danny and Shaunna in San Francisco, 1965



We went to Cecile's home where we stayed for a couple of days--we had a good visit to San Francisco. Then Joyce and her family left for home, and Lucie and I left on a different route with Richard and Lorna. We stopped off in Delta, and Lucie stayed with Cheril and Richard. After we stopped to say hello to Tom and Roberta, I continued with Dick and Lorna to Rock Springs. Rock Springs hadn't changed very much.

I bought a Dodge car in Rock Springs since I needed to have transportation. I drove back to Provo on Friday. I went by way of Brigham City to see Lois and her family. In Provo I wanted to make arrangements to get back into our home as the house was rented and we wanted to give the people time to find another place. I stayed at Tom's home while in Provo.

The first of the week I went back to Rock Springs. Dick had several jobs in town so together we made visits to these jobs. I told him that I could take care of the out of town jobs, which would leave him free to do the estimating. I also started back in scouting where I left off. I was put back on the executive board of Region Twelve and a member of the National Council. When I went to meetings, Lucie went with me, and we enjoyed visiting in the various cities that we visited. A lot of fine people work in the scouting program, and I hope that I have been able to contribute something to the program. I know that the program has been a great help to me.



order to get the home in shape again. We stayed in the Oak Hills Third Ward for a few months, but another division was made and we were put in the Pleasant View First Ward. I worked at the lumber yard for two and a half years, then decided to retire and move permanently to Provo. I retired January 1, 1969.

We were able to get back into our home in Provo after a couple of weeks, but there was a lot to do in



Cecil, Don, Randy, Lucie, Cecile, 1965



Roberta, JoDee, Tom, Lori, Tommy, Johnny, Billy, 1969



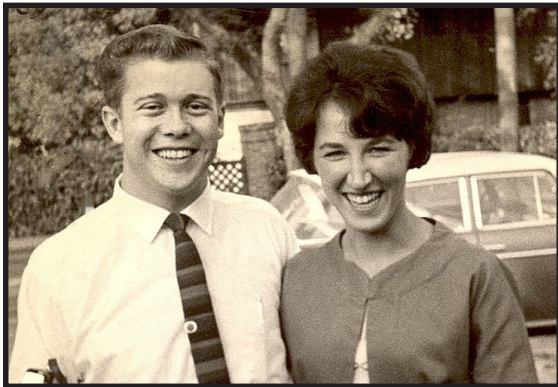
Alan, Lorna, Kayleen, Richard, Kent, 1969



Shaunna, Jerilynn, Joyce, Michelle, Danny, 1968



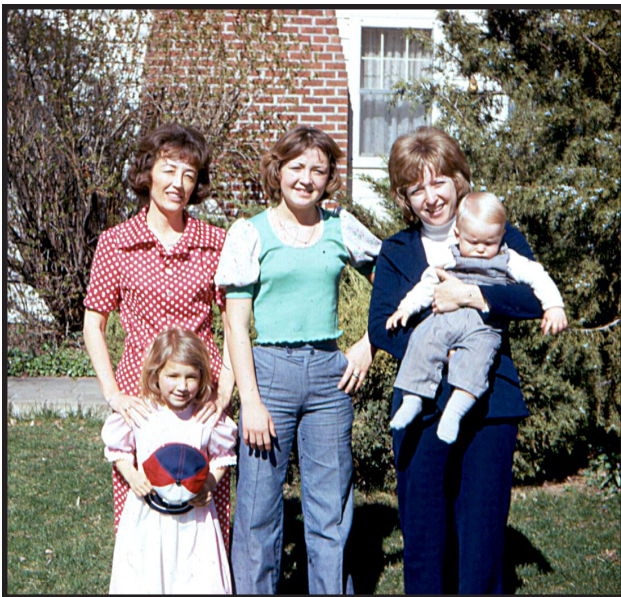
Cecil and Lucie, 1968



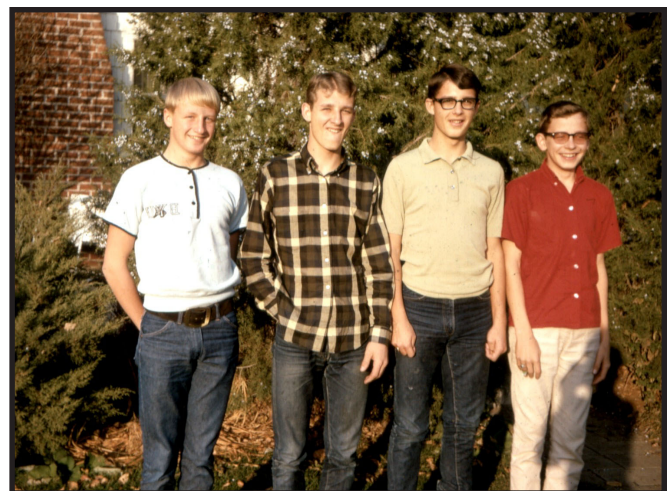
Doug and Cecile, 1965



Cecil with Cheril, J. Grant, JoNell, Kathleen, and Michael, 1968



Lois, Carla, Deann, Scott, and Gina (Scribner), 1974



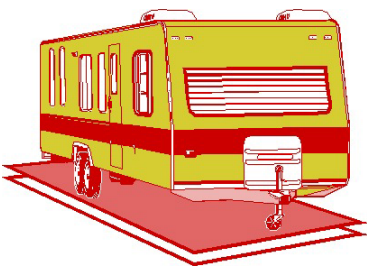
Alan James, Ron and Dave Hirschi, Don James, 1966

After coming home from Australia we resumed our get-togethers with the family, and at least once a year we went different places all together and had very good times. After one of our trips to Fremont Lake, Lucie and I took Lois and Ernie's motor home with us. We took Jeri, Jodi, and Allison Dudley on a trip with us through Yellowstone Park, Glaciers National Park, then up to Canada. We spent three weeks on the trip. Over the years we took many trips together with the family. In 1974 Lois and Ernie took us with them in their motor home to the Atlantic Coast. We visited Ernie's mother in Baltimore and also visited the new temple in Washington DC. Then we went down the coast as far as Florida and spent a day at Disney World. Then we traveled through the Southern States, up through Texas into New Mexico and part of Colorado, and then back to Utah. We spent three weeks and traveled 6600 miles and visited many places that we had never been before.



Family at Flaming Gorge, 1964

Cecil and Lucie in Yellowstone



Family at Fremont Lake



“The smell of a campfire, cool brisk air, the smell of pancakes cooking on an open fire, peace, stability, calm reassurance, love, family, sacrifice, patriarch, a smile, a whistle--and Grandpa is brought to mind. Always behind the scenes and yet the main character. Grandpa has always been the rallying point or the center of the family. Thank goodness for Grandpa and family outings, whether to Lake Powell or Fremont Lake or Provo--they have always taken top priority.

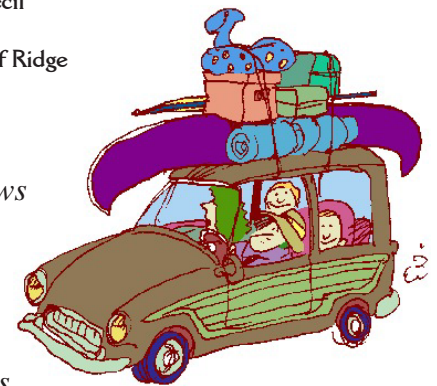
I cherish my memories. To me Grandpa has always been the tall straight pine with a streak of pitch a mile wide to withstand the storms, to be a beakon in the night. I'm proud to be a part of such great heritage, proud to be a

James, and proud to be a member of a family who loves the Lord and knows how to serve.” (Lori James, 21 year old granddaughter, 1980)



Lucie and Cecil

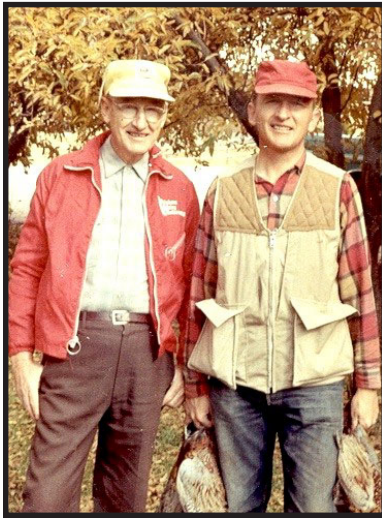
Joyce and Alf Ridge



“Sometimes it’s hard to remember what kind of furniture we had or what color the walls were, but I do remember the good times we had together. The times at Fremont Lake come first. I don’t know how mother could put up with all that tent living, but I’m glad she did. I can remember her washing clothes out in a pan and taking forever to dry them, telling stories when it rained, going for walks and riding bikes, and always the trip to the head of the lake and Chamber’s lodge, drifting along in the

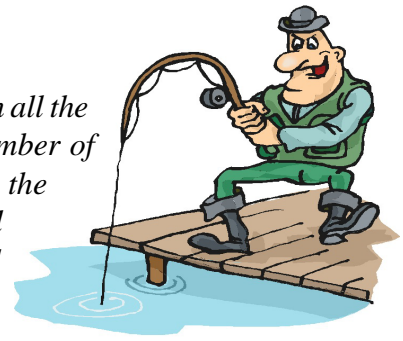
boat while the boys fished, going to Pinedale for a malt at the drugstore. I also remember how long it took on Sundays to get Dad away from church so we could go to Hursts for an ice cream cone. We also went quite a bit in the evenings after supper for a ride and an ice cream or a root beer. . . Even though the eightieth year of your lives has arrived, I still feel that your concerns are not what your family can do for you, but what you can do for them. There is much gratitude in my heart for parents who loved us. The Lord really blessed us when they gave us you for parents. I’m grateful for your concern not only for me but for my children and grandchildren. They are much better people because of you. It’s hard for words to express how much I love and appreciate you for all the things you are.”

(Lois, a daughter, 1980)



Cecil and Tom

“Mom and Dad are involved with all the families. Can you name the number of get-togethers we have had--and the family caravans. I never heard Dad sing, but as he drives around in his car, he whistles. Then there was the day the Lord saved Mother and a bunch of boys. She spent fifty-two years in MIA--a real game gal. I never saw her ride a bicycle, but she took a group of Primary boys on a bicycle ride up to White Mountain, and there was hardly a car on the road. Her bike was overloaded with a bucket filled with water. She saw a car coming, turned around to warn the kids, hit the car and spilled all the water. Mother said that she was all right and so



was the bike, but when she got home she went to bed. Another great memory is the tobaggan being pulled behind the trucks in the wintertime.” (Tom, a son, 1980)



Top: Cecil getting in boat
 Right: Tom and Lucie in water, Lake Powell
 Bottom: Cecil at Lake Powell, 1975

“It was easy to know what was important in life by being with Grandma and Grandpa. Family is important to them--family togetherness and happiness. Even

when I was very young I could feel the love they had for every member of their family. I am very thankful that I was one of them. Scouting is important to Grandpa and he is the main reason that I became an Eagle Scout. I could see that this was one way I could make him proud of me. The Church is important to them. The best example I have ever seen of the Gospel of Love is in the life of Grandma and Grandpa. We are taught in the Church to think in troublesome situations, ‘What would Jesus do?’ In my life I’ve often thought, ‘What would Grandpa and Grandma James do?’ There isn’t much difference. No truer statement could be made than is said in my patriarchal blessing when it says that I came from a ‘noble heritage’.”

(David James Hirschi, a grandson, abt. 31 years, 1980)





Cecil, Cecile and Doug's family, Joy Gummery, Michelle Jensen in Yosemite, 1981

"I always loved going to Grandma's. Grandpa always had a little job for us to do--a little weeding, picking up walnuts. He always gave us some money when we were done. I remember he always tried to trade his wallet and all his money in it for our few cents we had in our pockets. But I never did trade him. Grandpa always had a piece of candy for us. Grandma and Grandpa always made me feel good inside, like I was somebody. On trips Grandpa would always buy us ice cream. Grandma and Grandpa went around and talked to people and made friends with them. They always had people dropping over or staying over. I always thought that they knew everyone. When they went on their mission, I started to really watch them, how they talked and acted. I never heard Grandpa raise his voice or get mad or yell at anyone. He always showed a lot of love to us and especially to Grandma. They never forgot my birthday and always sent a card. The really important thing to me is their testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and how they share it with others. They were always at special events in my life--baptism, blessing, my mission farewell, homecoming, when I got married and when I blessed Amy. They always are telling spiritual experiences. I couldn't have asked for finer people to raise my mother and teach her the Gospel, and then have my mother pass it on to me." (Randy Hirschi, a grandson, 1980)



Cecil and Lucie James Family at Sunrise Sunday Services at Lake Powell, 1975



Cecil with Jeri and Dave Goepel, Gina, Cecile, Craig, Christy, Scotty, Rusty, Doug, Spencer and Jimmy Scribner, 1981

“Grandma helps us play games like croquet and swinging ropes on trees. She helps us build stuff. She gives us marshmallows to put us to sleep and give us treats like caramels. She made striped nightshirts for me when I was little. Granpa gives me jobs like picking up apples, and raking the yard and he pays me 25 cents. And he gave me a mini vacuum.” (Scott Howard Scribner, a grandson, 7 years old, 1980)

“Grandma encouraged me to do the ‘one-man play’ at Christmastime last year. She lets me dry the dishes every time I go to her house. Every time I go there she gives me jobs so I can earn money and go to the ‘Y’ and do the stuff there. She encouraged me to write her front journal page in calligraphy. Grandma never gets mad at me. Grandpa loaned me his hat for the mayor in the one-man play. I have to do everything he says because if I don’t do everything he says, he says he will give me a whipping with his stick. For Christmas I gave him a fishing knife because every time I ask him where he’s going he says, ‘Fishing!’.” (Craig Douglas Scribner, a grandson, 9 years old, 1980)



Cecile, Jerilynn, Lois and Cheril at Fremont Lake, 1973

“I remember getting up at night with Grandma and Sue and going on a watering turn. What excitement. Grandma would let me walk in the water while she turned it into the various rows. I remember going to ‘Peter Pan’ with Dave and Cecile. While there, we saw some wonderful Peter Pan hats that we had no money to pay for. Dave and I really wanted those hats. Well, the next day Grandma had us doing every crummy job she could think of for 10 cents an hour. The hats were over a dollar and we really had to work hard to earn them. I remember Grandma turning over rocks and showing us where potato bugs lived. Then we would spend half the day gathering them. She told us how to catch grasshoppers by putting salt on their tails. Dave and I would spend a lot of time getting close to a grasshopper and then it would hop off just as we put salt on its tail. I remember while Grandpa was gone, Grandma said, ‘Let’s make a new kitchen,’ so for the next day we sledge-hammered the wall down. Grandma got a new kitchen. I remember the balsa wood airplanes that Grandpa brought us from the lumberyard. I liked Grandpa’s tattoo and because he had one, I always wanted one. I have a great memory of all the hammocks Grandma and Grandpa had.” (Ronald Gene Hirschi, a grandson, 33 years old, 1980)



Cecile and Joyce at Fremont 1970



Dick, Joyce, Lorna, Kayleen, Jerilynn, Kent and Tommy at Fremont, 1970

“Dad likes to spend the money while he has it; he thoroughly enjoys it. His three main weaknesses are cars, planes and boats. Mom, quite the opposite, is quite satisfied traveling safely on the ground in a high-powered Model T. While Dad spends large amounts of money gaining the benefits of “quality,” Mom is one for “quantity.” I must admit that no one can find as many good sales as she can--and so often.

On Dad’s money I’ve been to Hawaii, Mexico, and four times to California. Mom’s idea of a vacation is a weekend at Yellowstone, Grand Canyon, Mesa Verde, or just a ride through Provo Canyon. I guess the Howard in me is as dominant as the James in me, as I seem to enjoy both types equally.

Dad’s shopping check list is always much more exciting than Mom’s. After Mom has been shopping, we will have the usual wheaties, milk and orange juice for breakfast; hamburgers, split pea soup, and milk for lunch; and milk, cake, and left-overs for dinner. After Dad has been shopping the menu takes on a remodeled appearance. For breakfast: blueberry waffles topped with ham and eggs and blueberry syrup; for lunch: sizzling t-bone steaks, hard rolls, and baked potatoes broken open and sprinkled with cheese--not to mention the strawberry shortcake garnished with whipped cream, coconut and a cherry; for dinner: a bag of popcorn while watching ‘Around the World in Eighty Days’ in cinerama.” (Cecile, written as part of an English composition at BYU, 1959, 18 years old)



Cecil, Richelle, Rusty, Gina, Kent, Johnny, Dick at Fremont Lake 1973



Johnny, Rusty, and Billy at Fremont Lake 1973

A Tribute To a Dear Friend, Cecil James (by **Craig B. Jonsson**)

“I was up at 7,000 feet with three of my colleagues in my plane. Suddenly the engine cut out and we frantically looked for a place to land. This wasn’t hard to do since it was open country. I spied a dirt road that looked fairly flat. All this time we had been losing altitude and were down to about 3,000 feet. I then tried to come in for a straight landing. We landed fairly well and were just about to a stop when I saw a small ditch. It ran across the road. The ditch was unavoidable. Next thing I knew the plane was on its back. Fortunately no one was hurt very badly.



Rita James and Richelle Snow, 1973

The above is just one of the many events that have taken place during the life of Cecil James. He was born in Rock Springs, Wyoming on March 14, 1900.



Roberta, Allison Dudley, Cecil, Lucie, Lori, Jeri, JoDee Tommy, Johnny, Rusty, Billy, Gina, Craig, Scotty, 1973

He grew up in Rock springs. He also attended school there. In 1918 he joined the Navy and wa stationed in the Mediterranean. After the war had ended, he became a member of the Occupation Forces in Germany.

Mr. James’ son Tom gave some of the following information about his father. One of his many virtues was that he was always anti-prejudiced. For example, there was a black family that lived in the black part of Rock Springs. The family had lived there since the town was founded. The family name was Jackson. Mr. Jackson was the local ‘honey dipper’ or out-house cleaner. He had a habit of taking in stray children and had quite a large family--sixteen to be exact. Well, there was one thing that Mr. Jackson wanted more than anything else--that was a table that the whole family could all sit around at the same time.



Roberta, Billy, Johnny, 1973



Johnny, Rusty, Kent, Richelle, Gina, Michael, 1973



The Snows: Richard, Cheril, J. Grant, JoNell, Kathleen, Richelle, Michael, Roger, 1976



Richard, Alf and Cecil, 1976

Mr. James took his children to Fremont Lake six weeks out of the year. When his children became of marriageable age and needed educational advantages, he moved his family to Provo where the environment would be advantageous. He lived alone in Rock Springs and commuted to home in Provo for fifteen years in order that his children could have those things he considered worthwhile in their lives.

He has spent forty years in the Scouting program and has received the Silver Beaver and the Silver Antelope Awards. The Silver Beaver is awarded on the council level and the Silver Antelope is awarded on the regional level. I think our family is very, very lucky to have a steady, exciting, yet patient man for our neighbor. He's sincere in whatever he does." (Craig Jonsson)

He came to Mr. James and asked him to build the table for them. Mr. James was well qualified to do this since he was a building contractor and had access to the materials. Mr. James said he would but when asked if the materials had arrived yet, he said, "No." Mr. Jackson didn't know it but the items had come and the table was almost finished. Finally Mr. Jackson said, "Well, maybe we can have the table for New Years." On Christmas morning Mr. James loaded the table into his truck and delivered it to Mr. Jackson with a red ribbon tied around it. Mr. Jackson tried time and time again to repay Mr. James, but each time he gave the excuse that all the bills hadn't come in yet. (Cecil saw to it that the bills for the table never did come in.)

Mr. James built a Greek Orthodox Church at the time he was a bishop of a ward in Wyoming. He refused to accept any profit from this project.

Cecil's son Tom typified his father as "steady, patient, and a very good listener." He was working on a problem with a business associate who became so angry one could virtually see steam coming out of his ears. The associate worked Mr. James up one side and down the other and rather than have a verbal shoot-out, Mr. James listened until he had it out. His reply was, "Well, what do you think we ought to do about it?" These few words had settled the difficulty.



Roberta and Lucie, 1977



JoDee, Roberta, Phillip, Tommy, 1976



Roberta and Lucie, 1977

“I always feel like Mom and Dad would do anything for their children. No amount of money would be too great to give or any amount of time or any sacrifice they had to make would be done gladly. The family trips have always been the best vacation we’ve ever had--a lot of people envy the closeness of our family, but any parents can do the same thing (I’m trying). Mother used to take us for a lot of rides in the



summertime and look for rocks. I guess they were mostly for her firepit. She would soak the ground with a hose and dig and put rocks in. We really had fun around that fire pit telling continuous stories and roasting potatoes.

Our home was a place where I can’t remember there being criticism of others. Even tho our neighbors weren’t members of the church, they were all friends, and some of them were not very good people. Dad had the reputation in his business as being a dependable and honest person. His carpenters always respected him. He was also concerned for their families. Our home was always open for others. Our friends were always welcome, and Sunday dinner always included visitors who had come to church or someone like an old maid school teacher who needed friends. . . I’ve never had to doubt where their priorities were and where mine should be. Even when things weren’t always going right, I knew where the priorities had to be. The church duties were always done. Mom’s lessons were always well prepared and the children were always taken care of. Even when we were at Fremont, Dad always went back for church. They saw that we children always had good times. Even when I was married, they took me and the children on vacations with them.” (Lois, daughter, 1980)



Richard, J. Grant, Kathleen, Richelle, Cecile, JoNell, Cheril in Ca., 1965



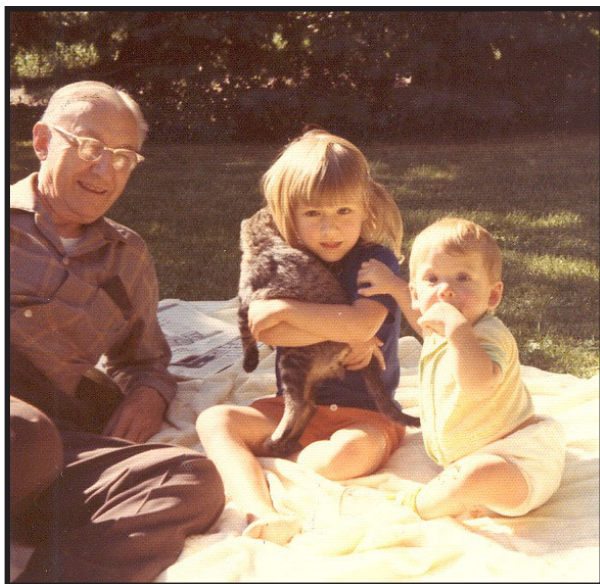
Danny, Joyce, Michelle, Shaunna, and Jerilynn, 1965



Cecil in Brigham City, Fourth of July, 1965



Richard, Doug, JoNell, Kathleen, J. Grant in San Francisco, Ca., 1965



Cecil, Gina and Scotty, 1973



Tom and Roberta, 1983

“Our memories begin at 813 Young Avenue in Rock Springs. I remember that all through life our lives had close ties to the Church and Scouting. I am the only one that is left in Rock Springs. Most of our heritage started from there. I feel it’s a good place to raise kids. What does our heritage mean to us? I always remember Dad in the lumber yard. I don’t remember any bishops before Dad was a bishop. Scouting is a big part of our lives. Today we’re wondering if we can salvage boy scout camp, scouting, and the lumber yard. Dad was a bishop



for nine years, but I have him beat on funerals--sixty-one funerals in thirty-one months! The one name that is remembered in Rock Springs as far as the church is concerned is the name ‘James.’ There still is a James tradition in Rock Springs.” (Richard, a son, 1980)



Cecile and Cecil Waltzing
at the *Old Fashioned Christmas Ball*, Santa Rosa, Ca. 1981

To my family:

This book has been an all-consuming project this last year. As a result of putting it together, I have read Dad’s story many, many times now--sometimes looking for errors, and other times just enjoying the grand life he and Mama lead and appreciating Dad’s great ability to remember the events in his life in such great detail at age seventy-eight! I think both of them have been smiling down on the project. I’ve often wanted to feel the closeness to the veil like they and several of you have felt, but it doesn’t seem to be a gift of mine. However, every so often I have dreams, and they are in them--it’s not been like a visit, but it’s just been like a normal day, and they happen to be there. I often feel like that--like they’re not really very far away. I don’t particularly have a constant yearning to see them

or even be with them because my own children and their children seem to fill that yearning inside of me. However, I would enjoy a visit, or I would like to share an experience with them, or I would like them to see my posterity. I have to have faith that they do share in all these things. I hope they know as well, how much I love them, how appreciative I am of the good life they gave us, how grateful I am for the missions they served and for the good example they set in loving other people in other lands. I know we and our children were never off their minds--they prayed for us, they cared for us, they fasted for us, they served us, they lived for us--as a girl, I often walked into Mama’s room and saw her on her knees and would quietly tip-toe out again. I just know they are still doing all those same things for us. They are our guardian angels, and surely we still need them. Dad, thanks for the memories (and thanks for that waltz in 1981). I love you. Cecile (a daughter, 1 August 2003)

After retiring I started working in the Salt Lake Temple. After a year Mother started working in the temple also. I believe this was some of the finest work I have done in the church. I soon learned to take the parts in the temple and this was very inspirational. We associated with some very fine people there. We used to share riding with Brother and Sister Orlando Jolly and Brother and Sister Smeath, and we all became very good friends. After working in the Salt Lake Temple for over three years, the Provo Temple was dedicated, and we were transferred to work in this temple. There were quite a few people that had been working in the Salt Lake Temple who were transferred to Provo as they lived in Utah County, so we started out with quite a few people that we knew. The work in the Provo Temple was a new experience as the ceremonies were on tape and film, and we didn't have to take the various parts. We missed taking the parts very much. We worked in the Provo Temple for over two years then took a leave of absence.

For several years Lucie and I have tried visiting all of our families at Christmas time. We would always visit Cecile and her family in California before Christmas, then the rest of the families during the Christmas holidays. We also try to have as many of the families as possible at our home at Thanksgiving time. This way we have tried to keep in touch as much as possible.

Every year I have tried to get back to Wyoming in the fall and hunt elk with Dick and his boys. Sometimes Tom and Ernie came along. I really don't do any hunting anymore, but I still like to get out in the mountains. Most years I go out hunting deer with Tom and his boys. I have always enjoyed the mountains, rivers and lakes and like to think of the many fine times that I have had in these places.

Even though I have had the privilege of traveling to many places in the world, I have never found a place that looks better than the mountainous country of the West. I am sure that we will spend the remainder of our lives here.



As we near 1980, Mother and I will be eighty years old, and when I look back over the years I feel that my life has not been in vain. I want all my family to know that I love them very much and that all of you have brought much happiness into my life. I can look back and see where I could have done some things better, but all of you have helped me a great deal, and if I hadn't had such a fine family I wouldn't be where I am today. Everything that I have done that has been worthwhile, I have done with all of you in mind; and if it is possible I hope that when we have completed this life, we will be able to continue in the life to come and will all be together and have the same love for each other. I want all of you to know that the Gospel is true and the Church is indeed the Church of Jesus Christ and that I know it is true. Never lose your faith in these things. I have heard Mother say on several occasions that everything good that we have as a family has come to us because we are members of this Church, and I know this to be a fact. **I am sure that we are not at the end of things but only at the beginning.**

Fringe Benefits

*(written by **Lucie James**, December 11, 1980 while suffering severe headaches and just a few days before she had her stroke. Lucie died December 27, 1980)*

*Now who'd have thought 'twould come to this, at 80, whoa,
I'd better change gears from medium to slow.
On a pillow of down my head tries to rest,
A soft quilt of puffed nylon covers my chest.
But my hair is not combed--(I went down in a rush)--
My lips have no rouge--my cheeks no soft blush.
One might truly say, "She wasn't ready I guess."
All except my new nightie--a gift no less!*



*A bell rings, I shakely hobble to answer the phone,
(A really sick person couldn't get there alone!)
I tell a sad tale, well thought out and padded,
Most of it true, just a tiny bit added.
Please sift out the facts, then blow gently the fluff,
It won't hurt you much, but will ease some my rough.
I love getting your calls--I have lots of time,
And believe all you say--that's what makes it so fine.*

*Cecil who has always abhorred plain "squaw work,"
Smiles and comes at my call with never a shirk,
Sweeps, cooks, picks up stuff, does the dishes and such
(To me these are nothing--to him a big much).
I secretly peek out of tightly closed eyes--
How well he does things is to me a surprise.
The kind of a husband each girl tries to find,
(But one without training! Oh well, never mind).*



*Joyce always on hand has a special appeal,
Brings loose ends together and many a meal.
Mary Saldutti sends Thanksgiving cuisine,
Turkey, cranberries, pies, and many fine things.
I'm eating better than my usual style,
And I feel a bit guilty most of the while.*

*Fringe Benefits: caring, sharing, preparing with
"Insight and tenderness, born of understanding." (George Eliot)*

IN MEMORY OF
CECIL SYME JAMES

Monday
 June 13, 1988
 11:00 a.m.

Pleasant View 1st Ward
 650 E. Stadium Ave.
 Provo, Utah

Born
 March 14, 1900
 Rock Springs, Wyoming June 8, 1988

Passed Away
 June 8, 1988
 Provo, Utah

Married
 Lucie Howard
 October 7, 1925
 Salt Lake L.D.S. Temple

SERVICES

- Family Prayer *Ernest T. Winfield* (son-in-law)
- Prelude Music *Jean Smith*
 Choir of the P. V. 1st Ward
 under the direction of Kathy Thomas
- Presiding *Bishop Ray Andrus*
- Conducting *Don R. James* (grandson)
- Musical Number *"Jesus Lover of My Soul"*
 Choir
- Opening Prayer *Ron G. Hirschi* (grandson)
- Profile of Cecil *Joyce J. Ridge* (daughter)
- Speaker *Thomas A. James* (son)
- Piano Number *Russell G. Scribner* (grandson)
- Glimpses of Cecil *Cecile J. Scribner* (daughter)
- Speaker *Richard A. James* (son)
- Musical Number *"Oh, What Songs of the Heart"*
 Choir
- Closing Remarks *Bishop Ray Andrus*
- Closing Prayer *Cheril J. Snow* (daughter)
- Postlude Music *Jean Smith*

INTERMENT

Provo City Cemetery
 610 South State
 Provo, Utah

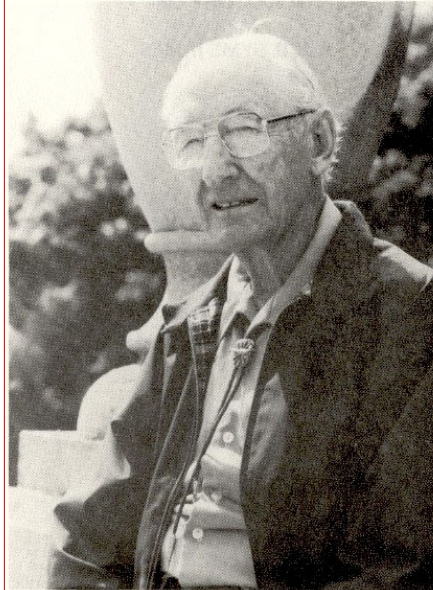
Dedication of Grave *Douglas M. Scribner* (son-in-law)

Pallbearers - Grandsons

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Ronald G. Hirschi | William H. James |
| Alan R. James | Russell G. Scribner |
| David J. Hirschi | Michael R. Snow |
| Don R. James | Craig D. Scribner |
| Randy C. Hirschi | Scott H. Scribner |
| J. Grant Snow | Phillip R. James |
| C. Thomas James | Roger W. Snow |
| Kent L. James | James D. Scribner |
| Spencer J. Scribner | |

A feeling of wholeness, a
 feeling of peace
 Granting surcease to sorrow, to
 pain a release.
 Are we indeed strangers on this
 planet Earth
 Far from our real home by chance of
 our birth?
 And when we return to our heavenly
 home
 Will glimpses so frail be
 symphonically toned?
 Lucie H. James (1975)

"With Special Love"



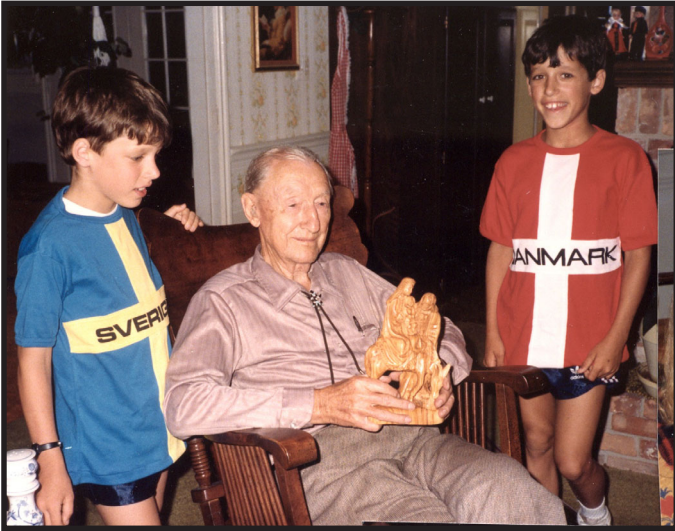
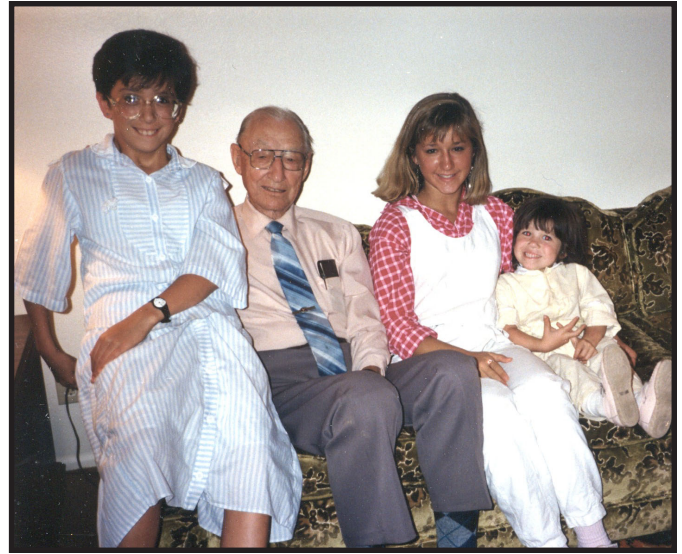
CECIL SYME JAMES





Cecil and Lucie James
Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary
7 October 1975

Doug and Cecile Scribner Family -- Some memorable moments with Grandpa:



Doug and Cecile
Russ and Gina
Craig and Scott
Christy and Jimmy
Spencer and Lora
(Plus a few more:
Lois, Joyce
Cheril, Michael)

Taken between
1984-1987

Painting is the town
of Temple, Scotland
home of
James Brown Syme